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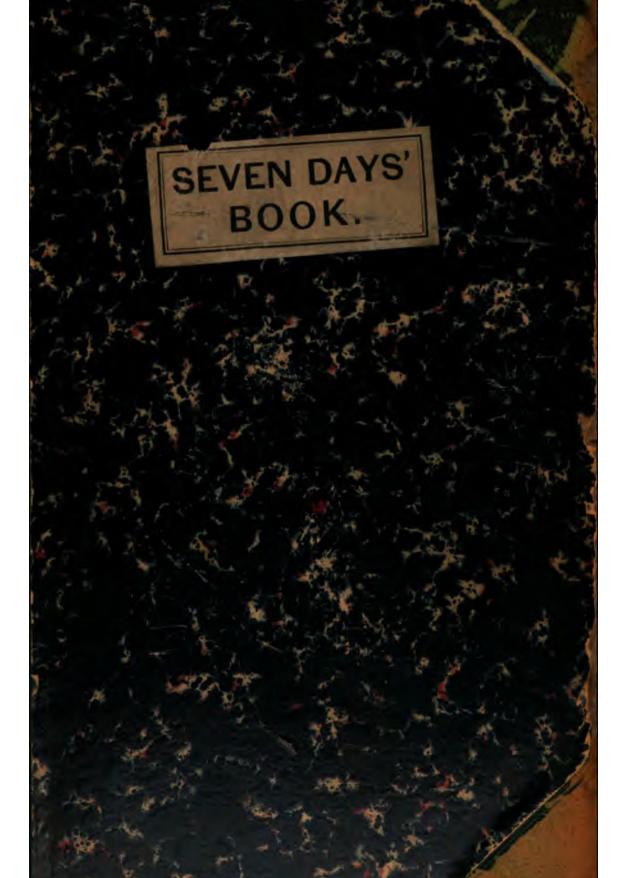
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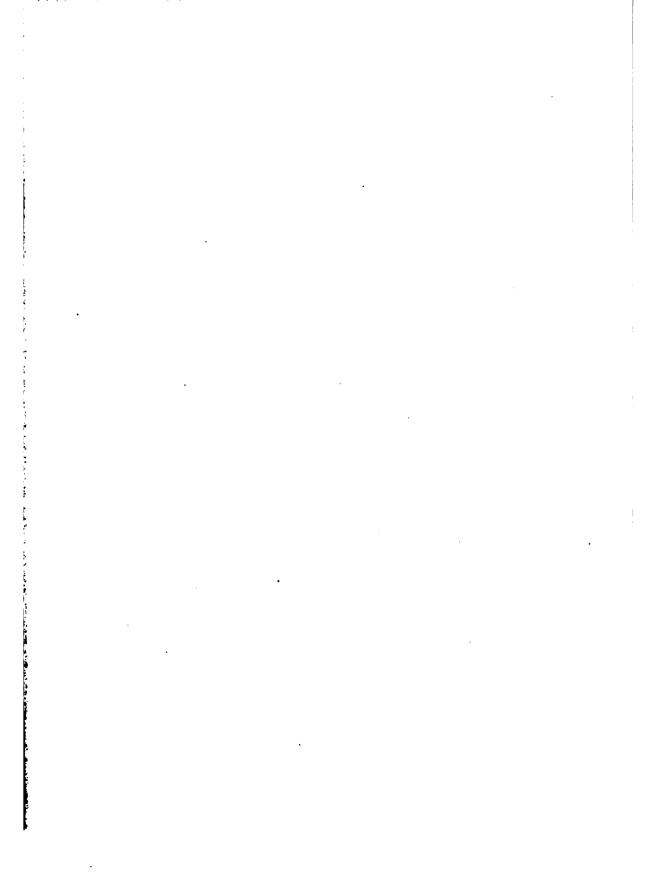
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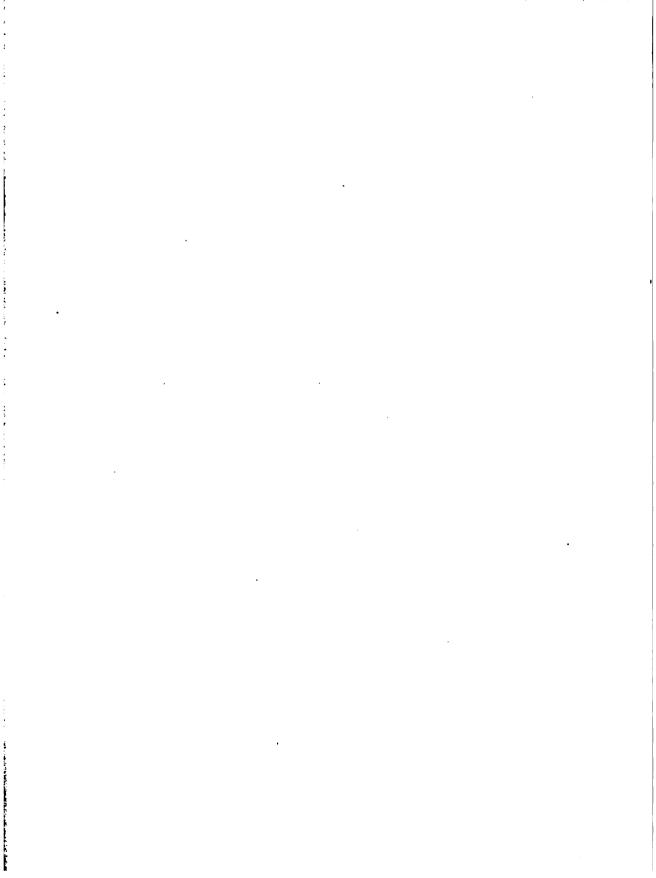
# CURRENT LITERATURE

VOL. XXXIX
JULY-DECEMBER, 1905

NEW YORK
THE CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING COMPANY
34 WEST 26TH STREET

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Edited by EDWARD J. WHEELER

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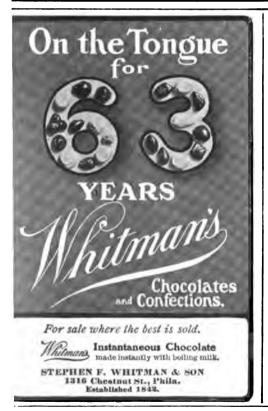
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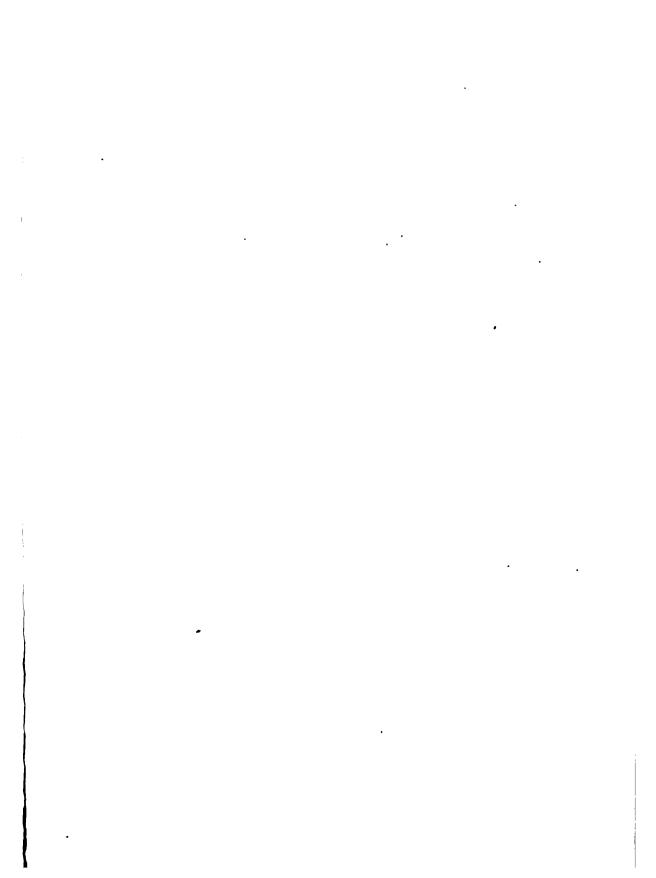
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ROOSEVELT, THE ROUGH RIDER

The new statuette of the President by the sculptor Frederick William Mac Monnies

# terature

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JULY. 1905

#### Review of the World

DRESIDENT ROOSEVELT as an Angel of Peace is a spectacle that has evoked throughout the nation a chorus of congratulation and, so the cables inform us, a general expression of praise from the civilized nations, including both Japan and Russia. Peace may or may not be definitely concluded. But his part, which has been limited to bringing about direct negotiations between the two belligerents, has already been crowned with success. It is a success not only for the President and for the State Department at Washington (which city has been chosen as the place for the peace negotiations), but for the United States as a whole, by reason of the wise and strategic position in which it places us among the nations; and a success for the American brand of diplomacy-shirt-sleeve diplomacy it has been derisively termed—which simply consists in saying what you mean and looking the other party straight in the eye when you say it. Not that such negotiations as the President has so successfully conducted can be carried on without careful deliberation and study. The more direct the dealing in such matters the more necessary it is that

the work of preparation be skilfully done and the methods and aims wisely chosen. According to the special dispatches from St. Petersburg to the London Times, the President's intervention was very far from being an impromptu affair. After the battle of Mukden he proceeded to sound the governments of Great Britain, France and Germany as to the acceptability of his intervention. diplomatic part of the work was done weeks ago. ceiving satisfactory assur-

ances, he waited for the "psychological moment." which came after Admiral Togo's victory. On Wednesday, June 7, therefore, our ambassador in St. Petersburg asked an audience at Tsarskoe Selo, and by virtue of Clause III in the Hague Convention, which provides that mediatory advances shall never be considered an unfriendly act by disputing powers, secured the Czar's assent to the course pursued. If peace is concluded, therefore, it is another triumph for humanity due to the once ridiculed Hague Convention, which owes its existence to the Czar himself.

THE gain America has made by the negotiations for peace and their outcome is a gain in international prestige and influence. "All that the European governments have lost through their timidity," says Baron de Constant, of France, one of the eminent statesmen of his nation, "the government of the United States has gained." The Paris Temps says: "It might have been thought that France could have played the great rôle which has fallen to the United States, but circumstances otherwise decided.

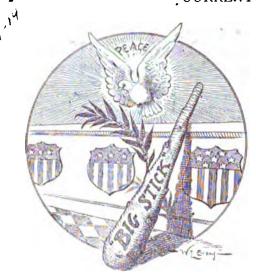
France can, however, rejoice in the success of her sister republic, which is due to President Roosevelt's spirit and readiness of decision." The Vienna press, according to the Associated Press, re-echo the congratulatory tone of the French journals. The situation seems to warrant the following statement of the case by the Providence *Journal*:

Only a few years ago we occupied but a very subordinate position among the nations. We had no more part in the guidance EASIER THAN I of the larger affairs of the world

—Ruhse in St. Paul Pioneer Press than a child has in the conduct



JAP: YOU CAN CATCH HIM



SPROUTED! -Evans in Cleveland Leader

of the affairs of a family, and no one thought of trusting us with any such delicate international business as we have now successfully completed. We had neither the prestige nor the diplomats that warranted the first-class Powers in inviting us into their councils, much less making us their spokesman and leader. That our recognized position in this respect is now so conspicuously changed is proper cause for honorable self-satisfaction—not more that we have acquired in-creased influence as a world Power than that we have been able to use it so distinctively for the benefit of civilization and humanity.

Four times has the President intervened in the last few years in the general interests of peace and humanity: first in having given actual life to the moribund Hague arbitration tribunal by submitting to it its first case the dispute between Mexico and this country over the Pious Fund; second, in obliging Europe to settle peacefully the Venezuelan affair; third, in proposing a second peace conference at the Hague; fourth, in now intervening to bring about negotiations for peace.

A MERICAN public sentiment on the President's course in this matter is all one way apparently. The tone of his "identical note" to Japan and Russia is regarded as above criticism; but it is also regarded as unprecedented in diplomatic annals. The note reads as follows:

The President feels that the time has come when in the interest of all mankind he must endeavor to see if it is not possible to bring to an end the terrible and lamentable conflict now being waged. With both Russia and Japan the

United States has inherited ties of friendship and good will. It hopes for the prosperity and welfare of each, and it feels that the progress of the world is set back by the war between those two

great nations.

The President accordingly urges the Russian and Japanese Governments, not only for their own sakes, but in the interest of the whole civilized world, to open direct negotiations for peace with each other. The President suggests that those peace negotiations be conducted directly and exclusively between the belligerents; in other words, that there may be a meeting of Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries or delegates without any intermediary, in order to see if it is not possible for those representatives of the two Powers to agree to terms of peace. The President earnestly asks that the Russian Government do now agree to such a meeting, and is asking the Japanese Government likewise to agree.

While the President does not feel that any intermediary should be called in in respect to the peace negotiations themselves, he is entirely willing to do what he properly can, if the two Powers concerned feel that his services will be of aid in arranging the preliminaries as to the time and place of meeting. But if even these preliminaries can be arranged directly between the two Powers, or in any other way, the President will be glad, as his sole purpose is to bring about a meeting which the whole civilized world will pray may

result in peace.

This, according to The Evening Post (New York), "constitutes a precedent." To quote further:

The innovation consists in accompanying a proffer of good offices with a concrete recommendation—to negotiate directly. Generally speaking, no such counsel is in order until the warring nations have given the neutral peacemaker some kind of mediatorial standing. It



PEACE UP-TO DATE -Bush in N. Y. World



ARMISTICE?

seems, however, to be a case in which the President's direct method injects into the formalities of diplomacy a refreshing element of common sense.

A similar view is taken by *The Sun* (New York):

No doubt a new phrase could be invented to describe what is undoubtedly a new process for the performance of good offices between nation and nation. The new phrase is not needed. It is quite enough that the thing has been done, that the belligerents have accepted the President's suggestion and that events are already moving toward direct negotiations for peace.

THAT Roosevelt "is the man of the hour," is, the Detroit *Tribune* thinks, shown by the recent events. "From being regarded as a fire-eating, 'big-stick' proponent, the President has, by virtue of the same qualities, suddenly become the dominant figure in the national field and the heaviest factor for peace." "A nation may well be proud to be a peacemaker under such conditions," says the Baltimore American. It adds:

President Theodore Roosevelt has, by his frank and manly appeal to Japan and Russia to cease their fighting, turned the eyes of the whole world toward this government, and should this appeal, as now seems probable, be followed by a final cessation of hostilities, this republic will hold even a higher position than before among the civilized nations of the globe.

The Baltimore Herald thinks that "it speaks volumes for the peaceful intentions of this country that it can take this important step without arousing the resentment of Russia or the suspicion of any other country." The Washington Star notes that the attitude assumed by the United States in its international relations, "at peace with

all the world, in alliance with no other power," has left us "free to move in any direction to further the ends of civilization" without arousing suspicion of ulterior motives. "In rising to this position the United States has, perhaps, demonstrated more clearly than ever its peculiar province in the world field."

WHAT terms of peace Japan will ask must, of course, remain unknown until the government at Tokio sees fit to formulate and announce them. But considerable insight into Japan's state of mind

on the subject is given by Baron Suyematsu, whose voice is beyond doubt the unofficial voice of official Tokio. Writing in the London Outlook, he says: "We want a peace which will ensure tranquillity in the Far East at least for a generation or two. We are not aggressive or greedy but our end must be attained." Now the words of the Baron carry such weight, he is so peculiarly the exponent of his country's world policy to the Western nations, that his statements are the object of animated comment in Europe at this critical juncture. Here are his further words in the London organ of British imperialism already named:

I have noticed that on the part of the outsider there has been a misconception of the situation. He has frequently imagined that Japan is willing

to come to terms anyhow if only peace could be patched up. This kind of misconception must be put aside. I often personally experience a sort of chagrin upon being told by outsiders who advocate peace in such a way, that we are only anxious to get some kind of peace. As a matter of principle, of course, we value peace just as much as anyone else, but when we come to the question of the present contest it is most unfortu-

-Kladderadatsch



READY FOR AN ARMISTICE
—Spencer in Omaha World-Herald



BARON DE ROSEN

He succeeds Count Cassini as Russian Ambassador at Washington and will be a weighty factor in peace negotiations

nate that people should entertain this kind of misconception about us. Some even tell us that it is fearful that so many human beings should be slaughtered. They say that for humanity's sake an armistice should be concluded with a view to negotiating peace, and even practical publicists speak of similar propositions. We cannot think in the same way; such propositions can give advantage only to our adversaries. Moreover, one must perceive what progress our military and naval forces are making. If our adversary is not prepared to give us satisfaction, we must be allowed to carry on our plan. It is all very well to speak of humanity, but no injustice must be perpetuated in the name of humanity. Because if a proposition which arises out of the question of humanity gives more advantage to one than another of the contending parties, it cannot be justice.

THE effect of this utterance has been slightly staggering to French organs like the Paris Temps. That mouthpiece of the Foreign Office has insinuated that the Anglo-Saxon powers, eager as they may be for the defeat of Russia, do not relish the notion of a too-powerful Japan seated upon the Pacific. The Vienna Frendenblatt, another medium for the expression of official and diplomatic aspirations, has even predicted an Anglo-Saxon pressure upon Japan

should Russia's disappearance from the list of great powers impart too "yellow a tinge" to the complexion of world politics. And other dailies have conjectured that if Japan went so far as to make an indemnity a condition precedent to peace and if Russia refused point blank to entertain the proposition, the Anglo-Saxon powers would practically take the decision upon that delicate point out of the hands of the belligerents. It was with reference to every one of these considerations, say the journals of western Europe, that Baron Suyematsu thus expressed himself in his London Outlook article. We quote again:

The world should know that in the present war Japan staked her very existence, whereas with her adversary it is a mere war of caprice. Therefore. in the case of Japan's defeat, it is quite plain from the very nature of the matter that the penalty she would have to pay would be very heavy. As a matter of fact, it would affect her very existence. Why, then, in the case of the defeat of her adversary, should Russia not be made responsible for its results in equitable accordance with the nature of the affair? I believe, therefore, that in the case of our adversary asking for peace the satisfaction which she will have to make to Japan should include the making good of the material loss of Japan—in other words, an in-demnity. Our adversary has wantonly caused us to incur that loss, and it is only fair that she should make good that loss, should she be inclined to come to terms. Has not our adversary exacted enormous indemnities from the countries who asked peace of her after the wars which she had carried on with them? Some say that the objection to an indemnity in the present case is on the ground that the present war is carried on



AN ANXIOUS ALLY

Pardon, M'sieu, but may I be allowed most respectfully to suggest that you have been licked"
 —Triggs in N. Y. Press

in a neutral land, and therefore there is no question of indemnity to be raised. This contention seems to be absurd. The fact that the present war has been waged in a neutral land has been a unique instance in history. The combatants had to spend their blood and treasure just as much as if the war was carried on in the territory be-longing to one or other of them. The question of the justice of taking or giving an indemnity can in no way be determined by the fact that the war is carried on in a neutral country. Suppose a war between two nations be fought on an open sea between the fleets of two nations, and one of them had to ask peace of the other, the question of indemnity would be only decided by the merits and circumstances of the matter and not by the fact that the battle had taken place on the open sea, which does not belong to either of them.

THE new management of the Equitable Life Assurance Society brings a great relief to a very apprehensive public. It is not too much to say that the trouble in the society, with its \$400,000,000 of surplus, affected the whole world of finance and was having a depressing influence upon the value of all kinds of securities. Not only the "paper value" of these securities was diminished, but the actual earning value of industrial institutions was beginning to be affected. for commercial and financial prosperity is largely a matter of psychology, and the general fear that something is going to happen is as certain to bring it on in the business world as the Christian Scientists and mental healers tell us it is certain to do so in the physical world. The rearrangement of the Equitable's affairs, as so far reached, involves (1) the sale of a majority of the 1,000 shares of stock that control the society, 501 shares passing from Mr. Hyde to Mr. Thomas F. Ryan (the price paid by the letter being \$2,500,000) and by him being placed in the hands of three trustees, namely, Grover Cleveland, George Westinghouse and Judge Morgan J. O'Brien. These three men are to hold the stock in trust and are empowered to vote for twenty-eight directors "according to the instructions of the policyholders," and for the remaining twenty-four directors in accordance with their own uncontrolled judgment. Each of the trustees has accepted the responsibility. The rearrangement also includes (2) the election of Paul Morton (who, up to the first of July, is Secretary of the Navy), chairman of the executive committee, with practically unlimited powers in the administration of the society's In his hands have been placed, at his request, the resignations of the president, the four vice-presidents, and the financial manager of the society, and on June 20 he announced that he had accepted the resignations of President Alexander and Vice-President Hyde, who are therefore no longer officers (though they are still directors) of the society.

DAUL MORTON, the new head of the Equitable, has been for a year or more conspicuously in the public eye. His selection in June of last year by President Roosevelt as Secretary of the Navy was his first introduction into political life, and during one-half of the year that he has served in that post he has been under a running fire of criticism, not for what he has done as Secretary, but for what he had done previously as vice-president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad. The question that has come prominently to the front lately regarding Federal regulation of railroad rates and the enforcement of the Federal laws prohibiting secret rebates, directed attention to Mr. Morton's record as a railroad It was found that as traffic manager of the Sante Fe railway he had joined in giving rebates such as the interstate commerce law forbade. In an examination before the United States District Court at Los Angeles. he testified very frankly on the subject, saying: "We made several endeavors—we tried the costly experiment of being honest in this thing—living up to the law as we understood it and declining to pay rebates—and we lost so much business that we found we had got to do as the Romans did." Before the Interstate Commerce Commission, in 1901, he had said of a similar course of conduct: "Yes, sir, it was an illegal contract. It was illegal when we made it, and we knew it." These utterances have been widely commented on, and it is generally assumed that his resignation was forced by the ensuing criticism. Mr. Morton was born in Detroit forty-eight years ago, but has lived most of his life in Nebraska, his father being J. Sterling Morton who was Secretary of Agriculture in President Cleveland's Cabinet. After receiving a common-school education, Paul went, at the age of sixteen, into a railway office in Burlington, Iowa, as an office boy. When chosen by President Roosevelt as a member of his Cabinet last year, Mr. Morton was receiving a salary as a railway official of \$36,000 a year, relinquishing that for the salary of Secretary of the Navy, which is



PAUL MORTON

The new head of the Equitable may have soon to answer for infractions of the anti-rebate law as traffic manager of a great railroad a few years ago

but \$8,000. The salary of president of the Equitable has been \$100,000. What salary Mr. Morton will receive is not yet announced.

THE personal career of Mr. Ryan becomes of interest and importance, for the control of the Equitable makes him, in the judgment of some, "practically the dominant figure in American finance" and "places him in an invulnerable position in his dealings with rival financiers." A sketch of his life by James Creelman appears in The World (New York), according to which he was born in Virginia fifty-four years ago, and during the Civil War was left on a farm dependent upon two aunts. He received nothing more than a common-school education, going to Baltimore as a youth and becoming salesman in a dry-goods store, and, later, a clerk in a banking-house. Coming to New York, he became a stock-broker. secured in time an interest in the Richmond Terminal Company, and later joined issues with William C. Whitney. Mr. Creelman outlines Mr. Ryan's present position in the husiness world as follows:

It is a common error to identify Mr. Ryan simply as a master of street railway finance. That is a mere parochial view of the man. His interests involve an immensity of varied business stretching from one end of the country to the other, and curiously enough, in spite of temporary juxtapositions with this or that group of financial combinations, he has always managed to preserve his independence:

It was Mr. Ryan who brought together and organized interests representing assets of \$1,000,000,000 behind the Bank of Commerce, the only rival to the National City Bank. He is the vice-president and real head of the great Morton Trust Company. He is the financial organizer and financial master of the Consolidated Tobacco Company. He is a director and important stockholder in the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad Company, and also of the Marquette Railroad Company. He is one of the most important directors in the Cuba Company which, under the leadership of Sir William Van Horne, is providing Cuba with railways. He is also a director of the Seaboard Air Line, of the American Smelters Company, of the Guggenheim Exploration Company, of the Bethlehem Steel Company and many other of the richest and most powerful business organizations of the country.

THE personal appearance of Mr. Ryan is thus described by Mr. Creelman:

Mr. Ryan, who at one stroke has become the most interesting, if not the most potent factor in American finance, was described by the late William C. Whitney, his partner, as easily the most adroit, suave and noiseless man he ever met.

He is an impressive and handsome figure, tall, straight, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with a large head, high brow, big smiling blue eyes, powerful nose, a firm mouth shaded by a curling mustache of iron-gray, wide, well-curved jaws and a formidable chin cleft at the centre.

He dresses plainly, but with great care, speaks in a soft, steady tone, is devoid of gestures and looks you straight in the eyes when speaking. He has singularly courtly manners, the influence, perhaps, of his old-fashioned Virginia origin; but notwithstanding the amiable smile, the smooth address, the earnest, attentive bearing and the low-pitched voice, there is in the powerful frame, the fighting jaws and chin and the steady, unblinking glance, something which constantly reminds you of the tremendous will power of the man.

THE effect on the public mind resulting from this reorganization has been one of relief but not of unalloyed confidence. There is a feeling that the danger point has been passed, and that the readjustment promises a very considerable improvement; but Mr. Ryan and Mr. Morton are not accepted without the expression of many misgivings as to their motives and plans. The Evening Post (New York) objects strenuously to Mr. Morton. It says:

We have felt that its incumbent [the head of

the society] ought to be a man whose business record was beyond the breath of suspicion. That Mr. Morton is not such a man is sufficiently proved by the fact that his career as railway manager is at this moment under investigation by the Government's lawyers.

Still more emphatic objection is made by the New York World, which refers sarcastically to a vast scheme of underground railways in New York City in which Mr. Ryan is deeply interested and to assume the management of which Mr. Morton had resigned from the secretaryship of the navy. "It is obvious," says The World, "that a great lifeassurance society might be a very valuable annex to a rapidtransit company." It thinks that the necessity for a special legislative investigation of the society is now "more acute than ever." Again: "Instead of being Mr. Hyde's dummy directors, the new board will be Mr. Ryan's dummy direc-While the change may be no worse for the policy-holders, it is a grave public menace." The Pittsburg Dispatch also has apprehensions regarding Mr. Ryan's motives in purchasing the Equitable stock, and thinks the policyholders would like "more spe-

cific and binding assurances than have yet been vouchsafed." Similar expressions of dissatisfaction come from the Hartford Times, the Detroit Free Press, the Springfield Republican and The Independent (New York). The Rochester Post-Express thinks that "a man more acceptable" than Mr. Morton might have been selected and that Mr. Cleveland will not be accepted with feelings of entire satisfaction because "his intimate relation with many men powerful in Wall street has been notorious for years." The New York Evening Journal begins a characteristic editorial on the subject as follows:

Thomas F. Ryan is the new boss of the Equitable. He has been a boss in New York for a long time. He has ruled the street car system—making many millions out of that and out of gas. He has been a big boss in politics—the real boss



THOMAS F. RYAN

"If Ryan lives twenty years and keeps his health" the late W. C. Whitney is reported to have said, "he will be the richest man in America."

of Tammany in matters important TO HIM, for quite a long time. Many a public official has had T. F. R. stamped on his collar—underneath, where the public could not see it—but where the official could feel it scratch. Ryan is able—really a big man, several times bigger than the small fishes who have tried to fight him "down town." The late William C. Whitney said: "If Ryan lives twenty years and keeps his health, he will be the richest man in America." Whitney was a good judge, and Ryan is rapidly verifying his prophecy. Before long, if Rockefeller does not look out, Ryan, with his pleasant manners and wise ways, may be the big money frog in the national puddle. Getting control of the Equitable's four hundred millions will be a big help.

EXPRESSIONS of relief, however, seem to be pretty general. Even the journals above quoted, most of them, regard the society's outlook as improved. The Pittsburg *Press* says of the situation:



JOHN WEAVER

Republican Mayor of Philadelphia, who has forced the "Boss" to surrender on the gas deal

Life insurance is bound from this time on to be conducted upon a more unquestionable basis. It will be not only theoretically but in actual practice a trust strictly administered in the interest of the policy-holders, and the new era in life insurance management will date from the Equitable upheaval, out of which it is evident that only good is to come.

Mr. Morton is "just the man for the Equitable problems," the Baltimore Herald thinks, for "he is a sturdy, clean, strong, straightforward young American, who can handle hard propositions and who is not afraid of the consequences." The Washington Star takes the same view, believing he will "serve the purposes of the company most satisfactorily in every way." And the Pittsburg Dispatch refers to the "sterling worth and unquestioned integrity" of Mr. George Westinghouse, who hails from that city, as, together with the character of Mr. Cleveland, "ample assurance to policy-holders that their interests will be guarded carefully, honestly and unselfishly."

THE story of the Quaker earthquake in Philadelphia during the last days of May and the first days of June is in some respects unparalleled in the annals of American politics. The arousing of public sentiment on a fiscal question is usually a slow and difficult proceeding anywhere. It has been especially so in Philadelphia. But in this case, within two weeks after the opening of the agitation on the proposed

gas contract, the city was aflame, the largest halls were jammed with the excited populace, citizens were hunting down their councilmen with automobiles to persuade or denounce them personally, the pulpits were resounding with protests, ministerial delegates a hundred at a time were marching through the streets to the mayor's office, delegations of school-children were doing the same thing, and a social boycott on councilmen and business men connected with the contract was operated that swept everything before it. It took about two weeks to fire the city up, and then it took about ten days to bring the political machine and the gas corporation to an unconditional surrender. On May 18, the Council, by a vote of 74 to 9, amid a tumult of protests that could not be quelled until the police were called in, passed the ordinance adopting the contract. On May 27, the president of the gas company, Thomas Dolan, sent a communication to the City Council announcing that his company had decided not to accept the contract even if the Council passed it over the mayor's veto. And two days later still Israel W. Durham, the "boss" of the political machine, announced that he would no longer fight against the force of public sentiment. It



BROTHERLY LOVE HAS ITS LIMITS

-Rogers in N. Y. Herald

was the quickest, most complete "knock-out" which an unorganized public sentiment has ever inflicted in this country upon a powerful, well-organized, thoroughly entrenched gang of politicians, who had not only the municipality apparently in their hands, but the State legislature and the Governor as well, and, through its close alliance with Senator Penrose, had the benefit of Federal patronage. The fight is by no means over, and the progress of it and the results so far obtained have aroused a keen merest in the whole country.

THE odor of Philadelphia gas has attached to Philadelphia politics for at least tventy years. The uprising that took place m 1880 against the "McManes ring" was in fart produced by an alleged deal between certain capitalists and the ring whereby the existing service, then owned and operated by the city, was to be rendered so unsatisfactory that public sentiment would sustain the lease of the gas plant to a corporation. Despite the downfall of McManes, the alleged deal, though delayed, was finally consummated, and the United Gas Improvement Company has now a lease of the plant which does not expire until the year 1927. Under this lease, according to the mayor's estimate, the city is to receive in the next twenty-two years the sum of \$30,000,000 in cash \$38,522,646 are The Ledger's figures), the



AWAKE AT LAST

- Webster in Chicago Inter-Ocean



ISRAEL W. DURHAM

'Boss' of the Republican organization in Philadelphia, and State Insurance Commissioner

people are to get gas for prices ranging from 90 cents to 75 cents, and the gas plant, worth from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000, reverts to the city at the expiration of the lease. That lease still stands. The effort to change it caused the explosion. The new contract provided for an extension of the lease to December 31, 1980, under which the price of gas furnished to the people was to range at successive periods from one dollar to ninety cents, and the city was to receive at once the sum of \$25,000,000.

N defense of the new gas contract, an elaborate report was prepared by the Finance Committee of the Council to show that the city "imperatively requires" in the next five years, for public improvements, the sum of \$49,085,458. These improvements, it was said, are rendered necessary by the "great prosperity" of the city and the "extraordinary rapidity" of its growth. Emphasis is laid upon the fact that the population, instead of being massed in a small area, in tenements, dwells in small houses (out of 282,117 houses in the city 137,902 have less than eight rooms), covering an area of 120} square miles, and requiring large outlays for roads, bridges, water extensions, etc. The borrowing capacity of the city is but \$15,625,767. The tax rate is now \$1.50. Even were it increased to \$2.50, it would not furnish the amount required. The extension

of the lease would furnish at once, without increasing the tax rate, one-half the full sum required. On the face of it, the report did not lack allurement. It promised to give (as Tweed gave to New York) vast needed improvements to be paid for in large part at the expense of the coming generations. Had there been public confidence that this \$25,000,000, thus rendered available at once. would be honestly and judiciously expended, as the Finance Committee promised, for improvements rather than for the benefit largely of favored contractors and political henchmen, the result might have been uncer-But no such confidence was felt, and the explosion, as already narrated, followed. Every paper of consequence joined in the bombardment. The Public Ledger figured out that the new lease would give to the gas company for gas furnished to the people, an average increase annually, beginning at once, of \$1,255,000 (which is five per cent. on \$25,000,000), the company receiving an extension of the lease for 53 years for payment of a sum very much less than the old lease calls for. "If this is not sheer robbery," said the Ledger, "then the only word that can be appropriately applied to it is 'bunco.'"

BUT a fight on broader grounds speedily developed. veloped. The Ledger said later: "It is the ownership of the municipality itself that we have now to make complete." The North American said: "It is, in fact, a contest for liberty, not less serious, not less important, though it be made within the confines of a single town, than the battles fought for freedom by our ancestors in England against their king and by our ancestors in this country against another tyrant." The Record, The Press, The Telegraph, The Bulletin, all sounded the same note, reiterating that the contest was one against a "political autocracy," "the foulest of foul despotisms," for the possession of the city itself. The Liberty Bell was rung over and over again (rhetorically of course) and the Declaration of Independence was not allowed to rest this year until the Fourth of July. "The Old Liberty Bell," said The Press, "rising over a reconsecrated Independence Hall, must feel like ringing out its glad tidings again, for again Philadelphia sounds the tocsin of revolution and redemption." Not satisfied with the defeat of the contract, a permanent organization, an omni-partizan committee of seventy, has been formed for the following purposes: the

election of a sheriff next November, and of "another honest and courageous mayor" to succeed John Weaver in April, 1907; the purging of the voting lists; "the absolute divorce of the police from politics"; personal registration of voters for cities throughout the State; enforcement of civil service rules; exclusion of councilmen from any other office.

TO this list of purposes will in all probability be added a bility be added the repeal of the "ripper law" enacted by the last legislature, which, unless repealed, will when it goes into effect in 1907 remove from the mayor the power of appointing and removing any important officers, and confer that power upon the City Council. This program, it will be seen, will carry the operations of the committee to the State legislature and the governor. Already the guns are turned upon Governor Pennypacker. "Now it's the governor's turn," says The Press, which urges him to call a special legislative session to repeal the "ripper bill." The Bulletin demands that he oust Israel W. Durham (the "boss" in Philadelphia) from the office he holds of State Insurance Commissioner. And The North American endeavors to carry the fight one step farther still. It says: "Now that the people of Philadelphia have come again into control of their own government, there are two Philadelphians, holding high places and holding them unworthily, with whom there must be a reckoning. men are Senator Boies Penrose and Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker."

THE evolution of a real man is one of the most striking developments of this Philadelphia uprising. The man is John Weaver, the mayor. "There has been no more courageous demonstration of manhood and no more striking and brilliant success in recent political history," says The Press, speaking of his course. That is a Republican paper, but the Democratic North American speaks in the same vein: "For all that he has done and said in the past that provoked displeasure, for all manifestations of what seemed to be timidity and weakness, for all that has tended to persuade some suspicious people to distrust him, there will be now complete forgiveness and then oblivion. Strong courage was required for him to break away from those who in the past have been his political friends and associates, and he had

courage." John Weaver was elected mayor two years ago as an organization man. During that time he has been so loyal to the reganization that he had not only earned the distrust of the public, but, according to report, the contempt of his own political alies. The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York *Times*, says:

There is an unprintable epithet that has been stapart by the ring for Weaver, and when a ring that speaks of him it is always by this epithet. The fact that he loathed the ring, and yet carried with its orders, led it to make the huge mistake thinking that he was a contemptible puppet, who whom there was nothing to fear. When the two officials went out to the opening of the St. with Star in a special train no ring man wild set foot in Weaver's car. In the buffet car was a picture of the Mayor, and no ring man was a wed to take a drink of liquor until he had not not this picture.

WHEN the gas deal was arranged between Durham and Dolan, Weaver, the Tayor, was not even consulted and he learned the deal first through the papers. He sent to the Council a message calling for a postmement of action, but no councilman even nade a motion to carry out his suggestion. Five other communications received from him at the same time, vetoes of ordinances passed the preceding meeting, were promptly werruled by almost unanimous vote. There sas general apprehension that the mayor would weaken on the gas deal. But he is "a great Sunday-school man," and when the meachers and Sunday-school leaders began to denounce him "it nearly broke his heart." He not only decided to fight, but to fight to afnish. He began by removing from office the directors of public works and public wiety, appointing two reformers in their place. An injunction was secured by the ring restraining the new appointees from perbrning the duties of the offices. Weaver btained eminent counsel, including Elihu Root, of New York, issued an announcement to the two men he had dismissed declaring that they were trespassers by continuing in their offices, and that if they did not get out he would have them ejected by force. They 5t out. Then a supersedeas was secured recating the injunction. The new officials legan to withdraw advertisements for new ontracts, and that brought to their knees some of the contractors who had been Durham's strongest supporters. Two more city officials were removed. The councilmen began to come over to the mayor's side.

Then came Dolan's announcement that the gas company had yielded and would not accept the lease, and the surrender of the ring followed two days later. It was probably the most surprised lot of politicians that had ever taken backwater. Not only have they been forced to accept the new officials appointed by the mayor, but the Council has recalled a franchise grant of 110 miles to a street railway, given for nothing, and at the mayor's request repealed the grant. A thorough house-cleaning seems to have set in.

THE lessons drawn from these events by the press of the country are various. Democratic papers like the Cleveland Plain Dealer and Indianapolis Sentinel point to the fact that there are but two Democrats in the City Council, and recommend a more even partizan division in the future. Other papers of the same political complexion insist that the tariff has much to do with Philadelphia's corruption. "In return for tariff favors," says the Kansas City Star, "the city is willing to sell out to party grafters." Mr. Hearst's New York American thinks the situation points clearly to the necessity for "municipal ownership," and Mr. Bryan's Commoner sees hope for every municipality in the effective revival of civic conscience. On the whole the favorite moral drawn is to the effect that, as the Minneapolis Tribune puts it, "no political machine can stand against the people"; but the New York Evening Post warns us that a "single spasm of reform" effects no lasting results. Other journals, chiefly those independent in politics, aver that non-partizanship in municipal politics is the evident lesson taught. Says the Baltimore Evening Herald: "It is only when citizens are willing to divide into parties on every question that comes along, no matter what its nature, that the boss can play off one side against another and be the winner himself." Still another lesson urged by a number of journals, notably the New York Journal of Commerce and the New York World, is expressed as follows in an extract from the former:

The ostracism of public opinion should not be confined to school children and directed against the slaves and minions of corruption, but the awakened moral sense of the community should visit its penalties upon those who are really responsible, those who devise schemes of plunder and furnish the means for executing them, who corrupt legislatures and councils and debauch

THE	DIICCIAN	FLEET AND	ITC BATE
Inc	RUSSIAN	FLEET AND	HIS PAIR.

Name.	Dis- place · ment.	Horse Power.	Nominal Speed.	Gun Protec- tion.	Weight of Broad- side Pire.	Fate.
BATTLESHIPS:	Tons.		Knots.	Inches.	Pounds.	
Kniaz Suvaroff	1					Sunk.
Alexander III	13,516	16,800	18.0	11.6	4,426	Sunk.
Borodino	1			1	1	Sunk.
Orel						Surrendered.
Ossliabia		14,500	19.0	10.5	2,672	Sunk.
Sissoi Veliky	8,880	8,500	16.0	12.5	3,186	Sunk.
Navarin	9,476	9,000	16.0	12.5	3,404	Sunk.
					1	D 1
Dmitri Donskoi	5.893	7,000	15.0	12.2	444	Ran aground.
Admiral Nakhimoff PROTECTED CRUISERS:	8,500	9,000	19.0	6.0	944	Sunk.
Oleg	6,775	10,500	24.0	4.0	872	Interned at Manila
Aurora	6,630	11,600	20.0		632	Interned at Manila
Svietlana	3,828	8,500	20.0	٠	476	Sunk.
Almaz		7,500	19.0		184	At Vladivostock
JemtchugIzumrud	3,200	17,000	23.0	••	184	Interned at Manila Uncertain.

public administration as an incident of their business. Make this disreputable like petty thieving and swindling, and it will cease as piracy and brigandage disappear with advancing civilization.

N THE great naval battle of Tsu-Shima, occurring just a century after Trafalgar, Admiral Togo, who had the whole fighting fleet of his country maneuvering within hailing distance of his flagship, ended Russia's existence, for the time being, as a naval power in all the waters of the world except the Black Sea. When the weight of the Japanese broadside fire had lightened, Admiral Rozhdestvensky was among the hundreds of Russian wounded. He is now a prisoner. Of his eight formidable battleships, all but two were sunk, and those two hauled down their colors. The ruin that overwhelmed the rest of the squadron was not less complete. Three cruisers were sent to the bottom, three fled to Manila, there to be interned for the remainder of the official period of war, two monitors were captured and all the rest of the ships either ran aground or surrendered, with a forlorn excep-That was the Almaz, an insignificant cruiser, which reached the grand objective, Vladivostok, holed and halting, sole survivor of what the Czar himself might term his "never-to-be-forgotten" Baltic fleet which so boldly put out of Russia's port in the north of Europe long months ago. Not a hit was made by Rozhdestvensky's gunners.

THE island of Tsu-Shima has been called the Gibraltar of Japan. It divides the strait between Korea and the southern isles of the Mikado's realm. The mistress of the seas herself might have envied the strategic splendor of Togo's position as the

eight battleships and dozen or so of the foe's befouled and lagging cruisers involved themselves in these narrow waters. Here the islands of Japan begin to confront the opposite mainland of the Asiatic continentan array of gigantic natural battlements that

might defy the assaults of a thousand admirals from St. Petersburg. An involuntary exclamation of wonder is said to burst from the lips of the voyager as his eye lights for the first time upon the gilded hues that color all the upper regions of the air above these sequestered shores. It is that part of their coast to which the old shoguns referred as "the delight of mankind." But a thick mist had thrown itself between these beauties and the sun by half past five on the morning of May 27, when the first news that the Russians had appeared at last was conveyed to the lurking Togo. Five-some accounts but four—battleships, eight armored cruisers and every protected cruiser needed to assure equality on paper with the foe had been maintained in hiding off the Korean coast for the emergency. What proportion of the Nippon admiral's twelve large torpedo-boats and fifty-five small ones supplemented the battleship and cruiser squadrons remains conjectural. There can scarcely have been less than thirty. Togo denies that he made use of a submarine in the whole course of the action.

WHY Rozhdestvensky chose this course along the southernmost point at which the island waters of Japan are accessible to a hostile fleet can only be surmised. He has said no word on the subject himself. He knew, of course, that the magnificent coal supply at Nagasaki was within easy reach of Togo's squadrons. The splendid naval station of Sasebo was even more accessible. Rozhdestvensky must have deemed it a foregone conclusion that upon her own great sea Japan would remain supreme in battle. Only the total annihilation of her fleet

could have affected that supremacy. A foe, according to the best expert opinion, would have to strike successfully at the seaport of Nagasaki, to say nothing of Sasebo, before Japan could be even crippled. But the place lies miles away from any practicable base of Rozhdestvensky's. With Togo atloat, Rozhdestvensky would gain nothing m particular by rounding the outer coast of Japan's islands for the mere sake of treaking through Tsugaru Strait farther north. That operation simply carried him arther and farther from a practicable base and neutral ports of refuge. If a fog was rhat he wanted, he might lose himself in one and give Togo the slip off Tsu-Shima. In my event, Japan would be enjoying her tremendous advantages. She would still be it home in dealing with her enemy. Apart altogether from a paper equality in fighting material, Japan's natural harbors, fortified slands, fleets concentrated at a single point, deprived the Czar's commander of all facilities for any course but sneaking. He could not run away in a straight race, for he was outclassed in speed.

There is, thus, much to support the inference that Rozhdestvensky's game was hide and seek. He had taken every precaution to throw Togo off the scent. He wished the Nippons to conclude that the Baltic fleet was steaming north to foggy Tsugaru. Decoy squadrons had been detached on wild goose chases for their effect on Togo. But Togo clung to the southern strait. The information upon which he based this decision reflects the highest credit upon the Japanese stelligence department. However, Togo was willing enough to give Rozhdestvensky all the rope he wanted. He kept his fighting ships all out of sight. When the hapless Russians trusted themselves to Tsu-Shima Straits on that foggy morning of May 27, they may have indulged in many a vain felicitation of themselves upon the subtlety they had not displayed.

THREE of the giant battleships led the Russian fleet. By half past one in the afternoon the mist was well melted into the serenestof Japanese heavens and all the splendor of the sun slanted through into the eyes of the Russian gunners. Just ahead danced Togo's battleships in single-column formation. Racing around the south of Tsushima Island at a sixteen-knot speed in Rozhdestvensky's rear came the armored

cruiser squadron under Kamimura. The Japanese could now afford their foes a little leisure to survey the trap into which they had been befogged. Rozhdestvensky, it must be conceded, prepared to face his doom like a man. He drew his whole fleet together in parallel order with fighting ships on the firing-line, front and rear. What happened when Jap and Slav came to close quarters is so well told in the special cable despatchment jointly to the London Times and the New



GÉRÔME'S "BELLONA"

The original, which has been for weeks making a quiet sensation in New York City among connoisseurs, is described by the widow of the late French artist J. L. Gérôme as his "masterpiece". It is constructed of ivory and bronze, and the use of platinum in the eyes give a life-like glint that is appalling in its realism. One foot is on sea, one on land, and the figure is leaning forward as if urging on the fray

#### The men who prepared for the Victory



ENQUIST
The Russian Admiral who fled with three cruisers to Manila



ROZHDESTVENSKY

The hero of the Baltic fleet's long voyage from Russia. Wounded in battle



BIRILEFF

He was to take over the command when Tego had been eluded or whipped



NEBOGATOFF
Accused of incompetence or worse in permitting the loss of a squadron

York *Times*—from Tokyo days after the battle, when the fullest details were available, that no embellishment could make the account more spirited:

The Russians opened fire at 12,000 metres (almost seven and a half miles), but it was wholly ineffective. The Japanese reserved their fire until the ran e was 7,500 metres (somewhat over four miles), when they fired six trial shots and scored three hits.

The battle now became general. The Russians perpetually essayed to force their way northward, but the Japanese, steaming at a higher speed, constantly headed them back, so that the Russian course described a loop, the ships filing past the Japanese, who poured in a deadly fire from three directions.

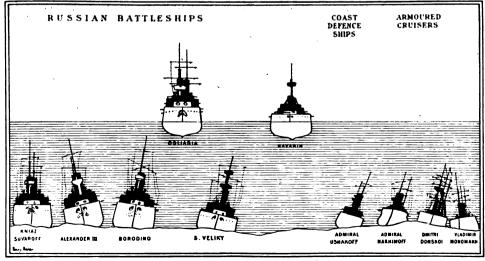
Admiral Rozhdestvensky's gunners maintained a much higher rate of fire than the enemy, but the projectiles nearly always flew high or buried themselves in the sea before reaching the Japanese line, evidently owing to the gunners' want of experience in laying their guns in rough weather.

experience in laying their guns in rough weather.

Before evening five of the Russian warships had been sunk, including three battleships, which apparently lost their stability owing to the piercing of their water-tight compartments on one side only, and the action of fore and aft bulkheads. Meanwhile the Russian formation had been broken, but the ships were still confined to the southeast corner of the Sea of Japan.

Thus far Admiral Togo's strategy had worked perfectly, but a most important part of his plan remained, namely, the loosing of his sixteen squadrons of torpedo boats upon the Russians during the night, when they were partially disabled and confused. There were great fears at one time that this would be impossible, as the sea was too rough for torpedo boats.

However, toward evening the wind and waves subsided. The night became quiet and the star-



DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW SHOWING THE VESSELS OF ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY'S FLEET WHICH ARE STILL

Of the four brand-new 13,000-ton bettleships which were the real lighting strength of the Russian armada only one, the "Orel," now remains allost, and ahe has been captured by the 1/paperse. The four versels were only a year and a half old. The "Oklubia" and "Navaria" are reported such since this disgram was constructed.

Of the three could defence ships none remains in the hands of the Russian; the "Admirable Unkalds" is used and the two others have been captured. Of its three

#### The men who won it



KAMIMURA

His cruiser squalron caught the Lisans in rear, it seems, and closed light trap on Rozhdestvensky



TOGO

Winner of what seems destined to become known as the greatest naval truimph in human annals



URIU

His part in the battle is not made clear in reports, but his reputation indicates that he played a part

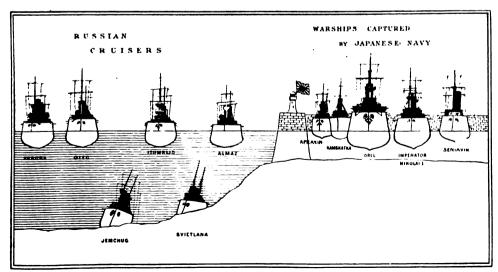
ight was exceedingly suited to the work of tored boats, which rushed in from three directions, asserving their missiles until within 300 metres about 325 yards) at most and making practice and deadly it redeemed all previous failures.

Meanwhile the Japanese fighting squadrons had dapped off to the north, leaving the field free for the torpedo craft. By midnight only nine of the Russian ships retained their formation under Admiral Nebogatoff.

These struggling northward, the torpedo boats singing to their flanks and constantly stabbing, at that dawn found only five remaining, the

Orel, the Nickolai I., two coast-defense ships, and the Izumrud. Almost immediately they observed two squadrons of Japanese vessels approaching at full speed ahead and recognized the flags of Togo and Dewa. The Izumrud steamed off at top speed, but Nebogatoff's ships, incumbered with wounded, with half their guns out of action, and with ammunition lacking, decided to haul down their colors.

Other still floating fragments of the Russian fleet were pursued and destroyed by the Japanese, who had been organized with a view to this contingency into groups of homogeneous ships.



AFLOAT, THOSE WHICH HAVE SUNK, AND THOSE WHICH HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE

consend greeners all have gone to the bottom. These vessels include the notorious "Dmitri Donakes," which coaled at Surz for the purpose of reaching the next port and then promoted to hold up communical vessels. Of the six crusters two, the "I-mitting" and the "Switchings" have been under The Rougan vessels now withou Japanical indoor walls are the included. "Person and "I-mitting and in "Rougan vessels now without Life the two coal defence or slape, "Admitral Appraism," and "Admitral Section," and the "Kin makers."

THE great naval victory of Japan elicits from the American press one general note of undisguised admiration and congratulation. "One of the most impressive and memorable naval combats of which history bears record," is the way the New York Sun characterizes it, and the Chicago Tribune pronounces it one "among the decisive events of all time." To the St. Louis Globe-Democrat it creates "an epoch in history." The expected happened for five reasons, it would seem from the opinions set forth at length in newspapers throughout the length and breadth of our land. The New York Herald lays stress upon the hopelessness of the Russian gunnery; the Philadelphia Press expresses its wonder at Rozhdestvensky's battle formation, which seems to have rendered Togo's task additionally easy; the Boston Herald shows that the Russians must have run short of ammunition comparatively early in the fight; the San Francisco Examiner points out the notorious inadequacy of Rozhdestvensky's intelligence department; while from the latest reports it is manifest to the Chicago Tribune that weather conditions were, on the whole, favorable to Togo—he did not have the sun in his eyes nor the wind in his face. But over and above these and other considerations, in the unanimous opinion of our press experts, is that difference in efficiency which, from the start, as the Detroit Tribune declares, determined everything in Japan's favor. "Never has history recorded a naval disaster so overwhelming to the losing side," says the Philadelphia Telegraph, and the Springfield Republican amplifies:

Every succeeding battle of great importance on land or sea in the present struggle has been honored with the characterization of "the decisive battle of the war." It is generally difficult to estimate the relative value of victories until a war has ended and the manner in which events often mock at contemporary judgments must induce caution. Yet it has been clear, ever since Rozhdestvensky crossed the Indianocean and made his way north, that the ensuing collision between the fleets would be of an absolutely vital character to the Japanese. The annihilation of their fleet in the Korean straits would have meant the complete reversal of the tide of victory on land as well as on sea, because their armies in Manchuria would have been cut off from the source of reinforcement and supply, while Japanese maritime commerce would immediately have been swept out of existence. \* \* \* We may venture, therefore, to rank the naval battle of the Korean straits with Lepanto and Trafalgar in its de usive effect upon the struggle between empires, and one hazards little, it seems, in placing it beside those historic sea fights in its effect upon the development of civilizations.

EUROPE'S opinion of Togo's victory points to peace. There are certain official German organs like the National Zeitung (Berlin)—official to the extent of reflecting at times "inspired" viewswhich say that the result is a setback for the white race. But elsewhere, even the Paris Temps, the firmest friend of the dual alliance. begs Russia to stop her progress from disaster to disaster. The voice of the French press is supposed to have peculiar weight in St. Petersburg when it comprises utterances from the Journal des Débats, the Gaulois, and the Figaro. They are all Russia's friends, they all pin their faith to the alliance between Russia and France, and they all say to the ally that this must be the end of war. The Figaro, to be sure, repeats German reflections regarding the setback for the white race, but it asks for peace none the "Russia has lost the game," asserts the Paris Journal, and the Echo de Paris hints that Rozhdestvensky's ruin may involve that of his country as well.

TOGO is the hero of all England, the London Telegraph saying that he has "won the Trafalgar of the Far East," and the London Evening Standard going even further in his praise. However, says the London News, Togo's fame was established already, and further eulogy of him is superfluous. The London Times addresses the autocracy in its usual tone of lofty severity when directing remarks at St. Petersburg, and implies that failure to make peace now would indicate a form of insanity among grand ducal personages. The London Standard says:

The victory of Togo is such a tremendous affair that it is difficult to speak of it with moderation. To say that nothing like it has been witnessed in the world for a hundred years is to keep well within the mark. The disaster to the Russians is worse than that sustained by the French and Spaniards off Cape Trafalgar, and comparable to the destruction of the Dutch fleet at Camperdown. Duncan's great victory extinguished the maritime power of Holland for ever; the Dutch fighting navy disappeared from the seas. It is tco soon to predict that Russia will suffer the same fate, but for the moment her collapse is complete. Twelve months ago Russia ranked as the third among the naval Powers of the world. To-day she would hardly count as the seventh or eighth. Her splendid navy is reduced to a few unimportant odds and ends. She could scarcely engage Spain or one of the South American Republics with much hope of success. Beyond the

!ew obsolete and ill-found vessels of the Black Sea Fleet she has no organized naval force afloat. A quarter of a century of persistent and costly effort will be required before she can again enter the ranks of the greater maritime States.

On the other hand, her opponent, at a bound, has ascended to the highest grade in the scale. Japan stands to-day not only as a great naval Power, but as one of the very greatest. Indeed, or effective purposes she now ranks only below the first of all. On paper the fleets of France, Germany, and the United States would still present a more formidable array of battleships and cruisers. But it may be doubted whether any one of those States could hold its own with the victorious navy of Japan, trained as it now is to the highest point of practical efficiency, and remiorced by the captured Russian ships.

Great Britain alone, The Standard thinks, is now superior to Japan by sea, and the Japanese now dominate the trade route of the Pacific even as the British dominate that of the Atlantic. Indeed Japan's domination is the more assured, as her naval superiority, compared to any of her neighbors, is even greater relatively than Great Britain's.

THE Russian press calls for peace unistakably, taking advantage of the disorganized state of the censor's forces to express views which, a year ago, would have meant imprisonment for more than one editor. Only the reactionary and bureautratic dailies regard peace as anything but desirable. The Rasviet (St. Petersburg), controlled by a personal friend of the Czar, hints that peace must come, but laments the world's fawning attitude to the victor:

All the nations, blind to the future, are fawning upon victorious Japan. Great Britain, happy in the fall of Russia, utters satirical expressions of sympathy. America means to send her Secretary of War and a party of eccentric American ladies on a tour to the Mikado's realm. France, fearful of what may be in store for Indo-China, permits japan to order her here and there. Even the trowned Hohenzollern, who a few short years are sounded the most solemn of warnings to the white race, makes a dash to the railway station in Berlin to hail the little yellow prince from Japan and overwhelm him with his attentions.

The peace is discussed inconclusively by the St. Petersburg Novosti and Sviet, which seem to have been told to prepare Russian public opinion for the negotiations now under way. The Russ (St. Petersburg) denounces bureaucracy as the cause of all the disaster. "The death of half a million of men" it says, "and the loss of countless money are the price we pay for rejecting the civilization of the rest of the world." The

Novoye Vremya (St. Petersburg), in many respects the weightiest Russian newspaper, calls for an assembly of the people to decide upon what must be done. "Delay will be fatal. All Russia's intelligence and all her ability are needed to confront the crisis which will soon be upon us." The more popular Slovo says:

The Russian people have been marching to the very edge of the precipice of destruction for two centuries and with bandages over their eyes into the bargain. Now the bandages have been torn from the eyes of 140,000,000 Russians and they are neither to be led nor driven to the brink of the precipice. Let the people find a voice. The bureaucracy has had its say. Its work of national shame and humiliation is finished. Let the bureaucracy now listen to the voice of the millions whom it has seen suffer in silence and who in return have maintained it in luxury. From this very day an assembly of the whole people has become as imperative a necessity as is the air we breathe. But if the bureaucracy should once more venture to stand between the Czar and his people, woe betide it! Let the bureaucracy call to mind the teachings of Russian history. It is not the Russian people whom the Japanese are fighting. It is the Russian bureaucracy.

THE new Secretary of the Navy, Charles Joseph Bonaparte, has been styled by President Roosevelt (if the New York Herald's Baltimore correspondent is not mistaken) "the most forceful mind of the country." One who sees him for the first time with such a description in mind is apt to be surprised and disappointed at his manner. His voice is caressing and his manner almost feminine in its gentleness. He has a smile that is like perpetual sunshine breaking through his features, and his utterance is full of quaint little melodious inflections that strike one at first as affectation but are soon seen to be as natural as breathing and become more and more agreeable

Mr. Bonaparte is a grand-nephew of the great Corsican, being a grandson of Jerome Bonaparte by his American wife, Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore. His illustrious lineage does not, however, burden him heavily. He is a native American who has never been abroad, so it is said, though he is a man of independent fortune and a lover of the arts. He is fifty-four years of age, is a graduate of Harvard, a distinguished lawyer, a very independent Republican, a civil service reformer of national reputation, an Indian Commissioner, a zealous Roman Catholic (though his wife is not)



CHARLES J. BONAPARTE

The new Secretary of the Navy is grand nepnew of the great Napoleon

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d an intimate friend of Cardinal Gibbons. only salaried office ever held by him that of Supervisor of Elections in Baltimore, in which he drew a salary for three weeks.

THE life-story of Elizabeth Patterson, Secretary Bonaparte's grandmother, is one of the world romances. Her father was an Irishman who became the wealthiest man in Baltimore. His daughter, Elizabeth, the belle of the city (always famous for its beautiful women), captivated Jerome Bonaparte on his visit to America in 1803. He was nineteen and she eighteen. Her father tried to prevent the union, but they were married despite his opposition. The opposition of Napoleon was a harder proposition. He ordered his brother home. The latter took his time about going, and then took his bride with him. When they reached Lisbon a French man-of-war prevented her from landing with her husband. He proceeded alone to Paris to intercede with Napoleon, and she sailed for Amsterdam. Here again her landing was prevented and she sailed for

England, where she was received with great *éclat*. But she was never allowed to rejoin her husband, and Napoleon, failing to persuade the Pope to annul the marriage, had it annulled by the French Imperial Council of State, and Jerome married again in 1807 and was made King of Westphalia. One son was born to his first wife while she was in England, the father of the present secretary. His legitimacy was recognized by the French Government under Napoleon III. The mother died in 1879, leaving a fortune estimated at \$1,500,000, inherited by her two grandsons.

THE personal appearance of Mr. Bonaparte is thus described by James Creelman:

It was night time, and Mr. Bonaparte sat at a small oaken desk in his study, writing by the light of a candle set in a green and white candlestick, a sturdy, patient, methodical personality, very far removed from the type one would expect in the grandson of a king.

There is little of the great Napoleon to be seen in the face or frame of his American grandnephew. The conqueror of continental Europe was short. Mr. Bonaparte is tall. The Emperor had a pale, oval face, a thin nose and a delicately curved jaw. Mr. Bonaparte's countenance is square, rosy, heavy-jawed, broad-chinned. There is something Napoleonic in the suggestion of the full brow and the cavity about the eyes. The nose, too, has the Napoleonic curve. But altogether, Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, is unlike the Bonapartes of France.

The double chin, in itself, removes Mr. Bonaparte from any resemblance to his past kindred, save, perhaps, Napoleon III. The nose is long and firm, but fleshy. The cheeks are full. The eyes are large and dark, but the eyelids are heavy and puffy. The lips are thick and the mouth inclined to be crooked. The ears are large and very pink. The mustache is short, dark and thick.

The head is broad, rather than high, and it is somewhat bald in front. The forehead is full, and rounds out well over that part of the brain which is said to be the seat of benevolence. But the top of the head is flat.

THE new secretary's political views are those of a sturdy independent and political reformer. His appointment is accounted as an unpleasant shock to organization leaders; but the press has received it well, and even the politicians who have felt the fighting force of the new appointee are said to admire and respect him. The Springfield Republican (Ind.) sees but one defect in the selection of Mr. Bonaparte: "Mr. Bonaparte and the President are too much alike in temperament and ideas, and the result may easily be that the new member of

the cabinet will be far from bringing to the administration those elements of caution and restraint which, because of the character of the President, it most needs." The Baltimore papers speak of Mr. Bonaparte in the highest terms. The San, of that city, says:

Throughout his career Mr. Bonnarte has been identified with the element in the Republican party of his State and of the country at large which has been steadily and persistently for better methods in politics. In Maryland he stands for the best that can be gotten out of politics, and he has risen to power and influence in his party without compromising his self-respect or trucking to any boss.

"If wide experience, keen intelligence, capacity and desire for work and an unusual acquaintance with public questions are fitting qualifications of a secretary of the navy, he is well equipped for the office," says the Baltimore Herald. "He is appointed," says the Outlook (New York), "not because of any service rendered his party organization,

not on account of any recommendation by party managers, but because of his uncompromising honesty and courage, his firm convictions, and his high political ideals." And the New Orleans *Picayune* thinks that, despite his illustrious ancestry, "there is no more thorough and loyal American than he." His views regarding a navy were thus formulated by him just after his selection was announced:

I sympathize heartily with the President's policy of building up and maintaining a very strong and very efficient navy; if I did not, I could not accept the position he has tendered me. I mean by a very strong navy one able to hold its own in any combination of circumstances which can be reasonably anticipated; and by a very efficient navy one ready at any moment to do whatever work the country may demand of it, and to do this work as well as it can be done.

Mr. Bonaparte's influence over the President is supposed to have had much to do with the expenditure of Indian trust funds for Roman Catholic mission schools, about which considerable protest was made last spring by Protestants all over the country.



The Baltimore girl who won the love of Jerome Bonaparte and became heroine of one of the great world-romances

THE "decadence of the Cabinet" is title of an editorial in the Bos Herald which has been rather widely quoted and commented on. It is a criticism of the way in which President Roosevelt treats the members of his Cabinet, which has become as a body of advisers, it thinks, of little importance. It goes on to say:

The advisers of the President used to be considered to be of large importance in that capacity, but now they are advisers merely in name and form, not in reality. They differ from one another and still remain in the cabinet. Mr. Shaw, the secretary of the treasury, does not regard the deficit of much importance, while Secretary Taft looks upon it as of the gravest moment. Mr. Taft, with the consent of the President, is to hire ships and buy supplies for the Panama canal in Europe, when they are cheaper there than here, and Mr. Shaw joins in a protest against this abuse by the head of his own administration of the essential principle of the law which it is his own duty as secretary of the treasury to administer. Even where there is a question of importance in the work of a department, the President is likely to consult with a subordinate, and even to issue orders relating to such work without the knowledge of the head. In the first months of the administration, Secretary Gage was a victim,

or an intended victim, of this characteristic of the President. . . . This is not the kind of government which we used to have, and it is doubtful if we shall always like the rule of one man without real and influential advisers. It is indeed doubtful if the decadence of the cabinet, its loss of influence and of position, is consistent with our system of government. Executive action after advice is pretty nearly as important as legislation after deliberation.

The Indianapolis Sentinel quotes the sentiments above with approbation, saying. "that the descent has been rapid under the present administration is unquestionably true."

ROM Scandinavia comes a menace to the world's peace in the action of the Norwegian Storthing proclaiming a dissolution of the union that has existed between that country and Sweden for ninety-one years. When Mr. Gladstone, introducing his famous home-rule bill, proclaimed that "in every year that passes the Norwegians and the Swedes are more and more feeling themselves to be the children of a common country, united by a tie which never is to be broken," no objection to the accuracy of the

statement was raised by anybody. But that was in 1886. Last month the Norwegian Storthing passed a bill creating an independent consular system controlled from Christiania. King Oscar vetoed it. That veto had been predicted in the *Verdens Gang* (Christiania). organ of Norway's national cause, and Norwegian opinion was



OSCAR THE CIVILIAN

His Majesty is noted for the democratic simplicity of his appearance on ordinary occasions



FRIDTJOFF NANSEN

He has published a warm defence of Norway's secession from the Bernadotte dominions

prepared for the King's action. The Storthing dissolved the union of the Scandinavian partners. King Oscar replied with a protest, a refusal to recognize the Storthing's action and a declination to receive a Norwegian deputation. Norway next asked one or two royal families to supply her with a King, but they refused. There may evolve a republic. The situation caps the climax of a deadlock that has really existed for years. Norway insists that she has never been an equal partner, and the King's veto of the consular bill, they aver, declared Norway a vassal of Sweden's. So Norway has revolted.

HERE is Sweden's side of the case as set forth by Dr. Sven Hedin, the renowned explorer, in the London *Times*, and no one will deny the sensational character of his words:

Since 1800 we have lived on neighborly terms with Russia. But previously to that Sweden, like Poland and Turkey, was one of the neighboring States at whose cost Russia grew into a Great Power. First we lost our Baltic provinces, then we lost Finland. At a time when we unfortunately possessed no far-sighted statesmen, Russia pressed step by step towards the west by winning from Sweden one province after another. At the present moment her shores lie only a few miles distant from Stockholm, and in the far north the frontier approaches within 18 English miles of the Atlantic. The Aland Islands belong to Russia, and in the event of a maritime war in the Baltic would serve as a suitable basis of operations from which to keep a watch upon the Swedish fleet and cut in half the area of this enclosed A long narrow strip of Finnish territory points like a finger north-westwards to the Norwegian fjords, which, thanks to the warm water of the Gulf Stream, are ice-free all the year round.



SVEN HEDIN
H: has championed Sweden's side
in the conflict with Norway

and of which several would make first-rate naval harbors. It is not in the Union itself that we Swedes have fallen in love with the Norwegians, for the Union has brought us neither honor nor peace; but what has drawn us together has been the certainty that a single united state affords us greater strength against external enemies than two small States separated and isolate one from the other. From this point of view the union of Sweden and Norway is a matter not only of Scandinavian importance, but also of European importance.

This last sentence merits particular consideration. For Dr. Hedin claims to envisage the problem, not from a point of view exclusively Swedish, but rather with reference to Russia as a menace to Scandinavia and, through Scandinavia, to Europe. His point of view seems to be widely accepted in Great Britain and on the Continent, where the dissolution of the Union is regretted.

R USSIA is an aggressor to be dreaded, Dr. Hedin thinks, all the more by reason of her recent disillusionments in the Far East, for which she will of necessity seek compensation in the south or to the west. The present movement for freedom and reform in the realm of the Czar will result in a nation more powerful than before. Dr. Hedin proceeds:

After her regeneration, Russia, feeling the new strength coursing through her veins, will stretch out her now benumbed tentacles towards the two remaining great oceans of the world, the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic; but she will never be able to reach their shores without a murderous and devastating war with England and—with Scandinavia. For us, who are still masters over the threatened part of the latter ocean, it is important that we should take all necessary measures of precaution whilst there is yet time. . . .

All the way from Sakhalin to the Black Sea the Russian colossus is fenced in by an impassable wall of men and iron. Of the three great oceans there is left, therefore, only the Atlantic, and between Russia and that ocean lies as a buffer the Scandinavian peninsula. There is no need for me to point to the fact that the English statesmen who are responsible for the safeguarding of India will understand that one result of the issue of the war with Japan will be to increase the pressure upon the northern frontier of that dependency. In how much greater degree will that be the case with regard to the Atlantic, for it is there that the locus minoris resistentiæ is to be sought.

NOW for the Norwegian side of the case. It seems to be founded upon so deep-rooted a suspicion of all Swedish proposals that Prof. Fridtjof Nansen, Norway's spokesman in the sense that Dr. Hedin is Sweden's spokesman, challenges the accuracy of the statements already quoted. Leaving out of account the purely personal aspect of the dispute between these famous

explorers and publicists, we find Professor Nansen presenting his country's grievance thus in the London Times:

Inconveniences resulting from the partnership arose; as time



—From stereograph. copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
IN NORWAY

Typical farm scene in the region in which Oscar II no longer rules

went on Norway's and Sweden's commercial interests came more and more into conflict with one another, and especially when in the '80's Sweden began to adopt a system of high tariff while Norway continued to remain, as before, an almost free-trade country. The result of this distinctive fiscal policy on the part of Sweden was that commercial treaties with foreign Powers hitherto made conjointly for the two countries now had to be modified into separate agreements, different for Norway and Sweden. This inevitably made a joint Consul's position one of very great delicacy and difficulty; the exact balancing of mutually conflicting interests involved him in an interminable dilemma—he either had to do nothing at all, or to forward the one land's interests at the expense of the other. And with a Swedish Foreign Minister at the head of affairs it is much to be feared that that expense has probably been Norway's. Commercial rivalry sharpened considerably in the '90's, as a result of Sweden's giving up the hitherto existing agreement with Norway, that had still allowed trade between the two to be carried on more or less duty free, and which now forced both countries more and more to seek foreign markets for their goods, there to come more actually than ever into competition. This was particularly unfortunate for Norway, that, with three or four times the shipping of Sweden, had come to have less than half the influence determining the appointment of the Consuls who were to be responsible for the watching of these great interests.

OR twenty years strife has been growing between the two countries. Prior to 1885, foreign affairs were left almost entirely in the hands of the Crown, who made use of a Norwegian or Swedish Minister as he thought best for the occasion. But in 1885 a change was made by Sweden binding the Crown to use the Swedish Foreign Minister exclusively in foreign affairs. In short, the whole system of conducting foreign affairs was at one stroke made over to Sweden, says Dr. Nansen, and Norway's position in the matter, even before not very satisfactory, "now became unbearable." This Swedish coup, against which the Crown in person, vested with the care of Norwegian foreign affairs, stood practically defenseless, is the key to the last twenty years' strife. "It is not Norway that has given the offense leading to the ill-feeling, but Sweden-a circumstance that should modify the unfortunate view spread abroad that it is Norway that is the unreasoning and unreasonable party to the Union." Professor Nansen flatly contradicts the truth of recent press despatches from Stockholm. In fact, nothing is more surprising than the regularity with which "official communications" from Christiania give the lie to "official communications" from the sister capital. For that reason there is a decided lack of authoritativeness in all European press comment upon the purely local issues of the struggle. International issues are more clearly apprehended, and Blackwood's Magazine (Edinburgh)—no friend of Norway's cause—grasps them thus summarily:

If only the Czar could lay violent hands upon Scandinavia, he would have a possession which would more than compensate him for the loss of Manchuria, Port Arthur and Vladivostock and all. It would change Russia at a stroke from an Eastern to a Western Power, and give her a point of attack from which she might threaten England or Germany at will.

That other eminent Norwegian, Bjornsterne Bjornson, declares that union on the old terms is forever ended, and the development of the future will be an offensive and defensive alliance embracing Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

IS the protective tariff to be buried in the Panama Canal? Judging from the way in which the announcement made a few weeks ago by Secretary Taft has been received by the "tariff reform" press, the canal is apt to form a grave for the whole protective system, unless, indeed, the Administration has already receded or is about to recede from its position. There is room for discussion on all these points. No one, in fact, ever raises a point of any magnitude whatever on the tariff question on which there is not apparently room for a vast amount of discussion. Secretary Taft's statement, for which, it is reported, President Roosevelt assumes personal responsibility, was made May 16, and was to the effect that in the lack of explicit legislation from Congress providing for the purchase of material for canal construction from American industries, the Canal Commission feels required by business considerations to buy in the cheapest markets, wherever they may be found to be. He asserted also that as two ships had to be secured by the Government for transportation of supplies, and as it could procure at once two ships (not new) of the sort needed for \$750,000 by purchasing abroad, and would have to pay twice that for building American ships, the commissioners expected to secure the foreignmade ships. This announcement is variously described as a "bomb in the camp of the stand-patters," as "a staggerng blow" and as "an outrage inflicted on the American

people." Protests are said to have been promptly filed at Washington by certain industries affected, and a few days later a second announcement was made to the effect that the Administration would probably lease, not purchase, the two foreign-made ships, and that the purpose of buying supplies in the cheapest market meant simply such supplies as are immediately necessary, leaving Congress free to take action on the whole subject at the next session. This has been interpreted by many journals as a "backdown,' a construction resented by the Administration organs.

THE view of the tariff reformers is that the people will approve the announcement as first made, but that they will thereby have their eyes opened to alleged iniquities of the whole protective tariff system. The State (Columbia, S. C.), puts it thus:

There is no doubt that finally the American people will approve the principle underlying the President's action. But they will apply it to private as well as to public interests. If such a course as Mr. Roosevelt approves is good economic policy for the government, which is the people in their organized capacity, why, the people will reason, is it not good policy in every day affairs?

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* takes the same course of reasoning:

It may shock the "stand-patters" to have this distinctively American market thrown open to the whole world, but most people will regard it as merely common business sense and common justice; and many, moreover, will think that the government should no longer withhold from the people that privilege of buying in the cheapest market of which it so eagerly avails itself. No reason can be pleaded in behalf of the government that does not apply with equal or greater force to the individual citizen. He must continue to pay exorbitant prices, while the government will protect itself against the same extortion.

One more quotation will sufficiently serve to show the uniformity of view taken by the anti-protectionists. Says *The World* (N. Y.):

It is not likely that much foreign material will be bought for the Panama Canal, in spite of the Taft order. The Government is simply going into the open market, and by making the same rate to the United States that they make to foreign customers American manufacturers can get all the contracts. They will doubtless find it just as profitable to do their dumping in Panama as in Liverpool and Hamburg.

This of course is not the real grievance of the stand-patters. It is the horrible object-lesson which sears their souls. If the Government will not submit to Dingleyized extortion why must its citizens submit? This question will be asked with perplexing frequency, and the answer is obviously destructive of the stand-patters' peace of mind. It seems to be destroying their common sense too. . . The Panama order is the hardest blow dealt to Dingleyism since President McKinley's Buffalo speech.



THE protectionists hold conflicting views in regard to this Panama Canal order. in regard to this Panama Canal order. Congressmen Grosvenor, Cannon and others are quoted in terms that indicate at least apprehension as to the consequences. general manager of the American Iron and Steel Association, James M. Swank, is reported to have said:

In a general way the policy appears to be antagonistic to the protection principles of the Republican party, and will, if it is not withdrawn, elicit strenuous objections from the "stand-patters," who will bring the matter before Congress

at its next session.

Revisionists will regard the announcement as substantiating many of their arguments for a revision of the high tariff laws. It is, no doubt, a radical policy, and will, to a certain extent, mean a renewal of the tariff war in and out of Congress. While I have my own views of the tariff, I believe that in this particular case the money to be expended in constructing the Panama Canal should be spent in the United States, because the money to be spent in building it is furnished directly by the American people, and because it is distinctly an American enterprise.

The majority of the members of the cabinet may believe in reciprocity, as may the President. but it does not appear to me that this particular case warrants us in going into other markets to make purchases simply because they may be procured at a price that is somewhat below that of

our own country.

I believe the Panama Canal should be constructed by American workingmen, and that all the material used and ships purchased should be manufactured in our own country.

This is a view very warmly urged by that out-and-out high tariff paper, the New York Press:

There never was a principle more abhorrent to the people of this country than the one which the commission seeks to embrace in expending the money on the construction of the canal. This money is the money of the American people. They, and nobody else, are building and paying for the canal. To say that they must pay hundreds of millions and send them all out of the country, give them away to foreigners, create and support foreign industries with the money which they take out of their pockets to construct their canal, when they might keep all the money at home, create new industry and support old, provide more wages for American workmen and more earnings for American capital, is a preposterous proposition, viewed in any other light than that of a deliberate attempt to nullify the American tariff system.

The New York Mail holds the same opinion, calling the canal order "another raid on home trade."

THER protection journals defend the order and censure those who assail the course of the Administration as the very course most likely to injure the protective tariff cause. The Tribune (N. Y.), whose editor has just been appointed ambassador to the court of St. James and who was, a few years ago, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, has this to say:

The principle of the protective tariff—in fidelity to which we yield precedence to nonc cannot be effectively invoked against it, for the reason that protection is intended to preserve the home market for the home producer, and the Panama Canal is not a home market. The Canal Zone is not a part of the United States, and the canal which we are constructing there is not a domestic institution, such as, let us say, the Erie Canal or one of the Pacific railroads. The canal will be owned by this country, and will be operated and controlled by this country. We trust that in time it will also be used by this country more than by any other. But, nevertheless, it will be in a foreign land, and it will be, by the most sacred guarantees, open impartially for international and universal use. We cannot see, then, that it is properly to be regarded as under the rule of the protective system.

The same paper argues further:

The "stand-patters," who assert the "right" of our manufacturers to sell at domestic prices in Panama, seem to forget that those same manufacturers have been for years content to sell their wares there at the foreign price. They are using the American control of the canal zone as a mere pretext for raising prices far above what they have been accustomed to ask there, though new opportunities for trade at the old rates should more than satisfy them.

The American Manufacturer is not afraid that the canal order will divert trade from this country. It maintains that the American market will prove to be the cheapest market, and says that "the President's order will enable the canal commission to buy material cheaper, and political 'graft' methods will be obliterated."

The New York Sun's Washington correspondent thinks that "the general roar" that has gone up over the order is unwarranted by the interests involved. The costliest item in the construction of the canal, aside from labor, will be steel rails for the construction railway. The Sun correspondent says that to double-track the Panama railroad not more than 7,500 tons of rails would be needed and "we have mills that could supply the entire Panama requirement in about one day's work." The Sun comments editorially on the situation as follows:

What special requirement of the general policy of protection is violated by insisting on the export price for American goods that are to be used abroad, rather than the domestic price?

How can an American industry be said to suffer if it receives from the United States Government for material to be used at Panama the prices which it would be glad to obtain from French or German or English contractors doing the same work at the same place?

S it John Paul Jones or a substitute whose remains are soon to be placed in the naval Pantheon at Annapolis? As the day appreaches for the historic event, the doubts regarding the identity of the body to be brought from France which were raised at first somewhat timidly have grown more in-Tom Watson's Magazine (New York) has made itself an exponent of the skepticism, and contends with a vigor characteristic of its editor that "French experts" were called in to identify a certain corpse as that of Paul Jones," whereupon "they solemply pronounced the verdict which they knew was expected," and which they were "predisposed to find." Tom Watson is best known as a Populist politician, but he is also the author of a very reputable history of France and ought to know something about historic evidence. This is what he thinks of the matter:

The search for Paul Jones's body had reached acrisis. Only four leaden coffins had been found in the old graveyard, and one of these had to be Paul Jones's, because he had been buried in such a coffin, and the other three bore name-plates which showed they could not be his. The fourth bore no name-plate; therefore it must be Jones's coffin. The necessity of the situation required it. Consequently, polite French experts measure, compare, incubate, decide and bring in the verdict desired.

Looking at the matter as a lawyer, I should say that there is not sufficient legal evidence ofiered, as yet, to establish the identity of the
dead body. The cemetery in which Commodore Paul Jones was buried was closed by law
in 1793. A canal was afterward cut through it.
The great sea-fighter was buried, as Napoleon
was, in uniform. In the Life of him—"Great
Commanders" Series"—by Cyrus Townsend
Brady, the statement is made that Paul Jones
was buried in the American uniform, and that
a sword and other articles were placed in the coffin.
The body which General Porter has found was
not clad in uniform. There was no sword, or
other article, found in the coffin.

Commodore Jones died of dropsy, which had swollen his body to such an extent that he could not button his waistcoat. Yet the French experts delare that all the measurements tally exactly with those of the living Jones.

Most biographers put the height of Admiral Jones at "about five feet and eight inches." Won't you find a greater number of men—in France especially—whose height is "about five iet eight inches" than you'll find at any other igur? And will you not find more corpses

of about that length? Yet in these measurements consists the whole of the testimony which has been offered to the American people to convince them that the body of Paul Jones is at last to come home.

Unless the absence of the sword and uniform is cleared up Mr. Watson refuses to accept the conclusion arrived at by experts.

THE case for the other side is stated briefly by the New York Sun:

Gen. Porter devoted years to the task of finding the body, finally identifying the grave-yard in which it was interred. After extensive excavations a leaden coffin filling the description of that in which Jones was buried was found. In it was the body of a man which corresponded accurately to the authentic descriptions, portraits and measurements of the hero. A medical examination proved that the man whose body had been exhumed died of the disease which caused the death of Jones. Many corroborating circumstances convinced Gen. Porter and the experts assisting him that the body was that of John Paul Jones, and their identification of it has not been attacked by any person competent to disprove it.

A similar conclusion is reached by numerous other dailies, notably the Baltimore American. "Mr. Watson can claim to have distinguished company in his unbelief," it concedes, "but, when the worst is said by them, all will be compelled to confess that General Porter was on the ground to examine the body and its belongings and they were not." Not a doubt suggests itself to the Providence Journal, which even avers that the identification of the remains is "positive and scientific."

CHINESE boycott of American trade is not only threatened, but seems to be actually under full headway, and delegations of American cotton manufacturers have already been interceding with the President to take steps to save them from the consequences apprehended. The Chinese chambers of commerce in Hong Kong and Shanghai recently decided "to cease all traffic in American goods until such time as a satisfactory settlement is arrived at" in regard to the rights of Chinese merchants, students, tourists and officials to enter this country without undergoing treatment that is deemed personally offensive. The two Chinese chambers of commerce telegraphed the report of their action to similar bodies throughout China, and a special cable despatch to the New York Sun on the result runs as follows:



Ten steamships arriving at New York recently on the same day brought 12,039 immigrants, chiefly Italians

-Kemble in Collier's Weekly

TIENTSIN, June 13.—The Chinese guilds' boycott of American manufactures is assuming serious proportions. The native newspapers are even refusing to accept advertisements of American goods.

Later information is to the effect that seventeen provinces have taken up the boycott. The movement is regarded seriously by American manufacturers, and "a delegation representing the cotton mill industries of the entire Eastern coast" called on President Roosevelt June 12, and presented an address which said, among other things:

The treatment accorded by the immigration officers of this Government to the exempt classes of Chinese visiting this country is more oppressive than either the letter or the spirit of the law requires. We believe, moreover, that the plainest principles of international justice demand that the law itself shall be made more liberal, either by amendment, or by the negotiation of a new treaty, or both.

A few days before this address was presented a case—one of many similar cases, it is claimed—giving point to the above declaration occurred in Boston. Four high-caste Chinese, three brothers and a sister, relatives

of the governor of the province of Shanghai, arrived at Boston on the Cunard steamship *Ivernia*. They were provided with passports and a personal letter of introduction from ex-Ambassador Choate. But they were not allowed to land with the other passengers, and were detained on shipboard all night, were photographed, and were required to give bonds in the sum of \$500 each that there would be no abuse of the privilege of admission.

HIS treatment of high-caste Chinamen -not the exclusion by law of Chinese labor-has aroused the wrath of Chinese merchants, and the mode of action taken by them is said to have been advised by Mr. Wu Ting Fang, lately the Chinese minister at Washington, now the head of all the Chinese chambers of commerce. The Chinese minister at Washington, Chentung-Liang Cheng, is co-operating with him and a general commercial association of Chinese resident in this country is being formed "for the correction of injustice in international relations." There is now no treaty in force with China on the subject of a more recent date than 1880, a later treaty having expired a short time since, and negotiations for a new treaty having failed. Of the failure of these negotiations, the San Francisco Chronicle says: "The negotiations between the State Department and the Chinese Minister at Washington for a new treaty, which covered a period of several months, failed because the Secretary of State correctly refused to deviate from the letter and intent of the exclusion laws enacted by Congress, whereas Minister Cheng insisted on incorporating in the proposed new instrument conditions inconsistent with these laws." Under the law that now exists (not by virtue of a treaty, but by virtue of congressional enactment), a Chinaman, Ju Toy, born in the United States, who had gone to China for a time and returned to this country, was refused admission by the immigration officials. The case was carried through our courts and the Supreme Court decided that the decision of the immigration official was final and could not be reviewed by the courts. Ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster, in a recent number of The Independent, criticises this verdict severely, and Justice Brewer, in a dissenting opinion on the case, said of the process to which the Chinaman had been subjected: "If this be not a star chamber proceeding of the most

stringent sort, what more is necessary to make it one? I do not see how any one can read these rules and hold that they constitute due process of law for the arrest and deportation of a citizen of the United States."

A MERICAN feeling about the boycott by Chinese merchants, as expressed in other sections than the Pacific coast, is to the effect that it is caused by a very grievance; but the grievance consists not in the itself but in the harsh enforcement of it by our overnment officials. The Boston case is "only one stance of many that might be cited, showing the exthe lingly harsh and offensive spirit with which the Timese exclusion law is enforced," says the Philadelphia Press, edited by a former Cabinet official. The Boston Horald says:

In applying the law our immigrant officials construe every who comes from China or is of Chinese birth as a arrer or workman, and endeavor if they can to prevent them raplacing foot on the shores of this country. The humiliaand sometimes barbarities to which Chinese merchants, ruknts and travelers coming to the United States have a subjected have been well calculated to arouse the stern nignation of even so peaceful and passive a people as the mese.

"If the great work of these jacks in office of the im negation department goes on in the present intrusive ission, our promising trade with China will soon be stecked as completely as Rozhdestvensky's fleet," says Te New York Mail. Other journals, among them the New York Times and The Evening Post, regard the law iself as a "barbarous measure" and its enforcement as "brutal."

Even on the Pacific coast there seems to be, accord-Is to the editor of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, a chance for a division of sentiment. He says that the mmerce of that section with China has been growing Tith sensational rapidity of late years, shipments out Puget Sound last May aggregating \$6,000,000. Water J. Ballard, in the New York Sun, gives the Cowing little table showing the trade between the To countries in the last few years:

	Exports to China.	Imports from China.
1922		\$28,245,309
183		26,573,151
174	39,200,386	30,432,808

The New Orleans Picayune thinks that "it is in the power of the Chinese merchants, if they should act together, practically to destroy American commerce in often goods and to give it to other countries." But even that prospect does not daunt the San Francisco hronicle. It says:

There is no comparison between the value of that trade 5th the Chinese empire and the industrial welfare of our Fig people, which is now conserved solely through the rigid From stereograph. Copyright 1905, by Underwood of the avaluation laws. If a choice must be made. O' Underwood, N. Y. inforcement of the exclusion laws. If a choice must be made bareen the continued restriction of Chinese immigration the consequent loss of Chinese trade, on the one hand, and the repeal of the exclusion laws and the retention of the inde, on the other hand, the voice of the American people



#### SIR CHENTUNG LIANG CHENG

The Chinese minister at Washington, who is striving to secure less onerous treatment of Chinese travelers in America

will doubtless be overwhelmingly in favor of the former, and that fact might as well be recognized in Hongkong and elsewhere now, without further parley on the subject.

A N international struggle for Morocco has begun. Already Abdul Aziz and William II. have between them driven from power the man of genius who for nearly seven years past has conducted the foreign affairs of the third French republic. Abdul Aziz, it seems necessary to say, is Sultan of Morocco. Frenchman who has quitted the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is Theophile Delcassé. It is less necessary to state who William II happens to be. He has, in the opinion of the highest journalistic authorities on world politics in Europe, scored one of the terrific hits of his career in this whole business. It is "a brain clout," as the Paris Action says, to England, for the minister who had to go was the champion of the Anglo-French "cordial understanding," and the "cordial understanding," according to the London Spectator, was gall and wormwood to the ruler of the Bismarckian empire. The personal humiliation to Delcassé, moreover, is decided. His long tenure of office under a succession of more or less anticlerical ministries without homogeneity had left him supreme in foreign affairs. No Premier in recent years -not Waldeck-Rousseau, and certainly not Combes—had dared to interfere with the workings of the Delcassé policy. That policy was maintenance of the Russian alliance, development of friendship with Britain and absolute French supremacy in Morocco in exchange for absolute English supremacy in Egypt. Morocco was the rock upon which the ship of Delcasse's statecraft was wrecked. With great beating of tom-toms in the inspired Paris Temps, Delcassé sent what was nominally an embassy and which seemed really an expedition to the court of Abdul Aziz. Then William II sailed for Tangier and made the sensational speech which was interpreted to mean that Germany would not recognize the Anglo-French bargain in Mo-Next Abdul Aziz "turned down" the French mission, welcomed a German mission with open arms, and the crash of Delcasse's fall was heard throughout the world.

PREMIER ROUVIER takes foreign affairs in hand. He had taken them in hand even before the fall. Delcassé had been gently but firmly informed that his one-

man sway had to end. The Paris Européen, unimpeachable authority on such a point, exulted over the "backbone" Premier Rouvier was displaying. "He has recalled a minister who had contracted the sweet habit of consulting nobody to the salutary obligation of submitting his acts and his plans to the cabinet and to his chief," said our contemporary a few days before Delcassé retired. "He has to a large extent ousted M. Delcassé from the direction of our foreign affairs. Henceforth not a negotiation can be begun or pursued, not a step can be taken. not a despatch or a message can be sent out unless the Premier, duly apprised beforehand, has given his approval." the substance of those "strained relations within the cabinet" of which so much was made in the cables last month. Premier Rouvier had become Minister of Foreign Affairs in fact before Delcassé ceased to be Minister of Foreign Affairs in name.

IT IS all very much as it should be, contends the Socialist Humanité, organ of the famed Jaurès, who insists in the Chamber that Delcassé's grand blunder was his omission to consult the German Emperor when the Anglo-French agreement regarding Morocco was concluded not so many months ago. William II has been enabled to upset everything, in consequence, and the prospect of an international conference over Morocco looms darkly. The Européen says further:

It is unhappily to be feared that it will not be so easy to atone for ministerial errors of the past in regard to Morocco. There we have to do with a foeman who will not overlook the least slip on our part, a keen player who conducts his game with more firmness than scruple. M. Delcassé, through his inept refusal to deal with Germany in the spring of 1904 on the same footing as the other powers, and through his mad notion of refusing officially a communication which he made officiously to Germany, has reared in the path of his Moroccan policy obstacles of an insurmountable kind.

This is evident enough at Fez since the arrival there of the spectacular mission led by von Tattenbach [the German envoy]. The interminable conferences of St. René Taillandier [the French envoy] have led to nothing tangible. At this very moment his Shereefian Majesty, sure of powerful support in his resistance, is obstinately deaf to French representations. He has found, or, rather, there has been suggested to him the formula he required to cover his bad faith. It is by means of an appeal to concerted action of the powers that he replies to the long tirades of the minister of the republic. In other words, the outcome of the stupid secretiveness of M. Delcassé toward Berlin is a return to the exact state

things that the author of the Anglo-French and flattered himself he had done away with the advantage of France in return for importure concessions to France, to Spain and to Italy. Premier Rouvier, having taken French areign affairs in hand, does not mean to retainsh them for the present. His organs a the Paris press intimate that somewhat premptorily.

" A T last separation of church and state A in France has been accomplished!" Little famous Socialist leader, Jean Jaurès. those words in the Chamber of Deputies months ago, his countenance, according " Paris Action, "glowed with the ardor a emancipated man." The glow ap eard too hurr edly, says the Revue des Deux "≔ks (Paris). Church and state are not But there is every prospect grated vet. in a final divorce will be decreed in short "ir. "Practically." says the Manchester widian, which has followed the contest mi interest ever since its outbreak six ears ago, "the concordat is already dead." he bill separating church and state in fance will, it seems, certainly pass," adds London Spectator, "and it will accord mi the dignity of the Vatican to punish irreligious power which has thus, in trony at least, broken away from its minion." But there are weapons, powerweapons, in the arsenal of the third roblic, to borrow a figure of speech from anguage in which the Vienna Neue Presse comments upon this theme. he Austrian daily anticipates a conflict between Rome and Paris that may vie in matic interest with all that has occurred Fier Premier Waldeck-Rousseau and Pre-Tir Combes, the immediate predecessors the present Premier Rouvier, in what anti-'encal French organ's style "the stamping of the plague of Vaticanism."

A PERIOD of violent resistance is soon to come, according to the view taken to the Européen (Paris), a well-informed real weekly. This violence, it thinks, will mangurated not by the French governant, but by the church, for two reasons. The first reason is that the clergy have made mancial preparations whatever for the improaching separation. Very few of the shops have taken financial precautions to take good the deficiency from lapse of the size of public worship. Only two or the exceptions are mentioned—the Bishop

of Orleans, M. Touchet, and the Bishop of Quimper, M. Dubillard. The majority of the bishops have done nothing chiefly because the money goes to the religious orders rather than to themselves, but also because they are old men and the concordatory system has induced in them the habit of doing as little as possible in order not to displease either the government, which could suspend their stipends, or the Pope, who could excommunicate them. This unpreparedness, it is thought, will result in extreme forms of resistance on the part of the more bellicose priests.

VIOLENCE will proceed from the church in yet another way, we are told—from the members of the religious order. According to a map published in the Paris Journal, said to have been revised by the heads of religious orders, when the separation between church and state comes the Jesuits will occupy 36 dioceses, the Assumptionists 8, the Capuchins 7, the Dominicans 3. The Européen comments as follows:

Now the handing over of dioceses to the Jesuits, Capuchins, Dominicans and Assumptionists will introduce there the bellicose habits for which the "militia of the church" are distinguished. Already the Jesuits are reaping the harvest of the manifesto published October 1, 1901, by their four provincials in France. They declare themselves unable to yield to the terms of the law relating to religious orders, of asking for the authorization it requires, and they give themselves the air of submitting to persecution for the edification and preservation of the whole church. "The present law is but a step forward in the war that is going on against the church. It is the church that is attacked through the religious orders, and it is the church that the religious orders are defending by rejecting an authorization that aims at the enslavement of the church . . Between the government and herself. the Holy See we confess ourselves unable to find any principle of conciliation. . . . Placed in the position of rendering France a great service by resisting as much as we can a religious persecution that destroys her, there remains for us nothing but to take the course dictated by our duty as Frenchmen, as Catholics and as religious." As a reward for this courageous attitude, the Jesuits obtain 36 French dioceses. It is thus to be foreseen that after separation of church and state, the government will encounter open and violent resistance in a large number of dioceses.

RECOGNITION of the Pope's temporal power is one of the strange consequences which the Européen thinks is likely to result from the contest—recognition, too, by France. And this recognition may come as a blow against the French ecclesiasts them-



THE NEXT GERMAN EMPEROR
"An exceedingly comely youth" of twenty-three

selves. Here is the possible sequence of events: Pope Pius X hopes to establish better relations with the Italian government. He objects to confinement in the Vatican. On the other hand, the Italian Government needs the political aid of the clericals in its contest with the Socialists. The result may be a sort of reconciliation that will give to the Pope a piece of territory placing the papal palace in direct connection with the San Pietro Railway station. This would make possible the tacit (not official) recognition by France of the Pope's temporal power with consequences thus outlined:

Now on the day when the French republic gives the Pope this mark of courtesy, tolerance or indifference—treating him as a sovereign because he calls himself a sovereign—the republic would have the right to apply the civil code to all ministers of worship. . . Henceforth, it might apply to all ecclesiastics the law of December 3, 1849, relating to the police of a foreign power, that is, the right of expulsion by mere administrative order. Violation of a decree of expulsion would entail imprisonment.

It will be seen that recognition of the temporal power might benefit the anticlericals as much as it would benefit the papacy.

HE contests of the future in France will rage most fiercely, thinks the clerical Gaulois (Paris), over the ecclesiastical edifices and the properties connected with them. The law separating church and state does not recognize the hierarchy as owners of these assets. All cathedrals, with some few exceptions, remain the property of the nation. The use of that property may be granted, under specified conditions, to "organizations for public worship." The anticlerical Lanterne (Paris) predicts that the hierarchy will excommunicate all persons who form "organizations for public worship" without ecclesiastical sanction. The Lanterne declares, however, that the "emancipated men of France" will not be deterred by the prospect from forming "liberated organizations for worship" and claiming the use of the cathedrals and other edifices. A non-French daily. the democratic Frankfurter Zeitung, touches upon this point in its review of the whole situation:

Hitherto the concordat has held the form of the French church together with iron bands, and every fissure, every cleavage has been prevented. In the future the state will know no Catholic church, no French church, recognizing simply the associations for worship, the individual communes and the diocesan associations. It is possible that side by side with the strongly clerical associations for worship will exist progressive associations, which will have equally good claims to the church property and to the use of edifices for worship. In the recent session of the concordat commission this question came up for discussion and the unanimous opinion was that such cases were not to be settled by decree but must be decided by the courts. But as the courts themselves do not recognize any one church in particular under a system of separation of church and state, but recognize only unions for worship. the courts will have to regard all such unions impartially and to undertake an impartial distribution of ecclesiastical property. It is well known that the groups of free thinkers have set about the organization of free thinking unions which will have the same rights to use the edifices of worship for their meetings, celebrations and ceremonies that is enjoyed by the Roman Catholic unions.

A LFONSO XIII is seeking a wife. Hard upon the news that the young King of Spain had escaped the bomb in Paris comes this interesting announcement. As regards the bomb, it was hurled at his Majesty with such errant aim that it simply brought out a fact well known to Spaniards that the King has personal courage. President Loubet and Alfonso XIII., side by side in a state carriage, were the human targets of a Span-

ish anarchist, whose missile fell within a few yards of republican host and royal guest. They escaped unharmed, but twenty spectators sustained slight injuries.

As regards the King's coming marriage, the Tempsofficial organ, it must be remembered, of the Foreign Office of France-positively states that an English princess has been chosen. There are difficulties of religion, adds our authority, but it intimates that they will be adjusted by the adhesion of the bride to be to the Roman Catholic communion. The London Spectator frowns upon that suggestion. There will be "obstacles in the way," it declares, because the British "dislike diplomatic conversions." The personal qualities of Alfonso indicate that he will make a lovable husband. A study of him is made in the Nouvelle Revue (Paris), which is gratified to know that while he speaks English with facility, French is more of a favorite with him. He is at home in the best French literature. Last year he was absorbed in Balzac. Among living French authors his favorites are Pierre Loti, Marcel Prevost, the Rosnys, Maurice Barres, Paul Adam, Leon Daudet.

ERMANY'S next Empress—if time does not upset the calculation-will be Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who, on the sixth of last month, became Crown Princess in the German Empire through her marriage with William II's heir, Crown Prince Frederick William. This voung man of twenty-three is proclaimed by both the German press and his own photograph to be "an exceedingly comely youth." He had attained the military rank of Captain of the First Foot Guards, but with his new dignity as a married man comes the right to wear the uniform of a major. The new Crown Princess is the younger sister of the reigning Grand Duke Frederick Francis IV, and was born at Schwerin in 1886. She is thus only eighteen, or rather she will be



THE NEXT GERMAN EMPRESS

She married the heir to the imperial throne of William II last month

nineteen next September. The Socialist Vorwärts of Berlin is ungallant enough to observe that there is consumption in her family and that her father was a confirmed invalid for years prior to his death at fortysix in 1897. The courtly and semi-official Kreuz Zeitung (Berlin) declares that the new Crown Princess was born long before that illness asserted itself in her house and that her married sister is "vigorous." The royal bride is fluent in German, French, Russian and English. The London News says the marriage is one of "love," but London Truth hears that it was arranged as a matter of "political convenience." "We are told," says the London Standard on this point. "that if the decision had rested with the Prince, the marriage would have been settled some time ago."

#### Pointed Remarks

It is heard that the Daughters of the American Revolution have resolved in favor of a noisy Fourth of July. They do not regard it as proper that the nation's birthday should be less vociferous than one of their national conventions.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Another way of putting it is that Chicago after importing Mr. Dalrymple from Glasgow to say how she shall establish municipal ownership learns from him that the way to do it is to import the Glasgow city government.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Claude Heren, the South African diamond king, left his entire fortune to the woman who twice refused to marry him. It is a beautiful thing for a man to carry his gratitude even to the grave.—Atlanta Journal.

There is a general belief that President Roosevelt would like to leave the same man behind him to hold the lid down when he goes away from Washington in March, 1909.—Chicago Tribune.

Russia is determined to have a navy again. But in default of men to fight it would not a fresh lot of ikons come cheaper?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Ohio Republicans put none but tried and trusted planks in their State platform. Secretary Taft has to stand on it.—Florida Times-Union.

Rojestvensky may say, with Louis Napoleon, "Napoleon, the Little," after Sedan: "Veni, vidi, vice versa."—Columbia State.

Why not employ the remains of the tribe of Digger Indians on the Panama Canal?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Judging from the accidents, far too many railroads have introduced the blockhead system.—New York Mail.

"What is a magazine,

"Reading matter between layers of frenzied finance."—Judge.

"They are sending electricity through buried wires in order to stimulate the growth of vegetables."

"I wonder if the current is strong enough to shock the corn?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

President Eliot, of Harvard, thinks the long vacation of three or four months should be cut to two weeks and that football ought to be curbed. Why, the man wants to make the college course a serious matter!—Philadelphia Ledger.

The University of Illinois has made Postmaster General Cortelyou an LL.D. but in his present position what are three letters more or less to him?—Boston Globe.

Another thing about Candidate Taft is that if he stands in front of the presidential nomination none of the others will be able to get near it.— Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is stated that Mr. Bryan will take a trip around the world, and Marconi wants to talk around the world. Practically the same thing.—

Toledo Blade.

There is one advantage in having asphalt pavements. They can't be used for educational purposes in sympathetic strikes.—Chicago Tribune.

The Norwegians are used to seceding. About 600,000 of them have already seceded successfully to the United States.—New York Mail.

In appealing to the Zemsky Sobor does the peace party in Russia insinuate that the Czar is drunk?—Cleveland Leader.

More Fricktion in the Equitable!—Boston Herald.

The Philadelphians do not regard it as a laughing gas matter.—Chicago Evening Post.

The strenuous life consists in doing and the simple life in being done.—Atlanta Journal.

We can take a terrible revenge for the Chinese boycott. Let us boycott fire-crackers.—New York Mail.

Spain killed 12,000 bulls in bullfights last year. This would start a very respectable beef trust.—
Baltimore Sun.

As a missionary Gen. Leonard Wood has accomplished more than was included in the mission board's philosophy. The Jolo Moros are already in heaven.—Detroit Tribune.



"YES, 'WILLIAM H. TAFT,' THAT'S MY NAME"

—Donaphy in Cleveland Plain-Dealer

whose missile yards of repubroyal guest. mharmed, but for sustained

e King's comthe Tempst must be rethe Foreign cc-positively nglish princess . There are religion, adds ut it intimates e adjusted by the hride to be Catholic comondon Spectathat suggesbe "obstacles declares, beish "dislike rsions." The s of Alfonso will make a . A study of the Nouvelle ich is gratified le he speaks ity, French is with him. He best French ear he was ab-Amongliving his favorites arcel Prevost,

trice Barres,

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next Empress-if time does the calculation-will be of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, th of last month, became in the German Empire age with William II's heir, rederick William. This nty-three is proclaimed by press and his own photoceedingly comely youth." ne military rank of Captain Guards, but with his new ed man comes the right to of a major. The new the younger sister of the ike Frederick Francis IV, schwerin in 1886. She is n, or rather she will be



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soul."

daughters to do so throughout a long term of years, as did Madame Hugo, all as a concession to the way-wardness of genius, is an example of wifely self-abnegation which would have done credit to Chaucer's patient Griselda.

Mr. Wack goes on to speak of Juliette Drouet's influence on Hugo:

It is as a lover and mistress, as a beautiful woman of tact and refinement, as a spirited hostess of great "savoir vivre," as a friend-and companion, that she is most interesting. She was the regnant goddess of Victor Hugo's poetry after 1834, and their fellowship and her devotion endured for precisely fifty years and three months (1833-1883). In some phases of this remarkable relationship the sublimest chords of earthly existence are made to intone every shade of romantic song and feeling. She was the inspiration of much that widened his vision not only in his flights

of fancy, but in what he met in the actual world around him. . . His poems, from the "Chants du Crépuscule' down to the "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," are full of Juliette Drouet, though he has not named her anywhere. . . . His verses had "a thousand ways—a single object."

The letters published are intensely personal, and have little or nothing of the intellectual quality. They disclose as unusual an attitude on the part of Juliette Drouet as that with which Madame Hugo is credited. For instance, she writes to the husband: "Enjoy your success, this evening, my Victor, your beauty, your genius, and be happy with your delightful family. I will be proud and happy myself, provided amid all this you do not forget me." In another letter she asks him not to be anxious when she lets fall some "tender expressions," and says that all she wants is to be "sure of being loved after my death." "Your love," she continues, "is the great, the sole, object of my life, the only joy and happiness of my



JULIETTE DROUET
From a drawing from life by Vilain

ters, as Mr. Wack points out, that Victor Hugo was "her deity, her dream, and her only tangible reality." It was during the year preceding that

She shows in these let-

in which Victor Hugo met Juliette Drouet that Balzac received his first letter from "L'E trangère," as Madame Hanska was known to him until he pierced the veil that hid her This identity. letter would seem to have been little more than a complimentary note, expressing admiration for his writings, but other letters followed, and, coming as they did at the psychological moment when he had put behind him the old love, Madame

de Berny, and had broken with the new. Madame de Castries. Balzac soon conceived a strong affection for his unknown correspondent. This ripened into love at their first meeting, which took place under very romantic conditions at Neufchatel, Swit-He was introduced to her husband, zerland. who appears to have been attracted to him and to have been flattered by Balzac's friendship for his wife. Even when two loveletters fell into his hands and Balzac stooped to the pretense that they were written in jest, the husband seems to have accepted the explanation. Returning to Paris after this first meeting, Balzac wrote to Madame Hanska: "You are in all my thoughts, in all the lines that I shall trace, in all the moments of my life, in all my being." Every evening he wrote for her a short account of his day, and once in eight days he dispatched the journal to its destination. He made long journeys to see her in Geneva and in Vienna, and after her husband's death visited her in St. Petersburg. There is no doubt that she was flattered by his attentions, but there is strong ground for the suspicion that what he called Madame de Ginrdin's "nonsense" had a basis in fact. "Madame de Girardin." he wrote in mingled confidence and doubt, "told me that you were very happy to have a man of genius as a courier, but that your social position was to high to allow me to aspire to anything else. And then she began to laugh." However astray Madame de Girardin may have been, it is certain that when it came to a question of marriage, Madame Hanska hesitated and She showed every disposition to observe the proprieties, down to the minutest details: her family constantly and steadily exerted their influence to prevent her from marrying Balzac, who was during this period overwhelmed by his debts; she was under no illusion as to the harassed and checkered existence which she would be compelled to In the end, however, she lead with him. yielded to his importunities, and married him at Berditchef, Russia, in 1850. At this point we quote from Miss Sandars' narrative: Balzac was only married for about five months, and very little is known of his life during that time. It is certain, however, that his marriage did not bring him the happiness which he had expected. . . . Perhaps he had raised his hopes too high for fulfilment to be a possibility in this world of compromise, and very likely his sufferings had made him irritable and exacting. Nevertheless, so quick a wearing out of the faithful and passionate love which had lasted for sixteen years, and so sudden a killing of the joy which had permeated the man's whole being when he had at last attained his goal, seems a hard task for a woman to accomplish; and can only be explained by her employment of the formless yet resistless force of pure indifference.

Balzac's awakening, the knowledge that the absolute perfection he had dreamed of was only an ideal created by his own fancy, must have been inexpressibly bitter. Utter moral collapse and vertigo were his portion, and chaos thundered in his ears during his sudden descent from the heights, clothed with brilliant sunshine, to the puzzling depths, where he groped in darkness and

sought in vain for firm footing,

It should be added that Madame de Balzac was faithful to her husband's memory. Under Balzac's will she might have refused to acknowledge any liability for his debts; but she decided to assume full responsibility, and satisfied all his creditors long before her own death in 1882.



A NOTABLE ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURE
"Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln"—"What they did I, too may do" By Harry Watson

### Churton Collins on the Poetry of Byron

The completion of what is accepted as a final edition of Byron's poetical and prose writings has led one of the most eloquent and trenchant of English critics, Mr. John Churton Collins, to attempt an exhaustive estimate of the poet's qualities. He writes in *The Quarterly Review* (London), and his article is as notable for its emphasis on Byron's limitations as for its recognition of the "extraordinary distinction" of his place in English literature. Mr. Collins regards "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" as "perhaps the two most brilliant achievements in the poetry of the world," and he says of Byron's other work:

Since Shakespeare, as Scott justly observes, no English poet has shown himself so great a master in the essentials of comedy and in the essentials of tragedy. In his comedy, it is true, there is no refinement, no geniality, and much that is brutal and gross; in his tragedy large deductions have to be made for insincerity and falsetto. But all that comedy, at least in its less exalted, aspects can excite, will be for ever at the command of a master whose name instantly calls up "Beppo," "The Vision of Judgment," the first, thirteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth cantos of "Don Juan," many passages in the earlier narratives and Eastern tales, "The Prisoner of Chillon," the episodes of the shipwreck, and the death of Haidee.

His range in composition is indeed extraordinary. He was a brilliant disciple of the school of Pope in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and in the "Hints from Horace"; the superior of Scott in a species of poetry peculiarly characteristic of the modern romantic school, in which, till his appearance, Scott reigned alone; the originator, in "The Corsair," "Lara," and the Oriental tales, of a new species of epic; the originator, in "Cain" and in "Heaven and Earth," of a new and most striking species of drama, and in "Manfred" of a species which had, with the exception of a work unknown to him, Marlowe's "Faustus," no prototype or counterpart in our literature. "Sardanapalus," to say nothing of "Marino Faliero" and "The Two Foscari," may be below contempt as a drama, but it is a splendid exhibition of dramatic rhetoric. As satire in mock-heroic, "The Vision of Judgment" has neither equal nor second in European literature. ferior in quality as his lyric poetry is to that of many of his predecessors, and to that of many more of his contemporaries and successors, it would be impossible to name any poet in our language out of whose work an anthology so splendid and multiform could be compiled.

"And yet," continues Mr. Collins, "the application of perfectly legitimate criteria to Byron's poetry would justify us in questioning whether he could be held to stand high even among the 'dii minores' of his art; it would certainly result in assigning him a

place very much below Wordsworth and Shelley, and even below Keats." Pursuing this line of thought further, he says:

Of many, nay, of most of the qualities essential in a poet of a high order, there is no indication in anything he has left us. Of spiritual insight he has nothing; of morality and the becoming, except in their coarser aspects, he has no sense. the beautiful appealed to him, it appealed to him only in its material expression and sentimentally as it affected the passions. Of no poet could it be said with so much truth—and how much does that truth imply!—that he had not "music in his soul." Turn where we will in his work, there is no repose, no harmony; all is without balance, without measure, and, if we except "Don Juan," without unity. At his worst he sinks below Peter Pindar; at his best his accent is never that of the greatest masters. A certain ingrained coarseness both in taste and feeling, which ibecame more emphasized as his powers mature, not only made him insensible of much which appeals to the poet as distinguished from the rhetorician, but is accountable for the jarring notes, the lapses into grossness, and the banalities which so often surprise and distress us in his poetry.

As an artist, his defects are equally conspicuous. In architectonic he is as deficient as Tennyson. "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan," as well as his minor narratives, simply resolve themselves into a series of pageants or episodes. No eminent English poet, with the exception of Browning, had so bad an ear. His cacophanies are often horrible; his blank-verse is generally indistinguishable from prose; and his rhythm in rhymed verse is without delicacy and full of discords. Every solecism in grammar, every violation of syntax and of propriety of expression, might be illustrated from his diction and style. Nor is this all. His claim to originality can only be conceded with much modification in its important aspects, and with very much more modification in the less important.

In concluding, Mr. Collins returns to the

note of appreciation: The greatness of Byron lies in the immense body and mass of the work which he has informed and infused with life, in his almost unparalleled versatility, in the power and range of his influential achievement. Youth and mature age are alike his debtors. There is not a passion, scarcely an emotion, scarcely a mood, to which he does not appeal, and to which he has not given expression. Of almost every side of life, of almost every phase of human activity, he has left us studies more or less brilliant. He had, in extraordinary measure, nearly every gift, intellectually speaking, which man can possess, from mere cleverness to inspired genius; and there was hardly any species of composition which he did not more or less successfully attempt. As Goethe and Wordsworth were the Olympians, so he was the Titan of the stormy and chaotic age in which he lived; and his most authentic poetry is typical of his temper and attitude.

### Walt Whitman's Table Talk

"I am doing my job in my way: it don't suit the scribbling class: they growl, curse, ridicule; but what is left for Walt Whitman to do but complete the job in the most workmanlike fashion he knows?" In this spirit Whitman was wont to vindicate his work in his conversations with his friends. The words have been preserved by Horace Traubel, who played Boswell to Whitman's Johnson, and now publishes (in The Saturday Euning Post, Philadelphia), a series of articles on "The Good Gray Poet at Home." He gives us an exceptionally vivid picture of Whitman in his Camden environment, and

describes his correspondence, his friends and his table talk. Cordial letters from Tennyson, John Hay and John Burroughs are reproduced, and the poet's judgments on his contemporaries are set forth. As might have been anticipated. Whitman's estimate of the literary men of his day was the reverse of flattering. Here is an extract from one of Traubel's entries:

APRIL 21, 1888.—In with W. He got talking about New York—its hterary men. "They are mainly a sad crowd: take the whole raft of them—Stoddard, Fawcett, the rest—what are they saying or doing that is in the least degree significant? I am told that Stoddard is pretty sour on me—hates even to have my name mentioned in his

presence—never refers to me with respect. I do not blame him. But—I am sorry for Walt Whitman. There is Taylor. He was first rather inendly. Then he went to New York and experienced a change of heart.

"New York gives the literary man a touch of snow; he is never quite the same human being after New York has really set in; the best fellows have few chances of escape. Take John himself—Burroughs, I mean. He lives just far enough off. Even John barely got off with his skin. Stedman? Stedman is all right—I love him. But, after all, I do not think that Stedman ever drew very deep water. His estimate of the American poets misses the chief points—is wide of the

truth: he is too judicial, too much concerned about being exactly just.

"The man who tries a too delicate operation with his scales breaks the scales. Don't Stedman break down in the process of his own criticism? He is generous, inclusive, hospitable, a bit overripe here and there, too much cultivated, too little able to be foolish to be free (we must all be foolish at times—it is the one condition of liberty) is always precisely so, always according to program."

In another place the "moderns" are characterized thus:

APRIL 28, 1888.—Frank Stockton has recently lived at Merchantville, near by. Had Frank called? "I do not think so, though I do not

remember all my callers. I confess that my curiosity is slight, though I might like Frank at close quarters. The story writers do not as a rule attract me. Howells is more serious—seems to have something to say —James is only feathers to me. What do you make of them?—What is their future signifi-cance? Have they any? Don't they just come and go—don't they just skim about, butterfly about, daintily, in fragile literary vessels, for a whilethen bow their way out? They do not deal in elements: they deal only in pieces of things, in fragments broken off, in detached episodes.'

Reverting to the older generation of writers, Whitman expresses himself in more friendly terms. Lowell he confesses he does not "care much about"; but of Emer-

son he says: "I loved Emerson for his personality and I always felt that he loved me for something I brought him from the rush of the big cities and the mass of men. We used to walk together, dine together. . . . we got along together beautifully—the atmosphere was always sweet." In a comparison made between Emerson and Bryant, the former is given the first place:

I sometimes waver in opinion as between Emerson and Bryant. Bryant is more significant for his patriotism, Americanism, love of external



HORACE TRAUBEL,
Intimate friend and literary executor of Walt Whitman

nature, the woods, the sea, the skies, the rivers, and this at times—the objective features of it especially—seems to outweigh Emerson's urgent intelligence and psychic depth. But after every heresy I go back to Emerson. Stedman is cute, but he has not attached to Whittier, Emerson and Bryant anything like the peculiar weight that I should, rebel as I am.

Whitman once asked Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, who, of all the Concord circle, was most likely to last into the future, and he thinks it "very significant" that Sanborn named Thoreau. On Thoreau Whitman makes this comment:

Thoreau's great fault was disdain—disdain of men (for Tom, Dick and Harry): inability to appreciate the average life—even the exceptional life. It seemed to me a want of imagination. He couldn't put his life into any other life—realize why one man was so and another man was not so: was impatient with other people on the street, and so forth. We had a hot discussion about it—it was a bitter difference; it was rather a surprise to me to meet in Thoreau such a very aggravated case of superciliousness. It was egotistic—not taking that word in its worst sense.

In contradistinction to Thoreau's attitude of isolation may be cited Whitman's own point of view: "I appeal to no one: I look in all men for the heroic quality I find in Cæsar, Carlyle, Emerson—find it, too, it is so surely present. If that is aristocracy, then I am an aristocrat."

## National Aspirations in Russian Literature

In no other country, says Prince Peter Kropotkin, does literature occupy so influential a position as it holds in Russia. Nowhere else, he maintains, does it exercise so profound and direct an influence upon the intellectual development of the younger generation. The chief reason for this influence he considers to be the fact that there is no open political life. With the exception of a few years at the time of the abolition of serfdom, the Russian people have never been called upon to take an active part in framing their country's institutions. In consequence the best minds of the country have chosen the poem, the novel, the satire, or literary criticism as the medium for expressing their ideals. In Russia one must go to works of art to understand the political, economic and social ideals of the people.

These observations appear in the preface to Kropotkin's new book\* on Russian literature and furnish a key to his method in dealing with the works of Russian poets and novelists. Turgueneff, for example, admirably illustrates his conception of the writer who faithfully portrays the struggle and aspiration of his people. Elena, the heroine of "On the Eve," is but the symbol of Russia seeking to realize and emancipate itself, and Bazaroff, as depicted in "Fathers and Sons," becomes the incarnation of the Nihilist type—"a man who bows before no authority, however venerated it may be, and accepts of no principle unproved." Prince Kropotkin continues:

\* Russian Literature. By P. Kropotkin, McClure, Phillips & Co.

Turgueneff's novels are not mere stories dealing at random with this or that type of men, or with some particular current of life or accident happening to fall under the author's observation. They are intimately connected with each other, and they give the succession of the leading intellectual types of Russia which have impressed their own stamp upon each successive generation. The novels of Turgueneff, of which the first appeared in 1845, cover a period of more than thirty years, and during these three decades Russian society underwent one of the deepest and most rapid modifications ever witnessed in European history. The leading types of the through successive educated classes went changes with a rapidity which was only possible in a society suddenly awakening from a long slumber, casting away an institution which hitherto had permeated its whole existence (I mean serfdom), and rushing towards a new life.

Dostoyevsky's greatness is attributed not so much to his art as a novelist as to his all-inclusive sympathies:

Through his love of those drunkards, beggars, petty thieves and so on, whom we usually pass by without even bestowing upon them a pitying glance; through his power of discovering what is human and often great in the lowest sunken being; through the love which he inspires in us even for the least interesting types of mankind, even for those who never will make an effort to get out of the low and miserable position into which life has thrown them—through this faculty Dostoyevsky has certainly won a unique position among the writers of modern times, and he will be read—not for the art of his writings but for the good thoughts which are scattered through them, for their real reproduction of slum life in the great cities, and for the infinite sympathy which a being like Sonya can inspire in the reader.

Chekhoff won fame by depicting in short stories "the failures of human nature in

our present civilization, and especially the failure, the bankruptcy, of the educated man in the face of the all-invading meanness of every-day life." Yet Chekhoff was not a pessimist, in the proper sense of the word. His last drama was the story of a "Cherry-Tree Garden," blasted for a while but blooming at last.

Gorky's idealism is indicated in the following passage:

Over and over again he returns to the necessiv of an ideal in the work of the novel writer. The cause of the present opinion (in Russian society) is," he says, "the neglect of idealism. Those who have exiled from life all romanticism have stripped us so as to leave us quite naked; this is why we are so uninteresting to one another and so disgusted with one another." ("A Marke.") And in "The Reader" (1898), he develops his æsthetic canons in full. He tells have one of his earliest productions, on its appearance in print, is read one night before a circle of friends. He receives many compliments for and after leaving the house is tramping along a deserted street, when a person unknown to him, and whom he had not noticed among those present at the reading, overtakes him, and begins to talk about the duties of the author.

"You will agree with me," the stranger says, "that the duty of literature is to aid man in understanding himself, to raise his faith in himself, to develop his longing for truth; to combat what is bad in men; to find out what is good in them, and to wake up in their souls shame, anger, courage—to do everything, in short, to render men strong in a noble sense of the word, and capable

of inspiring their lives with the holy spirit of beauty. . . It seems to me, we need once more to have dreams, pretty creations of our fancy and visions, because the life we have built up is poor in color, is dim and dull. . . Well, let us try, perhaps imagination will help man to rise for a moment above the earth and find his true place on it, which he has lost."

To Tolstoy Prince Kropotkin pays this tribute:

Whether his attempt at impressing upon men the elements of a universal religion which—he believes—reason trained by science might accept, and which man might take as guidance for his moral life, attaining at the same time towards the solution of the great social problem and all questions connected with it-whether this bold attempt be successful or not, can only be decided by time. But it is absolutely certain that no man since the times of Rousseau has so profoundly stirred the human conscience as Tolstoy has by his moral writings. He has fearlessly stated the moral aspects of all the burning questions of the day, in a form so deeply impressive that whoever has read any one of his writings can no longer forget these questions or set them aside; one feels the necessity of finding, in one way or another, some solution. Tolstoy's influence, consequently, is not one which may be measured by mere years or decades of years; it will last long. Nor is it limited to one country In millions of copies his works are read in all languages, appealing to men and women of all classes and all nations, and everywhere producing the same result. Tolstoy is now the most loved man—the most touchingly loved man-in the world.

## Poetry and Rhythm in Japanese Life

The beneficial results of "training a whole nation for a thousand years to rhythmic sensitiveness" are vividly revealed in the present Russo-Japanese conflict, avers Mr. Arthur Somervell, an English writer. If Japan is triumphing over her unwieldy enemy, he argues, it is because she has learned, in the truest sense, the meaning of harmony. He says further (in The Monthly Review, London):

The Japanese . . . for centuries have made music, poetry, and rhythmic motion—the Greek "music" in fact—the first factor in the education of youth. Kakasu Okakura in "Ideals of the East," writing of the Chinese in their great days (and how great a time this was and what it meant, and still means, the future alone can show), tells how the influences which made China, passed on to the happy inlands, in gentler waves, and often without the violence of war and confusion which marked their impact on the Chinese civilization. He says (as far back as 500 B.C.): "The supreme canon of life was the self-sacrifice the individual to the community, and Art was

prized for its service to the moral needs of society. Music, it is to be noted, was placed in the highest rank, its special function being to harmonize men with men, and communities with communi-ties. The study of music, therefore, was the first accomplishment of a Shu youth of gentle blood. There are some who will recall in the life of Confucius not only the seven dialogues in which he dwells lovingly on its beauty, but also the stories of his choosing to fast rather than forego the hearing of music; of his following a child, on one occasion, who was beating an earthen pot simply for the pleasure of "watching the effect of the rhythm on the people;" and finally of his journey to the province of See (Shantung) in the enthusiasm of his desire to hear the ancient chants which were then extant. . . . Ancient ballads were collected by the Sage, by way of illustrating the manners of the Chinese Golden Age when its songs furnished the test by which the welfare or misgovernment of a province was to be determined."

And in Professor Nitobe's fascinating little book, "Bushido," we read: "In the Principality of Satsuma, noted for its martial spirit and education, the custom prevailed for young men to practise music; not the blast of trumpets or the beat of drums—'those clamorous harbingers of blood and death,'—stirring us to initiate the actions of the tiger, but sad and plaintive melodies on the biwa, soothing our fiery spirits, drawing our thoughts away from scent of blood and scenes of carnage." He also tells how the training to rhythmic expression in language is now so much an instinct with the people that it is quite common for a soldier on the march to draw out his tablets and write a little poem on any passing scene or thought. This is confirmed by Lafcadio Hearn (in "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan") who states that on the pilgrimages undertaken by the poorest, the pilgrim leaves a little sonnet behind at the nightly resting place.

The author [Hearn] tells again how a crowd of holiday folk, in walking on their wooden sandals, often drop intentionally into a rhythmic beat; and how in a remote country district he saw a harvest dance where, without organisation or direction, a crowd of 500 or 600 peasants formed themselves in a few moments into revolving wheels of dancers round a central figure, keeping the measure and peculiar steps for hours

through the night.

The book was written some years ago, but it shows throughout that the author considers that the feeling of the harmony and rhythm in things has gone right into the souls and bodies of the people, unconscious and unreasoning, but so that, as Plato predicts of musical training in the child, "when reason comes he will welcome her most cordially who can recognise her by the instinct of relationship, and because he has been thus nurtured." And now all the world marvels at the unanimity of this people, in their apparently impossible task, at the patriotism which has intensified the sacred flame that burns in the innermost holy place of every man in every nation; at the perfection of detail in their organisation (and organisation on this scale is a great imaginative effort); at the self-restraint not only of the armies, but of the people and even of the press; and of course, most of all, at the gigantic imaginative effort by which they have again, as has happened before, surveyed the world and, discriminating between principle and practice, deliberately appropriated all they wanted of Western science and methods and as deliberately rejected the rest, quite undazzled and clear in their estimate as to cause and effect.

### When is the Nude in Art Justifiable?

In the eyes of H. Heathcoate Statham, an English art critic, the attitude of the present-day public toward nude pictures is "touching in its simplicity." People are getting accustomed to seeing them, he says, and "have begun to find out that it is considered rather foolish to be shocked at them"; but "still there is a vague feeling that they are not quite proper." This feeling Mr. Statham in part respects. There are certain kinds of nude pictures, he admits, against which valid objections can be made. He holds to the conviction, however, that the nude has a legitimate place in art, and he tries to explain what it is (Nineteenth Century, May):

The great value of the nude figure in art is that it is at once the highest and the most abstract medium of artistic expression; it is that which gets away from all the accidental elements of life and is the symbol of humanity in the abstract. And to the artist, of course, it is the most interesting of all subjects, because it presents the most difficult task, and at the same time the one with the highest reward. . . . When you look at such a work of abstract beauty and significance as Titian's great picture, which is absurdly called "Earthly and Heavenly Love" (I am sure Titian never gave it that title!), or at such a modern work as Watts's "Daphne," people who can look at that sort of picture and only think that it is naked, and therefore not quite proper, are simply vulgar-minded, or little-minded. But it must be admitted, on the other side of the matter, that . . painters show a want of good taste sometimes in these things. Lady Godiva pictures are vulgar; it is

almost as bad as if one had looked through the hole in the shutter at her. Lady Godiva is, in fact, merely a kind of property figure that painters make use of when they want a nude subject. M. Gervex, as another example, painted a picture of a lady in her dressing-room, one knee on a chair, and nothing on but a slipper on one foot, and her habiliments scattered about the carpet. To say it was "improper" is perhaps rather harsh; but it is vulgar, and I should not be the least surprised at a lady thinking it improper. a better reason for nudity than that kind of display. Curiously enough, close to that picture (it was in the 1889 exhibition at Paris) hung another large work by the same artist, illustrating De Musset's poem "Rolla"—the breaking of the morning of what was to be Rolla's last day, the wretched Rolla standing half-dressed at the window in the cold morning light, and the poor young and innocent girl, as De Musset describes her, in a deep sleep naked on the bed. That was quite a different concern; that was tragedy and the pathos of life; though I am afraid, had it been exhibited in London, a good many people would have though it as "improper" as the other—perhaps worse. I thought it deeply affecting: the other picture was only vulgar display. Anyhow the moral is that the nude figure is to be used in art with respect, to express great artistic power, or great beauty, or poetry, or pathos; but not to be used for the commonplace display of cleverness of handling, still less for anything which suggests the most distant idea of indecent display, as Gervex's picture of the lady with the one slipper certainly did. In fact, the "nude" is one thing, the "naked" is another. One seldom finds an Englishman forgetting the distinction; but a French one sometimes will.



"THE CUP OF TANTALUS"

Sir E. J. Poynter's contribution, as President of the Royal Academy, to this year's exhibition

## Monstrosity or Masterpiece? A Sculptural Problem

For several weeks past, Mr. Havard Thomas's life-size wax statue, "Lycidas," has been a center of artistic controversy in

London. The work was offered to the Royal Academy, but was rejected by that body, and is now being shown in a rival exhibition at the New Gallery. Art critics differ as to the value of the work, but very generally agree that the Academy made a serious mistake in excluding it. A writer in The Speaker says:

The action of Burlington House is incomprehensible. The statue, save for the fact of its being modelled in wax, has every claim to consideration from the Academic mind that would have none of Rodin. It has none of the "bigness" or the "color" of that master's work; it might represent Lycidas or any other man with a Greek head and attenuated arms; its intellectual significance cannot be seriously thought of. However, the artist has lived in lovely Capri, has wrought two years at this one work, and has evolved from an indifferently developed model a figure unsparing in its realistic detail from head to toe-nails. Moreover, the wax cleverly sim-

ulates bronze, and a broad-minded Academician has denounced his fellow-sinners for their contumacy. Here, indeed, are the elements of successful sculpture; of permanently great sculpture—no. "Lycidas," no blame to its author, has been overdone in more senses than one. It is a



"LYCIDAS"

A statue that has created a sensation in London

strikingly conscientious work; that is the quality which, above others distinguishes it from most contemporary sculpture, and leads us genuinely to think Mr. Thomas's chosen path the right one.

But it is not a masterpiece.

The London Academy regards "Lycidas" as "the most scholarly, original, and sincere piece of sculpture that an Englishman has produced for many years," and goes on to comment:

Its offense to the academic mind is an absolute mystery. Not only is it exquisitely finished, but it is even, we should have thought, in sympathy with the tendencies of modern academic sculpture which are toward the Florentine Renaissance of Donatello and Luca della Robbia, rather than, as formerly, influenced by the Greek classics.

The Graphic notes a "conspicuous lack of anatomical construction," and pronounces the figure "frankly ugly, as ugly as the 'St. John' of Rodin, not only in its pose but in its parts." And yet, it adds, the statue "has an element of greatness and style that will doubtless appeal powerfully to the connoisseur." The Athenœum

thinks that "the mere act of seizing and holding in the mind such a subtle and gently accentuated pose as we have in the 'Lycidas' does imply definite creative power, as well as technical skill of a very high order."

#### Fiction as an Art

Joseph Conrad, who has achieved peculiar distinction among contemporary novelists by his subtle and poetic work, contributes to a recent issue of Harper's Weekly (New York) a suggestive paper on "The Art of Fiction." In rhythmic sentences that recall Maeterlinck, he urges upon us his belief that the true aim of the novelist is to "speak to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives, to our sense of pity and beauty and pain; to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—and to the invincible conviction of solidarity that

knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts." He continues:

Fiction—if it at all aspires to be art—appeals to temperament. And in truth it must be, like painting, like music, like all art, the appeal of one temperament to all the other innumerable temperaments whose subtle and resistless power endows passing events with their true meaning and creates the moral, the emotional atmosphere of the place and time. Such an appeal to be effective must be an impression conveyed through the senses; and, in fact, it cannot be made in any other way, because temperament, whether individual or collective, is not amenable to persuasion.

All art, therefore, appeals primarily to the

senses, and the artistic aim when expressing itself in written words must also make its appeal through the senses, if its high desire is to reach the secret spring of responsive emotions. It must strenuously aspire to the plasticity of sculpture, to the color of painting, and to the magic suggestiveness of music—which is the art of arts. And it is only through complete, unswerving evotion to the perfect blending of form and substance, it is only through an unremitting, never-discouraged care for the shape and ring of sentences, that an approach can be made to plasticity, to color; and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant wer the commonplace surface of words—of the child words, worn thin, defaced by ages of cracks usage.

The sincere endeavor to accomplish this creative task, to go as far along the road as his strength will carry him, is, we are told, the only valid justification for the worker in prose." The writer concludes:

Art is long, and life is short, and success is very far off. And thus, doubtful of strength to travel so far, we talk a little about the aim—the aim of art, which, like life itself, is inspiring, difficult, obscured by mists.

It is not in the clear logic of a triumphant conclusion; it is not in the unveiling of one of those heartless secrets which are called the Laws of Nature. It is not less great, but only more

difficult.

To arrest, for the space of a breath, the hands busy about the work of the earth, and compel men entranced by the sight of distant goals to glance for a moment at the surrounding vision of form and color, of sunshine and shadows; to make them pause for a look, for a sigh, for a smile—such is the aim, difficult and evanescent, and reserved only for a very few to achieve. But sometimes, by the deserving and the fortunate, even that task is accomplished. And when it is accomplished—behold!—all the truth of life is there.

# The Interview as a New Literary Form

The possibilities of the "interview" as a sterary form have so far impressed Mr. Hutchins Hapgood, a New York author and rumalist, that he writes an article urging the development of this feature of the newspaper. He points out that "practically the

Thole of the newspaper is based on the intervew." since "reporters get their facts by esking questions, and editorial opinions are, ध a rule, the written ideas of the public," and he proceeds to sk: "Why not carry or the method outside of the newspaper, until the interview is dereloped into the au-ಬರುography, but into the autobiography of an unconventional kind?" Continuing, he says, (The Bookman, [une):

Some years ago, when I was an interviewer for a newspaper, it occurred to me that, on the basis of the interview, a form of real literature might be elaborated. I saw that, for the most part, our novelists and story-writers were pinning

their faith to old themes and plots and that playwrights were habitually using as the material of their dramas historical or romantic matter of which they had no personal experience.

Why should not these talented men, I said to myself, go directly to the lives of the people? Why not interview men and women, get their

points of view, discover their stories and then tell them in print? Instead of artificially constructing a plot, why not look for a real tale? Instead of imagining a character, why not go forth and discover one? And when an expressive personality is discovered, why should not the writer find plenty of use for his sympathy and imagination in understanding and reconstructing this expressive personality?

The expressive individual should not only be interesting in himself, but should also represent If he be thora class. oughly identified with some social milieu, his story cannot be well told without involving that milieu. In the process of tracing his life, the ideals and habits of his class would be shown. A section of life would thus be portrayed and a human story told at the same time.



A NEW BUST OF MRS. BROWNING

our novelists and storywiters were pinning I and unveiled by Henry Pegram, Presented to Camberwell Art Gallery, London, by Mr. Passmore Edwards,
and unveiled by the Poet Laureate

Following out the interview idea, the form would be that of the autobiography. The accent of the selected individual must be caught, his very language used. The skill of the interviewer would consist in obtaining the facts, and the tact and understanding of the artist would be employed in taking only what fits into the picture and in rejecting what is untypical and superfluous. So that the author must be both interviewer and literary artist.

Some experiments in this direction have already been made, avers Mr. Hapgood. He is convinced that the living counterpart of "Moll Flanders" existed and told her story to Daniel Defoe, and he adds: "I am even

inclined to think that Defoe obtained the story of 'Robinson Crusoe' from one of the old sailors he met as his journalistic activities led him to wander about the London docks and public houses." George Borrow, of "Lavengro" fame, is also declared to have been partial to this literary method. If American writers would follow the example of these illustrious predecessors, says Mr. Hapgood, our literature would become "more vital and more expressive of our nation's life."

## Why Schiller is Not More Popular in America

In spite of the imposing demonstrations that have been held throughout the country in commemoration of the centenary of Schiller's death, it will have to be confessed. says Prof. John Firman Coar, of Brooklyn, that Schiller's genius is alien to the American temperament. He "wrote in a language which Americans have come to regardwhether justly or unjustly—as a necessary evil, and he conceived his ideas and fashioned his poetic images amid conditions of political, civic and social life which lie wholly beyond the experience of the great mass of the American people." The current interest in Schiller's work is attributed to "academic" influence, and would never have reached its present proportions, in Professor Coar's opinion, had it not been for the considerable percentage of German-born citizens in our midst. If there are two qualities in poetry which the modern reader, and especially the American reader, does not enjoy, declares Professor Coar, they are didacticism and sentimentalism; yet Schiller revels in the didactic and sentimental. Professor Coar continues (in the New York Evening Post):

The great ethical theme which all the writings of Schiller tend to sustain was certainly democratic. Writing of the defection of the Netherlands, Schiller made the following characteristic assertion: "Precisely the absence of heroic figures made this occurrence peculiar and enlightening, and though others may endeavor to establish the superiority of genius over the accidents of life, I show you here a picture of necessity creating genius and of accidents making heroes." Whether we deny or affirm the historic truth of this assertion, the fact remains that the statement was substantially the basis of all the theorizing of the poet. In every one of his dramas, from "Don Carlos" down to "Wilhelm Tell," Schiller was endeavoring to clarify his the-

ory of dramatic individuality. Those who can follow him in this effort will presumably find that Schiller was striving to formulate the following principle: Only that individual becomes a herowho most fully expresses through his personality the constructive impulses of his social environment, and only that individual has the power to transform the imperfect actualities of his age into more perfect realities who perceives these new realities latent as an ideal in his own age. Schiller believed that the progress of civilization will not be robbed of its tragedies until this principle is recognized by men and made the norm of their activities.

But, however much Schiller insisted on this view, and however sincerely he believed in the world-wide mission of German idealism, the principle was not the norm of his poetic activity, and his belief was not sustained by a faith in the living present. Schiller stood aloof from his time, and, in this aloofness, he himself failed to realize that the great ideals which he was seeking to make dramatically real, were, after all, ideals which, in a large measure, were determined by the social atmosphere which he breathed. He turned to history, philosophy, and Greek art for the answers to the momentous questions which his own day and generation were asking. His philosophic theories were strengthened by the large view of life which he thereby acquired, but his poetic imagination was deprived of much valuable material. There is something unreal, something which lies beyond the borders of our common experience, in all the dramas of Schiller. No thoughtful reader can close his eyes to the dramatic weakness of "Don Carlos," to the distraction of the dramatic interest in "Wallentraction of the dramatic interest in "Wallenstein" consequent on the dual plot of the play, to the unsatisfying solution of the dramatic situation in "Maria Stuart," to the apparently inhuman conditions to which Joan of Arc is expected to conform in "The Maid of Orleans," to the impossible plot in "The Bride of Messina," or to the loosely knit plot of "Wilhelm Tell." These faults were the loried results of the absence on at least were the logical results of the absence, or at least the weakness, of that sympathy for contemporary life which no poet can disregard with impunity.

The poetic diction of Schiller was peculiarly "the diction of the exhorter," and while



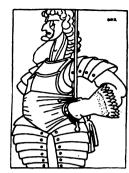




RODIN'S



KLINGER'S



A MUSEUM CONCEPTION

IMAGINARY SKETCHES FOR A SCHILLER MONUMENT
—From Simplicissimus (Munich)

it is "less objectionable in his didactic poems, particularly in those which were frankly philosophic," it "gets on our nerves" in his dramas. And so, too, "the constant recurrence of 'speculative' characters, or of ideas in human form, such as Marquis Posa, or Max Piccolomini, or Thekla Wallenstein, or Mary Stuart (in the last act), or Joan of Arc, is unquestionably a disturbing element for every one who has not made an incisive study of the ethics of Schiller." Finally:

If we except "Wilhelm Tell," there is no drama of Schiller's which the ordinary, unsophisticated reader will not regard as preaching the necessity of renunciation. And who is there who can read such poems as "The Ideal and Life," unless indeed he has fathomed the real meaning of the poet from a careful study of all his works, and

reach any other conclusion than that which the poet seems to uphold, the conclusion that the finest aspirations of the human soul rest on the renunciation of life:

"Fliehet aus dem engen, dumpfen Leben In des Ideales Reich."

("Flee from narrow, deadening life Into the kingdom of the ideal.")

Renunciation is not the cry of modern life, least of all in America. We are idealists, but idealists who demand that the ideal be sought in the reality of things and not beyond the borders of this reality. And since to the ordinary reader Schiller does appear to seek it beyond the world of sense, it is inevitable that the idealism of Schiller should arouse his distrust. No praise or elucidation of this idealism qua idealism can make it seem wholesome to American men and women of the twentieth century.

#### A Brief for the Publisher

A little book\* called "A Publisher's Confession," embodying a series of papers first printed in the Boston Transcript and written by a publisher of wide experience (believed to be Mr. Walter H. Page), is attracting considerable attention in the literary world just now. As is generally pointed out, it is not so much a "confession" as a statement of the publisher's point of view and an argument in his behalf. The writer lays stress on the extent to which "commercialism" is invading the field of literature, and pleads for a return to the older and more cordial relation that once existed between author and publisher. He says:

The rise of royalties paid to popular authors is the most important recent fact in the publishing world. It has not been many years since ten per cent. was the almost universal rule; and a

◆A PUBLISHER'S CONFESSION. Doubleday, Page & Company.

ten per cent. royalty on a book that sells only reasonably well is a fair bargain between publisher and author. If the publisher do his work well—make the book well, advertise it well, keep a well-ordered and well-managed and energetic house—this division of the profits is a fair division—except in the case of a book that has a phenomenally large sale. Then he can afford to pay more. Unless a book has a pretty good sale, it will not leave a profit after paying more than a ten per cent. royalty.

Figure it out for yourself. The retail price of a novel is \$1.50. The retail bookseller buys it for about ninety cents. The wholesale bookseller buys it from the publisher for about eighty cents. This eighty cents must pay the cost of manufacturing the book; of selling it; of advertising it; must pay its share toward the cost of keeping the publisher's establishment going—and this is a large and increasing cost; it must pay the author; and it must leave the publisher himself some small profit. Now, if out of this eighty cents, which must be divided for so many purposes, the author receives a royalty of twen

per cent. (thirty cents a copy), there is left, of course, only fifty cents to pay all the other items. No other half-dollar in this world has to suffer such careful and continuous division!

The writer goes on to protest that he is not making a plea for a larger profit to the publisher in any narrow or personal sense. "Every successful publisher," he declares, "would make more money by going into some other business." He thinks that "there is not a man of them who could not greatly increase his income by giving the same energy and ability to the management of a bank or of some sort of industrial enterprise," and that "such men as Mr. Charles Scribner, Mr. George Brett, Mr. George H. Mifflin, could earn very much larger returns by their ability in banks, railroads or manufacturing than any one of them earns as a publisher; for they are men of conspicuous ability." It is for the reputation of the business itself and of the writers dependent upon it that the author of "A Publisher's Confession" is jealous. He continues:

There are, perhaps, a dozen American novelists who have large incomes from their work; there are many more who have comfortable incomes; but there is none whose income is as large as the writers of gossip for the literary journals would have us believe. It has been said that Harper's Magasine pays Mrs. Humphry Ward \$15,000 for the serial right of each of her stories, and twenty per cent. royalty. Miss Johnston must have made from \$60,000 to \$70,000 from royalties on "To Have and to Hold," for any publisher can calculate it.

But along with these great facts let us humbly remember that Mr. Carnegie received \$300,000,000 for all his steel mills, good will, etc.; for the authors that I have named are the "millionaires" of the craft. I wish there were more. But the diligent writers of most good fiction, hard as they have ground the publishers in the rise of royalties, are yet nearer to Grub Street than they are to Skibo Castle.

The truth is—but it would be a difficult task to reduce such a truth to practice—that the public gets its good new novels too cheap. There is not a large enough margin of profit for author, publisher and bookseller in a new book that is meant to be sold for \$1.50, and that is often sold for \$1.08. The business of bookmaking and bookselling is underpaid. There is not a publisher in the United States who is to-day making any large sum of money on his "general trade." Money is made on educational books, on subscription books, on magazines. But publishing, as publishing, is the least profitable of all the professions, except preaching and teaching, to each of which it is a sort of cousin.

What is needed, in the opinion of this writer, is a new emphasis on professional, as distinguished from commercial, publication. To quote again:

It was once a matter of honor that one pullisher should respect the relation established between another publisher and a writer, as a physician respects the relation established betwee another physician and a patient. Three or four of the best publishing houses still live and wor by this code. And they have the respect of a the book world. Authors and readers, who do not know definitely why they hold them in exteem, discern a high sense of honor and conduct in them. Character makes its way from any man who has it down a long line—everybody who touches a sterling character comes at last to feel it both in conduct and in product. The very best traditions of publishing are yet a part of the practice of the best American publishing houses which are conducted by men of real character.

But there are others—others who keep "literary drummers," men who go to see popular writers and solicit books. The authors of very popular books themselves also—some of them at least—put themselves up at auction, going from publisher to publisher or threatening to go. This is demoralization and commercialization with a vengeance. But it is the sin of the authors.

The truth is, it is a personal service that the publisher does for the author, almost as personal a service as the physician does for his patient, or the lawyer for his client. It is not merely a commercial service. Every great publisher knows this, and almost all successful authors find it out, if they do not know it at first.

The ideal relation between publisher and author requires this personal service. It even requires enthusiastic service. "Do you thoroughly believe in this book? and do you believe in me?" these are the very proper questions that every earnest writer consciously puts to his publisher-Even the man who writes the advertisements o. books must believe in them. Else his advertisements will not ring true. The salesmen must believe what they say. The bookseller and the public will soon discover whether they believe it. They catch the note of sincerity—the public is won; the author succeeds. Or they catch the note of insincerity and the book lags.

The Chicago Dial heartily indorses this plea, declaring its conviction that "insistence upon a professional relation between publisher and author is absolutely necessary if the complex process of writing and uttering books is to be kept upon a dignified plane, and the best intellectual interests of the country are to be served." "Commercial methods," it says further, "may do well enough for the publication of the cheap rubbish that still, as in all past time, is produced for the infection of the public taste—just as the department store is a fitting place for its sale—but books that have anything to do with literature or with the advancement of knowledge should not be subjected to such degrading conditions of production."

#### Robert Louis Stevenson and His Wife

Stevenson has a unique place in modern letters, and everything that throws new light on his character is eagerly read. For this reason, Mrs. Stevenson's introductions to a new biographical edition of her husband's works\* are attracting wide attention, though they are felt to be slight, and of personal rather than literary value. She tells us that "Kidnapped" was in large part suggested by an account of a Scotch murder trial, which

happened to be included in a package of books received from London. Of the conditions under which "David Balfour" was written we are told:

Never was a novel written in more distracting circumstances. With the natives on the verge of war, and amid the most kaleidoscopic political changes, uncertain as to what moment his personal liberty might be restrained, his every action misconstrued and resented by the white inhabitants of the island, the excitement and fatigue of my husband's daily life might have seemed enough for any one man to en-dure without the additional strain of literary work.

Robert Alan Stevenson, an erratic genius and a cousin of the author, inspired many of Stevenson's most fantastic stories. It was he who suggested the idea of "The Suicide Club,"

and furnished a model for the young man with the cream tarts, for Paul Somerset in "The Dynamiter," and for Prince Otto. The stories in "New Arabian Nights" first appeared in a weekly journal called *London*, edited by W. E. Henley. According to Mrs. Stevenson:

The circulation of London was extremely small, and very few persons could have been aware of

\* BIOGRAPHICAL EDITION OF THE WORKS OF R. L. STEVEN-BON. Charles Scribner's Sons. Each volume \$1. the young man with the cream tarts, or of Prince Florizel and his factotum, Colonel Geraldine.

There were occasions when the journal presented the odd appearance of being almost wholly composed of verses. This occurred when the too sanguine editor found himself disappointed in hoped-for contributions, and had to make up his pages at the very moment of going to press. Verses filled space more readily than prose, and were easier to do; in such emergencies poem after poem would be dashed off by Mr. Henley and my husband until the blanks were filled. "Hurry, my lad," Mr.

"Hurry, my lad," Mr. Henley would shout, "only six more lines now!" My husband would scratch off the six lines, hand them to the printer's devil, who stood waiting with outstretched hand, and the situation was saved for another week.

For some five or six years the "New Arabian Nights" lay hidden between the covers of the defunct journal. Mr. Keegan Paul advised against their republication, thinking the tales too fantastic, and likely to injure the reputation of their author. There was not a single story, poem, article, or novel written by my husband that was not similarly con-demned by some one of his friends and literary advisers.

The glamor of Stevenson's personality is conveyed in a passage in the Introduction to "Prince Otto":

It never seemed to me that either my husband or Robert Alan Stevenson quite be-

longed to their century. In some indefinable way they differed in appearance from the majority of mankind as much as they differed in character. This is the only explanation I canfindfor the singular descriptions of my husband's habiliments that have gained general credence. He looked as though he would naturally be clad in something pictures que and unusual, having a gallant bearing with an alert grace of movement that is seldom seen except in half-civilized countries. He used many gestures in speaking, was of a dark, ruddy complexion, and quick and fiery of temper. "Something royal, ain't it," was the audible comment of a negro waiter on a Newport boat. I imagine



MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Who is contributing introductions to a new edition of her husband's works

even this negro waiter had a picture in his mind of sashes and cloaks, and jewelled stilettos; whereas the supposedly royal personage was clad

in ordinary blue serge.

It is strange how such tales take hold of the imagination and grow with the telling. Within the last few months a man said to me: "I knew Mr. Stevenson well in Manasquan. I can see him now, in my mind's eye, just as he looked in his nankin pants and red sash!" In a recent, otherwise excellent, article the author speaks of "Stevenson's intolerable affectation in dress." There was more excuse for the captain of a passenger ship. "Mr. Stevenson," he said, "came aboard my vessel in his cowboy rig, with his long boots on." The truth being that my husband rode to the wharf on horseback in conventional riding costume.

In this connection it is not inappropriate to quote Robert Louis Stevenson's tribute to his wife:

Trusty, dusty, vivid, true, With eyes of gold and bramble dew, Steel true and blade straight, The great Artificer Made my mate.

Honor, anger, valor, fire; A love that life could never tire, Death quench, or evil stir, The mighty Master Gave to her.

Teacher, tender comrade, wife, A fellow-farer true through life, Heart-whole and soul-free, The august Father Gave to me.

King Tembinoka of Apemama doubtless took much the same view of Mrs. Stevenson, but he expressed himself bluntly: "She good; look pretty; plenty chench (sense)."

# "The World's Greatest and Most Typical Novel"

The three hundredth anniversary of the publication of "Don Quixote" has evoked no more enthusiastic tribute to the genius of Cervantes than that penned by Havelock Ellis, the London critic and scientist. Writing in *The North American Review* (May) of this novel, which, as he says, was "more happy than its hero or its author," and "set forth on a career of adventure in which it finally conquered the world," he indulges in this noteworthy characterization:

There can be no doubt about it, "Don Quixote" is the world's greatest and most typical novel. There are other novels which are finer works of art, more exquisite in style, of more perfect architectonic plan. But such books appeal less to the world at large than to the literary critic; they are not equally amusing, equally profound, to the men of all nations and all ages and all degrees of mental capacity. Even if we put aside monuments of literary perfection, like some of the novels of Flaubert, and consider only the great European novels of widest appeal and deepest influence, they still fall short of the standard which this book, their predecessor and often their model, had set. "Tristram Shandy," perhaps the most cosmopolitan of English novels, a book that in humor and wisdom often approaches "Don Quixote," has not the same universality of appeal. "Robinson Crusoe," the most typical of English novels, the Odyssey of the Anglo-Saxon on his mission of colonizing the earth—Godfearing, practical, inventive—is equally fascinating to the simplest intellect and the deepest. Yet, wide as its reputation is, it has not the splendid affluence, the universal humanity, of "Don Quixote." "Tom Jones," always a great English novel, can never become a great European novel: while the genius of Scott, which was truly cosmopolitan in its significance and its in

fluence, was not only too literary in its inspirations, but too widely diffused over a wilderness of romances, ever to achieve immortality. "La Nouvelle Héloïse," which once swept across Europe and renewed the novel, was too narrow in its spirit, too temporary in its fashion, to be enduring. "Wishelm Meister," perhaps the wisest and profoundest of books in novel form, challenges a certain comparison; as the romance of the man who, like Saul the son of Kish, went forth to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom, it narrates an adventure which is in some sense the reverse of Don Quixote's; but in its fictional form it presents, like the books of Rabelais, far too much that is outside the scope of fiction ever to appeal to all tastes. "The Arabian Nights," which alone surpasses "Don Quixote" in variety and universality of interest, is not a novel by one hand but a whole literature. "Don Quixote" remains the one great typical novel. It is a genuine invention; for it combined for the first time the old chivalrous stories of heroic achievement with the new picaresque stories of vulgar adventure, creating in the combination something that was altogether new, an instrument that was capable of touching life at every point. It leads us into an atmosphere in which the ideal and the real are equally at home. It blends together the gravest and the gayest things in the world. It penetrates to the harmony that underlies the violent contrasts of life, the only harmony which in our moments of finest insight we feel to be possible, in the same manner and, indeed, at the same moment,—for "Lear" appeared in the same year as "Don Quixote,"—that Shakespeare brought together the madman and the fool on the heath in a concord of divine humor. It is a story-book that a child may enjoy, a tragi-comedy that only the wisest can fully understand. It has inspired many of the masterpieces of literature; it has entered into the lives of the people of every civilized land; it has become a part of our human civilization.

# Religious and Ethical

### Changing Aspects of Sin

"The sinful heart is ever the same," says Prof. E. A. Ross, of the University of Nebraska, "but sin changes its quality as society develops." He goes on to point out that though the older and grosser sins are disappearing, their place is being taken by a multitude of new forms of wrongdoing. He writes (in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Boston):

The springs of the older sin seem to be drying up. Our forced-draught pace relieves us of the superabundance of energy that demands an explosive outlet. Spasms of violent feeling go with a sluggish habit of life, and are as out of place to-day as are the hard-drinking habits of our Saxon ancestors. We are too busy to give rein to spite. The stresses and lures of civilized life leave slender margin for the gratification of animosities. In quiet, side-tracked communities there is still much old-fashioned hatred, leading to personal clash, but elsewhere the cherishing of malice is felt to be an expensive luxury. Moreover, brutality, lust, and cruelty are on the wane. In this country, it is true, statistics show a widening torrent of bloody crime, but the cause is the weakening of law rather than an excess of bile. Other civilized peoples seem to be turning away from the sins of passion.

The darling sins that are blackening the face of our time are incidental to the ruthless pursuit of private ends, and hence quite "without prejudice." The victims are used or sacrified not at all from personal ill-will, but because they can serve as pawns in somebody's little game. Like the wayfarers run down by the automobilist, they are offered up to the God of Speed. The essence of the wrongs that infest our articulated society is betrayal rather than aggression. Having perforce to build men of willow into a social fabric that calls for oak, we see on all hands monstrous treacheries — adulterators, peculators, boodlers, grafters, violating the trust others have placed in them. The little finger of Chicane has come to be thicker than the loins of Violence.

Modern sin, continues Professor Ross, is not superficially repulsive. The sacrifice of life which it necessitates rarely calls for the spilling of blood. "How decent are the pale slayings of the quack, the adulterator, and the purveyor of polluted water, compared with the red slayings of the vulgar bandit or assassin!" The current methods of annexing the property of others are characterized by indirectness and refinement. Fagin and Bill Sykes and Simon Legree are vanishing types. The modern thief "wears immacuate linen, carries a silk hat and a lighted

cigar, sins with a calm countenance and a serene soul, leagues or months from the evil he causes." Furthermore:

Because of the special qualities of the Newer Unrighteousness, because these devastating latter-day wrongs, being comely of look, do not advertise their vileness, and are without the ulcerous hag-visage of the primitive sins, it is possible for iniquity to flourish greatly, even while men are getting better. Briber and boodler and grafter are often "good men," judged by the old tests, and would have passed for virtuous in the American community of seventy years ago. Among the chiefest sinners are now enrolled men who are pure and kind-hearted, loving in their families, faithful to their friends, and generous to the needy.

One might suppose that an exasperated public would sternly castigate these modern sins. But the fact is, the same qualities that lull the conscience of the sinner blind the eyes of the onlookers. People are sentimental, and bastinado wrongdoing not according to its harmfulness, but according to the infamy that has come to attach to it. Undiscerning, they chastise with scorpions the old authentic sins, but spare the new. They do not see that boodling is treason, that blackmail is piracy, that embezzlement is theft, that speculation is gambling, that tax-dodging is larceny, that railroad discrimination is treachery, that the factory labor of children is slavery, that deleterious adulteration is murder. It has not come home to them that the fraudulent promoter "devours widows' houses," that the monopolist "grinds the faces of the poor," that mercenary editors and spellbinders "put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." The cloven hoof hides in patent leather; and to-day, as in Hosea's time, the people "are destroyed for lack of knowledge." The mob lynches the red-handed slayer, when it ought to keep a gal-lows Haman-high for the venal mine inspector, the seller of infected milk, the maintainer of a fire-trap theatre. The child-beater is forever blasted in reputation, but the exploiter of infant toil, or the concocter of a soothing syrup for the drugging of babies, stands a pillar of society. The petty shoplifter is more abhorred than the stealer of a franchise, and the wife-whipper is outcasted long before the man who sends his over-insured ship to founder with its crew.

Professor Ross feels that the hope for better things lies in "the power of the greater public to astringe the flaccid conscience of business men until they become stern judges of one another." On this the Boston Congregationalist comments:

For our part, we cannot believe that the consciences of all Christian men engaged in business to-day are torpid. On the contrary, among

many there is a growing sensitiveness to honor and to the new demands of new times. The work before us is so difficult that it calls for the co-operation of all agencies. The church cannot usurp the function of the courts. It cannot itself assume the administration of business, but

it can and it ought to make its message clear and strong. It can educate public conscience. It can make its own life purer and more efficient. It can show itself, as it has shown itself at great historic turning points in its history, to be the best friend of all sorts and conditions of men.

## A Plea for a Gothic Morality

The moral world of to-day may be said to be dominated by two systems of thought —the Christian and the Greek. Christianity inculcates holiness and self-sacrifice as the highest good. Hellenism seeks the harmonious development of mind and body. It is interesting to inquire how far either or both of these ideals influence conduct in modern society. Mr. H. W. Garrod, a writer in The Hibbert Journal (London), thinks that while we give a lip allegiance to the Christian ideal, we do not really wish to be saints or ascetics. Nor does the Greek ideal of subtle perception and impassioned sensuosity genuinely appeal to us, he avers. Men around us "are easily tolerant of a great many sins which Christianity regards as deadly, the sins of the flesh, for example, the sin of wealth, the sin of pride, the sins of hatred and revenge." There is only one sin, according to Mr. Garrod, that they never forgive. It is the sin of which King David was guilty when he took unto himself his neighbor's wife and sent out her husband to be slain in battle—the sin of "not being a gentleman," Mr. Garrod goes on to say:

By not being a gentleman I understand failure in two ideals—the ideal of chivalry and the ideal of honor. I believe that anyone who seriously interrogates his conscience will, if he continues the process for a sufficient time, come to admit that these two ideals are more really and truly than any others the regulating principles of what he calls his moral life. What we ultimately believe in, everyone of us, cook's son and duke's son alike, is these two things—the spirit of chivalry and the spirit of honor. These are the out-ofchurch morality of all of us, and the men we like -or love—are the men who govern their lives by this morality, however defective in other respects their ethical creed may be, whatever their frail-ties, and however dark, I will even add, however dark their sins. So long as a man possesses these two qualities of chivalry and honour he may always be sure of finding friends who will stand by him in the hour of disgrace and of moral disaster.

These two ideals of chivalry and honor, says Mr. Garrod, are neither Greek nor Christian. They are "the peculiar property and creation of the northern races"—"the

cardinal virtues of Gothic morality." The distinction between the two is set forth thus:

Chivalry is to honor as the flesh is to the world. Christianity had said, "In my flesh dwelleth no good thing"; it had represented the body as the enemy of the spirit; it had discountenanced marriage and had hinted a not obscure approval of "some that were made eunuchs for the kingdom of God's sake." Against that, chivalry is a brilliant and powerful, though erratic, protest. It had also proclaimed, with a complacency akin to exultation, that "the fashion of this world passeth away"; it had made an ideal of what St. Paul calls the "fool for Christ's sake," and accounted those alone blessed who, in the cause of Christ, had made themselves "as the filth of the world and the offscourings of all things unto this day." "Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we endure; being defamed, we intreat" (1 Cor. iv. 12). Against all that, so unatural, so pusillanimous, so impossible, the ideal of honor is a righteous and necessary and enduring protest.

The religious significance of the chivalric impulse evokes the further comment:

Huxley said that he learned from being in love that there was such a thing as religion. From such a man, that is an unexpected and surely impartial testimony. Nor is this experience of Huxley, I imagine, unique. I would even suggest that it is general—would suggest that the passion of love is the nearest approach to "pure religion and undefiled," which it is granted to the majority to attain. That it is

"The angel woman faces we have seen And angel woman spirits we have guessed," which are the source of the deepest thoughts about God and the universe which the ordinary man ever comes to entertain. And do we not owe this, when all is said and done, to chivalry? It is certainly not to be found in Greece, and in Hebrew literature the ideal women seem to be such figures as Rahab the harlot and Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite.

The ideal of honor is specially treated in its relation to our attitude toward the unseen:

We can never escape from the sense of being in the presence of what a great English philosopher has called the "unknown and unknowable potency which lies behind phenomena." Consequently we cannot help attempting to enter into some relation to this power. What is the kind of relation which we should try to establish? Christianity teaches a relation of self-abasement, Hellenism a relation—I do not think I am unjust

to it—of æsthetic contemplation. Neither relation is satisfactory, neither a true one. What I take to be a truer relation I can only indicate very generally. It is said of Abraham that he was "the friend of God." Emerson, in one of his "Essays," puts forward a remarkable conception of the proper relation of a man to his friend. "Let him be to thee," he says, "a kind of beautiful enemy, untameable." We must never carry worship to a point where we lose self-respect. The highest love is characterised by a certain lofty independence. I would say, therefore, "Let God be to you a kind of beautiful enemy, untameable. Do not lose your independence, courage, self-respect, in presence of this unknown and unknowable power." "When you travel," says Thoreau, "to the celestial city, ask to see God, not one of the servants." There you have the same kind of idea. The Lord thy God is doubtless a jealous God. But a man also

should be jealous in the same way—should be jealous, that is, of his honor.

Mr. Garrod says, in concluding:

The moral ideals of the North have conquered Europe by sheer strength, by a native imperial strength and energy. It is a conquest indeed which Europe has not acknowledged. We have been conquered without knowing it. We imagine ourselves still to be living under the moral constitution of Christianity. But we are, I believe, official Christians and not real Christians. At the bottom of his nature, if he could only get down there and scrutinise it honestly, each man of us is governed by the moral ideas of the North. What is wanted to-day is that we should frankly accept this moral conquest of the northern races, live openly under the government of their ideals, identify ourselves with these ideals, and develop them.

## Clerical Influence Over King Alfonso

King Alfonso's visit to France and Great Britain has elicited, in addition to the usual amount of ceremonial pomp, a considerable expression of popular interest, due in large part to his youth, and in part, also, to the (happily futile) attempt upon his life made by an anarchist in France. The circumstances of his visit have for the moment thrown into the background the reactionary attitude which the young King recently assumed in his opposition to the opening of a Protestant chapel in the city of Barcelona. The cardinal bishop of that Spanish city had complained to his Majesty, says the Diario de Barcelona, of the activity of Protestants in his diocese, citing, as "an instance of pernicious warfare against the true faith," arrangements to open for worship "incompatibly with existing legislation and the unanimous feeling of the Spanish nation", a house of worship under the auspices of one of the evangelical denominations. The King of Spain replied in a letter which has greatly stirred the liberal section of European press opinion. "As Catholic King," wrote Alfonso, as quoted in the Boletin Eclesiastico, "and submissive and believing son of the only true church, I am deeply pained by this new attempt against the faith of our fathers and the state religion." His Majesty further promised to do everything possible "that the projects which your Eminence reveals may be nullified." This correspondence between cardinal and King was made public during the visits of his Majesty to the European capitals, and the liberal London News averred

that it would "be read with some dismay by those who [in England] wish to make his visit a popular success." In Spain the anticlerical organs, especially the Heraldo (Madrid), protested against certain sentiments to which the King gave utterance. The Pais (Madrid), an extreme anticlerica sheet, fell under the censor's displeasure for its drastic comment, while the dynastic Epoca (Madrid), thought that his Majesty deserved praise for his devotion to the constitution and his respect for constitutional limitations, as evinced in the whole tone of his letter to the cardinal.

The view prevalent elsewhere in Europe or at least in Protestant Europe, is indicated by the *Independance Belge* (Brussels), which censures what it calls "the pernicious priestly party" in Spain for embarrassing the throne at a crucial moment. It says:

This royal letter was evidently not intended for publication, but the Bishop of Barcelona saw in it an admirable means of propaganda, and without troubling himself at all as to whether he might not be creating embarrassment for the

throne, he published the King's letter. . . . This incident has had a deplorable effect even in conservative circles and it is thought that it may neutralize the effects of the King's visits to Paris and London. The fact is that such an avowal by the King of the most clerical and intolerant sentiments is not calculated to impress French and English public opinion in favor of the youthful monarch. . . His youth excuses many blunders, no doubt, but it must be confessed that since his appearance on the throne clerical influence has dominated him wholly and has caused him to commit a series of blunders which, if they are persisted in, will turn popular sympathy from him finally.

### The Blight of Ecclesiasticism in Russia

A stinging indictment of Russian ecclesiasticism appears in *The World's Work* (June) from the pen of Mr. Percival Gibbon. He declares that "theoretically, religious freedom obtains in Russia," but that "actually the state church is as absolute in its own sphere as the Czar is in his"; and he thinks that the gravest movement in Russia to-day is that of the clergy in the direction of a further enslavement and degradation of the peasant classes. He says further:

Russia knows of but one Church—the Orthodox or Greek Church—and devotion to its forms and compliance with its exactions are throughout the Empire the first test of loyalty. It is the one national institution of the country. Where politics penetrate, individual opinion, biased by ignorance, diversifies every theme. Industry has its phases and its proper place, and the army is—like fate—a thing to recognize but not to handle. The Church, though, is universal, and the normally religious temperament of the Russian, surviving strongly in spite of the activity of its civilizing influences, is its best buttress. Through all departments of life, from the flutter of intrigue that froths about the person of the Czar to the meanest littleness of village life, its leaven is a force of supreme potency, and its pontiff is a power that all authorities must conciliate. St. Isaac's Cathedral in St. Petersburg and the minarets of the country chapel are alike monuments and tokens of an influence that is supreme in Russia.

By far the most important section of the population in Russia, Mr. Gibbon goes on to say, is the peasantry, and the peasant "is of an ignorance unparalleled and bestial.' Ninety millions and odd neither read nor write, and there are scores of millions "balanced eternally between mere hunger and real famine." Further:

Upon these people the Church has laid both its hands, and every village has its wooden church, gay with painted domes and needle spires, cluttered with tawdry ikons and altar furniture. Religion in Russia is beset with observances; the rubric is wearisomely elaborate, and one has but to watch the devotions of some daunted, halfanimal moujik to recognize how keenly wise were those priestly statesmen who cast a veil of mystery about the service of God and fogged the strait and narrow way with incense smoke and the glamour of gorgeous ritual. The man cowers before the waxen faces of painted saints, makes the intricate Russian sign of the cross, and carries out all his fetish observances with just that dreary mechanical resignation which renders sterile his labor in the fields. He is under a stern obligation to conform to custom in all these respects, but the Church observes its limits and lays no moral duty whatsoever upon him. He may come to church drunk if he likes; he may live in whatever irregularity he pleases; but the crossing must be done, the ikons must be honored. the fasts kept, or he is a marked man, a seditious example.

Of the rank and file of the clergy, Mr. Gibbon says:

The pope or priest is no more than the lackey who serves the altar, a gross implement in a ticklish trade. No consideration attaches to him save when about the business of his office. He is

#### Cartoon Views of the Religious Situation in Russia



DELAYING THE WOLVES

-Wilder in the Chicago Record-Herald



TRYING TO CATCH UP WITH THE REST OF THE WORLI

-Leipziger in the Detroit News



BISHOP ANTONINE

A High Ecclesiastic in the Greek Catholic Communion, Communion through his sympathy with the progressive assent in Russia

sten a drunkard, almost always ignorant, generally a cadger and a beggar. The common run of parish priests are quite unlettered; the authentic voice of intonation and a vocation for an unabonous and unproductive life are their sole qualifications. They are rapacious, immoral, and intemperate. I myself have seen a sacrament administered by a bloated man who was too drunk to stand without support. Yet that sacrament was in order. The moujiks asked nothing of the priest could be a sacrament was the order. The moujiks asked nothing of the priest could be words and forms of the spell or incantation or whatever they held the ceremony to be.

Not merely the clergy work to strengthen the influence of the Church in Russia. c vil authority stands behind them, making it llegal to change one's religion. The man who avows a new creed may find his property confiscated and his civil rights forfeited; and he may himself be transported to Siberia or the Caucasus. "The history of Russia," says Mr. Gibbon, "is a history of martyrdom." During the course of proselyting work carried on by the Orthodox Church in the Baltic Provinces. Lutheran clergy have been suspended on the most meager pretexts; the multiplication of churches has been prohibited and a vanetv of disabilities has been heaped on those who declined to be "converted." The Doukhobortsi and the Armenians have also suffered often and greviously. Mr. Gibbon savs in conclusion:



MGR. ANTONIUS

Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, prominently identified with the Holy Synod, through which the Orthodox Greek Church is ruled. He has been mentioned as the possible successor of M. Pobiedonostzeff

Unbending sternness, a dark and little narrowness, and the power of an elemental force—all these things are of the nature of the Orthodox Church of Russia. "The Church, as a community of believers, cannot and must not detach itself from the State," writes M. Pobiedonostzeff, and in truth it not only clings close to but is one in spirit and in purpose with the autocracy. It is a dreadful thing to say, but a true one—that only by the growth of irreligion, like that flamboyant atheism that puffed the French Revolution to a blaze, can the great slav land come by its own. It is over the body of the priest that the peasant will strike at the prince—the priest that fashioned a God to awe him with a menace of perdition.

The Czar's Easter proclamation, promising modification of civic disabilities in the case of dissenters from the Orthodox Church, has been accepted as an important step toward a fuller religious liberty; but, in the opinion of *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia), "must not be too largely construed." The Philadelphia paper says further:

It does not in any way emancipate the Church from the control of the grim political inquisitor, Pobiedonostseff, under whose hard hand the clergy of the Orthodox Church lie as helpless as ever, and are still as abject pawns on the political chess-board as they ever were. It does not abolish the prison monasteries in which bishops, priests, monks, nobles, soldiers, and civilians have been, and still are, confined for conscience' sake in narrow cages, called stone-sacks, buried deep

within stone towers. One such hell upon earth General Kuropatkin visited three years ago when he was Minister of War, and that gallant soldier's heart revolted at the horrors he found there; but it was he, and not the sanctimonious Pobiedonostseff who caused it to be abolished. But there are other ecclesiastical prisons, not less horrible, in which not only ecclesiastics but laymen can be secretly confined by the Procurator of the Holy Synod, without the foolish formality of open accusation or the farce of a trial for the offence of following the decrees of conscience. Neither must

the Czar's permission to members of the Orthodox Church to abandon that communion be taken with too much seriousness. The law in Russia has always been immensely better than the lawless practices which ecclesiastical and police authorities have carried on in the face of all law: and, unless under pressure of irresistible necessity. there is every reason to expect that the Easter Rescript will be worth just about as much, and just about as little, as the Czar's oath to maintain the Constitution of Finland, which he took an early occasion to trample under foot.

# Life as a "Grand Tragedy"

In a new book on "The Religion of Duty,\* Dr. Felix Adler, the leader of the Ethical Culture movement, takes occasion to present the "consolations" of an ethical

religion, as contrasted not merely with Christianity but with the philosopessimistic phies of our day. Pessimism he finds to be the modern disease, a disease that grows out of a false view of life. "It presupposes that man exists to be happy. Finding that the world is not so ordered as to produce happiness, pessimism condemns the world." The pathetic view of life, which arises from the contemplation of pain, is the view pessimism dwells on.

Over against this attitude, Dr. Adler sets his own point of view:

The supreme consolation which I find is in the view that life is a grand tragedy. There are islands of joy, havens of pure bliss; there is the laughter of children, the effulgence of love in young, hyacinthian days, and there is the steady

glow of love in after years. I take account of all this; yet I say that around this glow and brightness, enveloping it, tragedy is always present or imminent—if no other tragedy, then the tragedy of death, which all must face.

But the tragic view is not a funereal, gloomy \* THE RELIGION OF DUTY. By Felix Adler. McClure, Phillips & Co.

and melancholy view. The effect of a great tragedy is elevating, not depressing. After witnessing a tragedy on the stage, when the curtain is rung down on the fifth act, the spectator finds himself in an uplifted mood, despite all the strair

that has been put upor his feelings. He is not prostrated to the ground he is uplifted. Great music rolls through his soul. He seems to float as in some high ether and far beneath him lie the gulfs of pity and o terror through which he

has passed.

The effect of tragedythe tragedy on the stage which is a mirror of lifeis blended of defeat and victory. Both enter in Ruin there is, but a glor shines above the ruir The effect of tragedy of the stage is produced b great qualities in the hero, which we admire but which are prevente from successful manifes tation by some flaw i his nature. Or the her strives after some hig ideal, carries in his breas some noble purpose. Th fault is not in him, bu in his surroundings. Th time is not ripe for hin the people with whom h must deal are below h standard; and he fail but in failing he se forth in high relief th grandeur to which he ha aspired, the greatness a which he aimed.



FELIX ADLER

Leader of the New York Society for Ethical Culture, and Professor of Politi al and Social Ethics in Columbia University

Transfer the idea of tragedy from the stage 1 life itself. There are high powers at work, great and noble strain is trying to express itse in things and in men; but conditions are not 1 or adequate, and the greatness is constant breaking down, the nobility failing, not because it ought to fail, but because conditions are insu ficient, because the finite cannot embody the it inite. Yet the failures only serve to set off the infiniteness in the tendency. . . .

Work helps; sympathy helps; in all the ordizary circumstances of life, not to be sorry for one's self but to be sorry for others is the best help. But the thought that life is a grand tragedy, that over the ruins a glory shines, is to me the supreme help.

### Inadequacy of Scientific Substitutes for Religion

Prof. Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, declared not long ago that while it seemed to him that Christianity is losing its hold on thinking men and is possibly waning as a worldreligion, he is able to conceive of nothing that, in the present development of the human race, could fill its place. In an article appearing in The Contemporary Review London), Mr. W. H. Mallock, the wellknown English writer, takes somewhat similar ground. He finds the methods of religious apologists crude, but he thinks the arguments of their antagonists even cruder. Considering, in particular, the substitutes for faith proposed by scientists, such as Hæckel and Spencer, he says:

What Haeckel calls "the new structure of ethical monism," which is, he says, to be the substitute for theistic religion, and of which, he adds, liethert Spencer has been the most illustrious exponent, "rests on the solid ground of social mining," and this, which is the same in man and all other social animals, sums itself up in the maxim, "Do as you would be done by." Science, therefore, gives us, he says, all that is valuable in Christianity, but supplies it with a basis of fact instead of a basis of superstition. Now a very large part of the Christian moral code can, no doubt, be shown, by sociological science, to consist of precepts whose justification is their social utility, and which, as theoretical propositions, do not require any other. But there are two practical points of fundamental importance, one of which thinkers like Haeckel fail to recognize altogether madequate.

What they fail to recognize is that, with regard to human beings, beyond the question of determining what they ought to do, lies the eternal cuestion of how they are to be induced to do it. These thinkers, for the most part persons of seduded habits and often—as was notably the case with Herbert Spencer and J. S. Mill-deficient in the passions which are at once the strength and weakness of mankind generally, have formed no adequate estimate of what the passions are, such as love, ambition, vanity, the desire to excel and rule; nor have they realized that to keep these within the narrow limits of morality is like driving a wild horse along a difficult and narrow track, at every turn of which he is tempted to jib or swerve. All that these thinkers can do is to Eark the track on a chart. They have neither tems nor bit by which the animal may be contolled or guided.

Even their chart, continues Mr. Mallock,

is of a very rudimentary kind. They are compelled to admit that the Golden Rule in itself cannot furnish a complete code of morality. Thus, Herbert Spencer "has insisted with the utmost emphasis that the manner in which we wish to be treated by others can be no complete guide to the manner in which we should treat them, unless we are first provided with a complete conception of what the treatment which we wish ourselves to receive from others is "; and he "recognizes that this conception of what others ought to do for us depends on a prior conception of what we ought to do for ourselves; for what we think that we ought to do for ourselves will be very different, if we believe that we are temples of the Holv Ghost, from what it will be if we think that we are merely improved guinea-pigs." Haeckel made the same concession when he said: "In the case of civilized men, all ethics, theoretical and practical, is connected with their view of the world at large." "In other words," comments Mr. Mallock, "though the primary elements of morality depend on the relations existing between one man and another, the upward course of morality depends on the conceptions formed by us of true relations existing between each man and the universe." To quote further:

But Haeckel, Spencer and the whole school of scientific moralists, though they make this admission, are wholly incapable of using it. For them, the universe, considered in its totality, or as God, is, as they say themselves, an unknown and unknowable quantity. No doubt when we are in certain moods, the thought of this stupendous mystery is calculated to excite in us a quasi-religious emotion. It is, however, an emotion with no definite content, and is just as well calculated to paralyze and crush as to elevate us. On scientific grounds our most passionate appeal to the universe is like trying to make a dumb animal speak. Or rather, it is far more useless; for, although the universe can give us no answer at all, we can, according to Haeckel, be certain at least of one thing—that its answer, could it find a voice, would be of no interest or help to us. The only answer that would be of interest or help in any way would be an answer that told us that Nature, or the Sum of things, in some way or other loved and sympathized with man; but the first lesson, says Haeckel, which a scientific philosopher teaches us is that the love of Nature for man is an "anthropomorphic illusion."

Such being the case, then, how do men like Haeckel and Spencer endeavor to give any practical meaning to the assertion that "in the case of civilized men all ethics is connected with their view of the world at large," or, in other words, of their relation to this dumb and unresponding universe?

The barrenness of the scientific philosophy, says Mr. Mallock, in concluding, is perhaps most strikingly illustrated in the lives of its exponents. He cites Darwin's record of his diminishing enjoyment of music, and sets against it a statement of Herbert Spencer's to the effect that the higher pleasures of life disappear in proportion as we are conscious of their scientific analysis. Finally:

Spencer's Autobiography may be commended to the attention of the apologist on account of an admission even more direct and remarkable than that to which I have just alluded. It occurs at the close of the work, and forms a singular com-

ment on it. The writer there admits that, as his life was drawing to its close, he began to feel a kindness, wanting to him in his earlier years, towards those theistic religions on which the work of his life had been practically one long attack. And the reason of this change of feeling was, he says, that he became conscious of "a need" which his own philosophy failed to satisfy, and at the satisfaction of which the theistic religions aimed. This admission is striking enough as it stands, but he gives it in another passage a yet more pointed meaning. Of all the saddening reflections which the approach of death suggests, the most saddening, according to him, was the reflection that at the back of the universe there may be no supreme consciousness at all, but merely a species of groping protoplasmic mind, which breaks into consciousness for moments in transitory units like ourselves. These are not his exact words, but they express his obvious meaning; and his meaning amounts to an indirect confession that man, as experience reveals him to us, requires for his nutriment a belief in the personality of that Supreme Power which science, as Spencer has declared more plainly than any other thinker, leaves, and always must leave, a featureless and unknowable mystery.

### Progress Toward Church Union

A marked tendency toward church unity is revealed by the reports of denominational gatherings held in this country during the past month. At St. Louis, where the Northern and Southern Baptists met in the same city for the first time, a new "General Baptist Convention" was created looking to ultimate unity of the two bodies. In the opinion of the Chicago Standard (Baptist), the event marked "an epoch in the history of American Baptists." The proposed union of the Presbyterian Church North and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was the leading topic at the Presbyterian General Assembly, held at Winona Lake, Indiana. Both churches have approved the union, the former by a large, the latter by a small, majority of presbyteries. There are questions of detail to be settled, but a formal union is looked for by 1907. United Brethren, in conference at Topeka, ratified a plan for federal union with the Congregationalists and Methodist Protestants, betokening, according to the Boston Congregationalist, the possibilities of "a new era which will prove to be a notable advance in the progress of Christianity throughout the world."

The church-union movement is also making steady progress in Canada, as appears from an article by the Rev. J. P. Gerrie in

The Review of Reviews (New York). He points out that during recent years the different factions of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist denominations have practically all come together under the three banners, and that steps are now being taken to unite the denominations themselves. The various movements toward church unity evoke the following comment in the New York Evening Post:

Two forces are operating more powerfully than ever before to reconcile sectarian differences Those appliances of civilization—such as the printing press, the railway, the telegraph, and the telephone—which have made it easy for mer widely separated in space to act in unison, and which have been the very breath of life and heart's blood of our huge industrial organizations, have inevitably had their effect on our churches Every one who thinks is now fully conscious that the old congregational system—once a fetich it individualistic New England—is a complete an achronism. Within the last thirty years we have really begun to comprehend the waste of rivalry in the production and distribution of wealth; and we naturally formulate this new discovery into an ecclesiastical polity. Such formulation is much less difficult than it would have been hal a century ago, because the hold of creed and dogma is loosening. Men do not care enough about small, or even large, variations in doctrine to fight over them. No one would now take the trouble to complain, as Osiander did, that there are twenty-seven opinions concerning justification, all drawn from Scripture by men of the Augustinian confession alone. No bachelor o

divinity of 1905 can define the sixteen theories of original sin. There is not a Presbyterian alive who will stick for the "millions of infants, not a span long, hanging in hell because they sinned in Adam." Provided a man behave himself decently he can believe pretty much what he likes in pretty nearly any church.

As a result of these and certain minor tendencies toward unification, we have an uncommon

amount of cooperation between the various denominations. The Young Men's Christian Association and the Christian Endeavor Society are notable examples. These are, perhaps, but a beginning of a wider movement. Nothing but good can come if in each of our small villages the half-dozen feeble and anæmic churches, in obedience to economic law, give way to two or three that are fit to survive.

### Why Christianity Conquered the World

Professor Harnack's latest work\* seeks to explain—as we are informed in the Translator's Preface—"how and why and where, within less than three centuries, an Oriental religious movement which was originally a mere ripple on a single wave of dissent in the wide sea of paganism, rose into a breaker which swept before it the vested interests, prejudices, traditions and authority of the most powerful social and political organization that the world hitherto had known." In other words, he addresses himself to the task of analyzing the elements that contributed to the triumph of Christianity. He says:

The unity and the variety native to the preaching of Christianity from the very first were what constituted the secret of its fascination and a vital condition of its success. On the one hand, it was so simple that it could be summed up in a few brief sentences and understood in a single crisis of the inner life; on the other hand, it was so versatile and rich that it vivified all thought and stimulated every emotion. It was capable, almost from the outset, of vieing with every noble and worthy enterprise, with any speculation, or with any cult of the mysteries. It was both new and old; it was both present and future. Clear and transparent, it was also profound and full of mystery. It had statutes, and yet rose superior to any law. It was a doctrine and yet no doctrine, a philosophy and yet something different from philosophy. Western Catholicism, when surveyed as a whole, has been described as a complexio oppositorum, but this was also true of the Christian propaganda as far back as the earliest period of its existence. Consequently, to exhibit the preaching and labors of the Christian mission with the object of explaining the amazing success of Christianity, we must try to get a uniform grasp of all its component factors.

Professor Harnack proceeds to treat these component factors under eight heads. We condense as follows:

1. Christianity preached four essential doctrines—"the one living God, as creator," "Jesus the Savior," "the Resurrection" and "self-control." These ideas were all new and startling,

and they were in direct conflict to older polytheistic teachings. But they lay in organic relation to the process of evolution which was at work throughout all religion upon the eastern and central coasts of the Mediterranean.

2. It offered salvation for body and soul—promising what no other religion had ever promised. It made a universal appeal when it pronounced itself a religion of healing, achieving miraculous cures and caring for the sick.



ADOLF HARNACK

Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin

3. It taught a gospel of love and charity. It embodied the highest and holiest religious doctrine of which we know—that God is love. It taught men to live the life of love. It inculcated principles of charity and of unselfish cooperation. It broke down lines of caste.

4. It based its assumption of a divine origin on definite manifestations that continued after the passing of Christ. The Holy Spirit spoke to the missionaries in visions. Sudden raptures were experienced in the congregations. Tongues of fire descended from heaven. All these signs were held to signify a direct relation between God and the early churches.

5. It was remarkable in the sense that although it was essentially an authoritative religion

THE EXPANSION OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES. By Adolf Harnack. Vol. I, Translated and edited by James Moffatt, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

preaching the revealed will of God as disclosed in Christ and taking its stand on the sacred documents and the sayings of Jesus, it also appealed to reason, as well as to faith. Its position was strongly reinforced by its "mysteries" of baptism and sacrament.

6. It possessed a political and historic consciousness that is unparalleled. The Christians sciousness that is unparalleled. The Christians claimed that they were, and came to be recognized as a "new people," "the original people," and "the people of the future," i. e. of eternity. If any one said, "You are simply Jews," the reply was, "We are a new creation and a new people."

7. It entered into the great traditions of the Old Testament. The antiquity of this Sacred Rock the fact that it was believed to have been

Book, the fact that it was believed to have been written by God Himself, was undoubtedly an enormous factor in the growth of Christianity.

8. It brought to humanity a noble conception of God and of religion during an epoch when the old faiths were crumbling. Polytheism had served its purpose, and was inevitably supplanted

by the new world-religion.

"How rich, then, how manifold," exclaims Professor Harnack, "are the ramifications of the Christian religion at the very outset as it steps on to pagan soil!" And "every separate point", he thinks, "appears to be the main point, every single aspect looks like the whole." He continues:

It is the preaching of God the Father Almighty. of his Son the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the resur-

rection. It is the gospel of the Savior and of salvation. It is the gospel of love and charity. It is the religion of the Spirit and power, of moral earnestness and holiness. It is the religion of authority and of an unlimited faith, and, again, the religion of reason and of enlightened under-standing, besides being a religion of "mysteries." It proclaims the origin of a new people, of a people which has existed in secret from the very beginning of things. It is the religion of a sacred book. It possessed, nay, it was, everything that can possibly be considered as religion.

This church, amid whose religion Porphyry found blameworthy features in its audacious critique of the universe, its doctrine of the incarnation, and its assertion of the resurrection of the flesh—this church labored at her mission in the second half of the third century, and she won the day. But had she been summoned to the bar and asked what right she had to admit these novelties, she could have replied: "I am not to blame; I have but developed the germ which was planted in my being from the very first!" This religion was the first to cut the ground from under the feet of all other religions, and by means of her religious philosophy, as a civilizing power, to displace ancient philosophy. But the reasons for the triumph of Christianity in that age are no guarantee for the permanence of that triumph throughout the history of mankind. Such a triumph rather depends upon the simple elements of the religion, on the preaching of the living God as the Father of men, and on the likeness of Jesus

### "Higher Criticism" in England and America

The spirit of the co-called "higher criticism" seems to be in the ascendant in the religious world. More than a hundred English clergymen have recently addressed a memorial to the Anglican bishops and archbishops, pointing out "the important results of this 'higher criticism,''' and asking that "the clergy, as Christian teachers, may receive encouragement from their ecclesiastical superiors to face the problems which arise with entire candor and reverence." In this country, an undercurrent of sympathy with radical criticism is constantly manifest. At the Protestant Episcopal Congress, held in Brooklyn last month, the discussions of Biblical problems, led by the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters and others, took so radical a turn that the veteran Presbyterian minister. Dr. T. L Cuyler, felt it his duty to express regret that Brooklyn citizens must know that any such views are held or taught. About the same time, a committee was being chosen by the Council of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Western New York to investigate the orthodoxy of Dr. Algernon

S. Crapsey, of Rochester, who has preached sermons declaring that the Bible could no longer be looked upon as inerrant, but should be treated as the other great literatures of the world are and criticized by the same standards. The case of the Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Carter, the veteran ex-parson of the Huntington (Long Island) Presbyterian Church, is fresh in the public mind, and has come into new prominence as the result of his latest onslaught on conservative theology at the Presbyterian Assembly recently held at Winona Lake.

Efforts are being made to counteract the radical tendency both in England and this country. The memorial of the Anglican clergymen has evoked a counter-declaration from an organization of clergymen known as the Bible Students' Union. They assert their conviction that "each year adds scientific assurance to the unalterable truth of the Bible and of the Christian faith resting upon it," and in this they have been joined by a newly organized "Elders' Union," composed of Presbyterians who take their stand on



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BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (NORTH) AT A RECENT CONFERENCE IN LOUISVILLE

First row, reading from left to right: J. W. Hamilton, C. H. Fowler, J. M. Walden, H. W. Warren, E. G. Andrews, S. M. Merrill, C. D. Foss, W. F. Mallalieu.

Second row: D. H. Moore C. C. McCabe, Earl Cranston, J. N. Fitsgerald, D. A. Goodsell, I. W. Joyce.
Third row; W. F. McDowell, J. F. Berry, Henry Spellmeyer, L. B. Wilson.

"the great vital truth of the Deity of Christ" and "the genuineness and divine authority of the Old Testament Scriptures." On this side of the Atlantic, the American Bible League has constituted itself the champion of religious conservatism. Its recent convention in the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, has aroused considerable interest in church circles.

"Notwithstanding the mopping and damring of the Mrs. Partingtons of the Bible League, the flood of criticism still advances and cannot be checked," says the New York Independent. It proceeds to comment further as follows:

In this country there is a growing protest against faith being controlled by creeds. This appears in the overture from a distinguished presbytery asking the Presbyterian General Assembly definitely to replace the standards by a simple statement of belief. It appears in the unvillingness in the Episcopal Church to try charges for heresy. It is seen in the Methodist Church, in the case of Prof. H. G. Mitchell, of the Boston University, about whom the charges of heresy relating to questions of Biblical interpretation have centered for some years. The last General Convention voted that they did not find the charges of teaching doctrinal heresy in Boston University supported; but they directed the Bishops to consider any charges that might be brought before them. The case was considered in their late meeting, and they voted that while they did not find his teachings contrary to the

teachings of Christ, they did find them contrary to the teachings of the Methodist standards, and on that ground they declined to take action confirming his re-election. As the rules require their approval this is tantamount to a dismissal. It is a curious conclusion, and one that will not make for harmony in the Church.

The Christian Advocate (New York), organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, arguing from the conservative point of view, comments in the following strain:

We are glad that the American Bible League was formed. We have observed the reports of those who have participated in this city, and have witnessed with pleasure more moderate language than that in which some indulge, on their private account, in speech and publications.

The great thing to be accomplished by the truly conservative body of the Christian Church is the settlement of the rights of general scholars who class themselves as "non-experts," or are so classed by those who class themselves as "experts." Neither blindness nor mental stagnation can be enforced upon the Church; every attempt to do so arouses the principle of individual rights, and in a large number exaggerates it.

Experts in every department of knowledge and skill are needful, and to be had in honor in proportion to their special qualifications, honesty, and judgment. But they are to be Counselors, not Masters. And when they differ, non-experts must decide whether to ignore them all, or which to accept. Those who deny their right to exist and to be honest, and those who maintain that non-experts in the same line must slavishly think in the same grooves with experts, and speak in their dialect, are equally astray.

## Some Paris Impressions of Our Religious Revivals

The tone of disdain with which a London organ here and there has commented upon religious revivals, recently, in England and the United States is conspicuously absent from a study of the same subject made in the Revue (Paris). M. L. de Norvins, who has studied American religious phenomena for

The state of the s

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OPENING OF EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS IN NEW YORK STREETS.
TRIBUNE, TIMES AND AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY'S
BUILDINGS IN BACKGROUND

twenty-five years, expresses the highest opinion of the revival as an institution. He takes issue emphatically with The Saturday Review (London), which said a few weeks ago that "it would be irrelevant to debate whether the emotion excited about religious subjects by the means known as revivals is a good or a bad thing, or whether the results of revivals are permanent or temporary." Not only is it relevant to raise those very questions, according to the Frenchman, but it is even necessary to raise them because they must be understood if the Anglo-Saxon character itself is to be understood. He introduces his theme in this style:

The Anglo-Saxon soul is antinomic. Two tendencies of the most contradictory character coexist in it. It has a positivism which renders it capable of the boldest and most persistent enterprises in every field of material activity, but at the same time its mystical impulses are such that they lift it above human contingencies and impregnate it with enthusiasm for the super-

natural. In no other race is a like dualism found. The two opposing principles which dominate it are the two poles of the same magnet, and they draw it with the same intensity. The history of Great Britain and the history of the United States afford innumerable instances of this fact. Nowhere else do so many sects arise, so many churches spring into life, as in the United Kingdom and in North

United Kingdom and in North America. Nowhere else is religious enthusiasm so lively; nowhere else does it manifest itself by more vociferous demonstrations or upon the inspiration of

more sincere faith.

English and Americans being of the same origin, obeying the same incitations on both sides of the Atlantic, blend devotion with business to the extent of making the former at times a productive field for industrial or financial speculation. Into each of these operations, involving their fortunes or their salvation, they bring the same seriousness of purpose and the same ardor. John D. Rockefeller is an .instance. This present life, with its fever of work, its pursuit of success and wealth, does not cause them to lose sight of the life to come. They deem the latter as well as the former an occasion for investing funds at interest, funds over which they must stand guard simultaneously. Whosoever does not regard them in this double aspect does not understand them.

Thereupon the *Review* writer summarizes, with much graphic comment, the revival work in Schenectady, N. Y., Denver, and other places. These movements, he thinks, have raised the moral tone of American life permanently and incomparably.

The name of these aggressive evangelists is becoming legion. The skeptics say all this is a religious contagion, the snobbery of piety, a fanatical exaltation which is spreading, a bandage over the eyes, a seizure of the torch from the altar simply to wave it wildly. It is due to truth to declare that such modes of expression are wholly inaccurate. The contagion, if it be one, exists in all classes of American society, and in every place to which the revival extends. But in its adherents there is neither real exaltation nor anything characteristic of fanaticism. Many of the converts are persons too practical in them work or in their business to let themselves be blinded. Not one of them agitates or brand ishes a torch or swings a lantern. No, it is all a simple matter of a return to atavistic affinities. The Anglo-Saxon soul finds an opportunity to return to its mystical source. It races thit he and slakes its thirst there.

## A Painter's Conception of "Destiny and Humanity"

World-weariness and the longing for inspiration and help from something outside of and above our human life-such are the emotions that Jef Leempoels, a young Flemish artist, has endeavored to embody in his strikingly original "painting of hands," here reproduced. The picture has been exhibited in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Antwerp and Munich, and was awarded a gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition. It has awakened secial interest in religious circles, and sugsested the text for an impressive discourse by a St. Louis rabbi last summer. color effects of the picture are very striking. but the fundamental conception appears

cearly in the reproduction herewith. In a recent issue of *Public Opinion* New York), Miss Grace Whitworth offers the following comment on the painting:

A talk with the artist himsel helps one to understand is meaning. Mr. Leempoels systhe idea of the painting came to him as a sudden inpiration, but how best to inmret, on canvas, Destiny and Humanity, took many months of thought. Human nature is always yearning for mething more. It is never ament with the health, haprness, or fortune that it possesses. Most of the human not look to a power above he response to wishes and prayers for greater blessings. he artist could think of whing more expressive in Portraying this supreme Power than a human countmance. So the face in the dark sky is as a source of all att to the world. It typifies A. Christ, Intelligence, or lestiny. The gaze of this face is of immeasurable pen-tration, and from the head fight radiates to every part. the painting. His concepto of humanity is represented by innumerable hands. In them can be read all the character of the inindual, and so, through them, is depicted all that turanity thinks or asks.

Below the face in the sky is held aloft the cross, crozier and scepter. Towards this species of church and governments

ernment are uplifted hundreds of hands, representing all conditions, races, and religions. . . . In the background are the offerings to Jehovah of incense, palms, idols, music, dancing, and human sacrifices.

As one contemplates this painting, many ideas crowd the mind as to its meaning. Does the church or the government bring us peace? Must our appeals be made through the church or state, or—directly to the Force that moves the universe? That, every individual must solve for himself. The painting is considered by the ablest critics a masterpiece in technique and color. Its mysticism is very striking, and yet the execution is most realistic. In the hundreds of hands painted no two are alike, and the wonderful expression in each is singularly appalling. The more one gazes, the greater becomes its mysterious fascination.



"DESTINY AND HUMANITY"

A painting by a Flemish artist, Jef Leempoels, which has been exhibited in leading European cities. It was awarded a gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition.

#### A Roman Catholic Estimate of Renan

"Renan was in religion what the Geronde was in French politics, flowery, inconsequent, the slave dragged behind a triumphant chariot which he had helped to set in motion," says Dr. William Barry, of London, in his new book on Renan:\* and the quotation indicates the spirit in which this well-known priest and man of letters approaches his subject. He goes on to express his conviction that Renan's famous "Life of Jesus" may be summed up in the remark of Vergniaud, presiding at the trial of Louis XVI: "I regret to declare that by a majority of votes Louis Capet has been judged worthy of death." That is to say, "it is the headsman's eloquence, while Christianity lies bound on the scaffold." Dr. Barry continues:

Renan's creed may be brought down to a single negation, "The supernatural does not exist." When we inquire of the oracle, "What, then, shall we do to possess everlasting life?" he answers, "Do as seems right in your own eyes." All differences are swallowed up in the gulf of a fundamental unity. Nero and Paul, Judas and Jesus, are chords in one great orchestra. How, indeed, should it be otherwise when we have reduced the personalities, which make men each to be himself and incommunicable, to scientific

expressions with a common measure?

Dr. Barry proceeds to elucidate Ms point of view by comparing Renan with one of the greatest thinkers of his own faith—Cardinal "Singularly impressive," he thinks, "is the contrast, in every stage conspicuous, between the Oxford divine and the Parisian dilettante. Agreeing as they did in their conception of literature, in devotion to Greek and Roman antiquity, in disdain of the applause which is caught by picturesque language, in their superb isolation from the crowd, and in their gifts of irony and brilliant humor, they set out from contradictory premises to arrive at opposite conclusions." Dr. Barry says further:

Newman is a Mystic, Renan a Rationalist. To Newman his conscience makes known a present Deity; but to Renan it is a human invention without echo in the heights or the depths. one enlarges on the "ventures of faith"; by the other we are warned not to be the dupes of our better feelings. Prayer is the philosophy on which Newman feeds his mind; to Renan prayer has become absurd, for what is it more than talking to one's self? Reverence, adoration, shame and holy fear betoken that the one is face to face with a Supreme Judge, in whose kindness he revives, under whose frown he wastes away. The other sees no intellect superior to his own; reveres no divinity; suppresses the idea of sin;

\*ERNEST RENAN. By William Barry, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

loses the delicacy of feeling which protects all exquisite virtue; and writes his page in the scandalous chronicle of French letters. With Newman, learning, style, eloquence, are but means to a nobler end; he is always intent on religion; even where he comes down to a schoolmaster's exercises. But Renan, who began at the same starting-point, turns all this another way. The lowest knowledge is the only real truth; art loses its former interest; religion is a pretty make-believe, ethics a lottery, life itself an entertain-ment. Thus, to the meditative Newman things eternal grow more and more vivid; as he realizes the Divine Attributes, man takes on him grander proportions, becomes the heir of infinite hopes. and is called to heroic deeds. This golden key of personality unlocks doors which remain obsti-nately barred when the Parisian science beats upon them. In such a way is absolute negation met by no less resolute assertion. But the denials that scatter Renan's philosophy to the four winds, leaving him the wreck of his own fancies, cannot have much to commend them, since all his wonderful endowments do not avail to save him from incoherence and despair. In one word, Newman has found Jesus; Renan has lost him.

Speculating on the future influence of Renan, Dr. Barry says:

If men turn sceptics; if society cultivates decadence as a pastime; if the bands of Orion are loosened, and Pagan ethics drive out Christian from the bridal-chamber, the schools, the printing-press, to say nothing of the market and the exchange, to this movement of dissolution Renan will have lent a powerful hand. For by denial or by surrender he has made these things possible.

Should, however, a creative breath renew the world, and man become once more the being of transcendent worth which he thought himself at all heroic eras, not much will be left of Renan except his memory as an artist and specimens, carefully chosen from forbidden volumes, to illustrate that marvellous gift. The incalculable quality which, for want of a better name, we call genius, and which is, at last, personality carried to its highest power, will never be denied him. As a master of his native tongue, limpid, unforced, enchanting, whose only fault was even too great a dexterity, the Breton remains worthy of a place beside Chateaubriand, over against Lamennais, inspired by the charm of that French idiom which in those eloquent preachers sounded tragic and sombre, but from his pen flowed in a smiling stream. In history, little that he attempted will be remembered. As a thinker he does not count. Who would name Renan amid the senate of philosophers, German or Greek? But he had something of that which, in his forerunner, Abelard, cast over the man of letters, the Parisian professor, the classic yet romantic medieval doctor, a gleam of imperishable renown Abelard opened the way to an alliance between the Church and Aristotle by his very aberrations; Renan stated, though he could not resolve, the problem of Scripture-criticism. From the day when his "Life of Jesus" appeared the Bible has become for clergy no less than laity a modern book, the most momentous in living literature.

### The Ethiopian Movement in South Africa

A unique religious movement has grown up among the South African negroes. It has adopted as its war-cry, "Africa for the Africans," and seems likely to exert a profound influence over the religious, as well as the political, future of the Dark Continent. The conditions that gave it birth are described in *Der Alte Glaube* (Leipzig).

At the present time, says the Leipzig journal, the social position of the blacks in South Africa is as undesirable as that of the negroes in North America. They are a universally despised class. They are not recognized in the church as the equals of the whites, and on the railroads and in public resorts, such as the hotels and the streets, they are treated with even less courtesy. In every way the black man is regarded as inferior to the white man.

Not inappropriately, the indignation of the blacks against such treatment has crystallized within the churches, which contain the more educated negroes and those that have been trained in ideals of Christian liberty and brotherhood. The first beginnings of the movement now known as "Ethiopian" date as far back as 1882. At that time a native evangelist, Jeremiah Tile, severed his connection with the Wesleyan Methodists in the eastern part of Cape Colony, and gathered around him a new "African Church"—an independent congregation of native Christians. One of his first actions was to strike out of the liturgy the prayer for Queen Victoria and to substitute a petition for the Kaffir chief, Dalindyebo. This was only the beginning of other moves in the same direction.

Independent tendencies of a similar character began to appear in the native churches of the Orange State, in Natal and the Transvaal, and in the Basuto land. Sects and schisms were much in evidence, growing out of an underlying purpose to achieve independence for the negro believer. The only white agitator who materially aided the propaganda was a German missionary, J. Winter, who was so disgusted at the treatment of the blacks by the whites that he laid down his office and, in conjunction with a native evangelist, Martin Sebushann, organized a negro church entirely independent of the whites. A name for the propaganda was suggested by a Methodist pastor, Mokane of Pretoria. It has been a favorite idea of the blacks that they are descended from the

Ethiopians of history, who at one time were powerful rivals of the Egyptian Pharaohs. Mokane called the independent organizations "The Ethiopian Church."

In 1896 there were some twenty of these independent negro congregations in South Africa, but they were not bound together in any way. The man who succeeded in effecting their closer organization and union was a native preacher, John Mata Dwane, a shrewd and versatile man who had already given ten years of excellent service to the Wesleyan Methodist Church. On a journey to England, he was warmly welcomed by the English churches, and soon after his return became the head of the Ethiopian propaganda. He saw at once what it lacked. namely, official recognition by the state, the education of efficient pastors, and a firm organization. In the interest of the movement he paid a visit to the African Methodist churches of North America, winning the sympathy of the colored bishops and returning to Africa with three important documents. The first of these was a testimonial from the Governor of Georgia, to the effect that the African Methodist church occupied a position of honor in the country; the second declared that the Ethiopian church of South Africa had been received into communion with the American negro church; and the third declared that Bishop Turner, the President of the American colored bishops, had appointed Dwane superintendent of the Ethiopian church.

Two years later Bishop Turner himself made a journey to Africa. The congregations had grown to seventy-three and there were some ten thousand church-members. He was enthusiastically received, made Dwane "Apostolic Vicar" of the churches, and prophesied great things for the movement. The work of the new century, he has said, will be "the evangelization of the black continent by the blacks." Interpreting the passage in the Psalms (lxviii: 31.), "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God" —a favorite text among the negro Christians of South Africa—he predicts a coming worldsupremacy for the negro race. The yellow and brown races have had their day he thinks, and the whites are now triumphant in the consciousness of their superiority. But their sun is setting, and the leadership will pass to the sons of Ham.

Other keen observers of this remarkable movement have misgivings as to its future. The Ethiopian propagandists are said to be entirely lacking in the true spirit of Christianity. They are charged with encouraging a dangerous antinomianism, and with pursuing questionable methods, especially in their efforts to secure spiritual guides. Young

men with the slightest gifts and abilities are ordained to the ministry. The arbitrary conduct of Dwane has already resulted in schism, and the faction in closest touch with the American negroes has established a college in Cape Town for the purpose of supplying the church with teachers and preachers.

### Radical and Conservative Theology in German Universities

The clash between the old and the new theology is nowhere more marked than in German university life. Conservative and radical theologians are constantly struggling for control of the Protestant faculties, and their war has bred a "professor question" that is not without its embarrassments for the government. When a vacancy occurs in the faculty of a German university, the new appointment is generally made by the government, acting in conjunction with the faculty and making the selection out of a list of names offered. The government is expected to hold the scales evenly, and to show no partizanship in matters of intellectual controversy. Prussia takes the official stand that both conservative and "advanced" theological thought are entitled to representation on the different faculties, and the two schools are about equally represented in the nine Protestant universities of that kingdom. Figures which reveal the exact situation appear in a recent article in the Evangelische Kirchenzeitung (Berlin), a conservative journal which has been at some pains to discover how far radical thought has penetrated into the academic atmosphere. It publishes the following table, based on the lecture announcements of the present summer semester and dividing the professors into "Positive Lutherans," or conservatives, and "Advanced":

	POSITIVE	ADVANCED
Berlin	. 8	12
Bonn	. 6	5
Breslau		3
Goettingen		6
Greifswald		0
Halle		8
Kiel		7
Koenigsberg	5	5
Marburg	2	10
		_
	54	56

In all these universities except Greifswald, as the Berlin paper points out, conservative theology is well represented, it having been the policy of the Prussian state for decades to preserve the orthodoxy of its institutions intact. On the other hand, the liberal element predominates at Marburg, and is in the majority at the two universities—Berlin and Halle-which have the largest theological classes. The Prussian Government at times resorts to extreme measures to preserve the balance of thought. In a number of cases it has appointed conservative men to radical faculties over the heads, and even against the protests, of these faculties. A noteworthy instance of such action is the recent annointment of Professor Koenig, of the most conservative faculty in Germany, that of Rostock, to the advanced faculty at Bonn. Such men are often dubbed in derision "Straffprofessoren" (i. e. "punishment professors," sent to punish faculties for being too radical), but they are usually appointed in response to the clamor of the church at large.

The Chronik der Christlichen Welt (Marburg) supplements the above table with another, showing the proportion of conservative and radical professors in the eight Protestant faculties of Germany not under Prussian control:

•		ADVANCED
Erlangen	7	0
Giessen	•	7
Heidelberg	I	8
Jena		7
Leipzig	10	2
Rostock	6	0
Strassburg	0	10
Tübingen	I	6
	_	_
	25	40

It will be noted that this table shows a decided preponderance of radical professors. Even Tübingen, for many years a stronghold of conservatism, has now capitulated to the enemy. The *Chronik*, itself a radical organ, thinks that the conservatives are stronger than the figures, on the surface, would indicate. In general, it says, conservative thought prevails among the older members of a faculty and liberal thought among the younger.

# Science and Discovery

### After the Human Race, What?

Does the process of evolution reach its consummation in the human race, or is man ultimately to take his place among the extinct species and to be superseded by a new and, presumably, higher type of earthly being? These interesting questions are discussed by Dr. Samuel W. Williston, Professor of Paleontology in the University of Chicago. The general conclusion he reaches is that "if we are to apply the conclusions derived from the history of the past," man will eventually become extinct; but in trying to determine the source or "generalized stem" from which his successor will come, we nearly reach "the limits of same speculation."

Professor Williston writes in The Independent and begins with a review of the history of life on our planet. There exist to-day, he tells us, less than 3,000 species of the class of invertebrates, whereas more than 4,500 extinct species of the same class have already hen catalogued. Probably two million distinct species of animals and plants are now in existence, and the number of forms which have become extinct may, "without doing violence to sobriety," be estimated as twenty millions or more.

An important factor in the extinction of species Professor Williston finds to be what he calls "high specialization"—that is to say, "that over-specialization which limits too closely the sphere of activities, or prevents the possibility of adaptation to new environments, or that one-sided specialization which weakens the reproductive energies." He illustrates this over-specialization by the stage-driver of years ago, whose very skill in his own occupation unfitted him for the vocation of a locomotive engineer. Dr. Wiliston says further:

As a corollary to the fact that high specialization has inevitably led, directly or indirectly, some or later, to the extinction of the species is also the fact that, other things being equal, high pecialization means a briefer existence for the genus, the species, and, possibly, for the individual. Certain individual reptiles have been known to live more than one hundred and fifty years, and a goose even has a greater span of life than has a man. Among the invertebrates perhaps the longest known life of any species is that of the brachiopod Leptena rhomboidalis, which began in

the Ordovician and ended in the Carboniferous, a long span as we measure time, tho of only respectable geological longevity. But there is no such example of longevity among vertebrates, and briefest of all was the geological range of the higher mammals of the past. No living species of mammal is known to reach back of the Pleistocene, and no genus goes further than the Miocene, in all probability. This fact, the briefer duration in time of the higher vertebrates, is well understood by geologists, a fact often enunciated by the late Professor Marsh. It is because of this brief duration and restricted distribution of such species and genera that the testimony furnished by their remains in the rocks is so conclusive as to the age of the strata containing them.

Dr. Williston sums up the lessons of paleontology and their bearing upon the future of the human race as follows:

Every genus, every species in the past has had a time limit, long or short, in proportion as the genus or species was lowly or highly specialized. The extinction of all life has been followed by the evolution of forms of higher rank proceeding from the less specialized, the more potential, the less fixed. Are there any inferences to be derived from these apparent facts which may be applied as to the possible future of man himself? Possibly, probably. But here we enter upon a field which is largely speculation, and have to consider factors which may largely or wholly vitiate conclusions drawn from our still fragmentary knowledge of past life. That we may apply any inferences at all we must eliminate from the discussion all except the material and consider man simply as one of the many millions of organisms which have been evolved in the past or are being evolved in the present.

As an animal man has inherited from his ancestors not a few vestigial organs, organs of no use or even of detriment to him, heritages, sometimes, as is the pineal body, from ancestors so remote that their functional use is lost in deepest obscurity. Other functions or other organs, in our own race at least, appear to be decadent and soon may be only vestiges. He has also acquired certain specializations which are yet detrimentally imperfect, so imperfect that future improvement may be expected, and among these may be mentioned the incomplete adaptation of the structure of his abdominal walls to an upright posture. And not a few of his other functions yet remain, innocuously or advantageously, imperfect, or have become so from lessened use. We will leave out of account all vexed theories as to the methods of evolution.

He cannot see as well, hear as well, smell as well as can many another animal far lower in the scale of development. He cannot swim as well or run as well as can many other mammals. In

each and every one of these there may remain possibilities of higher specialization. In two things at least he stands supreme among animals, the use of his hands and the use of his brain, in both almost immeasurably above other animals. And here arises a perturbing factor, since we have never had to deal with intellectuality as the dominant characteristic of a species in past history. Through it or by it he has largely mastered all environmental adversities, has conquered or is conquering other forms of life. But not all other forms. Even as it may have been the insig-nificant creatures which brought final grief to the mighty dinosaurs of the past, so, too, it is the microphytes and the microzoa which still set man at defiance. Man, then, makes his own environmental conditions to an immeasurably greater degree than has made any other animal of the past or present, and in so far as this affects his specific well-being his future will be greater. Nor is he over-specialized as a species, but is still capable of many, even physical, advances, though a change of type is an impossibility. That he can never regain organs or functions once lost is probable, if not certain, though he may acquire other organs and functions which will in part subserve them. His lines of evolution, then, are fixed within certain narrow limits, but within those limits there are, speculatively, vast possibilities yet. The species as a whole is not decadent, or at least we have no evidence that such is the case.

Nevertheless, it is not impossible that some race in the obscurity of to-day or to-morrow will be the stock from which other and dominant races may eventually arise. We quote again:

If he [man] ever becomes extinct, will he be succeeded by some other highly organized animal springing from a generalized stem? Such has been the history of the past. If so, from what animals? Here the limits of sane speculation have been nearly reached. May we assume that his line of descent is a dominant one and indefinitely perpetual? That from it will arise in the future new species, new genera, new families? Possibly. I see no fatal objections to such an assumption; indeed, no great improbabilities. In late geological history at least the law of brain development as emphasized, if not suggested, by Professor Marsh seems to hold good—that is, there has been a general advancement, in a physiologic sense at least, in the size of the brain as a characteristic specialization of the higher, perhaps all, forms of life. This brain evolution seems to have reached its ultimate possibilities in the genus Homo, but one would be rash to say that an even greater potentiality is quite impossible for other lines of descent, for other mammals, for birds or even reptiles, though it becomes progressively more improbable, to the vanishing point, as we descend the scale below the primates.

#### The Problem of Burial Alive

A strong protest against suppressions of the facts in cases of burial alive is entered by the Paris Journal, which sees reason to fear that "a natural reluctance" to "harrow the feelings of the living" has kept the public in ignorance of a problem that has assumed in some countries "menacing proportions." It gives, as one instance among others lately brought to its attention, details of the premature interment of a youth of eighteen. He was subject to epileptic fits, during which he would at times lie as one dead. In France a funeral is seldom postponed more than forty-eight hours, and in the present case the family and friends, convinced of the death of the youth, at once began preparations for the interment. The doctor who gave the certificate of death had not seen the body. Three days after the interment, another grave was dug near that in which the young man had been interred. grave digger thought he heard groans." It is asserted that groans were also heard on three consecutive days, but nothing was done until nine days after the presumed death of the youth. The mayor of the town then heard of the circumstances and visited

the cemetery with the police. The coffin was opened and the deceased was found lying on his right side. "He had nearly turned over on his stomach and during his agony, which, it is thought, must have lasted at least three days, he had gnawed off a portion of his thumbs."

Not a whit less impressive—although the victim on this occasion was fortunate enough to escape—is the case of a young married woman in England. The undertaker who was called to measure her for her coffin, according to the London Standard, which relates the story, "was greatly startled to observe a twitching of the eyelid":

With an exclamation of surprise, he placed his hand over the woman's heart, but all was still, not the slightest pulsation being discernible. The next instant the twitching was repeated in even more pronounced fashion. Surely there must be life in the body, he thought, but still it seemed absurd to entertain any such idea. How could the woman have lain for over six hours in an icy room with no covering except a nightdress and a sheet, and still live? It seemed incredible, but the the eyes had twitched. There could be no doubt of that. If any possibility of animation remained, it was worth an effort to try to restore the woman to life.

Mr. Waddington is a man of powerful physque, over six feet in height. To him, with the aid of Gough, it was an easy task to resort to the usual methods of promoting artificial respiration. After a time his efforts were rewarded. Slowly, and with trembling uncertainty, an arm was raised; glassy eyes quivered in ghostly fashion, and a hand still deathly cold, clutched at his own. It was a startling experience, even for an undertaker accustomed to move among the dead, and Yr. Waddington would not like it to be repeated The neighbors were hastily summoned and warm blankets and hot water bottles applied, and after a few hours of such treatment the woman was so far revived as to be able to speak. The doctor was sent for, and he administered fresh restoratives. The woman recognised the doctor and spoke to him.

Incidents of this kind are far more common in civilized countries to-day than the layman suspects, familiar as he may be with stories of premature burial, it is averred in the newly issued second edition of "Premature Burial," by William Tebb, F.R.G.S., and Col. Edward Perry Vollum, M.D., late medical inspector in the United States Army. The authors point out the desirability of waiting mortuaries" such as exist in many German cities, the establishments in question being supplied with every appliance for resuscitation, while qualified attendants, in

telephonic communication with a medical superintendent, are ready for instant action should that become advisable. A writer in the London Standard avers that the authors of this book have conferred a lasting service upon mankind:

In some cases of coma, trance, catalepsy, &c., the activity of the vital functions is suspended in a way which so exactly simulates death that, to all outward appearance, even medical experts may be deceived. Many cases are recorded in this book in which the victims of these death counterfeits have very narrowly escaped live sepulture, whilst many others have been actually consigned to this ghastly doom, as shown by the most confirmatory evidence, such as, in vaults, the body being found out of the coffin, and, in upturned graveyards, a changed position, in the coffin clenched fists full of hair, bitten and mangled flesh, and the grave clothes torn to shreds. And when it is remembered what few exhumations ever take place, the conclusion seems warranted that the number of such cases thus brought to light can be but a small portion of those in which these awful post-burial death struggles really take place, and whose only witnesses are the boards of the coffin which imprison the victims. High medical and other authority is given for the statement that the only certain sign of death is putrefactive decomposition and that all other known tests, either singly or combined, may fail to prove its presence.

## Cleaning House by Machinery

The exquisite, if expensive, mechanical zvice which has begun to make its rejuvenating visits to dust-ridden and dirty mansions, only to leave the domestic atmosphere purified—in a very literal sense seems to Raleigh Monson, writing in The American Inventor (New York), to denote that the wild hurricane of house cleaning has ment the last of its furies. Henceforth the seating of carpets, the renovation of matresses and the rescue of all furniture from the effects of wear and tear will proceed Fracefully, imperceptibly even. "The houseseeper can have all of her cleaning done by compressed air without raising a finger herself." declares our authority, who, nevertheiss, admits that "of course a stationary cleaning plant for the ordinary dwelling is somewhat expensive." But there remains to the housekeeper the consolation that "when she thinks the house needs going over, it is only necessary to write or to telephone to the 'cleaning man' and he puts in an appearance with his apparatus." The range of the housekeeper's domestic experience is thus enlarged:

When he [the "cleaning man"] comes up to the front of the house and gets ready for business the scene reminds one of the fire company getting ready for work. Upon the truck, especially built for the purpose, is a portable air compressor and tank. The compressor is connected with a gasoline engine of about 12 to 15 horse-power. Coiled on the front of the vehicle are hose lines. are unreeled and stretched into the house like lengths of fire-hose connected with the reservoir. While the cleaner is going through the rooms to see which should be done first, the engineer has started his machinery and is filling his air tank. This occupies but a moment. Then it is only necessary to turn on the air and it does the rest. There are no carpets to be taken up and hung in the back yard on the line, no mattresses or curtains to be hung out of the window, and it is really not necessary to disturb any furniture in the house except to move it round so that the renovator, can be run over the floor.

In such buildings as hotels, club houses and apartment houses, the rooms are in such continual use that it is often necessary to go over a little of the building every day. These stationary cleaning plants are very valuable, since compressed air can be kept "on tap."

"The portable outfits are employed by a number of professional house-cleaning companies in New York City, who have large lists of customers. It is now becoming a general practice of landlords to contract for so many cleanings of their properties during the year."

While the compressed-air principle upon which these marvels are wrought is necessarily as eternal as the hills, its application is a thing of infinite variety. "Hotel keepers and housewives can thank some of the railroad companies for this idea," we read, for compressed air was first used in blowing the dust out of passenger coaches. are actually yard engines provided with compressed-air pumps and operated in connection with this work on great transportation systems. Through lines of hose the current is directed against curtains and seats, and jets of water are forced against windows. "The idea occurred to a mechanic employed by one of the western companies to devise a scheme by which the dirt could be collected as it was removed by the air pressure, and the result is an invention which is both a cleaner and a dust collector." Everything "from carpets to billiard tables" is in some hotels cleaned by means of the compressedair plant:

A small engine operated by steam, gas or gasoline is used, sometimes an electric motor is coupled to the air compressor, which is large enough to furnish a pressure ranging from 60 to 85 pounds to the square inch. From the reservoir of the compressor pipes are run up the elevator well, air shaft or other convenient conduit, and at each floor are tapped by valves to which the airhose can be screwed. When the chambermaid wishes to renovate the parlor or bedroom, she merely fastens the hose to the air pipe, turns on the pressure and directs the jet from the nozzle against the curtains, lambrequins and other draperies. She uses a jointed hollow tube which looks like a fish-pole, and is about the same size. Through this the air is really squirted. Of course

the dust falls upon the floor and furniture, but it is collected in a very simple way. Turning off the air-pressure, she removes the hose from the fish-pole and connects it with what looks like the handle of a carpet-sweeper, but this handle is also hollow. The lower part of the machine is made of steel, and it is so heavy that it lies closely against the surface of the rug or carpet, held down by its weight. The pressure of the compressed air tends to lift the machine from the floor and slide it easily over the carpet, so that it can be pulled or pushed around by one hand without difficulty. The maid handles it as she would a carpet sweeper and goes over the floor about as rapidly, but as it moves along there is no sign of dust arising from it whatever. Over the top is a covering of cloth, which is distended into a bag as soon as the air rushes into the machine. This may be called a strainer, for while the air is allowed to escape through the top, it holds the dust, which falls into the pan in the bottom of the machine.

When the pan is filled with the collected dirt it is only necessary to shut off the air again and the pan can be emptied and replaced in a minute or two.

But there is the furniture. "It is a difficult job to force the dust out of the padding," concedes our authority:

As every housewife knows, the use of the broom and beater will wear out chair bottoms and backs far more quickly than any other wear and tear to which they are subjected. To clean such furniture, a renovator is employed which is constructed on the same principle as the floor cleaner, but on a much simpler scale. It is pushed over the surface by hand and collects the dust in the same way. As already stated, even billiard tables are freed from the dust without injuring the surface. After the upper part of the room has been "done," however, the next work is to clean the cushions and pillows. Here a pneumatic needle is used, connected with a small tube. Its sharp end is pushed into the seam and the current of air passed through the feathers or other stuff with such force that not only the dust is driven out, but the inside is "lightened," as the housekeeper calls it, and there is no necessity to beat up the feathers by hand when the bed is made in the morning.

### Posterity's Cold Light

Our children's children will expel night with a bright effluence derived through the medium of an exhausted glass tube containing a small body which can be made to phosphoresce when bombarded with electrons. That is the gist of a study of the lamp of the future by Dr. J. A. Fleming in *The Electrical Magazine* (London). But "the author gives rein to his imagination," avers *The Electrical Review* (New York), which, at the same time, finds the plan worthy of serious con-

sideration as an "idea of the ideal lamp toward which we should strive." Placed at suitable points about the small body in the exhausted glass tube of Dr. Fleming's hypothesis will be "electrodes arranged so as to project the electrically charged matter leaving their surfaces upon the body, and thus bring it into brilliant phosphorescence." The substance which phosphoresces will be selected so as to produce, if possible, only luminous rays. Or if this can not be

done, the luminous rays must greatly preponderate. "In other words," adds *The* Electrical Review, "we must have a cold light. We must so use the electrical energy as to produce light without converting it into heat." However:

The idea of using phosphorescent bodies is old. The problem, of course, is to obtain a lamp which can be made to phosphoresce at will, and which will give sufficient light for practical use. Dr. Fleming's plan is based upon the following idea: it is thought by some that the luminous energy radiations which we recognize as light are produced only by vibrations of the corpuscles themselves. The longer or so-called heat rays are due to vibrations of the atoms of matter as a whole. If we can cause the corpuscles to vibrate without setting the atom as a whole into motion, we should, according to this idea, be able to pro-

duce cold light. This does not mean that the radiations do not represent energy, but merely that there are none of these lower vibrations which we usually class as heat.

We are, of course, a long way from this idea. At the present time, we are, for a lack of a better method, forced to produce light through the medium of heat—that is to say, according to the newer idea of the method of producing luminous rays to make a body luminous, we simply, by heating it, set its atoms into such violent motions as to get the corpuscles of the atoms themselves into vibration. The useful work done is then only that which sets the corpuscles into motion. . . The movement of the atom as an atom gives rise to the heat rays, and except in so far as it brings about the more rapid vibrations of its corpuscles, is useless, and represents a waste of energy. We are probably as far from this ideal lamp as we are from what might be described as an ideal telephone.

### What the Doctors Know about Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis

In the eccentricities of its geographical distribution, in the subtlety with which, at times, it baffles diagonsis and in the discrimmation with which its victims seem to be selected, cerebro-spinal meningitis now confronts the medical world under aspects so tantalizing that Dr. Andrew Wilson, writing in the London Mail, foretells a tragic strugthe between the resources of science on the one hand and the caprices of this malady on the other. Dr Wilson is a very high authority on "meningitis," which is a term applied to inflammation of the membranes in which the brain is enclosed. These membranes extend so as to invest the spinal cord itself, "this last," in Dr. Wilson's words, "being the continuation of the brain as the main line of the nervous system through the body." The word "cerebrum" is used to indicate the brain at large and the term "cerebro-spinal" would therefore indicate the brain and cord collectively. But the meningitis of which Dr. Wilson writes affects both brain and cord and constitutes, in consequence, a special disorder. To give the precise words of this eminent authority:

Meningitis itself is often met with in medical practice, arising from causes traceable in the body at large. Thus tuberculosis may give rise to this disease, as also many other conditions represented by disease or injury. But the disease which is attracting attention to-day is a different matter from cases of brain-inflammation arising independently, so to speak, and accounted for by some state or other of the individual body. Here we meet with an epidemic affection, one which spreads and affects a number of individuals. In

this sense, the ailment becomes of great importance and ranks with those troubles which, like typhoid fever or small-pox, demand the attention of the public health authorities.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis was at first confused with typhus fever, notes Dr. Wilson. The term "spotted fever" was given to it in consequence of the frequent occurrence of a rash appearing on the breast and limbs. The symptoms are "characteristic enough:"

The attack is of a sudden nature. There are rigors or shiverings, with vomiting. The muscles of the back of the neck are affected with rigidity, and there is an exaltation of sensation, so that the patient cries out if he is touched, and it is stated that even if he is half-conscious he will complain of contact with his skin surface. Fever is present, and is indicated by a rise in temperature to, it may be, 107 degrees Fahrenheit. The disease, as a rule, runs a rapid course, and death may occur within a few hours of seizure or within twelve to twenty-four hours. Post-mortem appearances show traces and signs of inflammation of the membranes of the brain and spinal cord; but other organs of the body—lungs, liver, and kidneys, and in addition the spleen—also show signs of the infection. Even the heart seems liable to be affected, its investing sac being frequently found to show signs of serious inflammatory change.

Noting, as a curious feature of the disease, its eccentric selection of victims—"children are often affected but it also seems to have a preference for the young and strong"—"it is rarely found in people above forty years of age"—Dr. Wilson comes upon "a dark place in the inquiry." He terms it "the search after causation":

There seems to be little doubt that the exact cause is to be found in the shape of a germ which Weischselbaum in 1887 isolated and described. This microbe is of the order to which the germ of pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs belongs. It is known as the diplococcus intracellularis, on account of the fact that it occurs in the interior of white blood cells. But while the source of the ailment may be traced to this germ, yet another and larger question remains for solution. It is not sufficient for the determination of the cause of an ailment to note the discovery of a specific microbe which is to be found in the fluid of the brain and spinal cord. That which is the chief concern of bacteriologists and health authorities is the determination of the conditions under which the microbe gains admittance to the nervous centres, and works out its evil ways in such an environment. This last is really the crux of the matter.

What the world has to learn, we read, is "the exact circumstances under which the microbe should be capable of gaining access to the body and of producing therein the dire effects characteristic of the disease." To quote:

It appears, first of all, that barracks, work-houses, and other public institutions are specially liable to attack. Overcrowding has been credited

with being a favoring circumstance. If this be so, then cerebro-spinal meningitis (of the epidemic type) shows a distinct likeness to typhus fever itself. Dirt and other insanitary conditions may operate here, as they do in so many other cases of epidemic ailments.

Food has been also suspected as being the medium of the conveyance of the disease. England and Scotland have always remained relatively free from attack, while, as has been remarked, America and the Continent have suf-fered largely. These are curious facts, such as may well claim the attention of investigators. With regard to treatment, medical science appears to be in a state of hesitancy, in so far as any specific cure is concerned. Physicians to-day puncture the spinal column and draw off the natural fluid contained in its outer parts by way of relieving pressure. The puncture is made in the lower part of the spine; otherwise the administration of opium is the sheet anchor of treat-Whether the disease is infectious or not remains an undecided question. Like typhoid fever, what gives it to one (in the case of typhoid) gives it to all—that is contaminated water. But it is said that the secretions of the nose containing the germs may carry infection from the sick to the healthy. Be that as it may, it is evident we have to face to-day a new problem in health science. It is a question which involves the solution of a difficult problem.

## To Open the Panama Canal in Four Years

Fifteen years is the time limit ordinarily fixed for the cutting of the Panama Canal under American auspices. The London Spectator, it is true, recently said that President Roosevelt would probably cause a time reduction to ten years, owing to the thoroughness with which he is organizing the work. Now that noted expert in all that relates to the enterprise on the isthmus, Philippe Bunau-Varilla, has drawn up an elaborate proposal for an acceleration of this, "the greatest engineering feat attempted in human history" to such an extent that it can be opened in four years. The proposal is submitted to President Roosevelt and printed in full in the New York Sun. Mr. Bunau-Varilla believes the following results will ensue. The canal

1. Can be opened without strain or risk in four years;

2. With a power of transit of 50,000,000 tons, or, in other words, with the capacity to carry a trade five times greater than the one which has been reached after thirty years operation by the Suez Canal;

3. With a faculty to carry the largest ships likely to be built within fifty years;

4. Can be, whenever necessary, transformed gradually into a sea level passage;

5. Without losing the use of the excavations made for the canal under its first form;

6. Without any contact between the works then executed and the double track navigation channel of 150 feet width at the bottom actually contemplated, and therefore without interfering in the least with navigation;

7. Without any use for the transportation by water of the excavated ground of the locks con-

secrated to international, navigation;

8. Without any loss of water of the summit level on account of the transportation of the ex-

cavated ground;

9. Without spending more than five years for the transformation of the lock canal at 130 feet elevation into a sea level canal, if the bottom width of 150 feet is preserved, or more than seven years if the bottom width of the sea level canal is brought to 300 feet;

ro. Without incurring a greater cost of excavation per unit than would result from the immediate excavation of the sea level canal

as actually proposed;

11. Without harm to international navigation if softer strata are found in the low part of the great cut, compelling supplementary excavation or special works.

The key to the accomplishments of these results is in a plan that reduced the amount of excavation necessary at the point of greatest difficulty—the Culebra cut—by raising the highest level of the canal to 130 feet

above the sea. The Culebra cut, as already made, brings the level at the highest point down now from 300 feet to 130 feet above sea-level, and four years is ample time to lower it twenty feet more. This level (130 feet above sea-level) can be reached by bats from the 60-foot level of the present plan by means of one flight of two locks at Obispo and another flight of two locks at Saraiso, each lock in each flight having a lift Mr. Bunau-Varilla's solution for of 35 feet. the future reduction from this 130 foot level a sea-level canal, without disturbance of traffic (a solution which he claims has been endorsed by the scientific advisers of the old Panama Canal Company, by Brig.-General S. C. Haynes, and by the engineering committee of the Panama Canal Commission) is as follows:

It simply consists in giving to the gate above the lock exactly the same height as the gate bekew and the same level of foundation. Of course the ground forming the bottom of the summit levc will have to be excavated down to the level of the bottom of the adjoining navigable level, on a distance of 400 or 500 feet above the gate of the lock. It cannot be any more limited by the wall which in ordinary locks supports the gate above and at the same time serves as a retention wall for the ground above.

The locks being so disposed, if we dredge five feet into the bottom of the summit level we shall not touch during such dredging any vital part of the canal; the locks will remain exactly as they are. When the dredging is finished, as we have five feet too much depth of water in the summit level, nothing prevents us from letting the level

hve feet too much depth of water in the summit level, nothing prevents us from letting the level of the water drop five feet. This will not in the least interfere with the operation of locks. When this is done the ships will still find the thirty-five feet depth of water they require, and nothing will have been changed, except that the canal will have then its summit five feet less above the level of the sea than before.

After nine successive operations of the same order the level of the summit will be lowered 45 feet and the gates of the locks, being from now on useless, can be removed. The abandoned locks will simply be then a mass of artificial rock in the new summit level.

The summit level being removed and confounded with the two lateral ones, the new summit level can be removed in the same way until the level of the sea is reached.

#### The Parasite that Becomes a Pearl

Familiar as may be the fact that pearls iormed around intrusive foreign bodies whin the shell of the oyster, the notion that such intrusive bodies are apt to be inorganic particles, such as grains of sand, must, asserts The Ouarterly Review (London), be given up. Recent investigation has shown that the "micleus" which must be present if a pearl is to be formed is the larva of some "highly organized parasite" having a complicated and as vet inaccurately known life history. The parasite would seem to form a pit in the cuter surface of the mantle or fleshy flap that is the shell of the oyster, and this mantle, to order to protect itself, secretes a pearly cat around the parasite. "Microscopic exarmation of thin sections made through decalcified pearls showed that they are almost in all cases deposited around a minute larva which seems almost certainly to be the larva of a cestode or tape worm." These larvæ epparently make their way into the oyster and the irritation they set up induces the formation of the pearl. To quote:

Where do these larvæ come from? Unfortunately we cannot say. Older specimens of tapewoms belonging to the new species, *Tetraryuckus unionifactor*, also live in the oyster; and it may be that were a larva to escape entomb-

ment in a pearl, it would grow up into one of these. But even these never become mature in the oyster; to attain sexual maturity they must be swallowed by a second host. What is the second host of the pearl-forming cestode? This question also we cannot answer; and, until we can, we are not in a position to control the output of pearls. Possibly the parent of this larva lives in the file-fish (Balistes), which preys on oysters and is usually regarded as an enemy to the pearl fishery. Balistes, however, may be a friend in disguise. Possibly the organism has to pass through as many as three hosts, and may only become sexually mature when it reaches the interior of one of the large fish-eating rays or sharks. All this we want to know.

The discovery by Professor Herdman and Mr. Hornell of the cestode larva as a real cause of pearl-formation received an interesting confirmation shortly after they had made it. Mons. G. Seurat, working independently at Rikitea on the island of Mangareva in the Gambier group, discovered a very similar larva in the local pearloyster around which pearls are formed; this larva, if we may judge from pictures, is almost certainly the same as the one from Ceylon.

A French zoologist, M. Boutan, has started for the East to work at the problem, and Mr. C. Crossland, who has had much experience in marine work in the tropics, has recently been appointed, at the request of the Soudan Government, to investigate the pearl-oyster beds of the Red Sea.

### Music and the Drama

### Autobiography of Theodore Thomas

One inflexible purpose dominated the life of Theodore Thomas. It was "to make good music popular." His courage and determination in the accomplishment of this purpose are best illustrated by words uttered during the early days of his career and quoted in his newly published "Autobiography"\*:

I was hungry last night, but no fox gnawing at my side, as in the Spartan story, can make me abandon the course of life I have laid out for myself. I have gone without food longer than I should, I have walked when I could not afford to ride, I have even played when my hands were cold, but I shall succeed, for I shall never give up my belief that at last the people will come to me, and my concerts will be crowded. I have undying faith in the latent musical appreciation of the American public.

\*Theodore Thomas. A Musical Autobiography. Edited by George P. Upton. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 2 vols., \$6.



THEODORE THOMAS IN 1808

How abundantly this faith was justified appears from these two volumes. The first contains Mr. Thomas's brief autobiographical record, and the "Reminiscence and Appreciation" of George P. Upton, the Chicago musical critic who for nearly forty years was his intimate friend. The second is devoted to the concert programs arranged by Mr. Thomas from 1855 until the year of his death, and is treated as "a compendium of the musical history of the United States, and an index of popular musical progress during the last half century." Theodore Thomas, we are reminded, did "the kind of work for music in this country that the first settler does who ploughs his furrows in the primeval wilderness." There is hardly a city or town in the United States that he did not visit with his orchestra. Almost all the classical music now heard in this country was first played here by Theodore Thomas. In 1866, the year in which he assumed the conductorship of the Brooklyn Philharmonic, orchestral music of a high grade was practically unknown in America. At the present time, New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Washington and Minneapolis all support great symphony orchestras, founded for the most part, on the Thomas model, and owing their existence to his inspiration.

Theodore Thomas was born in Esens. East Friesland, of German parents, and came to New York, as a boy ten years old, in 1845. It took six weeks to cross the ocean in those days. The metropolis, according to his description, "was then a provincial town of two-story houses," and "the pigs ran through Broadway and ate the refuse." He says that he cannot remember when he began to play the violin, but that his father played, and he was soon able to play as well as his father. Young Theodore had to help support the family, and that meant playing at theaters and dancing-schools. In 1848 he played second horn to his father's first in a navv band stationed at Portsmouth, Va., Then he made a Southern tour on his own account:

I do not remember taking anything with me but my fiddle, my little box of clothing, and some posters which I had had printed announcing a concert by "Master T. T." I kept a supply of these posters in my trunk, and when I had no money I first obtained permission to use the dining hall of a hotel for a concert, and then I went around on the day before the concert took place and put up my posters with tacks. When the time for the concert arrived I would stand at the door of the hall and take the money, until I concluded that my audience was about gathered, after which I would go to the front of the hall unpack my violin, and begin the concert."

That his early life was full of hardship goes without saying. But when he had to play for dancing the whole night through, he regarded it as "a mode of practice"; and if he was occasionally compelled to earn a little money by fiddling in hotel bar-rooms, he consoled himself with the thought that at least he was spared the humiliation to which some of his friends were subjected—that of beating a big drum all day in street parades. One of his first regular engagements was with Louis A. Jullien, who conducted a large orchestra in New York in 1853. Jullien, however, is characterized as "the musical charlatan of all ages," and Mr. Thomas leaves the impression that the real foundations of his future career were laid during the years of his apprenticeship under Karl Eckert, a pupil of Mendelssohn. The young violinist was advanced to the place of Concertmeister in Eckert's orchestra, and administrative entrusted with Later, he became an important factor in the organization of the New York Philharmonic Society, and assisted at the first American performances of "grand opera." In 1866 were inaugurated the famous "Summer Night Concerts" in Terrace Garden, the orchestra playing in an enclosure, while the audience was seated under the trees. Says Mr. Thomas:

When it rained there was a scramble for a hall in the adjacent building. We also had many little extravaganzas, which provoked much amusement. On one occasion, for instance, while playing the "Linnet Polka," I requested the piccolo players to climb up into the trees before the piece began. When they commenced playing from their exalted position in the branches, it made a sensation. I remember another funny incident which happened about this time. In the 'Carnival of Venice' the tuba player had been sent, not up the trees, but back of the audience into the shrubbery. When he began to play the police mistook him for a practical joker who was disturbing the music, and tried to arrest him! I shall never forget the comical scene, as the poor man fled toward the stage, pursued by the irate policeman, and trying to get in a note here and there, as he ran.

During the season of 1868-69 Theodore

Thomas began to travel with his orchestravisiting Boston for the first time and several of the Western cities. P. T. Barnum, the circus manager, was so much impressed by the growing popularity of the concerts that he called upon Mr. Thomas one day in the hope of engaging him as a "star" attraction.



THEODORE THOMAS AT THE AGE OF 22

According to the record, the interview was pleasant but brief To quote:

After he had gone, and I had recovered from my astonishment, can anybody blame me for feeling properly elated that the greatest manager of the greatest menagerie on earth considered me worthy of his imperial guidance, and was willing to place me advantageously before the public beside the fat woman and the elephants! This was a high tribute—but what had I done to deserve it?

These comic interludes only serve to accentuate the serious background of Mr. Thomas's life and work. In the face of obstacles and disappointments that would have crushed a weaker man, he labored patiently on. His ambitious concerts arranged for the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition ended in "dismal failure." "It proved then—as it has since—that people go to a World's Fair to see and not to hear, to be amused, not to be educated," is his laconic comment. Conditions in New York were also discouraging,

and it seemed impossible to get a hall suitable for symphony concerts. The great success of the Cincinnati Musical Festivals in 1873 and 1875, and the founding of a College of Music in Cincinnati, led Mr. Thomas to take up his residence in that city for two years, but in 1880 he returned to New York. It was not until ten years later that Chicago offered him the long-awaited opportunity to organize a permanent orchestra. For awhile the fate of the experiment hung in the balance, but Mr. Thomas's efforts were finally crowned with complete success, and a fund of \$750,000 was subscribed by the people of Chicago toward the endowment of the orchestra and the building of the new concert-hall on the lake front. "I know of no similar instance," says Mr. Thomas, "in which so large a sum has been given absolutely without conditions by the general public of a city for an institution dedicated to the highest form of musical art." He adds, in concluding:

"When I left New York in 1890, it was prophesied that my sojourn in the West could not be longer than it had been when I went to Cincinnati in 1878. But we are now in the fourteenth season of the Chicago Orchestra. Its permanency is secure, its home is built, and the object for which I have worked all my life is accomplished. The old saying, 'Better late than never,' comes to mind as I see in my seventieth year the realization of the dreams of my youth.

In an introductory essay appearing in the second volume of the "Autobiography" Mr. Thomas deals with some practical concert problems. He expresses himself emphatically regarding the inconsiderateness of habitual late-comers. He disapproves of

encores, on the ground that "the effect of a repetition is never so good as that of the first performance," and that "in the case of master works it creates an anti-climax." Writing of his method in selecting concert pieces, he says that "Beethoven and Wagner became the pillars, so to speak, of my programmes." Beethoven "is the nearest to us in spirit," and "expresses more than any other composer"; while Wagner "made a great impression on the world by his combination of intellect and passion, or sensuousness." In another place he pays this tribute to Beethoven:

Take Beethoven's music, it is something more than mere pleasure; it is education, thought, emotion, love and hope. I do not doubt that when my orchestra plays one of his symphonies, every soul in the audience is stirred in a different way and by a different suggestion. I care not from what station in life come the thousands who sit back of me. Beethoven will touch each according to his needs, and the very same cadence that may waft the thoughts of one to drowsy delight croblivion may stir the heart of another to higher aspirations—may give another hope in his despair, may bring to yet another a message of love.

The traits which brought Theodore Thomas ultimate success he has himself defined as "perseverance, hard work and stern discipline." His greatest joy was "to render perfect music perfectly." His greatest solace he found in "the power of good music! Who among us can tell or measure it? Who shall say how many hearts it has soothed, how many tired brains it has rested, how many sorrows it has taken away? It is like the power of conscience—mighty, immeasurable."

#### The Note of Revolt in the Modern Drama

The title of Mr. Huneker's new book\* suggests a characterization of the modern dramatist that has only to be stated to seem entirely appropriate. Sudermann, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, Bernard Shaw—playwrights treated in this work and in a companion volume† written by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., differ in many things, but may all be classified as "iconoclasts." Above all, Ibsen, to whom Mr. Huneker devotes more than a quarter of his book, is an idol-breaker

and a prophet of revolt. As the New York critic sums him up:

A Romantic originally, Ibsen pays the tax to Beauty by his vivid symbolism and his rare, formal perfections. And a Romantic is always a revolutionist. Embittered in youth—proud self-contained, reticent—he waged war with lite for over a half-century; fought for his artistic ideals as did Richard Wagner; and, like Wagner, he has swept the younger generation along with him. He, the greatest moralist of his century, Tolstoy not excepted, was reviled for what he had not excepted, was reviled for what he had not said or done—so difficult was it to apprehend his new, elusive method. A polemist he is, as were Byron and Shelley, Tolstoy and Dickens, Turgenev and Dostolevsky."

<sup>\*</sup>ICONOCLASTS, A BOOK OF DRAMATISTS. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

<sup>†</sup>DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY. By Edward Everett Hale, Jr. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

It must not be forgotten, continues Mr. Huneker, that Ibsen "passed through the faming revolutionary epoch of 1848, when the lyric pessimism of his youthful poems was transformed into bitter denunciations of authority." He "was regarded as a dangerous man; and while he may not have indulged in any marked act of rebellion, his tendencies were anarchic-a relic of his devotion to the French Revolution." This trend Mr. Huneker through all his plays. In "Brand" Ibsen girds against the weaklings, the men of halfhearted measures, the conventional cowards of civilization. In "Peer Gynt" he makes a tero of such a one, a lying, boastful felicw. "Pillars of Society" is a biting satire on the ruling commercial classes. "A Doll's House" indicts the marriage institution; and "Hedda Gabler" pictures an unhappily married woman "driven in upon herself and passing from one mood of exasperation to mother" until she finally becomes ship-wrecked. "Ghosts" is a dramatic setting of the biblical wisdom that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and ins to show the unreasonableness of a blind evotion to family ties. "An Enemy of the Feople" is built on the idea that the reformer -the true pioneer—is always abused and ploned as a dangerous foe to society. When We Dead Awake," Ibsen's latest Fav, is the delineation of an artist who timed his back on the great love of his youth and made a conventional marriage. He "awoke," at the end of his life, to a realizason of the fact that he had missed the one thing in life worth living for—love. On such motifs as these, Mr. Huneker com-

Like the John Henry Newman of "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," Ibsen's chief concern is with the seel. His scorn and cruelty are but a disquised kindness; if he lays bare our rickety social systems, our buckram politics, exposes the factor of our ideals, the flabbiness of our culture, the cowardice of our ethics, the sleek optimism of public counsellors, and the dry rot of loveless arriage, it is to blazon our moral maladies that we may seek their cure.

Like John Knox with Mary Stuart, he rudely as at the door of our hearts, bidding us awaken and open them. He is a voice crying in the indexness of shams—shams social, the shams of seniment, of money-getting.

Ibsen, then, has given us the sense of an eternal conflict between realities and ideals, and has portrayed the strong will caught in the web of conventionalism. Sudermann's

masterpiece, "Magda," may be said to have the same message. In this play, as Mr. Huneker points out, we see "Ibsen's mighty shadow in the revolt of the new against the old; daughter and father posed antagonistically with the figure of the pastor as a mediating principle." By Professor Hale "Magda" is interpreted as follows:

The play presents to us, as "Die Ehre" does, the contrast between the provincial life and the big world. It shows us, as "Sodom's Ende" does, the conflict between the quiet virtues of home and the brilliant temptations of art. It shows us, as "Es lebe das Leben" does the differ-



JAMES HUNEKER
Author of "Iconoclasts'

ence between fulfilling one's own personality and following the normal and narrow ideas of duty. Nor is that all; it does show us paternal authority, but that is only the German form taken by the constant difference between the older generation and the newer. It does show us the new woman, but that is only a current form of the difference between new ideas and conservatism or conventionalism, as you may choose to call it. In one situation as a focus are all these lines of life.

Hauptmann, finding his range of subjects in a somewhat different world, is also deeply influenced by the clash of interests and ideals in modern life. "The majority of Hauptmann's plays," says Mr. Huneker, "record the struggle of mankind to widen its spiritual horizon," and Professor Hale represents the German playwright as "intensely moved by great wrongs and great struggles for redress." The "Weavers," as is well known, is a labor drama, and is described by Mr. Hureker as a "symphony in five movements, with one grim, leading motive-hunger." Of "The Sunken Bell" he

"The Sunken Bell" is a compound of antagonistic elements. The unities seem askew, yet the result is artistic and illusory. . . . It is all a masque—a profound masque of the spirit in labor. Viewed as a symbol, we see Heinrich, the bell-founder, the type of the struggling, the aspiring artist, who, cast down

by defeat, is led to more remote and loftier heights by a new ideal, there to live the life of the Uebermensch, the Superman of Nietzsche.

Maeterlinck less logically falls into the category of "iconoclast"; yet the close student of his writings will not need to be told that under the veil of a poetic idealism lurks a revolutionary purpose. Professor Hale defines his underlying aim as that of endeavoring to "attune the modern mind to an



EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR.
Author of "Dramatists of To-Day"

appreciation of the mystical, to get it to be direct and to disregard circumstance." Mr. Huneker says:

Maurice Maeterlinck employs the symbol instead of the sword; the psyche is his panache. His puppets are all poetic —the same poetry as of old informs their gestures and their speech He so fashions them of such fragile, pure stuff that a phrase maladministered acts as the thrust of a The Idea of dagger. Death slays; the blind see: bodies die, but the soul persists; voices of expiring lovers float through vast and shadowy corridors-as in Alladine and Palomideschildren speak as if their lips had been touched by the burning coal of prophecy; their souls are laid bare with a cruel pity; love is strangled by a hair; we see Death stalk in the interior of a quiet home, or rather feel than

see; or in our ears is whispered a terrible and sweet tale of the Death of Tintagiles—it is all moonlight music, mystery with a nightmare finale, or a tender, original soul is crushed by the sheer impact of a great love hovering near it—Aglavaine and Sélysette. Then we get fantasy and miracle play, librettos, full of charm, wonder and delicious irony. Maeterlinck recalls life, beckons to life, and in "Monna Vanna" smashes the stained-glass splendors hemming him in from the world; and behold—we are given drama, see the shock of character, and feel the mailed hand of a warrior-dramatist."

### The Visit of the Russian Players

Paul Orleneff, of St. Petersburg, who came to this country recently with Madame Alla Nasimoff, and a company of Russian players, is counted an actor of genius. "The Russian audience," he has said, "demands from the actor that he shall not play on the stage, but that he shall live the part," and his own work admirably embodies this idea. Orleneff left his native country last September because he was unable to produce there the plays that appealed to him. He determined to present them in Germany, France, Eng-

land and America, and "to show the condition of our people to the people of the world." According to an article in the New York Times, written by Florence Brooks, the play, "The Chosen People," which Orleneff first produced here, was written by Eugen Tchirikoff as an answer to "The Contrabandista," which is being performed in St. Petersburg and is intensely inimical to the Jews. Tchirikoff, partly on this account, was thrown into prison at the same time as Maxim Gorky, and has not been released.

Orleneff, though not a Jew, is a champion of the Russian Jews, and determined to give the play elsewhere, since it was proscribed at home. He says: "I was advised by Gorky, when he saw it, to carry it all over the world. It is the duty of each man to do what he can for his fellow-beings." "He had no friend in London," declares Miss Brooks, "when he arrived with his company of fourteen. He had no friend in New York when he arrived with proofs of the London plaudits."

A matinée performance of "The Chosen People," given in New York soon after the arrival of the company, created a sensation. "The acting was of so high an order," says The Sun. "that even those who could not inderstand Russian were carried away by it." The Times declares that the ordinary superlatives of appreciation will do "scant justice to the remarkably naturalistic acting if the chief protagonists in Eugen Tchirikoffs play" and continues:

The Chosen People" deals with the present condition of the Jews in Russia, living in one of the towns of the so-called Pale of Settlement, and the sense of pity is heightened because its characers, unlike those revealed in the depressingly andid work of Gorky, recently acted here, are not beings from whom all semblance of humanity has c-parted. There are moments of fleeting happisin its scenes, but the spectre of unrest and pending doom stalks throughout, and the trazic end conveys with graphic horror a picture of such a massacre as has made the name of Kishmed a symbol of blind, unreasoning prejudice and reientless, bloody cruelty. It was not surprising, therefore, that men as well as women were moved to tears yesterday afternoon, for, though they sat at the mimic representation of a horror, there the constant sense that what they were wit-Lessing had been enacted over and over again in grim and cruel truth.

Mr. Abraham Cahan, a prominent intellectual figure on the "East Side" of New York, contributes a detailed study of the play to the Jewish Forward, from which we quote:

Mr. Orleneff plays the role of the impassioned jerish Zionist, Nachman, so that you feel his inspiration. You feel that he is an inspired man, a man of soul. You feel it when he plays, and you feet it afterward, when you are away from the theatre, and it seems that the longer you are away the greater is your desire to see Nachman again. As I write these lines I see this Nachman as if before my eyes, and my heart is drawn to the play again. I long to see again this nervous, suffering young Jew, to hear again his voice, his distressed, impassioned language.

This impression cannot be expressed in words.

This impression cannot be expressed in words. It lies in the heart; it is far more profound, far pobler than human language. Is it possible to express by spoken or written word both the sweetness and sorrow of love? Well, no more is

it possible to give expression to this feeling. You have before you an inspired Jewish young 'man, whose heart is torn with the tragedy of his people—his people whom he loves with a fiery passion and with the flame of the burning Jewish heart; and this young man penetrates your heart, touches you to tears, stirs you with a love that continues to reecho for days thereafter, and draws you like a magnet to see again the object of your longing. How can such a feeling be translated into language?

This is the most Jewish of all the Jewish rôles in the drama, and yet the rôle is played by a Gentile, a Russian, in whose veins there flows not one drop of Jewish blood.

The acting of the whole company is remarkably well done, producing a most harmonious and well balanced ensemble.

The repertoire of the company includes, in addition to "The Chosen People," Count Alexis Tolstoy's "Son of Ivan the Terrible," Dossoyevsky's "Karamasoff Brothers," a dramatization of the same author's "Crime and Punishment," and Ibsen's "Ghosts." Performances have been given in several of the New York theaters and in neighboring cities.



MR. ORLENEFF AND MME. NASIMOFF IN "THE SON OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE"

"Is there anyone in the world more beautiful than you, Irina?"

### Science, Faith and Love in a Modern Play

Serious and intellectual plays are by no means rare in France, but this vear the French stage has been given over to airy, frivolous and light comedies devoid of "purpose" and underlying "problems." The more remarkable, on this account, is considered to be Henri Lavedan's "Le Duel." just produced by the Théâtre Français, a play of ideas and a sermon on the struggle between spiritual and "worldly" forces. Lavedan is an academician distinguished for literary grace, humor and subtle treatment of human weaknesses and foibles. His latest work is an artistic surprise, therefore, and reveals talent in an unsuspected direction. The "duel" described is a contest between athletic science and simple, earnest, enthusiastic faith, respectively represented by a physician and his brother; a saintly priest, who prefers obscurity among the poor to power and influence in a higher social environment. While, however, the play is full of eloquent oratorical passages, its interest to the spectators is human and dramatic rather than didactic, according to the critics of the Parisian press.

Les Annales Politiqueset Litteraires, in a

highly laudatory review, gives the story of "Le Duel" at length:

Dr. Morey is a noted scientific physician, a specialist in mental and nervous diseases. His brother, from whom he has long been estranged, is a parish priest known as the Abbé Daniel. One of the doctor's patients, in his private hospital, is the Duke de Chailles, a victim of the morphine habit, who has fits of violent insanity alternating with states of absolute stupor and apathy. The doctor's efforts to cure him are as heroic as they are vain; he is a doomed man, but it is the duty of science to exhaust all its resources in his case.

The duke is married to a beautiful, high-minded and chaste woman, but one who has never known the joys of love or of spiritual comfort and consolation. Her girlhood had been

passed in a cheerless, gloomy atmosphere; she had had no companionship and no affection. Her marriage to the duke was one of "convenience" and respect. Disillusionment and disgust followed her speedy realization of his hopeless moral and physical condition. She never had had religious faith and her life is full of bitterness and desolation, but she believes in honor and loyalty, in human dignity and nobility of thought and

Dr. Morey has, gradually and almost unconsciously, fallen in love with her; but when he avows his passion, the duchess reproves his action and sentiment; she is a faithful, if unhappy, wife, and will tolerate no proposals even savoring of immorality. The physician, an atheist and freelover, cannot share her scruples, and a debate ensues in which the doctor expounds his materi-

alistic philosophy.

Among the doctor's patients is a missionary bishop, Monseigneur de Bolène, who has shattered his health and nervous system in self-sacrificing religious service in darkest China. The bishop is a true disciple of his Master—a gentle apostle of all-embracing charity, tolerance, and humanity. It so happens that the Abbé Daniel, the doctor's brother, is an old pupil of the bishop, and as the former calls at the private hospital, the estranged brothers are thrown together again, the humble priest cherishing the hope of a reconcili-

We learn in the course of a conversation which inevitably assumes the form of an intellectual

duel on the question of science vs. faith, and in which the priest argues for the welfare of the soul as against the promptings of love, that he hopes to save from an apparently imminent lapse a beautiful and high-born woman who, as she has told him in the confessional, is wrestling with a guilty passion. This guilty passion. This woman is not one of his regular parishioners, and he does not know her identity. We easily divine that it is the duchess, who, after all, reciprocates the doctor's feeling and fears that she will be unable to resist much longer.

The duchess continues to visit the priest in the hope of conversion to the faith that will give her strength and comfort, and the doctor, now jealous and aroused, follows her and misinterprets the relation between her and the priest. He suspects that the latter, in endeavoring to



HENRI LAVEDAN Whose new play deals with the deeper phase of the Church and State question in France.

save the duches's, is actuated by a personal and earthly" emotion quite as much as by zeal for religion and moral duty. Another "duel" occurs and the priest is bluntly accused of having himself fallen in love with the duchess. He is horrified at first and shows his atheistic brother the door, but, has a little more self-examination reveals to him the awful fact that there is a grain of truth in the "blasphermous" charge. The humble priest is overwhelmed. He ponders upon the sin he has committed in his heart, becomes morbid and concludes that it is his duty either to renounce the enasthood or else retire and lead the life of a monk.

Meantime the duke meets with a fatal accident and dies. The duchess, knowing nothing of this, firstly decides to become a nun, and the long duel about to end in the utter defeat of the "scientic" physician. But the benevolent, wise and fir-sighted missionary-bishop does not want empty victories for religion. He persuades the meet to accompany him to the Far East, to a

leper settlement, where work, active helpfulness, not fruitless brooding, is required, and the duchess to seek happiness in the sacred duties and joys of wifehood and maternity. She loves the doctor; she must consent to marry him after a proper interval. Faith is not incompatible with personal happiness and human ties and affection. The duel is over and the triumph rests with the good, kindly bishop, the reconciler and harmonizer. We feel that in argument the doctor is defeated, yet no sacrifice, no violence to nature, is involved in the outcome. The duchess will be religious but her conversion will have nothing hysterical, abnormal about it.

This "serious" play, highly praised by the critics, has also pleased the audiences. The Church and State question has for years been agitating Paris and France as a whole, and "Le Duel" in its own way deals with the deeper phase of this great controversy.

### Review of the Dramatic Season

Of all the plays produced on the New York stage during the past winter, four may > said to stand out in special significance— The College Widow," "The Music Master," "Leah Kleschna" and "You Never Can Tell." The first and third have brought luster to new playwrights; the second has made the reputation of an actor; and the buth betokens the unabated vigor and popularity of the Bernard Shaw cult. those who lay stress on the importance of developing the native drama, "The College Widow" and "The Music Master" make a Mr. Walter Pritchard iorcible appeal. Eaton, a writer in Leslie's Monthly (June), savs:

The American public has reached the point where it is, unconsciously, no doubt, aware of its win individuality, its own racial rights, and hangers for vital representation of American life and manners, for something native. It longs to seel confidence in its own authors and actors. Therefore the production of a fresh and vital play about American life, or the development of a tative player into an actor of authority and charm is what is significant. George Ade has written "The College Widow," and Mr. Belasco has developed David Warfield—or given him the chance to develop, which is almost as creditable and quite as rare—and so the season has not been barren.

Mr. John Corbin, dramatic critic of the New York Sun, finds "the most hopeful feature of the season" in the production of "You Never Can Tell" and "Leah Kleschna." He writes:

Neither play, it is true, can properly be called American. But both belong to us by the right of

discovery, having found favor here after persistent neglect abroad. That the Shaw boom is in a measure the result of a fad is beyond question. There is much less in the philosophy of the perverse and provocative Irishman than the victims of Shawitis dream of. Yet there is vastly more in him than the stolid Briton has imagined. Extreme as our devotion to Shaw has been, it is founded on a native and instinctive delight in what is racily and intelligently amusing.

what is racily and intelligently amusing.

"Leah Kleschna," too, has been overrated by its votaries.

Instead of being the result of independent thought and observation, it was, as Mr. McLellan has admitted, inspired by Tolstoy's "Resurrection," and intended for Miss Lena Ashwell, who played Maslova in London.

Mr. Corbin admits, nevertheless, that "Leah Kleschna" deserves "a place on all but the highest level of things dramatic."

A chronicle of the serious dramatic events of the season must necessarily include mention of Richard Mansfield's impersonation of Molière's "Misanthrope"—"the most interesting experiment made on our stage during the past year," in the opinion of the New York Bookman; the Marlowe-Sothern revivals of Shakespeare; Madame Réjane's appearance in her repertoire of French plays; William H. Crane's importation of Mirbeau's "Les Affaires sont les Affaires"; Miss Ellis Jeffreys's revival of "London Assurance"; Maurice Campbell's production of Ibsen's "When We Dead Awake"; Ethel Barrymore's appearance in Ibsen's "Doll's House:" Nance O'Neil's presentation of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Judith of Bethulia"; Mrs. Patrick Campbell's adaptation of Sardou's

"Sorceress"; Margaret Wycherley's presentation of Mr. Yeats's Irish plays; and Mrs. Le Moyne's production of Browning's "Blot in the 'Scutcheon." The output of plays from England, as Mr. Corbin points out, has been disappointing. He says (in The Sun): "The one undoubted success from England was Capt. Marshall's slender and fantastic comedy, 'The Duke of Killikrankie,' in which John Drew, after a negligent first performance, found scope for his ripe and charming art, and was aided by a company of very unusual excellence."

The record of the American playwrights, according to Mr. Corbin's reckoning, has been decidedly better. In addition to Mr. Ade's "College Widow" and Mr. Klein's "Music Master," already mentioned, we have had "Adrea," written by David Belasco and John Luther Long and designed to lift Mrs. Leslie Carter out of the field of emotional melodrama into that of pure tragedy. Augustus Thomas's "Education of Mr. Pipp" enjoyed some 'popularity, and his "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" was one of the successes of the season. Of the work of other playwrights Mr. Corbin says:

Clyde Fitch, as usual, takes the lead in the matter of quantity and, in spite of one bad failure, holds his own on the score of quality. In "The Coronet of a Duchess" he dealt with a bigger theme than he has often attempted. "Cousin Billy" was a clever adaptation of Labiche's masterpiece, "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon," which served its purpose of transferring Francis Wilson to the unmusical stage, giving him an opportunity, in fact, to develop marked ability as a comedian. In "The Woman in the Case" plot predominated over character, with the result that the whole was less legitimately interesting than Mr. Fitch's best; but the great scene of the third act has seldom been surpassed in thrilling and sustained excitement.

A number of new playwrights have made themselves known, who in quantity certainly, and to some extent in quality, make a favorable comparison with the lack of fresh blood in England. Mr. De Mille's "Strongheart," Mr. Armstrong's "The Heir to the Hoorah," and Mr. Steell's "The Firm of Cunningham" are creditable journeyman work, if nothing more. Frank Keenan's experiment at the Berkeley Lyceum is memorable for two striking one-act pieces, "At the Threshold," by Jackson Haag, and "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," a dramatization of Poe by Arthur Hornblow. Mrs. Fiske's three one-act plays were very interesting, and quite worthy of her talents.

The New York *Dramatic Mirror* presents the following table, showing the plays and musical comedies that ran for fifty performances, and over. in New York theaters:

PLAYS AND THEATERS.	PERFORMANCES.
The Music Master (Belasco), 112 times, (Bij	ou) 134 times.
Total	246
Adrea (Belasco)	116
Adrea (Belasco) Love's Lottery (Broadway) Lady Teazle (Casino) Business is Business (Criterion)	50
Business is Business (Criterion)	57
Cousin Billy (Criterion) The School Girl (Daly's), 54 times, (Heral	76
The School Girl (Daly's), 54 times, (Heral	d Square) 66
times. Total.  The Duchess of Dantzic (Daly's)  The Duke of Killikrankie (Empire)	I20
The Duke of Killikrankie (Empire)	
Joseph Entangled (Garrick). You Never Can Tell (Garrick). The Woman in the Case (Herald Square)	65
You Never Can Tell (Garrick)	129
Letty (Hudson)	
Sunday (Hudson)	
Strongheart (Hudson)	66
Strongheart (Hudson)	154
Little Johnny Jones (Liberty) The Education of Mr. Pipp (Liberty)	52
The Education of Mr. Pipp (Liberty)	78
Fantana (Lyric) Mrs. Temple's Telegram (Madison Square	)
Paris by Night (Madison Square Roof-Ga	rden) 50
The Isle of Spice (Majestic)	80
Buster Brown (Majestic)	05
Leah Kleschna (Manhattan)	131
Humpty Dumpty (New Amsterdam) The Old Homestead (New York)	132
Woodland (New York), 41 times, (Herald	Square) 42
times. Total	83
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (Savoy	) 150
Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots (Savoy), 21 times, (	Lyceum), 100
times. Total.  The Sho-Gun (Wallack's). Higgledy Piggledy (Weber Music Hall). The College Widower (Weber Music Hall) The Darling of the Gods (Academy of M	125
Higgledy Piggledy (Weber Music Hall)	185
The College Widower (Weber Music Hall)	) 93
The Darling of the Gods (Academy of M	usic) 72
The Little Minister (Empire) Becky Sharp (Manhattan)	73
RECAPITULATION.	
New plays at producing theatres	167
New plays at combination houses	57
Total new plays	
Revivals	80
A COMPARISON.	•
Season. New plays.	Revivals.
1004-05	89
1903-04	37
1902-03175	29
Two of the most remarkable dre	matic move-

Two of the most remarkable dramatic movements of the winter have been in the direction of the "democratization" of the play. The one, planned by Prof. Charles Sprague Smith, of the People's Institute, aims to bring Shakespeare and the classic drama to the masses, and also to enable poor children to attend the theater at a nominal cost. The other, organized by Julius Hopp, under the name, "The Progressive Stage Society," is devoted to the ideal of a People's Theater in which radical and social dramas could be presented. Under its auspices Bjornson's "Beyond Human Power" (second part) was given for the first time in America and plays by Ibsen and Schnitzler have been performed.

No résumé of the season's doings would be complete without a reference to the Modjeska testimonial and benefit performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, in which the veteran Polish actress took part. The obituary list of the year includes the names of two famous actresses—Mrs. Gilbert and Mme. Janauschek—and of the dean of the American stage—Joseph Jefferson.

### The "Women Wooers" of Bernard Shaw's Plays

"A woman seeking a husband," says Don luan, in Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman," "is the most unscrupulous of all the beasts of prey"; and Mr. Shaw tells us in the preface to the same play: "The men, to protect themselves against a too aggressive prosecution of the women's business, have set up a feeble romantic convention that the initiative in the sex business must always come from the man, . . . but the pretence is so shallow that even in the theater. that last sanctuary of unreality, it imposes only on the inexperienced." "And so," he explains further, in dedicating the play to Mr. A. B. Walkley, "your Don Juan has come to birth as a stage projection of the tragi-comic love-chase of the man by the woman; and my Don Juan is the quarry instead of the huntsman."

These remarks are quoted by a writer in The Edinburgh Review (April-June) as illuminating the point of view from which Bernard Shaw treats "that attraction between the sexes which may be regarded as the tortoise on which the cosmic elephant of the drama stands." There are precedents for such a treatment, as the writer admits:

Even Shakespeare, who cannot be accused of inspectiveness to woman's most feminine attraction, has left us quite a gallery of women who were wooers. Has not Juliet been called by a German critic "the Moltke of love," from the fashion in which she storms one after another of Remeo's positions? Did not Helena, "out of breath in this fond chase," follow Demetrius, despute his protest "I love thee not, therefore pursue to not?" Was there any pretext for Miranda's protest. "I would not wish any companion in the world but you. I am your wife if you will marry to?" Portia gives very unjudicial assistance to desano's suit. Olivia vows to Viola that nothing "can my passion hide." Rosalind assures thando that by wrestling "you have overthrown note than your enemies." Even poor Desdemona is not too bashful to offer Othello a "hint." and had not the song of which Autolycus desared that "there's scarce a maid westward but see sings it" the compromising title of "Two wids wooing a man"?

But "where Shakespeare produced a sense of variety by his women wooers, Mr. Shaw's insistence on the tendency produces an effect of sameness." We find Blanche Sartorius in "Widowers' Houses" running her quarry to early in a scene in which they stand "face to face, quite close to one another, she promotive, taunting, half defying, half inviting him to advance, in a flush of undisguised animal excitement," and she "flings her arms

round him, and crushes him in an ecstatic embrace . . . with furious tenderness." Julia Craven, who has pursued the "Philanderer" almost literally with claws and teeth, shakes him "in a paroxysm half of rage, half of tenderness, . . . growling over him like a tigress over her cub." Gloria Clandon in "You Never Can Tell" is portrayed in the same mold. On the day of her first meeting with her lover she tries to strike him with clenched fists. Later, she is "appalled to see him slipping from her grasp," and contrives to bind him by an



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

'It is a woman's business!' he makes one of his characters say, "to get married as soon as possible, and a man's to keep unmarried as long as he can. Marriage is . . . shameful surrender, ignominious capitulation, acceptance of defeat."

imaginary offer of marriage. Of Ann Whitefield, the heroine of "Man and Superman," we read:

Ann we may consider a summing-up of the heroines who have gone before, and as probably a forecast of those to come. She is frankly typical of feminine tendencies, supplying, as Everywoman, a pendant to the Everyman of the old Dutch morality. As such she tempers the vitality the life force of Blanche, of Julia, and of Gloria, with a suavity and discretion with which they are not eminently endowed. She is unmistakably a huntress but she does not, as they, rattle om-

nously her quiver within earshot of the game. She tracks her prey as persistently as the merlin or the ferret, but she does so without making the pursuit remarkable, even though John Tanner, sure as the finch or the rabbit of the doom behind him. almost advertises the chase by his attempts to escape. "It is a woman's business," he declares, "to get married as soon as possible, and a man's to keep unmarried as long as he can. Marriage is to me apostasy, profanation of the sanctuary of my soul, violation of my manhood, sale of my birthright, shameful surrender, ignominious capitulation, acceptance of defeat. I shall decay like a thing that has served its purpose and is done with; I shall change from a man with a future to a man with a past." These piteous arguments have, however, no effect on the intentions of the woman to whom they are presented. She is indifferent what John Tanner becomes, provided he becomes hers. She discloses to him, at the supreme moment, as a hunter paralyses his quarry with the fascination of despair, for how long and how widely her snares have been laid; but with all her pleading she cannot drag from him an offer of marriage, and only secures him by pretending to accept one publicly before she faints.

With Ann, or with any other of her prototypes, says the Edinburgh Review writer, one has no quarrel; since "in their way—and their way may seem sufficiently charming to those who do not suffer, as Mr. Shaw's heroes, from the terrors of feminine solicitude —they are undoubtedly representative." And yet, he continues, "one cannot but feel that to such representation an undue prominence has been given. . . . The direct method of pursuit is not the only means by which game is taken, and the clenched fist of Blanche, of Julia and of Gloria is not a woman's commonest method of closing with her prey." We quote in conclusion:

It is clear that Mr. Shaw's conception of the relation between the sexes will debar him from ever using as serious material in a play the sentimental traditions of the past, and that his limitations in treating feminine character are thus stringently prescribed by philosophic considerations. Our drama, he declares, "with all its preoccupation with sex, is really devoid of sexual interest," and that "though we have plenty of dramas with heroes and heroines who are in love and must accordingly marry or perish at the end of the play, . . . we have no modern English plays in which the natural attraction of the sexes is made the mainspring of the action."

sexes is made the mainspring of the action."

The result of supplying such a deficiency is a considerable novelty in the handling of conventional situations, which might be hastily assumed to be all in its favor. But though novelty may theoretically favor the dramatist, the encouragement it can expect on the English stage is very grudgingly extended to the treatment of types. Mr. Shaw has not discovered a new kind of woman, but he has so insisted on certain qualities as to make her look, at all events, like the reported discovery of one.

### "The Non-Commissioned Officer"

#### Scene from a German Play That Has Created a Military Sensation.

In less than five months after its first performance at the Lessing Theater, in Berlin, Beyerlein's military play of "Zapfenstreich" had been acted over fifteen hundred times in various German cities. "Its success was sudden, enthusiastic, enormous," declares the Paris Illustration, "and it still continues." The military authorities contributed to this success, thinks the Paris periodical, when they forbade the officers stationed in the Berlin garrison to attend the Lessing Theater. Yet on the first night the German Crown Prince, with several officers of his suite, had attended the performance in civilian attire. When Emperor William heard of that he banished the officers of the prince's suite to distant garrisons and kept the prince himself under lock and key for eight days. "The play itself," says the Paris Gaulois, "has among its original features the circumstance that all its male characters are military men. It is evident

that the author knows military men profoundly." And on the occasion of the first performance of the piece in Paris last February, the *Journal des Débats* declared that "Zapfenstreich"—the term is translatable as "taps" or "retreat" or "tattoo"—was the most moving presentation of the military theme ever staged. The following is a brief outline of the plot:

Sergeant-major Volkhardt is a model non-commissioned officer and an example to all his fellows, one of the type to whom Napoleon referred as his old trumps. He is esteemed by all. In a little garrison town close to the French frontier, he leads a family life, after the German fashion, within the barracks. His daughter Clara lives with him. He thinks of soon marrying her to a brave youth, his adopted son, Helbig, a young noncommissioned officer, who has spent several months at a school in Hanover and who is to return the very day on which the scene opens. Clara implores her father to postpone the marriage. The real source of her embarrassment is soon made known to us. Lieutenant Lauffen is her lover.

When Otto Helbig arrives and essays to kiss his betrothed, and when Clara repulses him, he is smitten to the heart with keen jealousy. cuestions his comrades and the name of Lauffen is mingled with the obscure hints given him.

Lauffen, son of a great nobleman, is the pivot of the play. He is proud of his caste, and readily treats all socialists, of whom Helbig is one, as animals and "pigs." He is very imperious, very distainful of the troopers placed under his orders. But he is as severe to himself as he is to them. him the whole affair with Clara is a love intrigue cta purposeless kind. The idea does not occur to in that he can possibly have toward this girl he has led astray any obligations of a permanent knd. He has discreetly hinted as much. She indulges in no reproaches and cherishes no illus.on. She gave herself freely and she asks in retim neither pledge nor promise.

Now comes the theatrical climax that makes such a sensation. Someone knocks at the door. Cara takes refuge in the lieutenant's bedroom. Then we see Helbig enter. He is pale with rage and anxiety. The situation is poignant. He axis for explanations. But the professional mold is so strongly stamped upon Helbig that in spite ci the rage that inwardly fills him he does not rholly forget what he owes to his superior officer. And the little speeches which, in choked and trembling tones, he makes to the other are models of truth and realism. Lauffen assumes a lofty tine. The conversation grows venomous. Heling is furious at last.

He goes toward the bedroom. Lauffen bars beway. He raises his sword. The weapon falls and a line of blood appears on the non-commisand officer's forehead. Lauffen does not stop with this sanguinary proceeding. He calls the ediutant on duty, and pointing to the unfortunate

Hebig, exclaims:
"Take him to prison. He attacked me."

In the ensuing scene we are introduced to a curt-martial. This affords M. Beyerlein a new sportunity to outline a few military profiles. There is the president of the court—dry, clean-seaven, parchment-faced, resembling Moltke. There is the taciturn councilor, and the grandiloquent councilor, a certain Count von Lehdenring. Helbig, examined, will not allude to extenuating circumstances. For the sake of the This world he would not reveal the weakness of young girl nor dishonor her aged father. Laufsummoned to testify, plays the same part. The judges are determined to ascertain the truth. They summon the brave Volkhardt, who has no suspicion of his misfortune. Finally Clara appears. Loyally, spontaneously, she proclaims be love for Lauffen, avows that she is his misconfesses that she was hidden in the lieuant's bedroom. At the revelation Volkhardt olapses into a chair. But he springs at once to is ject with the grim energy of the soldier who will not let himself be beaten.

This brings us to the scene which has led to the most heated discussion among the circies of Germany—the scene which, acording to the Pester Lloyd (Budapest), gave streatest offense to the military authorities in Berlin. The spectator is beholding the final scene in the last act—the apartments of Lieutenant Lauffen:

Volkhardt (enters and assumes a formal military attitude. A long pause.)

Lauffen (in constrained tones): You wished to speak to me, sergeant-major?

Volkhardt (thickly): At your service, lieutenant. I waited outside—in the dark myself—for the light to appear in here. Then I said to myself, now's the time, now you can go in-and so

Lauffen: Yes-and, sergeant-major, we have something to tell each other.

Volkhardt: At your service, lieutenantwe have.

Lauffen: Yes-ahem! Sergeant-major, I have done you a great wrong—a wrong that can not be righted. But-rest yourself, sergeant-majoryou're not on duty now.

Volkhardt (lays aside his cap). Lauffen: Yes—so, sergeant-major, I beg you to forgive me for the wrong I have done you-I ask it sincerely and I even implore you—I implore you to forgive me now. Upon my honor, sergeant-major, I would give anything—anything if I could undo all this.

Volkhardt (thickly): But that is out of the

question, lieutenant.

Lauffen: Of course—unfortunately. That is the awful thing—the wretched thing—about it. I have wronged you, sergeant-major, and I can not right the wrong. (Tremblingly) Sergeant-major, should I die for your sake and for Clara's (his voice dies away at Volkhardt's look)—but my God! I do not know what I should do. You wished to speak to me, sergeant-major—perhaps you know of some way out of all this.

Volkhardt (more eagerly): At your service. lieutenant. (He draws a revolver from a fold of

There! his cloak.)

Lauffen (starting): Sergeant-major, you arewhat does that mean?

Volkhardt: I beg your pardon, lieutenant, it is simple enough. That is my revolver. It is loaded. You have a revolver, too, lieutenant—it is there in the cupboard. The regulations require it to be there. And—my idea was—as custom goes in such cases-

Lauffen: Sergeant-major, that is out of the

Volkhardt (in louder but measured tones): I humbly beg your pardon, lieutenant—but it is even more out of the question that things should remain as they are—that I should be left with the girl in this position—everybody pointing a finger at her—my own name covered with infamy, while I stir not a hand. That—by God in Heaven!is still more out of the question. (Shouting) Justice must really be done in this world!

Lauffen: Of course, it must be done. Of course. But you can see yourself that there are cases when with the best intentions in the world, with the very best intentions, sergeantmajor-

#### Enter Clara

Volkhardt (in harsh tones): You! What has brought you here?

Clara: I followed you, father.

Volkhardt: What? What is there here for you to seek? Go!

Clara: But all this has to do with me. So I shall stay here.

Volkhardt: Yes, you are right, there. There, lieutenant, is she not standing yonder as if she were a miracle of courage, as if she were purity and innocence itself? It is as though she were still my darling child, in whom I trusted absolutely, in whom were centered all my hopes ever since the little boy I had was put away beneath the ground. And now—now I would rather you were there with the boy than here heaping shame upon my head.
Clara: Father!

Volkhardt (turns his attention to Lauffen): And now I come to the man who has brought all this upon me, and I tell him that he must stand up (He points to the revolver.) to me.

Lauffen: Sergeant-major, I have let vou talk on without interrupting you because, as you see, I am aware of the extent of my guilt. I must also admit that you have good reason to be somewhat aroused. But this last step cannot be taken. It is out of the question. I cannot exchange shots with a non-commissioned officer. I must not.

Volkhardt (steps back): With a non-commissioned officer? Yes, to be sure, I am a non-commissioned officer. I beg your pardon, lieutenant, I had almost forgotten that. When a man has been for so many years singled out from the whole regiment as its ornament and its pride—called the old Volkhardt, who figured so conspicuously in the great campaign and went through the fa-mous charge at Vionville—why, a man then is very apt to forget his place, lieutenant. But now I no longer forget myself. A non-commissioned officer is, of course, inferior by birth. (Pointing to Clara.) She can only look upon all that has passed as an honor—an honor she has not deserved. To be sure, to be sure—people like ourselves belong to the lower orders

Lauffen (sharply): Sergeant-major, say no more! You speak like a regular red socialist. give you fair warning, sergeant-major. You will talk yourself into prison and punishment.

Volkhardt (excitedly): Yes, lieutenant. ought to feel that you are right. What injury has been done to me? What am I but a lout—a low, common lout? (He laughs wildly.) I, poor old fool, thought I was somebody, stood for some-How I have done my duty here for the last thirty-three years as if—by God!—everything depended upon it.

Lauffen: Sergeant-major, do you remember

your place, at last?

Volkhardt (soliloquising): Now this thing here (he clutches his iron cross)—early this morning, when I put on this thing I said to myself: you are the only man in the regiment that has this decoration—not another man has it—not even the colonel. And now (he takes off the cross with trembling fingers) off with the bauble—it is nothing but a bit or two of metal and can just as well lie in the dirt. (He is on the point of throwing the cross to the floor but suddenly checks himself.) And yet this is the very thing I valued above all others. I wanted it placed on my breast when they lowered me into the grave. What is it to me now? I can wear it no more—I ought not. (He throws the cross on the table, his eyes filled with tears Such a man as I ought not to wear this-!

Lauffen: Sergeant-major, I implore you to calm yourself. All that you have been saying is

downright raving.

Volkhardt: A little while ago, when everything was still dark and I was standing out yonder, I felt that I was up and doing to make an end of all this. But no, I said, the other must go, too, if I go. And if he refuses to give you satisfaction (losing control of himself) I'll take satisfaction. (He suddenly aims the revolver at Lauffen.)

Lauffen (remains standing where he is and looks

Volkhardt firmly in the eye). Clara (throws herself forward with a cry):

Father!

Volkhardt (seizes her with his left hand by the arm and forces her to her knees. Then he takes aim at Lauffen. Suddenly his arm begins to tremble and slowly and involuntarily he allows the weapon to lower. He speaks as if to himself): I cannot do it. He is my lieutenant. I am too cowardly (weeping with rage). I have been obeying orders these many years—and that has dried the marrow out of my bones. I cannot even take my revenge. Too cowardly, too cowardly! In the old days the father saved my life and now his son takes it away. The balance is even. (Tears roll slowly down his cheeks.) You—my poor little girl—we two (he suddenly stands erect and assumes a rigid and severe attitude). Come. Get up. We must arrange to go. We must look for some hole, deep as it may be, for us to crawl into so that we may not see people pointing their fingers at us and may not hear them say: "There she is—there she is—the girl—and there he is—the old man!" Don't look in my face like that. Don't be so quiet. I tell you not to stand there like that—as you did this morning when you told your shame to all the world—to all men—without a blush!

Clara (lets her head droop).

Volkhardt: Go! (Points to the door.) Let

there be an end of this. Go!

Clara: I will stay, father (pointing to Lauffen), I will stay with him. Now more especially. You wrong him, father. Had I been firm and upright, we should all have been spared this—he and you—and I, too. I alone am to blame. For I loved him! I could not do anything else than I did. It was I who threw myself into his arms.

Volkhardt (passes his hand in distraction across his brow): Who—then are you—without a word of warning—it was you who—? Is that the thing you are? Such a thing! Go on! Go on! And when he has had enough of you, there are others, and then—is that the creature you have become? (He gives a choking cry.) Strumpet! Go to hell! (Quick as a flash he points the revolver at his daughter and fires.)

Lauffen (cries aloud): Sergeant-major! (He rushes across the room, but is too late.)

Clara staggers: Father, I thank you.

Volkhardi kneels at her side and tenderly lifts

her head to his breast.)

Clara (opens her eyes and while surrendering one hand to her father makes a motion to Lauffen with the other): Darling! (raises her head, smiles, and expires).

Volkhardi: Now, lieutenant, you can give your

orders to the non-commissioned officer.

# Persons in the Foreground

#### Mr. Choate as the British Saw Him

That most anti-American of all European organs, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, adheres to the view that Joseph H. Choate, just retired from the post of United States Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, does not like the English. When he first took

up his residence in Great Britain, says the German daily, he was "quite cool and reserved," not un-bending for a long When at last time. he did unbend, he was thorough-going about it, becoming, in truth, what has been termed an Anglomaniac. The explanation of it all is simple enough, according to the Hamburg Editor. England had been complaisant on the subject of the Monroe doctrine. She had been "abject" in her attitude on She had Venezuela. yielded the point involved in the Alaska boundary dispute.

Mr. Choate expanded in so genial an atmosphere, for there were more concessions to be extorted.

If this be a sound analysis of the psychology of Mr. Choate, he would seem to have imposed not only upon the London Foreign Office, but upon the London press as well. Upon the announcement of his recall, the organ of all that is aristocratic and exclusive in English society, the London Post, averred of Mr. Choate that "he has now added immeasurably to his titles to fame by proving himself one of the most capable and popular of diplomatists. . . . He has established himself as a universal favorite." And much more to the same effect. As for the London Times, the function of which weighty and impressive journal it is to speak pontifically on just such a theme, we have

it indulging in the ensuing train of retrospection:

Not only has he grown to be one of the most familiar figures in London society; but outside the necessarily limited circles that have had an opportunity of appreciating at their full value the services he has rendered to his country and to ours

as a shrewd and discreet diplomatist, or the tact and dignity with which he has dispensed the hospitality of the American Embassy—admirably seconded in this respect by a very gracious Ambassadress—Mr. Choate's eloquence and verve as a public speaker and his sympathetic interest in all that is best of English life have earned for him that widespread popularity which can hardly fall to the lot of any other foreign representative in England than the American Ambassador.

As for the other London dailies, they either print glowing eulogies of the man or relate an ecdotes of varying degrees of freshness, in which he is seen to have what

has been called a pretty wit. For instance, the London Evening Standard has this:

The Ambassador was looking round one of the oldest churches in England in company with its rector a few years ago, and was greatly interested in the ancient screens and pillars and doors. "That screen must be centuries old?" he asked, "and this panelling on the door—that must be very old?" "Oh, that is quite modern," replied the rector; "it was put up only forty years before the discovery of America, you know."

And the Edinburgh Scotsman, when the freedom of the northern capital was conferred upon the ambassador, related the following:

Once, it is said, a young man called on Mr. Choate, thinking to impress him by his connections.

"I am—," he began.
Mr. Choate interrupted with gentle pointedness:
"Take a chair."



MR. CHOATE, THE LAWYER
The last photograph of the former ambassador while
yet a practicing member of the bar.
Hitherto unpublished

"I am a relation of Bishop —," continued the visitor, thinking the mention of the name would make a favourable impression.

"Then take two chairs," said Mr. Choate, pre-

tending to be deeply impressed.

Probably the best known of all the Choate anecdotes seems to have been printed in every newspaper in England:

One day he was asked in a company whom he would like to be if he were not himself. He did not reply at once, but his eyes travelled round the room as if seeking an inspiration. Then they settled on Mrs. Choate. Straightway came the reply—"Mrs. Choate's second husband!"

But it was through the medium of his speeches that Mr. Choate made the most telling of his hits in England. They have been delivered on all sorts of occasions-Fourth of July banquets, Pilgrim dinners, workmen's meetings and university celebrations. if we are to be guided by purely English judgment, it would seem that when he was entertained in the hall of Lincoln's Inn by the whole bench and bar last April he spoke more eloquently than any predecessor of his had spoken before him. Some of his predecessors had not held ambassadorial rank, but as speakers they had held the highest rank. Mr. Choate, on the occasion referred to, instituted these comparisons between the American bar and the English bar:

The relations between the Bench and the Bar of England and those of the United States are far more intimate and enduring than I think even you can suppose. I wish you could enter any of our Courts in America anywhere between Boston and San Francisco. You would find yourself on familiar ground and perfectly at home—the same law, the same questions, the same mode of dealing with them. You would find always and everywhere the same loyalty on the part of the Bar to the Bench and on the part of the Bench to the Bar. Some things you would miss. You would miss, I think, some of that dignity, some of that picturesqueness, at least, which prevails in your own tribunals. Our barristers appear in plain clothes in Court. The Judges—some of them—wear gowns, but never a wig. I think it would be a very rash man that would propose that bold experiment to our democracy. If the Lord Chancellor had wished that our primitive and unsophisticated people should adopt that relic of antiquity and grandeur, he should not have allowed his predecessors in his great office to tell such fearful stories about each other in respect to that article of apparel. We have read the story of Lord Campbell, as given in his diary annotated by his daughter, as to what became of Lord Erskine's full-bottomed wig when he ceased to be Lord Chancellor—that it was purchased and exported to the coasts of Guinea in order that it might make an African warrior more formidable to his enemies on the field of battle. We have a great prejudice against anything that savours of overawing the Court, overawing the jury; and if any such

terrors are to be connected with that instrument our pure democracy will never adopt it. . . .

In Magna Charta and the Petition of Right our colonies carried with them the germs of what has grown to be American law and American liberty. At the beginning there were no lawyers in America. (Laughter and cries of "Shame.") They had an idea of a Utopia which could be carried on successfully by the help of the clergy, without them. But we have made great progress since then, and our last census shows in America more than 100,000 lawyers. I can give the exact number-104,700, of whom 1,010 are women. Now, I am afraid the Lord Chancellor, who is so conservative, would hesitate a little at the admission to the Bar of 1,010 women, but I assure him that if he will go over there and hold a Court in which they may be heard, and if you, gentlemen of the Bar, will go over there, and take retainers with them or against them, you will be so fascinated that you will embrace every opportunity afterwards of repeating the experiment. (Loud laughter.)

Nothing is more significant to the student of Mr. Choate's speeches in England than the frequency with which he has mentioned the services of Alexander Hamilton as a founder of the American republic, unless it be the extreme care with which he has refrained from all allusion to Thomas Jefferson. Hamilton, Mr. Choate told the several faculties and alumni of Edinburgh University last year, was "one of the noblest, manliest and most useful men of whom we have any record." In a speech before the Workingman's College in London last year, Mr. Choate delivered a fine eulogy of that other American worthy, Benjamin Franklin.

Another speech, delivered at one of the annual banquets of "The Pilgrims," of London, was thought at the time to be in Mr. Choate's happiest vein, and was printed all over England, eliciting enthusiastic comment in newspapers from "John o'Groat's to Land's End." Said Mr. Choate, in part:

As to the matter of intercourse, I believe no one will charge my own countrymen with having been backward in that respect. They have visited these shores for years by hundreds, by thousands, by tens of thousands, and, I believe, by hundreds of thousands. And they have made themselves perfectly at home. Hawthorne, the centenary of whose birth we are this very month celebrating at Salem, the place of his birth, called these islands, speaking on behalf of the great maojrity of his countrymen, "our old home." And so we have been always ready to regard and to occupy them; and one of the objects that the Pilgrims had there was to encourage and to promote the return of those visitations on the part of our English brethren. Emerson, another of our great American writers, who studied Englishmen with great fidelity, said that, not only was England itself an island, but that each individual Englishman was an island, hemmed in and walled all round as they

hem in and wall their own private places, with walls six feet, eight feet, ten feet, or better still, the ideal height of fourteen feet. We wanted to break down those walls; we wanted the representative men of Great Britain to visit America with the same interest, the same frequency, and the same affection, and to return our visits in kind.

Only once did Mr. Choate say a word that was displeasing in any portion of the British dominions, and on that occasion it did seem as if he had precipitated a furious controversy. It was when, at a Fourth of July banquet in London, just two years ago, he declared that he hoped this generation would live to see a statue of George Washington erected in the English capital. The proposition led to comment of the most acrid kind in many Canadian newspapers, while throughout Ottawa a largely signed petition pro-

tested against any project of the sort. This protest said that the erection of such memorial would be looked upon as a condemnation of the Canadian sentiment of loyalty to Great Britain, "for which the loyalists suffered so much," it being further averred that "there are distinguished British and Canadian soldiers who have helped to save Canada for Britain and to make the Dominion what it now is, whose memory should be held in greater esteem by the British people than that of George Washington." It is significant, in view of this protest, that when Mr. Choate made his Fourth of July speech in London last year he spoke not a word of George Washington. He referred to Marconi, Captain Mahan, Lord Kelvin, Alfred Mosely, Mars and even Venus, but of the father of his country never a word said he.

## Ambassador Reid's Introduction to England

One need not be over forty to be able to remember when the arrival in London of a new diplomatic representative of the United States would have aroused about as much English interest as the election of a new Uruguayan vice-president arouses to-day. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, having been presented to the King and having by this time exchanged ideas with the Foreign Office on "world politics," will gradually become aware of his own peculiar importance as an English press topic. Weeks prior to his arrival at his post London organs had begun to tell Englishmen all about him. Here, for instance, is how The Sphere appraised the man:

Born in Ohio, Mr. Reid is of Scots descent on both sides of the house. His father and his father's father had the temper and some of the experiences of the pioneer. They were morally equipped for a more rugged existence than circumstances compelled them to lead, and the best thing they gave the boy who was destined to make the name illustrious was the elate and intrepid spirit which has fashioned the conditions of advancement out of at least as many obstacles as men who attain the first rank are commonly ferced to confront. Mr. Reid had, it is true, the great advantage of a fortunate start in the continuous process of education. Thus, an uncle who possessed sound scholarship and also that very different thing, the art of imparting instruction, made so good a Latinist out of him while he was still a lad that he has found pleasure ever since m the literature of a language which to most men c! affairs is not only dead but buried.

Then a more personal touch still:

A felicitous speaker from the days when, as president of the Lotus Club, he set the pace for the long succession of dinners to notable men of all countries for which that organisation is still famous, he will uphold in England, at suitable times and places, the reputation which his pred-ecessors have established. His appearance is distinguished and his manners are all the better for having preserved something of the formality which has almost vanished out of modern life. An ambassador has never taken up his duties under happier auspices. He will have the invaluable assistance of Mrs. Reid, whose social experience is wide and whose social talents are most engaging, and of a charming young daughter. The hospitality of Ophir Hall and of the town house of Mr. and Mrs. Reid will be greatly missed by an immense circle, formed out of many diverse and interesting elements; but that is equivalent to saying that the English men and women who are best worth knowing are to be congratulated on their acquisition.

Much is made of Mr. Reid as a writer, as an editor, of his revivification of the *Tribune*, and, naturally, of his familiarity with England. Then comes a very fine tribute:

The manager of a great journal usually has to rely on his ability to evoke from other minds an exposition of the views which he desires the public to adopt; but Mr. Reid has invariably required of his subordinates that they should preserve their own self-respect. He never wants an editorial writer to advocate a policy in which he does not believe. Himself possessing an English style singularly well adapted to open grave topics to the general understanding, he has never employed it to better purpose than in recent years whether in his own paper or in occasional treatises of a more elaborate character on questions of national con-

cern. On two things every man in his employ can depend—that good work is never undervalued nor forgotten, and that Mr. Reid's confidence once gained is hard to lose. The atmosphere of *The Tribune* office is not tainted with suspicion. The suavity which ought to come as the years go has come to Mr. Reid, and if you can still detect in his level tones the capacity for swift judgment and the habit of command so much the better.

The London home of Mr. Reid in Park Lane—Dorchester House—is the subject of these lively paragraphs by Ralph D. Blumenfeld in *Town and Country* (New York):

When Mr. Whitelaw Reid flies the Stars and Stripes from the roof of Dorchester House, in Park Lane, the United States will for the first time in its history be able to boast of the most magnificent Embassy in Europe, or the whole world for that matter. There are many fine Embassy buildings in the various capitals belonging to the powers, but none can compare in point of beauty of architecture and gorgeousness of interior to the palace opposite the Park which has stood empty for so many years, but which, instead of being neglected and down at heel, has always been maintained with the most scrupulous care. The house was built fifty-two years ago in imitation of the best style of Italian architecture. Inside it has a stately and beautiful staircase of marble leading to famous picture galleries with open arches as in Paul Veronese's pictures.

Dorchester House has passed through many vicissitudes during recent years, for on two separate occasions it has been the habitat of semi-savages from the East who overran the house with Oriental splendor and paid small heed to the little amenities of society and customs of civiliza-

tion. The late Shah of Persia lived there for a It was anticipated that the Shah would cause what the house agents call "depreciation" during his four weeks' stay, and so the Government was charged what was considered a proper rental, namely, one thousand pounds per week, and I am not certain that there was a profit on that, because after his Royal Persian Highness and his long train of Ali-Khans and Ghooly Khans and other Khans had departed it was found necessary to destroy all the valuable carpets and curtains and hangings. His Persian Majesty had a playful habit of dispensing with knife, fork and plate. At dinner he would grab some specific viand before him-let us say a chicken boneand having mouthed it like a wild dog would incontinently fling it on the floor exactly like the old robber barons of the Rhine used to do, or, at least, as Mr. Robert Barr tells us they did. . . .

Then for a long time Dorchester House was put into the hands of an army of cleaners and disinfectors only to have its purity sullied again by a regiment of Afghans who had come in the train of the Ameer's youngest son, the famous Shazada, who had attained a most wonderful precision in the art of handling a knife and fork, but who insisted upon sleeping on the dining-room floor in the midst of a dozen retainers, because with true Afghan instinct he felt that no self-respecting man could sleep in bed and live. It gives the midnight assassin such a fine opportunity. These woolly Afghans made a barracks of Dorchester House.

They slaughtered their own sheep on the prem ises and carried the dripping carcases up that magnificent marble staircase, through the beautiful reception-rooms, spoiling the carpets, bedraggling the walls and turning the place into a perfect



'DORCHESTER HOUSE," IN PARK LANE, LONDON Now the Home of Mr. Whitelaw Reid

shamble. They were the fiercest, wildest, most unwashed set of savages that had ever infested London and Park Lane and its fastidious environs never breathed freely until Lloyd's shipping agent far off in the Scilly Islands telegraphed that the Indian troopship which carried them home

had at last put far out to sea and was not likely to bring them back. Since then Dorchester House has rested in peaceful security in charge of a droning house porter who could only be roused when the young hooligans of the neighborhood shocked him into life by yelling "Afghan!"

### The Czar's New Man in Washington

Baron Rosen, sure to become, in his new capacity as Russian Ambassador at Washirgton, one of the most important residents of the national capital, is said by the London Mail to have declared that there would never have been an Anglo-Japanese alliance had he been sent to Tokyo soon enough. Mr. Isvolsky, a very able diplomatist indeed, represented Russia at the Mikado's court when tiat alliance was concluded. There is re-Table authority for the assertion that he had 20 suspicion of what was coming until the smultaneous announcement of the alliance in the House of Commons at London and the Diet at Tokyo. Mr. Isvolsky had been completely outwitted by Sir Claude MacDonald, British Minister to Japan. The story goes that Nicholas II sent for the head of his Foreign Office and made some very spirited comment on Mr. Isvolsky. Be all that as it may, Mr. Isvolsky was recalled with some precipitation and, thanks to the intercession, as it appears, of the Czar's mother, was permitted to represent the Czar at Copenhagen, while a man of approved capacity was hurried to Tokyo.

That man was Baren Rosen.

A protégé of the assassinated von Plehve, according to the London World, the baron has from the first been "imbued with that powerful but unscrupulous minister's absurbing passion fof Eastern expansion," withcat, apparently, allowing that passion to affect his judgment. He lived in Japan through the long days of suspense immediately preceding the outbreak of war between that country and his own. He got the Chinese Minister in Tokyo, if we may trust the London Times, almost wholly under his timb. He was one of the three Russian diplomatists in the Far East suddenly bidden from St. Petersburg to receive instructions from Admiral Alexeieff instead of from teir nominal chief, Count Lamsdorff, Minster of Foreign Affairs. And Baron Rosen, taless all reports be false, was the one Russin on the spot who sincerely strove for

peace because he foresaw much of what was to happen. An important and reliable London periodical has quoted Baron Rosen as having implored, in the course of an official document intended for the Czar's eye, that Japan's readiness for all emergencies be taken into account. The Baron was then suffering from a severe affection of the ear which kept him in his bed and which obliged the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs to call at the Legation building instead of receiving visits from the diplomatist. The London Times saw a sinister connection between this convenient illness and the long drawn out delays of St. Petersburg in coming to the point. Yet it does seem from all that is said of the baron that he must be something of an invalid now and then. Thus we read in the London World.

He is not in the least impressive or imposing in appearance, and his presence would hardly suggest the unyielding spirit and the indomitable will which actually dominate all who come in contact with him. He is about fifty-six years of age, of middle height, squat rather than broad, with very massive shoulders. He stoops slightly, and has an old rheumatic affection which causes one shoulder to appear somewhat higher than the other.

Like most Muscovites, Baron Rosen is fair—almost a blond—with a heavy flaxen moustache [he grows a beard at times], now slightly tinged with white, fluffy yellow hair—rather sparse on the top of the head—and a pair of penetrating, uncompromising, and cold, steely-blue eyes. A somewhat sinister appearance is imparted to the face by the double, blackframed eye-glasses which the Minister continually wears, and which are only maintained in their place by means of a contortion of the eye and cheek at once unprepossessing and ludicrous.

Baron Rosen is a man of great education and refinement. Apart from his native coldness and hauteur, he is a brilliant conversationalist and, therefore, can be an amusing companion. He speaks English fluently, but with a slight American accent, doubtless acquired during his several years' residence in New York, where, until 1894 he was Russian Consul-General.

It was tacitly assumed when war with Japan came at last that Baron Rosen was in disfavor at the Russian court. So, at least,

the Paris Temps has inferred. The baron was said to have identified himself with the anti-war party, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say with that party which favored conciliatory rather than aggressive expansion in the Far East. The despatch of Baron Rosen to Washington is now interpreted in European organs to imply, first, that the peace party is in the ascendant for the time being and, secondly, that a pecul-

iarly delicate kind of negotiation must be impending between President and Czar. In connection with all of which it is to be noted that The Japan Mail (Yokohama), which is competent authority on such points, and is, moreover, a British organ, speaks in high terms of Baron Rosen's "very exceptional knowledge of Far Eastern affairs in general and of Japan in particular," as well as of "his liberal and moderate views."

#### A Modern Socrates-Minus Xantippe

"Ha! you old thief!"

"Ha! you old blackguard!"

One of the speakers was Prof. William James of Harvard. The other was "one of the twelve most learned men of the world" (according to the London Spectator)—to-wit, Thomas Davidson. And the endearing terms quoted above were the usual "pure contrast-effects' of affection"—if you know what that means — called forth by a meeting of the two friends after extended absence.

Thomas Davidson died five years ago; but the world seems loath to part with him, and probably knows more about him now than it knew then. *McClure's* (for May) has a loving sketch of him by Professor James. The Boston *Evening Transcript* has a two-column article about "The Spirit of Davidson," by Mr. Kellogg Durland. And down on the East Side in New York there is a school named the "Thomas Davidson Society" which was founded by him among intellectual wage-earners, and still preserves in tangible form the impulse of his genius.

Many talk "the simple life"; he led it. Here is Professor James's pen-portrait of him:

All sorts of contrary adjectives come up as To begin with, there was some-I think of him. thing physically rustic which suggested to the end his farm-boy origin. His voice was sweet and its Scottish cadences most musical, and the extraordinary sociability of his nature made friends for him as much among women as among men; he had, moreover, a sort of physical dignity; but neither in dress nor in manner did he ever grow quite "gentlemanly" or Salonfahig in the conventional and obliterated sense of the terms. He was too cordial and emphatic for that. His broad brow, his big chest, his bright blue eyes, his volubility in talk and laughter told a tale of vitality far beyond the common; but his fine and nervous hands, and the vivacity of all his reactions suggested a degree of sensibility that one rarely finds conjoined with so robustly animal a frame. The great peculiarity of Davidson did indeed consist in this combination of the acutest sensibilities with massive faculties of thought and action, a combination which, when the thought and actions are important, gives to the world its greatest men.

Davidson is called the "knight-errant of the intellectual life." He was a philosopher who lived philosophy as well as taught it, but with a fine scorn of "academicism," and a Socratean disposition to speak what was in his mind and to handle people without gloves. Professor James conceived the idea of having him made Professor of Greek Philosophy in Harvard; but just as he was setting the ball to rolling, Davidson came out in The Atlantic Monthly with a "savage onslaught" on the methods of the Greek department there which effectually defeated any hopes of this kind. He was equally outspoken with his best friends, even with those of the opposite Here are some of his remarks to the women who occasionally "warmed themselves at the fire of his soul": "You're farther off from God than any woman I ever heard of"; "If you believe in a protective tariff you're in hell already, although you may not know it"; "I don't pity you; it served you right for being so ignorant as to go there at that hour."

No wonder they grew warm!

Professor James tells why Davidson never married:

What with Davidson's warmth of heart and sociability, I used to wonder at his never marrying. Two years before his death he told me the reason—an unhappy youthful love-affair in Scotland. Twice in later life, he said, the temptation had come to him, and he had had to make his decision. When he had come to the point, he had felt each time that the tie with the dead girl was prohibitive. "When two persons have known each other as we did," he said, "neither can ever fully belong to a stranger. So it wouldn't

do." "It wouldn't do, it wouldn't do!" he repeated, as we lay on the hillside, in a tone so musically tender that it chimes in my ear now as I write down his confession.

"As I knew him," adds Professor James, "he was one of the purest of human beings."

The chief significance of his life, we are told." lay in the example he set to us all of

boweven in the midst of this intensely worldly social system of ours, in which each human interest is organized so collectively and so commercially, a single man may still be a knight-errant of the intellectual life and preserve full freedom in the midst of sociatility. Extreme as rashis need of friends. and faithful as he was to them, he yet lived mainly in reliance on his private inspiration. Asking no man's permission, bowing the == to no tribal idol. renouncing the conventional channels of recognition, he showed Is how a life devoted purely intellectual ends could be beautifully wholesome outwardly, and overflow with inner contentment."

He never worked with his hands; he had

fixed, or a very small fixed, income; yet be never worried over financial matters. He lectured, gave private lessons, and wrote though each year to keep him going, and refused all additional invitations, repairing thereafter to Glenmore, in the Adirondacks, where he had established a summer camp, and where he gathered around him each summer kindred spirits for discussion of high themes.

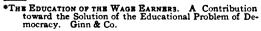
His school, or society, in New York, grew

out of a series of lectures which he delivered on the East Side, under the auspices of the Educational Alliance, to working people. There is now an "imposing organization," according to Mr. Kellogg Durland, with an attendance of 200 in the elementary course, and with two other courses—a high-

> school course of three vears, and the "culture courses" as outlined by Davidson. There is also a system of commercial work known as the "Thirteen Clubs" with a membership of nearly three hundred. whole affair constitutes what Charles M. Bakewell calls a "Breadwinner's College." A volume of Davidson's lectures and letters to the classes of this "college" has been published,\* from which we extract the following brief passage as indicating somewhat the nature of his influence upon these "intellectuals" of the East Side:

> When I think what life is for most, and what it might be, I am struck with horror and amazement. There is no reason why this world should not be a paradise, and life full of joy and

certain hope. And why are things so bad? Simply because we devote our attention to our little selves, and not to our large selves. My little self is this creature bounded and burdened by a body; my large self is the whole universe, or, for practical purposes, the whole of mankind. If every human being sought his good in the good of all, how blessed the world would be! Can you not exemplify this spirit in your own little circle? That would be far better than preaching universal leveling.





THE LATE THOMAS DAVIDSON

"Neither in dress nor in manner," writes Prof. James of Harvard, "did he ever grow quite gentlemanly"... in the conventional and obliterated sense."

#### The Making of an Emotional Writer

Oh, you who read some song that I have sung, What know you of the soul from whence it sprung?

Those were the first two lines in Ella Wheeler's "Poems of Passion." She has now given the world an intimate view of the soul which she then professed to conceal, writing frankly and simply\* of the period of her life prior to her marriage in 1884.

"I do not remember," she says, "when I did not expect to be a writer, and I was a neighborhood 'celebrity' at the age of

eight."

Her father had been a music-teacher in Vermont, and he went to Wisconsin to engage in speculative business, losing all his little competence about the time Ella Wheeler, the youngest child of the family, came into the world. Mrs. Wilcox is rarely at loss for a plausible theory to account for any condition, and she has an interesting one to advance in regard to her inherited traits:

It has always been my belief that children inherit the suppressed tendencies of their parents. A clergyman's son frequently shows abnormal tastes for the pleasures that his father denied himself; and talent is quite often the full-blown flower of a little shoot which circumstance has crushed under its heel in a former generation.

So at the age of eight I began to compose prose and rhyme, because the literary tendencies of my mother had never been gratified. The poetical gift was no doubt greatly the result of her having accidental access to a library of the poets, for the first time in her life, the year previous to my advent, and the happiest and most hopeful year of her life.

If one were disposed to be captious one might ask here whether Mrs. Wilcox is maintaining that her literary bent is due to her mother's long suppression, or to this accidental gratification of her literary joys.

Her birthplace was on a Western prairie twelve miles from the nearest town—Madison, Wisconsin's capital. Though her parents were intellectual, she had no literary advisers, and "scribbling" was regarded by all their neighbors as a form of idleness. Of her reading she writes:

We had few books and only a weekly newspaper. In an old red chest upstairs were religiously preserved copies of "The Arabian Nights," "Gulliver's Travels," "John Gilpin's Ride," and a few of Shakespeare's plays. The New York Ledger and the New York Mercury were sent to us by relatives for several years and the first literary feasts I indulged in were the

weekly serial stories of Mrs. Southworth and May Agnes Fleming. They were like tobasco sauce to the appetite—exciting, but not healthful. They gave me false ideas of life and added to my discontent with my lonely environment.

At the age of nine she had completed a novel of eleven chapters headed with original rhymes! In her thirteenth year she began to write for publication. The New York Mercury suddenly ceased its visits, and there was no money to spare to pay for a subscription. She resolved to earn a subscription by writing, and accordingly indited two essays, which she surreptitiously sent to a girl friend, then in Madison University, asking that she mail them to the Mercury, and promising to save up pennies to pay her later for the postage stamps! The essays were published and "the world seemed to grow larger and life more wonderful from that hour." Then we read:

I wrote to Jean [her friend] and asked her to send me a list of all the weeklies and monthlies she could find in the bookstands, and to each and every one I sent essays, stories and poems with enthusiasm and persistency. Every penny was saved for postage, and the family entered into my ambitions with encouraging faith in my success. I soon filled the house with all the periodicals

I soon filled the house with all the periodicals we had time to read, and in addition the editors sent me books and pictures and bric-a-brac and tableware—articles from their prize lists, which were more precious than gems would have been to me. They served to relieve the bare and commonplace aspect of the home, and the happiness I felt in earning these things with my pen is beyond words to describe. It is a curious incident that the first bit of silverware which came into the home was manufactured by the house with which the man whose name I am fortunate in bearing to-day was afterward associated.

About this time (the age of fourteen) she left school, lost all interest in study and lived in a world of imagination. Not long afterward she was sent to Madison University ("we have no colleges in the West," said George Ade recently; "we have nothing but universities"). After one term she begged permission to return home and continue her writing, and her mother, she says, "wisely consented." She began now to receive checks, the first being a check for ten dollars from Frank Leslie for three poems. She writes:

This bit of crisp paper opened a perfect floodgate of aspiration, inspiration and ambition for me. I had not thought of earning money so soon. I had expected to obtain only books, magazines and articles of use and beauty from the

<sup>\*</sup>The Story of a Literary Career. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox Published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

ethor's prize lists, and I had not supposed verses the salable. I wrote them because they came time, but I expected to be a novelist like Mrs. Suthworth and May Agnes Fleming in time—that was the goal of my dreams. The check from lesse was a revelation. I walked, talked, thought and dreamed in verse after that. A day which passed without a poem from my pen I considered list and missused. Two each day was my idea of mistry, and I once achieved eight.

She made her way by "sheer persistence," and frequently sent out ten manuscripts in the post to have nine "come back with droping heads." One story was declined by the editors and ridiculed by one of them. The tenth paid her \$75 for it—the highest page she had received.

Then she began to collect her verses. Drops of Water" was the name of her first it—a collection of total abstinence poems. Stells" was the title of the next—a misclaneous collection of verses. Neverthelms her disappointments were many and her take couch at night under the sloping eaves swing. "Another beautiful day of youth tisted and lost!" But she always woke up the morning confident and resolute. Once the came across the sentence, "If you haven't that you like, try to like what you have," and a became her life-motto. Finally, she col-

lected her love poems, and calling them "Poems of Passion," sent them to a Chicago publisher. We quote again:

Every poem in the book had been published in various periodicals and had brought forth no criticism. My amazement can hardly be imagined, therefore, when Jansen & McClurg returned the manuscript of my volume, intimating that it was immoral. I told the contents of their letter to friends in Milwaukee, and it reached the ears of a sensational morning newspaper. The next day a column article appeared with large headlines:—

#### TOO LOUD FOR CHICAGO.

THE SCARLET CITY BY THE LAKE SHOCKED BY A BADGER GIRL, WHOSE VERSES OUT-SWINBURNE SWINBURNE AND OUT-WHITMAN WHITMAN.

Every newspaper in the land caught up the story and I found myself an object of unpleasant notoriety in a brief space of time. I had always been a local celebrity, but this was quite another experience. Some friends who had admired and praised now criticized—though they did not know why. I was advised to burn my offensive manuscript and assured that in time I might live down the shame I had brought on myself.

A Chicago publisher saw his chance and brought out the book, and it became an immediate success. In the week of its publication she became engaged to marry Mr. Wilcox, and with her marriage a year later she closes this little sketch of her life.

#### Alexis de Tocqueville-A Personal Sketch

By Joseph B. Gilder

Athough the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the author of "Notes on Democracy in America" is celebrated this with (July 29) and it is seventy years the English version of the first part d his work appeared in print, students of importance and of the United States continue Lave recourse to the observations of M. de Esqueville, not merely reading his book writing on the subjects of which he tats, but consulting it again and again. It is the one book that Mr. Bryce could not igtime in preparing his monumental work "The American Commonwealth"; and it was no indispensable to Mr. Lecky in the preparation of his treatise on Democracy Ed Liberty.

The noble family of Clerel to which de Equeville belonged took its title from the village and lands of Tocqueville in the department of La Manche—a department.

ment which occupies the peninsula that extends into the British Channel from Normandy, and has the city of Cherbourg at its Over this village they had exercised seignorial rights for generations. Above the doorway of their old chateau a stain shows where the family escutcheon was fixed till the revolutionists of '93 tore it from its place. The Count de Tocqueville and his wife were seized; but the guillotine spared them, though it numbered among its victims several members of the lady's family; Robespierre's fall set them free again, and, later on, the Restoration brought preferment for the loyal Norman. His son, Alexis, would have thriven in his turn, had not the Revolution of 1830 dashed the hopes of the Legitimists. Seeing no immediate prospect of advancement and having long wished to observe the practise of democracy where it could be studied to the best advantage, M.

de Tocqueville and his friend and fellowbarrister, M. Gustave de Beaumont, secured their appointment as Government commissioners to inspect the prison systems of America—an appointment which served as a pretext for their journey, and gave them an official standing while pursuing their inquiries in the New World.

During their year's sojourn in "the States" they often laughed in their sleevesas so many European travelers must have done-that men of so little account in their own country should be treated with so much consideration by public officers and private citizens. Their extended travels involved many physical hardships, but the visitors were young enough to enjoy almost all their experiences. When they got back to Paris and civilization they published in due course their report on what they had seen of American prison management, and it was duly praised and translated into English and German; but it was completely overshadowed by the work of M. de Tocqueville alone—the world-famous "Notes on Democracy," which, in one sense, may be said to have been a by-product of his visit to this country. The success of this publication was immediate; not only was it lauded abroad-in England (where the author was to find a wife) no less than in France-but here in America, where Sumner praised the "marvelous power" of its description of our institutions and Chancellor Kent was struck by the author's fearlessness, candor and freedom from prejudice.

In preparing his magnum opus M. de Tocqueville had the assistance of General (then Mr.) Francis J. Lippitt, a young attaché of the American Legation at Paris, and it was characteristic of the author that he never made known to his aide the nature of the work on which he was engaged. young American was amazed, when the first two of the four volumes appeared, to learn that he had assisted in the making of a classic. His task had been to sit in his employer's well-stocked library and write out summary statements of our political organizations, both State and Federal; but for what purpose these abstracts were intended he never even suspected; nor did he so much as discover that his chief spoke English. In the course of their purely professional acquaintance, M. de Tocqueville volunteered but two remarks. "He was," says General Lippitt, "the most reticent man I ever met." An English friend said of him: "The extreme delicacy of his physical organization, the fastidious delicacy of his tastes and the charm of his manners made him the very type of a high-bred gentleman."

The coolness of his temper is reflected in the "Notes" themselves, which constitute a treatise on the workings of the democratic principle by one born an aristocrat, who observed almost with awe, if not with terror, the rise and progress of a political theory which seemed destined to carry everything before it. In this respect his work differs widely from that which has come nearest to supplanting it—Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," which is far more a record of the author's actual observations (extending over a much longer period), and far less a philosophical discussion of an abstract principle of government.

The translator, Mr. Henry Reeve, was a youth of two and twenty when the first two volumes of the work were Englished. The first American edition (1838-40) had a preface and notes by the author's friend, Mr. John C. Spencer, of Canandaigua, N. Y.; a thorough revision of Reeve's translation, prepared by Prof. Francis Bowen of Harvard, was issued in 1862, and a reprint of this text, with an introduction by Dr. D. C. Gilman, was brought out (at the instance of the present writer) in 1898, and is to-day the standard American edition of the work.

In public affairs M. de Tocqueville sided with the moderate Republicans. His parliamentary career, covering the twelve years 1840-51, was neither very long nor very brilliant. For four months he held the important portfolio of Foreign Affairs under President Bonaparte, resigning only when he saw that the future Emperor expected his ministers to be his "mere agents and creatures." But he realized that the pen was his best tool and weapon, and devoted his declining years to the congenial task of preparing a history of the French Revolution and the Old Régime. Only one of the three volumes which would probably have held the completed work had appeared-and been most cordially welcomed—when death ended his activities at the comparatively early age of fifty-four.

#### Various Topics of General Interest

#### The Lewis and Clark Centennial

In one respect at least the centennial exhibition in Portland is larger than any of its projectors—in the size of its name. Its official title is "The Lewis and Clark Centennial and American and Pacific Exposition and Oriental Fair." In other respects the fair is planned on a smaller scale than recent world's fairs, and makes its appeal not for ligness but for beauty and uniqueness. No other fair, says Mr. W. E. Brindley (in The Pacific Monthly), has had so expansive a water feature. "Here for the first time peo-

the may ride in a seluctive gondola, a picturesque Indian cance, or a comfortable electric launch, on areal lake. The tour of the shore will embrace two miles of myaging."

The forest-covered sounds form another soul feature:

Nature has been unstally kind to the seople of the Pacific Northwest in their enterprise. She has laid as a site for the and Clark Exposition a tract of land ard water which for tatural beauty far ex-= 2ed for such a pur-. The Exposition sands are composed dial and dale, and The most part wered with a beauti-= roodland which will ≒ in itself a marvel With Eastern people to woods, ह पत्थी as to the people the prairies where to or three bushes at of this natural Park has been but very altered, and this delightful features of the Fair, a woodland called Cenermial Park.

The plan of the fair includes a main group of seven buildings fronting on Guild's Lake, all in Spanish Renaissance style, with the exception of the Forestry building, which is constructed of huge, unhewn logs from the virgin forests of Oregon. This main group of buildings is approached by a majestic stairway, the steps, eighty feet broad, "rising from one noble balustraded landing to another, until the height is climbed." We quote from a description that recently appeared in *The Youth's Companion:* 



SACAJAWEA

The eighteen-year-old Indian princess who guided
Lewis and Clark

The most elaborately executed features of the exposition, however, are Columbia Court and Lakeview Terrace. These are the central points of the picture, and are worthy of the importance given The court lies them between the Agricul-tural and the European Exhibits Buildings. It consists of two broad avenues enclosing sunken gardens. In the midst of it is a mighty statue, in bronze, of the Indian woman, Sacajawea, who guided Lewis and Clark in their explorations of the Oregon country.

Beyond it lies the terrace, from which the grand staircase already referred to sweeps down to the waterfront. On the terrace the band concerts will be given, and here there will be nightly pyrotechnic displays. Other fairs have had their Midway and their Pike, and the Lewis and Clark exposition will have its Trail, the pleasure thoroughfare of the enterprise. The whole exposition covers a tract of two hundred and thirty acres, and Guild's Lake, which is practically a part of its area, is two hundred and twenty acres in extent.

The statue of Sacajawea, by Miss Alice Cooper, lends a touch of poetry, romance and mystery to the whole exhibition. "In the whole line of Indian heroines, from Pocahontas to Ramona," writes J. K. Hosmer, the historian, speaking of Sacajawea, "not one can be named whose title to honored remembrance is any better than hers." Martha Cobb Sanford retells the story of this eighteen-year-old Indian maiden, who, with her pappoose strapped to her back started on the long trip with Lewis and Clark as a guide and helper, and for sixteen months (April, 1805, to August, 1806) bore the hardships of the trail uncomplainingly, staying with the expedition until its return to her Mandan village home. Mrs. Sanford writes (Woman's Home Companion):

The last mention of Sacajawea was made in 1811, when the traveler Breckenridge, sailing up the Missouri, records a meeting with an old Frenchman and his wife, who, he learns, had crossed the continent with Lewis and Clark. The woman seemed fond of white people, tried to imitate civilized ways in her dress and manners, and in general appeared like one in whom an inspiration had been aroused for something higher than slavery. She was, says the traveler, in feeble health. Probably she died soon after, and there is no memorial of her. The river to which the captains gave her name bears now another designation. When she laid down her life or what became of her baby boy, no man can say.

It is interesting to note, however, that within the past year certain letters have been brought to light which show that the Bird-Woman's little boy, the infant pioneer, afterward became a scout and rendered much valuable assistance to white people crossing the plains. It has been discovered, through the research of the Sacajawea Statue Association, that the daughter of this Indian scout—in other words, Sacajawea's granchild—died on the Fort Berthold reservation i 1837. This is absolutely the last that is know of the now famous pioneer family.

But more interesting still is the refutation of the traveler's words, "There is no memorial of her." Henceforth, high on the "pedestal of fame," will stand this Indian princess of the Shoshones.

Mrs. Sanford fails to state that Sacajawe has been honored by having one of the fines peaks in the Bridger range of mountains, i Montana, named after her. It overlooks th valleys of the Gallatin, Jefferson and Madson Rivers, the place—Fort Rock—where sh was captured when a child by the Minnetarees, and the place where she stood whe she pointed out the pass—Bozeman—whic Lewis and Clark should take to reacy ellowstone. Olin D. Wheeler, in his two volume work on "The Trail of Lewis and Clark," pays the following tribute to the little Bird-woman (that is the meaning of he name):

There were many heroes; there was but on heroine in this band of immortals . . . th modest, womanly, unselfish, patient, enduring little Shoshone squaw the Bird-woman of the Minnetarees, or Hidatsa, who uncomplainingly canoed, trudged, climbed, starved, with the best men of the party, and, too, with a helpless pap poose strapped to her back. All honor to her Her skin was of the color of copper; her hear beat as true as steel. Through all the long dreary, racking months of toil she bore her par like a Spartan. While among the women on nearly every tribe the expedition encountered conduct to our minds of a questionable, un chaste sort was a common experience, not a breath of suspicion was whispered against this unpretentious slave wife of a frontier Frenchman

#### Professions that Yield the Quickest Success

In these days, when the utterances of the commencement address are still palpitating in the air, it is interesting to note the investigation made recently by Prof. Edwin G. Dexter, of the University of Illinois, as to the comparative ages at which success comes to the toiler in the different professions. The results of his investigation, which are published in *The Popular Science Monthly*, are based upon a series of elaborate statistics, of which some 7,000 distinguished living Americans formed the subject-matter. The musician, it appears, distances all competitors in the quickness with which he achieves success—if he achieves it at all. This is at-

tributed, in part, to "the infant prodigies who frequently figure on our billboards," and to the probability that, in the life of the musician, "nature has in most cases con tributed more largely to his success than has nurture." But of those callings which pre suppose a professional or an extended prep aration, that of scientist seems, from Professor Dexter's statistics, to promise the earliest recognition. This, he thinks, is due to the fact that with the scientist the actual work of life is entered with a completer intellectual equipment than by mos of the others, and to the further fact that the period of preparation offers opportunities for

research and original investigation which may bring renown even before life work is begun. This also applies to the college professor with perhaps fully as much force, and, in a lesser degree, to the librarian and the educator. Says Professor Dexter:

These four, then, might be included in a class m which the period of preparation is extended, but for which work of a high order might be expected immediately on its completion and positions of some prominence aspired to from the sact. Next in the race for renown come the actor and the author, almost neck and neck. If we conclude that nature had most to do with the musician's success and nurture with the edulator's, we should be forced to place the author and the actor in a class in which these two forces fixed the honors more evenly. No doubt one must be born an actor or an author to rise to a high rank, but, after all, the making process is not to be despised as a factor, and this takes time.

Except for the soldier and sailor, whose ability z rise to prominence, at least in time of peace,

is determined by the rapidity with which those above him are retired from service, and the conressman and the statesman, whose minimum limit is prescribed by law, the rest of the voca-tions shown upon the chart fall, it seems to me, into a class for which the schools, as organized means of education, provide no adequate preparation, and for which that preparation must come to a great extent from the vocation itself. Thus the scientist, or even the college professor, who has devoted thirty years of life to study, can enter his profession from the top, while the business man and financier for whom the accumulation of wealth is a desideratum, or the lawyer and the doctor who must command a practise, or the minister who needs a congregation, must with the same period of intellectual infancy enter it from the bottom and devote a few more years to the climbing process. In so far as the physician is an investigator, the conditions of the scientist apply to him, and no doubt the considerable number who are such accounts for the fact that his recognition comes earlier than that of his competitors in law and the pulpit. The surprising thing of the figures is, perhaps, the slowness with which the inventor gains a foothold.

#### Henry James's Impressions of New England

One of the jokes that is going the rounds towadays is the mention of a man who "can read Henry James in the original." Hard as James may be for many of us to read, he himself seems to have found it still more difficult to read New England "in the original." In his articles on "New England: An Autumn Impression," running through three numbers of The North American Review, he time and again refers to the riddles the land, or rather, the people of the land, present to him and the difficulties he has in finding any answers thereto. So that it may be said that New England has avenged us upon Mr. James.

Mr. James's first impressions in America, mhis return after so long an absence, were of the waterside squalor" of New York as he nurneyed by ferry over from Hoboken. Gramercy Park next furnished him an impression that "had fairly a rococo tone." Then came a drive down the Jersey coast to Long Branch, and here is one of the features of the scene as he saw it:

The huge new houses, up and down, looked over their smart, short lawns as with a certain familiar prominence in their profiles, which was some out by the accent, loud, assertive, yet benevolent withal, with which they confessed to their extreme expensiveness. "Oh, yes; we were awfully dear, for what we are and for what we do"—it was proud, but it was rather rueful; with the old appearance everywhere as of florid creations waiting, a little bewilderingly, for their justifica-

tion, waiting for the next clause in the sequence, waiting in short for life, for time, for interest, for character, for identity itself to come to them, quite as large spread tables or superfluous shops may wait for guests or customers.

Nothing could be of a livelier interest—with the question of manners always in view—than to note that the most as yet accomplished at such a cost was the air of unmitigated publicity, publicity as a condition, as a doom, from which there could be no appeal; just as in all the topsy-turvy order, the defeated scheme, the misplaced confidence, or whatever one may call it, there was no achieved protection, no constituted mystery of retreat, no saving complexity, not so much as might be represented by a foot of garden wall or a preliminary sketch of interposing shade. The homely principle under which the picture held at all together was that of the famous freedom of the cat to look at the king, that seemed, so clearly, throughout, the only motto that would work.

When Mr. James reaches New Hampshire, however, he finds Arcadia. "Why," he asks, "was the whole connotation so delicately Arcadian, like that of the Arcadia of an old tapestry, an old legend, an old lovestory in fifteen volumes, one of those of Mademoiselle Scudari?" The answer he seems to make to this question is that the charm was due mainly to "an accident of one's own situation, the state of having happened to be deprived to excess—that is for too long—of naturalness in quantity." Here he found it in such quantity as may, he thinks, have warped his judgment. He

speaks of a picture bathed "in the confessed resignation of early autumn"; "the charming sadness that resigned itself with a silent smile"; of "the hidden ponds over which the season itself seemed to bend as a young bedizened, a slightly melodramatic mother, before taking some guilty flight, hangs over the crib of her sleeping child"; "an elegance in the commonest objects and a mystery even in accidents that really represented perhaps mere plainness unabashed." The apple tree,

bounded from other aspects, at times, with such a tenderness. Thus it sounded, the blessed note, under many promptings, but always in the same form and to the effect that the poor dear land itself—if that was all that was the matter—would beautifully "do." It seemed to plead, the pathetic presence, to be liked, to be loved, to be stayed with, lived with, handled with some kindness, shown even some courtesy of admiration. What was that but the feminine attitude?—not the actual, current, impeachable, but the old ideal and classic; the air of meeting you everywhere, standing in wait everywhere, yet always without conscious defiance, only in mild submission to



HENRY JAMES

His articles on New England and his lecture on Balzac are attracting attention, especially in literary circles

he finds, in New England plays the part of the olive in Italy, "charges itself with the effect of detail" and "becomes infinitely decorative and delicate";—this, too, in autumn. Nature in New Hampshire he describes as feminine, "feminine from head to foot," a phrase which he elucidates in the following extract:

There was a voice in the air, from week to week, a spiritual voice: "Oh, the land's all right!"—it took on fairly a fondness of emphasis, it re-

your doing what you would do with it. The mildness was of the very essence, the essence o all the forms and lines, all the postures and sur faces, all the slimness and thinness and elegance all the consent, on the part of trees and rocks and streams, even of vague happy valleys and finundistinguished hills, to be viewed, to their humiliation, in the mass, instead of being viewed in the piece.

So much for Nature. As for Humanity that he found very unfeminine, in that it

chief characteristic was that it did not "care for looks." He writes:

The appearances of man, the appearances of woman, and of their conjoined life, the general latent spectacle of their arrangements, appurtenances, manners, devices, opened up a different chapter, the leaves of which one could but musingly turn. A better expression of the effect of most of this imagery on the mind should really be sought, I think, in its seeming, through its sad consistency, a mere complete negation of appearances—using the term in the sense of any familiar and customary "care for looks." Even the recognition that, the scattered summer people apart, the thin population was poor and bare had its bewilderment, on which I shall presently touch; but the poverty and the bareness were, as we seemed to measure them, a straight admonition of all we had, from far back, so easily and comfortably taken for granted, in the rural picture, on the other side of the world. There was a particular thing that, more than any other, had been pulled out of the view and that left the whole show, numanly and socially, a collapse. This particular thing was exactly the fact of the *importance*, the significance, imputable, in a degree, to appearances. In the region in which these observations first languished into life that importance simply didn't exist at all, and its absence was every where forlornly, almost tragically, attested.

This impression of an utter disregard for looks he finds, upon analysis, due in large part to "the suppression of the two great factors of the familiar English landscape, the squire and the parson." There is no church -nothing but a meeting-house. The "complete abolition of forms" he pounces upon as the explanation of most of the "ugliness" of social conditions. Later on he asks perplexedly: "The manners, the manners: where and what are they, and what have they to tell?" Again: "Were there any secrets at all, or had the outward blankness, the quantity of absence, as it were, in the air, its inward equivalent as well?" He seems positively relieved to find even some signs of wickedness underneath this blankness, making it more interesting and understandable. We give another quotation:

These communities stray so little from the type, that you often ask yourself by what sign or difference you know one from the other. The goodly elms, on either side of the large straight "street," rise from their grassy margin in double, ever and anon in triple, file; the white paint, on wooden walls, amid open dooryards, reaffirms itself eternally behind them—though hanging back, during the best of the season, with a sun-checkered, "amusing" vagueness: while the great verdurous vista, the high canopy of meeting branches, has the air of consciously playing the trick and carrying off the picture. "See with how little we do

it; count over the elements and judge how few they are: in other words come back in winter, in the months of the naked glare, when the white paint looks dead and dingy against the snow, the poor, dear, old white paint—immemorial, ubiquitous, save as venturing into brown or yellow—which is really all we have to build on!" Some such sense as that you may catch from the murmur of the amiable elms—if you are a very restless analyst indeed, that is a very indiscreet listener. . . There are no "kinds" of people; there are simply people, very, very few, and all of one kind, the kind who thus simply invest themselves for you in the gray truth that they don't go to the public house. It's a negative garment, but it must serve you; which it makes shift to do while you keep on asking, from the force of acquired habit, what may be behind, what beneath, what within, what may represent, in such conditions, the appeal of the senses or the tribute to them; what, in such a show of life, may take the place (to put it as simply as possible) of amusement, of social and sensual margin, overflow and by-play. Of course there is by-play here and there; here and there, of course, extremes are touched: otherwise, the whole concretion, in its thinness, would crack, and the fact is, that two or three of these strong patches of surface-embroidery remain with me as curious and interesting.

Mr. James's third instalment (June) of his impressions is, for the most part, hopelessly subjective. In the way of objectivity, we glean that "the monstrous form of Democracy" has projected its shifting, angular shadow across every inch of the field of his vision here and is "the only clue worth mentioning in the labyrinth"; that American manners tend to heap little honor on the art of discrimination; that nothing about Harvard is more striking than "the recent drop in her of any outward sign of literary curiosity." And finally:

No impression so promptly assaults the arriving visitor of the United States as that of the overwhelming preponderance, wherever he turns and twists, of the unmitigated "business man" face, ranging through its various possibilities, its extraordinary actualities, of intensity. And I speak here of facial cast and expression alone, leaving out of account the questions of voice, tone, utterance and attitude, the chorus of which would vastly swell the testimony and in which I seem to discern, for these remarks at large, a treasure of illustration to come. Nothing, meanwhile, is more concomitantly striking than the fact that the women, over the land—allowing for every element of exception—appear to be of a markedly finer texture than the men, and that one of the liveliest signs of this difference is precisely in their less narrowly specialized, their less commercialized, distinctly more generalized, physiognomic character.

#### The Real "Dogs of War"

Shakespeare's famous line

Cry "Havoc" and let slip the dogs of war takes on a new and entirely different meaning when we learn that the real dogs of war, those at least now in use, are chiefly for purposes of succor to the wounded—for mitigating the havoc, not increasing it. Lieut. Charles Norton Barney, of the medical department of the United States Army, tells in Scribner's about this modern use of dogs, which has gone beyond the experimental stage and has achieved some actual results in the recent operations in Manchuria.

History tells us much about the use of dogs in war as sentinels, scouts and combatants. But the new thing under the sun in this line is the training of dogs into an ambulance corps. The Germans seem to have begun it. Eleven years ago they organized a society (Deutscher Verein für Sanitätshunde) for this purpose, and there are now two dogs attached to each company of sharpshooter battalions in the German army.

In The Army and Navy Gazette (Nov. 23, 1901) appeared an account of an experiment made at Coblentz with the ambulance dogs:

At dusk the keepers brought out four ambulance dogs. Previously two hundred soldiers had been put out to represent the wounded, and five hundred stretcher-bearers set out in the darkness carrying torches and lanterns. It was an interesting piece of most difficult work, and numbers of officers, mounted and on foot, followed to watch the proceedings. The work commenced in the Coblentz wood, and a more difficult task could Two dogs not have been found for the dogs. worked on the right and two dogs on the left, and notwithstanding the noise and crowds, recovered all the casualties in pitch darkness without lanterns. Two hundred more soldiers had also been placed on various parts of the glaciers of Coblentz; the stretcher-bearers were sent out first this time. and, after having scoured the ground thoroughly. reported eighteen men missing. The four ambulance dogs and keepers were then called for, and in twenty minutes the eighteen men were recovered from the most impossible hiding-places; these men in actual warfare would have been, without a doubt, left to their fate. This trial was considered highly satisfactory by the staff of the Eighth Army Corps, and demonstrated that as, owing to the introduction of smokeless powder, all ranks are obliged to take cover and casualties will chiefly occur in cover where they are most difficult for stretcher-bearers to find, the dog's scenting powers come as a most valuable auxiliary.

Now the kennels of the German Society for Ambulance Dogs are empty on account of the demand for dogs to be used in the war in Manchuria and the war in German Southwest Africa!

Here is an account which Lieutenant Barney gives of experiments made last autumn by the Italian army near Quero:

During the night trial the dogs carried little reflecting lanterns about their necks, in addition to the pouch containing stimulant and first-aic In each trial eight or ten hypothetically wounded officers and men, chosen from the observers, were concealed in a rough plot of grounce some six hundred yards square, cut up by trenches, roads, walls, trees, and underbrush The dogs started off quickly in the direction the trainer pointed, and searched every nook and corner of that section of the field until they found a wounded man. Two of the dogs had been taught to return to their master after finding a wounded man, and two had been trained to re main by the side of the patient and bark until the litter-bearers came up. It was thought that the former system worked better in the daytime and the latter at night. Captain Ciotola purposes to combine the two systems by training the dog after finding a wounded man, to run back to the open space, road, or path over which the bearer; would have to travel in order to reach the patient and bark there until the bearers could come up

On August of last year three collies bought in Scotland left St. Petersburg for General Kuropatkin's headquarters in Manchuria. The *United Service Gazette* tells of the tests of these dogs made at Gatchina, near St. Petersburg:

By night and in rain and fog the dogs have found the wounded whom they were sent to seel and returned to the field hospital, even when it was moved after they had set out, and reaccompanied the bearers back to where they had found the men lying. Asked whether they might no serve equally the Japanese, M. Liadoff said: "The scent will tell them when the men are Japanese and they will not help them. Even the lowes animals can distinguish between Europeans and Asiatics. Even sharks, which devour Europeans will not touch Chinese." The three dogs will serve the First Army Corps. Later others will be sent. Ten poods (400 pounds) of patent bicuit are sent with the three dogs for food en route Each receives three biscuits a day.

The Scotch collie is considered the best o all breeds for use in war, and especially the black or sable collie. But we fail to find any satisfactory accounts of the behavior of the dogs in time of actual hostilities.

#### Recent Fiction and the Critics

Size the passage of the international copywin 1891, our American novelists, no are forced to compete at a tremendous matage with the cheap pirated reof contemporary foreign novelists, are fad pretty much their own way in this The American-made novel has in the big sales, made the tidy little fortune attauthor, and swept him or her into the med playwrights, where another fortune Table picked up. Apparently the tide the turning of late, and the foreign, Trially the British, novelist has again well to the fore on American ground. imper of the distinct successes of the last Smaths have been novels that have come so far as the which the critics is concerned. the promto owels are pretty evenly divided be-The time of the foreign and those of the The brand.

Sr Garden a Allah

One of the former, which has made a marked impression. is Mr. Robert Hichens's fine tale of the African desent.\*

Bushens has had at least four works of it his credit before this—"Flames," "The Woman with the Fan" and Green Carnation." "The Garden of according to The Critic, "does not beand school or to a literary fashion; it is The same paper achievement." in Ther:

Borlen of Allah is the African desert, and The setting is that of a most un-English type Margist monk who has broken his vows meet, love, and marry without the recoming aware of the man's secret.

The desirent it, she is so strong in characteristics learn it, she is so strong in characteristics. 50 consistent in her religion that she Strivesky to return to his monastery re on elects to hive alay in the little Algerian town where Not often does a the action takes place. Stated in creating a hercane as vital and A strong, Domini Enfilden. der sighted woman, her love for Ander magnificent renunciation of him There is not a graceful, roughle. There is not a graceful, roughle. with, not a pretty conventional tab There are but a handful of treach is amazingly real

Gas pretty general agreement on the Many Acad By Robert Hickens Protection A.

power of Mr. Hichens's descriptive passages but on the vitality of his characters there 15 marked difference of opinion. The New Yor Tribune finds "something faintly factitions about Domini and Boris"—the two leadin 🗻 characters; but The Literary Digest says of the same two characters: "We hear the ver pulsations of their hearts." The Bester Transcript finds "few traces of artificiality " = but the Courant, of Hartford, thinks that \*\* 🚊 🚤 is a failure from the point of view of hum experience," and The Bookman finds it "d: = \_\_\_\_ ficult to believe that such people ever live as those who move passionately and tum tuously through the pages." The late magazine calls the descriptive passages orgy of local color. . . . A fantastic pi of word painting done with the troppe luxuriance of a Théophile Gautier." New York Tribune says of the descripts features of the novel:

Mr. Hichens gets at the reychology of the ert, at the subtle exercise of its influence on er the who set foot upon its sands, through re-creat; unnumbered desert scenes upon the printed parties But his descriptive writing is very far from beautiful. that of the ordinary searcher after local or Pierre Loti is his closest prototype where the d cult art of painting that strange land is concern and Lots has never done half so much to inter its essential mystery as Mr. Hickens does in T Garden of Allah."

The most adverse criticism that we have seen comes from the London Speaker, while finds the characters "perfectly imposeshybrids," and thinks that the effect of descriptive passages "is of a man striving put into language what can only be done paint." It admits, however, that "man readers will lay down 'the Garden of A feeling immensely impressed, for the color and moral problem are both sink and what more do they want?"

> Jor≡ ᄪ

A novel of a very different un is the one that one us from Germany, with presuze of a reported

there of 200,000 cross.\* The New Y Times Suurday Revus ordines the sony follows:

nows:
The story is of a great farm in the mark land.

The story is of a great farm in the mark land. and a great farmitirate and a farmer a torsion 

How the farmer was a drunken brute and his elder sons as brutal and as drunken, how his wife was a patient, crushed drudge who died neglected in childbirth; how his youngest son (who was a thoughtful youth) grew up quite different from the others; how he played as a child, how he toiled at the plow while the others caroused, how he plodded dully on his way to the light. As a child you watch his dealings with little girls and theirs with him, as a youth you see how passions took him and how women dealt with him. You follow him to barracks, where he does military duty as all Germans must, and you are with him as he serves a gun against the French on the bloody field of Gravelotte.

The description of this battle of Gravelotte is thought by some reviewers to rank with Victor Hugo's description of Waterloo. The London Athenæum speaks of the work as "really a fine novel" that "deserves to be taken seriously." The same critic proceeds further:

It has its limitations, no doubt, and in the matter of construction it may leave something to be desired; but it is a thoroughly honest and sincere piece of work, and it gives a picture of peasant life in Schleswig-Holstein that is altogether admirable. The book is steeped in the atmosphere of meadow, moor, and marsh land; the country and its inhabitants are brought before us in all their truth, and yet the whole is mingled with a strain of poetry strangely fascinating and characteristic, for the author is no cold realist, and his imagination is at least as strong as his powers of observation. His insight into human character, too, is marvellously keen."

The Bookseller is reminded by "Jorn Uhl" of Dickens, the Boston Herald of King Lear: but the reviewer of the New York Sun sees in the story nothing but "a dismal, hopeless tale, with none of the real active joy in life" and "with no quality save its gloominess to distinguish it from dozens of other German novels." The Evening Post thinks that the outlines of the characters are shadowy and "become more and more blurred as the story progresses." The plot also "lacks solidity and unity of construction"; but "the book is written in a sane style, in a language of some distinction, and it is pure and healthy in spirit."

> The Orchid

The divorce problem continues not only to excite the minds of our religious leaders, but to tempt the imag-

inations of our novelists. Judge Robert Grant has followed up "The Undercurrent" with another but much slighter study of the same theme.\* It does not seem to have made as strong an impression as his previous work, and some of the reviewers even miss

\*THE ORCHID. By Robert Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons.

the purpose of the writer and reproach him for handling a serious subject with "what might almost be called levity." But if the tone is one that savors of levity, the purpose is evidently serious. The scheme of the story is thus outlined in The Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer:

"The Orchid," by Robert Grant, is a clever, cynical, suburban society story that drives home with unerring aim "that the only unpardonable social sin in this country is to lose one's money; nothing else really counts." Miss Arnold, the orchid, a rather analytical member of the "smart set." marries the financial catch of the season, and subsequently settles down to manage her houses and her little girl. A good-looking and impecunious young gallant appears and stirs the unknown emotion of love in the matron's heart, and, making no effort to withstand it, the inevitable climax The lover hesitates to take her away because his income is only six thousand a year. So she covers this difficulty by selling her little girl to her husband for two million dollars, and then they marry and return to the old set. The plot is a bit startling, and, we trust, exaggerated, but it serves the author to enforce the truth of the worship of the Golden Calf, the laxity of the marriage vow, and the trend of a certain society set.

The Boston Journal thinks that the conclusion of the story is such as will "make the thoughtless gather no moral at all from the book." The Evening Post (New York) thinks the psychological study of the heroine is "very skilfully but also somewhat unconvincingly done." And The Transcript (Boston) is still more severe: it "can not see any reason or excuse" for the existence of the book, which it thinks reads as if it were made from the material left over from the writing of "The Undercurrent." But The Outlook says that "a more thoroughgoing study of feminine selfishness and lawlessness is not to be found in American fiction"; the Brooklyn Eagle thinks the author "has never done anything where his genius as a social satirist, his ability for the bright and clever dialogue or for etching character was displayed to better advantage." And The Tribune (New York) reviewer praises the work in the following terms:

"The Orchid" is well developed and compact. There is a stern logic about the movement of the narrative. The reader winces when its grimmest stage is reached and the heroine takes on her most unheroic aspect, but it does not occur to him to question the consistency of the whole dreary episode. This is one way of saying that the author has given to his brief story the air and accent of a page from the comedy of life itself. Incidentally, and without any ostentatious dragging in of a moral, the book cannot but serve for the thoughtful reader as a commentary on life, a book making for reflection.

Fond Adventures Maurice Hewlett has given us eight works in the last seven years. His latest work\* excites the same sort of semi-

resentful comment that was called forth by "The Forest Lovers." His style has distinction and originality, but few critics wholly approve of it or of the content of his stories. His "Fond Adventures" consist of four stories, all of medieval life. The London Speaker says of them:

The spring colors of the Renaissance landscape are ingeniously chequered by cruel shades of passionate animality and savagery, and the Cardinal's enthusiasm for learning and the Arts is punctuated by a wealth of sensual innuendo that Mr. Hewlett's public would not willingly spare. Where, then, is Mr. Hewlett artistically at fault? His picture is by a few degrees too far removed from nature, too deliberately artificed. His scenic effects are a trifle too theatrical, his dialogue too pointedly artificial, the feelings of his ferocious lover and his heroine too palpably worked and kneaded up by the showman's hand. The great defect of such clever and "striking" art, in fact, is that the author cannot restrain himself from being too clever and too striking.  $\mathbf{And}$ it is just in the crisis of feeling that "The Love Chase" [the longest of the four stories] reveals more artificiality than art. Full of trick, the story does not disclose any strength of nature lying in reserve beneath the surface.

The New York *Times Saturday Review* is less critical and more enthusiastic. It has this to say:

These four stories of Mr. Hewlett's are as rich in imagery and as glowing in color as any that he has ever written. They are hot with adventure; they throb with passion, they cut through war and bloodshed to their endings. Mr. Hewlett is more than generous—he is profligate in the wealth of incidents that he lavishes upon his readers. Yet, so boldly are the stories conceived, so sure and hot scented the romance, that every sentence seems to bear a vital relation to the whole and the loss of one would cause a break like the dropping of a stitch in a closely knitted pattern."

The New York Tribune thinks Mr. Hewlett's style is "brilliant but forced," "the substance is all overlaid with flowers of rhetoric," he is too fond of purple patches; but he "could not be dull if he tried." Mr. Lee F. Hartman, writing in Harper's Weekly, thinks the criticism of Mr. Hewlett for "an overweening fondness for archaicisms" and for indirection has much of justification, but thinks he detects in this volume "a curbing of this propensity." At any rate "his prose is a rare product, robust almost to the point of boisterousness, and with a sensuous warmth and charm that defy description.

It is shot with color, aglow with passion and imagery of a high order."

The Secret Woman Mr. Eden Phillpotts also deals with strong elemental passions, but he does not go back to medieval times to

find them. His latest work\* reminds many critics of Thomas Hardy, and one English reviewer sees in it "beyond all question one of the greatest novels in literature." Another English critic, in *The Athenæum*, speaks of the story as a Sophoclean tragedy. We quote:

Mr. Phillpotts's new romance is constructed on what is almost a Sophoclean scale. It is a tragedy of country life over which that irony of destiny which the Greek dramatist was the first to employ presides from the outset. Mr. Hardy has been accustomed to use this scheme, but he uses it after another fashion. He seems hardly conscious of the dramaturgy as he moves toward his end, say, in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" or in "The Return of the Native," or in a later example, "Jude the Obscure." Mr. Phillpotts frankly faces the proportions of his tragedy from the start. Mr. Hardy creeps along to his conclusion sadly; Mr. Phillpotts almost revels in his. It is the difference between despair and defiance.

The London Morning Post is struck by this same Greek quality of fate, or necessity, or determinism: "We feel that men and women, caught in a given and always possible twist of circumstance, are as helpless as Gulliver when he stood in the hand of his Brobdingnagian master." The Westminster Gazette sees something Elizabethan in the story: "Simple and primal are the elements of which the tragedy is compounded, and those most concerned in it are, with one exception, what the author calls 'natural creatures.'" to American critics, we find much the same sort of chorus of praise. "He deals with life." says The Critic, of Mr. Philpotts, "as it is and not as we would like it to be, but his work is distinguished by qualities that raise it far above any suspicion of desire for cheap and prurient notoriety." The Outlook finds the main motive of the plot a somber one, but "its tense hold on the sympathy never relaxes, and the tragedy of the situation—a tragedy that recalls but does not imitate that of Mr. Hardy's 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' is relieved by the infectious humor of the Devonshire rustics." The Book News finds the abundance of description a bad sign:

The modern reader loves scenery in the novel and on the stage, and in the novel as on the stage

<sup>\*</sup>Fond Adventures. By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan & Company.

<sup>\*</sup>The Secret Woman. By Eden Philipotts. Macmillan Com-

much cost of time, of space, and of expensive effort goes to providing the setting. It is a bad sign in either place. Passion needs no draping, and when people are hungry for tree and moor and mount they have an appetite less keen for the final human thing.

The Divine Fire The British novels have been running to the somber side of life, and Mrs. Sinclair's recent work\* is no ex-

ception. Issued over six months ago, it still elicits words of enthusiastic admiration from reviewers. The least enthusiastic review that has come to our attention was in The Reader Magazine, which says that "its greatest deficiency lies in the absence of climax in sentimental values . . . there is not a great emotional scene in the book." "It is all so sordid, so grim, so repelling," says the Chicago Record-Herald; "despite the pure love and friendship generously introduced, despite the final righting of sorrowful matters, there is so little sunshine in the story." writer in The Atlantic Monthly, comparing recent American and recent British fiction. says: "In all our new [American] fiction I have found nothing worthy to compare with 'The Divine Fire,' nothing even remotely approaching the same class." The same writer says further:

The story is not remarkably original, merely telling of a cockney poet with syncopated aitches and inordinate capacity for response to developing influences. The point is that our author has the light touch, the seeing eye. She succeeds beyond belief with her poet. She means him to be charming, aitches and all. You are not only charmed, but ready to accept his poetic gift. You love him, you grieve for his errors. The affection with which he inspires his varied milieu is comprehensible.

The Dial, The Critic, The Bookman, The Independent, The Nation, join in eulogistic phrases, such as: "one of those rare books," "real distinction of style," not "a commonplace achievement among them" (the characters), "brilliant and essential." A long review in the London Spectator concludes as follows:

"The Divine Fire" is by no means a book which captivates the reader; it conquers him in spite of himself, and in spite of a good deal of rather painful detail, not, however, introduced in wantonness, but inherent in the delineation of the social stratum in which many of the scenes are laid. With this caution to fastidious readers, we can recommend Mrs. Sinclair's novel as a work alike in conception and execution far above the level of contemporary fiction.

The Shining Ferry

The latest work by Quiller-Couch\* is hailed by the London Athenæum as his first novel "really complete in

character, incident, and construction." Our American reviewers, however, seem to unite in thinking that the work is weak in construction, but charming in its literary form. The Sun (New York) says it has "all the material of a fine story, charming living people and pleasant descriptions of scenery"; but "a weak, rambling plot that is meaningless." The Boston Transcript says he "drifts aimlessly hither and thither upon a wild sea of incident and eccentric character," but the story "has a strong dramatic quality, and its portraiture of the picturesque Cornwall people and their customs is vividly real." "No other of the followers of R. L. Stevenson," says the Springfield Republican, "has come quite so near to his perfection of style. What is lacking is substance." "The story proceeds along rather conventional lines to an inconclusive ending," says The Evening Post (New York); "yet one doesn't mind. The interest lies in the practised craftsmanship that makes the story easy to read." The Independent, however, finds spiritual value as well as literary charm in the novel. It says:

In this last story he sets down for our remembrance some star-marks in character as old as the oldest man. He interprets those voices which we have heard from the beginning, echoes from a far heaven that call back forever of honor and righteousness. The men and women who pass to and fro over his shining ferry are good and bad, but they hear the voices, and they bear upon their spirits the hall-mark of another world. And while we shall never be delivered from cant about this other world, we really need the idea to complete and give room to our thinking. The man whose thoughts can be bounded by this one is something of a fool. And of late he has been dabbling in a smart kind of rational fiction, from which Quiller-Couch and a few others are beginning to react. We are getting the sky-line of heaven in our novels again.

Hecla Sandwith Mr. James Lane Allen, the Kentucky novelist, has, in the last year or two, developed also into an acute and

suggestive critic of other people's novels. No better piece of critical writing has been seen in America for years than that which he contributed a year or so ago to *The Atlantic Monthly* on masculine and feminine qualities in fiction. To the New York *Times Saturday Review* recently he contributes over a

THE DIVINE FIRE. By May Sinclair. Henry Holt & Com-

<sup>\*</sup>THE SHINING FERRY. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons.

page review of a new novel by a new author.\*
More than one-half of the review is in the nature of an essay on the art of writing fiction.
We would like to quote the whole of it. The kernel of it is in the following extract:

In our fiction, as in the fiction of every other people, there is but a single test—both first and final—either of a poor novel, a good one, or the greatest. Shake the story out of the finished book, so that you may be able to see it somehow apart in its brevity and bareness. Then ask yourself the question: Is this story, thus exposed in its final poverty, rich with human truth and human interest? If you say "Yes," you may go on to say regarding it, as the case may be, much more than that, many other great and deep and eloquent and enthusiastic things. But if you say "No," then you can add nothing—you have said all.

No craft in writing, Mr. Allen insists, has ever been able or will be able to place on the book-shelves of the world and keep there one false, dull story. It is not the business of art to make nothing appear something, a weak story appear strong, a false one true, a shallow one deep. The finer the art, the more perfectly is the true nature of the story, its poverty or its richness, revealed. The first thing required in the art of writing fiction is for one to learn "to see a great story when it is before his eyes"; the next thing is that he shall see it deeply-"as deeply as life itself is deep"; the third, that he shall fix the vision clearly in his own mind, visualize it; and, finally, that he shall learn to transfix it for other minds and other eyes.

Coming to Mr. Valentine's novel, Mr. Allen thinks it meets to an unusual extent the tests of fine fiction. He writes:

To begin with, the story in the novel is a great It is an American story of the first magnitude. Thomas Hardy, had he been an American, might have been glad to come upon it. George Eliot, had she been an American, could have built upon it one of her masterpieces. . . . Having found his story, the question next arises: How did he see it? Deeply or superficially? Partially or completely? A careful reading of his book makes it plain that he took a broad and deep view of the elements—American and human—that en-tered into the greatness of his theme. One by one they are marshaled before us: The lonely; solemn mountains of Central Pennsylvania; the entrance into these of rude, strong pioneer folk, the sweep of the human tides across the continent; the charcoal burners, the iron-workers, the rugged, iron-framed, iron-willed type of ironmasters; the due place of the industry in our civilization; the clash of races and religions around the furnace; the struggles of national politics in the village near by—all the forces, all the elemen-tal American values, that gave weight and a mass-iveness and a dignity to this theme are gathered together for the using.

The only fault Mr. Allen finds with Mr. Valentine's novel is that he gathered together material for a long, elaborately constructed novel of the older English type and then began to construct upon this foundation the structure of the shorter, lighter novel of our prevalent American school. He has succeeded, and succeeded well, but there is reason to think that in this transition he found himself "incumbered with an excess of material." The book it is unevenly written; but:

On the whole, the sense of the art of literature is so high and fine and the adhesion to this sense so accurate and faithful, that the entire result should be greeted as a reawakening among us, in this first novel of a younger man, of the older reverence for good English. There are pages that any novelist, living or dead, might have been glad to claim.

Mr. James MacArthur reviews the same novel in *Harper's Weekly* and admires its poetical qualities. He says:

Even if Mr. Edward Uffington Valentine had not published a volume of poetry before he be-came a novelist, one would easily perceive that "Hecla Sandwith" was written by a poet. The poet's frenzy for the inevitable word and fit phrase; the poet's sense of the picturesque working in the familiar imagery of his theme; the poet's feeling and insight seeking dramatic motive and pursuing it instinctively through the interplay of character and environment, and the poet's passion for beauty are evident in the style and structure of Mr. Valentine's first novel, and entitle it to rank with dignity among our contemporary fiction that is conserving the best interests of liter-The finest thing about Mr. Valentine, the thing which gives us faith in his future, is the transcendent honesty and sincerity which shine in his work and strengthen his undoubted gifts of imagination with moral conviction.

Albion Winegar Tourgee, who died in Bordeaux three weeks ago, furnished a striking example of the evanescence of literary fame. His novel, "A Fool's Errand," bade fair at one time, a quarter of a century ago, to rival "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Critics and the populace alike acclaimed it enthusiastically, and the midnight ride, on horseback, by the heroine to save her father from the Ku Klux Klan, was as popular for public and private readings as later on the chariot race in "Ben Hur" became. None of Judge Tourgee's subsequent novels, however, awakened any remarkable response, though he wrote about sixteen in all.

At the sale in New York City, June 7, of Richard Le Gallienne's library, manuscripts of Oscar Wilde brought surprisingly high prices. A two-volume edition of "Herodotus," in Greek text, extensively annotated by Wilde, sold for \$1,320. Original manuscripts fetched the following prices: "Birthday of the Little Princess," \$365; "On the Decay of Lying," \$375; "Dogmas," \$250; "Salome." \$120.

<sup>\*</sup>HECLA SANDWITH. By Edward Uffington Valentine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

#### Recent Poetry

"A little poesy," said Sainte-Beuve, "separates us from history and the reality of things; much of poesy brings us back." Mr. Lloyd Mifflin is in some respects the best equipped of present-day American poets; but there is in his work something of this aloofness "from history and the reality of things." Like Miss Edith Thomas, he has an unconquerable love for the mythology of Greece and a happy faculty for reclothing the old tales in new forms; but as also is the case with much of Miss Thomas's poetry, the effect is not that of vitality, but of a certain wraith-like beauty, haunting yet remote. In a prefatory note to his new volume of verse,\* Mr. Mifflin re-

calls Tennyson's | complaint that readers are accustomed "to find in every poem a part of the biography of the poet." Mr. Mifflin's poetry, we would say, is in little danger of such misinterpretation. It is finished, it displays delicate fancy, its form is almost perfect (not always: "Herself inhaled the roses" fragrance" is a very poor pentameter line); but it does not throb with life and passion. He himself reminds us oftentimes of those whom he describes as:

"Rare architects of figments and of dreams, Who, from the plastic and creative mind,

Build their fine nothings in immortal mould."

In this volume the despairing note—lost love, endless grief, fading light, and all that—is struck more often than is Mr. Mifflin's wont. We quote some of his shorter poems:

#### "Draw Closer, O Ye Trees"

O quiet cottage room,
Whose casements, looking o'er the garden-close,
Are hid in wildings and the woodbine bloom
And many a clambering rose,

Sweet is thy light subdued,
Gracious and soft, lingering upon my book,
As that which shimmers through the branchèd
wood

Above some dreamful nook!

Leaning within my chair,
Through the thin curtain I can see the stir—
The gentle undulations of the air—
Sway the dark-layered fir;

And, in the beechen green,
Mark many a squirrel romp and chirrup loud;
While far beyond, the chestnut-boughs between,
Floats the white summer cloud.

Through loopholes in the leaves,
Upon the yellow slopes of far-off farms,
I see the rhythmic cradlers, and the sheaves
Gleam in the binders' arms.

At times I note, near by,

The flicker tapping on some hollow bole;
And watch upon the elm

And watch upon the elm, against the sky,

The fluting oriole;

Or, when the day is done,
And the warm splendors
make the oak-top flush,
Hear him, full-throated in the
setting sun,—
The darling wildwood
thrush.

O sanctuary shade
Enfold me round! I would
no longer roam:
Let not the thought of
wandering e'er invade
This still, reclusive home!

Draw closer, O ye trees!

Veil from my sight e'en
the loved mountain's
blue;

The world may be more fair
beyond all these,
Yet I would know but you!



LLOYD MIFFLIN

#### A Woman's Plaint

She raised her eyes and dropped a tear:
She pondered on the words she read;
"Ah, that is not the deepest fear,—
'To be forgot when we are dead,'—
But while we breathe, and to them give
Our days, our nights, our being—Oh!
To be forgotten while we live,
That is the bitterness of woe!"

#### A Midnight Chord

**Paris** 

Ι

'Twas midnight in the lamp-lit garret room;
From the rich cello, with impassioned bow,
A rapt soul drew the pathos. Hushed in gloom
They listened, breathless, to the plainting low.

<sup>\*</sup> The Fleeing Nymph and Other Verse. By Lloyd Mifflin. Small. Maynard & Co.

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Two lovers, mutely clinging hand-in-hand, Stared at the havoc of the coming years; The lonely sculptor from a foreign land Gave way at last and melted into tears.

#### III

Then one walked to the window and looked up Shaken with grief, remembering long-lost lips; As memory passed to each her wormwood cup Youth seemed a phantom over sunken ships.

#### IV

Then one by one they sought the silent night; Each hoarding in the heart a sorrow, veiled; Delicious pain had left their faces white, And still the music, gently poignant, wailed.

The following poem is by Richard Watson Gilder and is published in *The Atlantic Monthly*. Already the question is being asked, Who is "The New Poet" referred to by Mr. Gilder? There is no doubt in our own mind on that point. He refers to any new poet.

#### A New Poet

1

Friends, beware!
Stop babbling! Hark, a sound is in the air!
Above the pretty songs of schools
(Not of music made, but rules),
Above the panic rush for gold
And emptinesses manifold,
And selling of the soul for phantom fame,
And reek of praises where there should be blame;
Over the dust and muck,
The buzz and roar of wheels,
Another music steals,—
A right, true note is struck.

#### II

Friends, beware!
A sound of singing in the air!
The love song of a man who loves his fellow men;
Mother-love and country-love, and the love of sea
and fen;
Lovely thoughts and mighty thoughts and
thoughts that linger long;
There has come to the old world's singing the
thrill of a brave new song.

#### III

They said there were no more singers,
But listen!—a master voice!
A voice of the true joy-bringers!
Now will ye heed and rejoice,
Or pass on the other side,
And wait till the singer hath died,
Then weep o'er his voiceless clay?
Friends, beware!
A keen, new sound is in the air,—
Know ye a poet's coming is the old world's judgment day!

Nine poems out of ten that appear in the current magazines signed by a name that indicates

that the writer is of the gentler sex are poems of love. After one has read two or three hundred of them in quick succession they begin to cloy on the palate. Here are two rather better than most by one of the surest of our minor singers, Theodosia Garrison. The first is from The Metropolitan Magazine, the second from Ainslee's:

#### The Song of Hours

I meet you in the crowded marts by day And glance and frown and turn my eyes away, Nor look again the way that you have gone, Nor in the places that you linger, stay. (Oh, my beloved, how the day drags on!)

I pass you in the lighted halls at night—
My step is buoyant and my mouth is bright,
My laughter is the loudest, and my eyes
Dare other eyes to sun them in their light.
(Oh, my beloved, how the slow night dies!)

Day and night go—yet other days must be, And other nights draw on eternally: I counted once my time from bliss to bliss So little seemed the world's great hours to me. (Oh, my beloved, is all love like this?)

#### The Window

This is the window where, one day,
I watched him as he came,
When all the world was white with May,
And vibrant with his name.

His eyes to mine, my eyes to his— Oh lad, how glad were we, What time I leaned to catch the kiss Your fingers tossed to me!

This is the window where, one day,
I crouched to see him go,
When all the world with wrath was gray
And desolate with snow.

Oh, this the glass where prophet-wise My fate I needs must spell; Through this I looked on Paradise, Through this I looked on Hell.

Richard Le Gallienne has always an air of distinction, whether writing in prose or verse. He contributes to *The Cosmopolitan* three short poems (we print but one) under a common title, namely:

#### From a Lover's Note-Book

Give me thy tears: I ask not for thy kiss, Or for thy smile—but only for thy tears; Take where thou wilt thine hopes—give me thy fears; Lavish on shallower loves thy time of bliss:

But when it ends,—and naught so certain is As bliss doth end—though it be years on years, Though 'twere the hour before the last hour nears, Come to me then—I ask no boon but this.

Life is not short,
'Tis far too long—
No little love, no little dream,
No little song,

Life is not vain,
Say what they will.
I loved you, sweetheart, first and last,
Our present's dearer than our past,
And we have all the future still.

The history of the following poem seems to class it among the freak poems; but it has real merit despite its queer origin. According to Margaret Deland, who sends the poem to Harper's Magazine, it was written by a Mrs. Warrin, who had never written a line of poetry before, and who suddenly woke one morning repeating these lines to her own very great astonishment. She was naturally surprised and somewhat amused, but put the lines on paper and was prevailed on by Mrs. Deland to let them appear in print:

In my dim room two tapestries there are, close hanging to the wall;

On one, bright colors flame and golden gleams, And from it, in the half-light of my days, I think I hear the low, soft laughter of sweet love.

The merry cry of children—mine, the shouts of boys at play;

Then clash of swords, and murmurs of great crowds,

And acclamations high, and loud and strong;— My life—that longed to be.

The other, pale and sombre in the shadow falls, I scarce can tell what faint design is traced upon its folds;
Dim shades there are, which slowly move

In misty waves the wall along; So cold, so dark,—no love, no life, no sound;— Hark, silence shivers, rent in twain by sobs my own."

An excellent specimen of melodious wordembroidery is this song in *The Cosmopolitan* by Clinton Scollard:

#### Midsummer Song

Dawnings of amber and amethyst eves; Soft in the south wind the laughter of leaves; Breath of the poppy and death of the rose— Midsummer comes and midsummer goes!

Dapple on cheek of the apple and plum; Honey-bees droning a die-away hum; Swales in a shimmer and dales in a doze— Midsummer comes and midsummer goes!

Darting of dragon-fly, flutter of moth;
Barley in windrow and wheat in the swath;
Hush-song and thrush-song!—the mother-bird knows!—
Midsummer comes and midsummer goes!

Moonlight and noonlight all glamour and gleam; Hillside and rillside a thrall to the dream; Capture the rapture before the days close!— Midsummer comes and midsummer goes! Almost on the day that Scribner's Magazine appeared containing the following poem, appeared also in the daily papers the announcement of the death of the author, Charles Henry Webb. Mr. Webb has been before the American public as poet, essayist, and journalist for many years.

#### A Mariner

I launched my ships at break of day. Were ever ships so fair as they? Their silken sails white in the sun, With threads of yellow gold enspun. And snow-white decks and spotless spars And masts that tapered to the stars!

My shining sails I spread unto The perfumed breeze that softly blew To bear me clear of care and pain To a far shore I thought to gain.

To luckless mariners I passed
No aid I gave, no look I cast:
"Help, or we sink!" the storm-tossed cried.
"Poor seamen, ye," my scorn replied;
"See how my ships hold on their way,
Shape ye your course as right as they."
"Show mercy as you mercy seek!"
I answered from my towering peak:
"Who seeks that which he has not shown?
I sail on business of mine own."

A hand was stretched across the sea, Of one who walked on Galilee: "The shore is far, the night is near; A pilot take, who waits you here." Light mocked I back: "The wind is free; Not this your Lake of Galilee. You see my ships, how stout and brave; What need of hand to help or save? Seek those who lack the shipman's art; I need no pilot and no chart."

God! can horizons change so fast,
Can skies so soon come overcast?
The wind that lately spoke me fair
Veered round and blew from everywhere;
Waves that had followed, adverse rose
To beat me back with cruel blows;
My sails that shone so in the sun,
Blown from their fastenings, every one,
Storm-stained and tattered, whipped the air
With rags the wrecks had shamed to wear.
Mere toys of the tumultuous swells
Lay all my high-pooped caravels.

Full many that I thrust aside,
Or passed in wantonness of pride,
Unanswering when for help they hailed,
Have gained the shore for which I sailed.
From where the sheltering coast lifts high
They signal as I drift them by;
I hear them ask with pitying lips,
"What wrecks be these that once were ships?"

"O Christ, if any Christ there be," I cry across a wintry sea, "My every ship has found a grave, Now but the sinking skipper save!"

#### The Burglar—A Story by Leonid Andréyev

The author of this story (which is translated for CURRENT LITERATURE from the Russian, by Thomas Seltzer) is now in a Russian prison, where he was recently sent, together with his friend, Maxim Gorky, on political charges relating to the recent troubles in St. Petersburg. Gorky has been released, but Andréyev is, presumably, still held.

A great burglary is to be committed; perhaps also a murder.

To-night is the time appointed for this deed. Alone in his room, waiting, sits one of the men who is to commit the crime.

He must make haste to find his comrade and not sit alone and idle in the house. The lonely and idle man is a prey to all imaginable terrors, and he is everywhere surrounded by a mocking, jeering throng, whose hollow, malicious laughter penetrates and torments his soul.

A mouse terrifies him. It scratches mysteriously at the boards underneath the floor, and will not be silenced even when he raps with his cane until he is seized with fear himself. For a moment it remains silent, but as soon as, reassured, he reclines his head on his pillow, it is there again under his bed, gnawing away at the boards so loud . . . so loud . . . that it might be heard in the street . . . that someone might come and make inquiries.

The dog terrifies him, which, outside in the yard, rattles the chain sharply and barks at somebody.

Then the dog and the people are silent for a long while, and something happens out yonder. No footsteps are heard, but something is approaching the door, and a hand lays hold of the latch and holds it with a powerful grip without opening it.

The entire old moldy house terrifies, as if it had acquired, in its long existence with the groaning, weeping and teeth-gnashing inhabitants, the ability to speak and to utter indefinite, horrible threats. Something looks staringly out of the darkness of the narrow corner, and when he brings the lamp near it springs back noiselessly and is transformed into a tall dark shadow which dances and laughs - so quaintly dances and laughs on the round beams of the walls. Overhead on the low ceiling someone is treading with heavy footsteps; no footsteps are heard, but the boards are bending and fine dust is falling into the joints. How could it fall if there were no one upon the dark floor, walking about and looking for something? Yet the dust keeps falling, and sooty cobwebs tremble and wriggle and squirm. The mute, insidious, monstrous darkness greedily engorges the little windows, and-who knows?-

perhaps there are shadowy faces peeping in with the uncanny composure of the invisible, and pointing at him: "See... see! Look at him!"

When a man is alone even his old acquaintances terrify him. They come and he is glad to see them. He laughs cheerfully and looks tranquilly into that corner in which someone had just been hidden, looks boldly at the ceiling over which someone had been walking back and forth. Now there is no one there: the boards do not bend, and no fine dust is falling. Yet-the men speak too much and too loud. They shout as if he were deaf, and in so doing their words vanish and lose their meaning. They cry so loudly and so long that their cries turn into stillness and their words into muteness. He knows their faces, but their eyes seem strange and unusual, and appear to live apart from their faces and their smiles, as if from the hollows of the eyes of old and trusted faces there looked out some stranger, a new man, who knew all and was so hideously treacherous.

And the man who has projected a great burglary, perhaps a murder, steps forth from the old rickety house. He steps forth into the street and breathes a sigh of relief.

But the street also-the deserted, hushed street of the suburb, where the pure white snow of the fields grapples with the noisy city, and forcibly penetrates into it with its white streams —the street also terrifies the man when he is Already night is on, but darkness is not vet to conceal him. Somewhere in the distance. before and behind, it coils itself up in the dark houses with their closed shutters; but it steps back before him; he is forever walking in a luminous circle apart from but visible to all, as if he were carried along raised upon the broad white palm of a hand. And in every house which his bent form passes by there are doors, and even they stare at him with such a watchful and intent look, as if behind each there stood a man ready to rush forth upon him. And behind the fences, behind the long fences, stretches forth the invisible distance. There are gardens and vegetable beds, and surely no one can be there in this cold winter night; but if someone lies hidden there and looks at him through the dark crevices with strange and wily eyes, he will not be able to discover his presence.

And this is why he goes in the middle of the street, and there walks on apart from and visible to all, persecuted by the looks directed upon him from the gardens, the fences, the houses.

Thus he emerges upon the shore of the frozen river. The houses, full of men, remain outside the confines of the luminous circle, and only the field and the sky look at each other with hollow cold eyes. Yet the field is without motion and the sky flows rapidly onward, and the dim whitish moon falls headlong into the emptiness of measureless space. And not a sound, not a breathnot a stirring shadow is upon the snow. He stretches himself to his full length in the midst of the free and open country, looks up into the great arch of heaven, then angrily at the deserted street, and remains standing. "Let us smoke!" he says aloud in a husky voice. The match feebly illumines his broad black beard, but falls immediately from his lifted hand when an answer comes to his words—a strange, unexpected answer in the dead stillness of the night. He can not make it out. Is it a groan? Is it far or near, threatening or calling for help? Some sound arose and died away again. Long he listens, aghast with fright; the sound is not repeated; he waits and then asks softly: "Who is there?"

So surprisingly, so astoundingly simple is the answer that the man laughs out aloud and breaks into meaningless oaths. A little dog whines, a very ordinary and apparently very young dog. That is evident from its voice—weak, plaintive, and full of that peculiar assurance which knows that it will be heard and will be pitied, that peculiar sound which is heard in the crying of children. A little dog whines in the midst of the snow—a little dog, where all was so unusual and terrifying and the whole world hunted the man with a thousand open eyes. The man follows the soft call.

Upon the trodden snow of the wide road sits a little black dog. Helplessly stretching out his hind feet, he supports himself on his fore feet. He trembles in his entire body. The feet on which he supports himself tremble, the little black nose trembles, and the coiled end of the tail strikes out a pitiful, caressing curl upon the snow. He has been freezing long, astray in the infinite waste, urgently calling to all who came near him but heeded by none. Now a man has stopped in front of him, and no longer has he need to cry out for help.

"This seems to be our dog," muses the man as he scans him carefully. He vaguely recalls something, small, black and moving, which beat a

tattoo with his paws, always got entangled under one's feet and whined. The folks played with him and petted him, and once someone said: "Look at him, what a comical fellow he is!"

He does not recall whether he had seen him then, whether he had looked at him then; perhaps these words had never been spoken, perhaps there was never a young dog in his house, and these recollections come perhaps from the distance, from that indefinite past in which there were so much sunshine and beautiful rare sounds, and in which, as he thinks of it, everything seems to flow into everything else and form a vague mass of confused ideas and remembrances.

"Hey, little fellow, how came you here, you son of a dog?"

The dog turns his little head, but does not whine. He looks aside and trembles with an expression of patient forlornness. It is a very ordinary young dog, yet the man had been so shamefully frightened that he begins to shudder. And he is about to commit a great burglary, perhaps a murder!

"Get along with you," he cries with a threatening voice; "go home, you monster."

The dog acts as if he does not hear him. He looks aside and trembles with the same persistent, agonizing quaver, so that the man's heart begins to ache, and a cold shiver runs through his body.

He grows angry. "Get along with you! Am I speaking to you?" he cries. "Away with you, miserable hound, or I will crack your skull. C-1-e-a-r out!"

The dog looks aside as if he does not hear the terrible words which would have made anybody else tremble, or as if he does not attach any importance to them; and the man is seized with rage because his fierce and terrible words are received with indifference and inattention.

"Now, you rot here," he says, and goes resolutely forward. Whereupon the little dog sets up a piteous whimper as if in imminent peril of life, and convinced, like a child, that it will be heard. "Aha, now you are whining," says the man with triumphant malice. He turns rapidly backward and finds the dog sitting mutely and slumbering.

"Will you go now or not?" he says, but receives no answer. Again he asks and receives no answer.

Now begins the strange, senseless struggle of a huge, powerful man with the little freezing animal. The man tries to chase it home, he is angered, he cries, he stamps with his powerful feet, and the dog looks aside, trembles with cold and with fear, and does not budge from the spot. The man pretends that he is going back home, and calls to make the dog run after him; but he sits and trembles, and when the man goes off

begins to whimper pitifully, persistently. The man returns and kicks him with his foot. The dog starts with fright, turns around and whines, then sits down again supported on his fore legs, and trembles.

Something incomprehensible, vexatious and hopeless takes possession of the man's whole being. He forgets his comrade who is awaiting him, forgets the work that is to be accomplished that night, and with his whole excited spirit abandons himself to the dumb dog. He cannot convince himself that the dog does not comprehend either the danger, or his words, or the necessity of going home at once. He lifts him angrily by the skin of his neck and so carries him ten steps nearer to the house. There he deposits him carefully on the snow and commands: "Away with you, go home!"

Then without looking around he proceeds toward the city. After walking a hundred steps he stops, sunk in thought, and looks back. Nothing is to be seen; not a sound is heard. The frozen expanse of river stretches far and free. Stealthily prowling along, he returns to the place where he had left the dog, and on arriving there breaks out into desperate profanity. On the very spot where he had put him sits the dog and trembles. The man inclines his head, and sees the little round, dripping eyes, the piteous, small, wet nose, together with the entire body a-tremble.

"Will you be gone now? I will strike you dead on the spot!" he cries, raising his hand with a threatening gesture. Gathering the whole vehemence of his rage and excitement into his gaze, with rolling eyes he fixes a momentary glare upon the dog, and bawls aloud to frighten him. The dog looks aside with his tearful eyes and trembles.

"What am I to do with you?" says the man in consternation.

He squats down, curses and swears, because he does not know what to do. He speaks of his comrade; of the work which he has on hand that night, and threatens the dog with swift and terrible death.

The dog looks aside and trembles mutely.

"Ah, you fool," he cries in desperation, then seizes the little body as if it were something hide ous, as if he entertains a deadly hatred for it, deals him two hard blows and—carries him home.

And the houses, the fences and the gardens break into a wild laughter as he passes by them. The gardens and the vegetable beds laugh with a dull, sullen mockery. The lighted windows snigger with malice, and the mute dark houses with their frozen timbers and their mystericus menacing inmates, laugh a dumb somber laugh:

"Look! look! There goes a man who has murder in his mind, and he carries a shabby dog. Look at him! Look at him!" And his heart grows anxious and he grows greatly embarrassed. Wrath and fear envelop him as in a cloud of smoke, and a new, strange feeling possesses him. such as he had never yet experienced in the entire course of his perilous and tormenting existence as a thief - an amazing impotence, an inner weakness. So powerful his muscles, so clenched his fist, yet his heart so soft, so void of will! He hates the dog and carries him with clenched hands as carefully, as watchfully, as if it were something infinitely precious, which a capricious fate has bestowed upon him. And he apologizes sullenly:

"What could I do with him if he would not go himself? How could I help it? There was no other way."

And the mute laughter grows and enshrouds the man who has been planning a murder for that night, and who now carries a black, shabby dog. It is not only the houses and the gardens now that laugh: all the men he has ever known laugh—all the thefts, robberies, burglaries and acts of violence he has ever committed laugh; all the prisons, all the blows, all the insults that his old emaciated body has ever suffered laugh.

"Look! he was to commit a robbery to-night, and he carries a dog in his hands! He was going to commit a burglary, but he is too late on account of this little, shabby dog, ha—ha—ha—old fool!"

"Look, look at him!"

And swifter and ever swifter he pushes onward, his body doubled up, his head drooping, like an ox ready to strike out with his horns as if he has to make his way through invisible ranks of unseen foes, and as if he carries a banner inscribed with the mysterious and mighty words:

"But how could it be helped? How could it be otherwise? Impossible!"

And ever softer, ever duller, grows the suppressed laughter of the invisible foes, and ever thinner, ever rarer, grow their compact ranks. This is perhaps because the clouds melt down in fluffy flakes of snow, and a white, moving bridge joins heaven and earth. Feeling more at ease, the man walks more slowly, and in his angry hands the half-frozen, black little dog gradually returns to life. Somewhere deep down into his little body the frost had chased the tender warmth, but now he steps forth, awake, bright and as strangely beautiful in its mystery and incomprehensiveness as the appearance of light and fire in the midst of deep darkness and the tempest.

#### The Humor of Life



HE: CAN'T YOU GIVE ME A LITTLE HOPE? SHE: WHY—ER—YES. I HAVE A MAIDEN AUNT WHO IS DYING TO GET MARRIED—Life



A PORTRAIT

—E. G. Luts in Life



BUG—I'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH, AND I COULDN'T FIND ANY MUSIC—Paul Bransom in Minneapolis Tribune

"What is Johnson's business?"

"I think he is a bookkeeper; at least, he never brought back the one he borrowed from me last summer."—London Titbits.

#### Paderewski

On concert platforms he performs,
Where ladies (matrons, maids or misses)
Surround his feet in perfect swarms
And try to waft him fat, damp kisses;
Till he takes refuge in his hair,
And sits serenely smiling there.
Col. D. Streamer in "Misrepresentative Men."

Binks—"If it should be decided to make the stork the national bird what ought to be the national flower?"

Banks—"Give it up."
Binks—"Why, the
poppy, of course."
—/udge.

A man who had incurred a sentence of penal servitude for forgery referred to the period, when addressing anyone ignorant of his incarceration, as "his seven years' study of monasticism at the request of his Sovereign!"—London Titbits.

"If," said the chemist, "you will give this new tonic a trial, I'm sure you will never use any other."

"Excuse me," rejoined



I'LL GUARANTEE THIS PICTURE WILL NOT FADE WHEN IT IS DONE; THE COLORS, ALL OF THEM, ARE FAST. JUST NOTICE HOW THEY RUN—Edward Salisbury Field in Sunset Magazine

the customer, "but I prefer something a little less fatal."
—London Titbits.

Scene—Before the door of a bedroom from whence come the gruff tones of the family physician. A nervous husband paces excitedly back and forth, pondering on the gender of the new name to be added to the family register. Suddenly the door opens and twins are presented to him.

Husband (stammering)—Am I to take my choice?—Translated for "Tales" from "Le Petit Parisien."

"Admiral Rozhdestvensky has crossed the Rubicon, and he must press forward now to the final battle."—Daily Telegraph.

This recalls very pleasantly the Board-school definition of a river as a piece of water that juts out into the sea."—Punch.

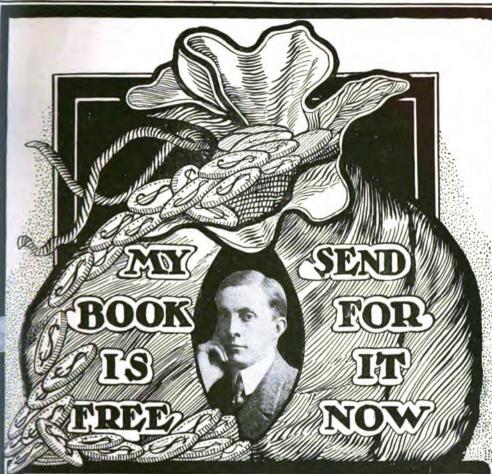
"When I marry I want a wife who is my exact opposite in every respect."

"But, my dear boy, you'll never find a perfect woman."—Translated for "Tales" from "Le Rire."

Edith—"Poor Pauline! She was lost at sea."

Lena—"Oh, isn't that dreadful! And she so much wanted to be cremated."—Smart Set.

(Continued on 2nd page following



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How to choose your partners How to guard against uncertain "prospects"

How to protect yourself in case you should not care to hold an investment indefinitely, etc.

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Edited by EDWARD J. WHEELER

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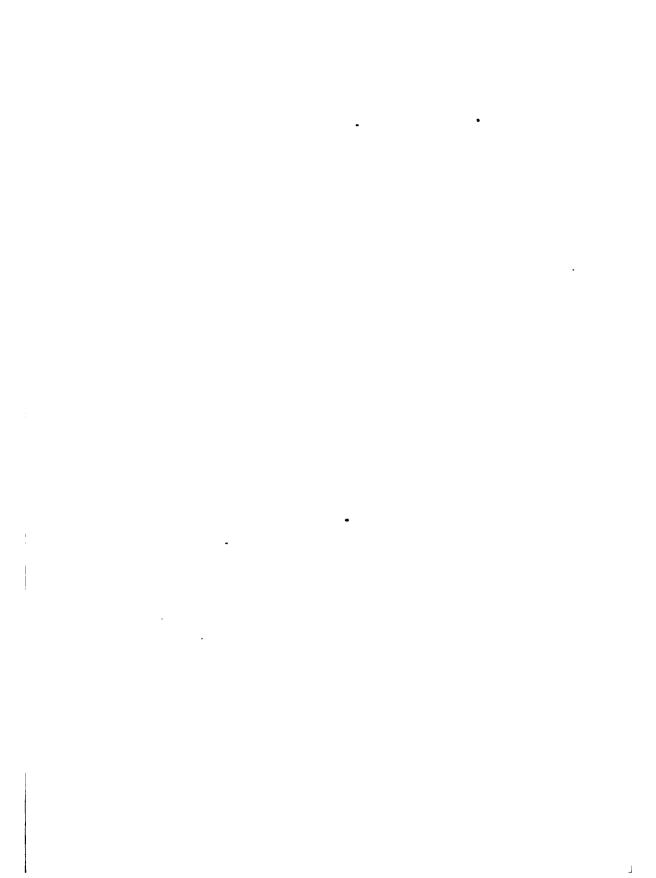
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THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE

## **Current Literature**

THE SE

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

Associate Editors: Leonard D. Albott, Alexander Harvey

1777. 195

#### A Review of the World

| GENERAL crasade against "graft" I make up fairly well the most striking . In second American history, the ries of smost of the noteworthy addresses me month just passing, and the general recent periodical literature ar magazines and weeklies as well as ... repers. To the creation of this cra-... to writer probably has done more than ries in McClare's on municipal comm-- Mr. Lawren's fine dramatic narrative E-crobady's is taken with many grains of . has despite the allowances made for the many evidently mixed motives, it has → v stiered a large section of the country. ... Tarbet's stones concerning the largest the present and its methods of developter have had a wide reading and their threshold of the winer's painstaking desire he fresh mothing but the truth have had a effect more many minds schooled against the metacles familie. But recent events ing had more to do with creating this recei erreside against "graft" than recent terrine Exercise has had. The starting waining in connection with the Equitable in the the party less starting revelations in mentions with other large communities, the instance, as the "ship-building "an" have deepened the conviction of all and as to the reality and magnitude of the tangents when the mation's unprecedented the string has incidentally developed. The conserved in the last year or two of official men = Minnespois, St. Louis, and more mar z Phiadelphia, have been simply ta muse dinamentic of a series of similar knighteres in many departments of that He The conspiracy in the postal infarment, the various instances of "graitto the ease of Captain and being the most conspicuous; the seri-

officially sestained against members of the judiciary, Judge Hooker, of this State, furmishing the latest illustration; the series of indictments against United States senators— Senator Dietrich, of Nebraska, who escaped conviction on a technicality: Senator Burton, of Kansas, who was convicted and whose appeal is now pending; and, later still, Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, convicted last month-are all fresh in the public mind and have evidently profoundly moved the public conscience. The dismissal of Holmes, of the Pederal Bureau of Statistics, for "grafting" in connection with the conten crop reports giving advance information to certain brokers , may be followed by criminal prosecutions; and reports of similar "grafting" methods in connection with the tobacco crop reports add to the distrust and uneasiness of the people.

RECENT speeches on the subject of "graft" and subjects closely allied to that have elicited much formble and commendatory press comment. Mr. James B. Dill, a prominent corporation lawyer of this city 'recently appointed as a "lay judge" on the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals, in a commencement address at Oberlin defined "graft" as "the advanced stage of the craze for unearned money." He laid most of the blame for its prevalence to-day upon the flabliness of the public conscience. He said:

Of pretenders deceivers of the public grafters, the most skillful and dangerous are found in the ranks of educated men and educated women. Men—and women—of high social immodal and political standing have established for themselves a code of combined at variance with the good obfashioned, somewhat obsolete Ten Commandments. We do in our spheres what they do in theirs. We are at faith because we uphild and follow them.

arms being the most conspicuous; the seri
The evil, he added, does not lie in the
a marges preferred and in some cases tendency toward great ministrial aggrega-

tions, which may be good or bad, but "in men," "in personal character": "The trouble is with you and me; it is personal." President Roosevelt, in his Harvard address, put the matter "up to" the community in a similar way. He said:

Every man of great wealth who runs his business with a cynical contempt for those prohibitions of the law which, by hired cunning, he can escape or evade, is a menace to the community; and the community is not to be excused if it does not develop a spirit which actually frowns on and discountenances him.

He made more pointed reference to the responsibility of the legal profession—those "most influential and most highly remunerated members of the bar in every center of wealth" who "make it their task to work out bold and ingenious schemes by which their wealthy clients, individual or corporate, can evade the laws." Such a lawyer is "doing all that in him lies to encourage the growth in this country of a spirit of dumb anger against all laws and of disbelief in their efficiency." Again in Ocean Grove, before an audience of 9,000 gathered by the National Education Association, Mr. Roosevelt referred to the false standards of society in regard to the importance of wealth and wealthy men, saying:

The chief harm done by the men of swollen fortune to the community is not the harm that the demagogue is apt to depict as springing from their actions, but the fact that their success sets up a false standard, and so serves as a bad example for the rest of us. If we did not ourselves attach an exaggerated importance to the rich man who is distinguished only by his riches, this rich man would have a most insignificant influence over us.

The new Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, in an address before the Christian Endeavor Convention recently held in Baltimore, defined the trouble with our public affairs as "simply dishonesty." Mr. William T. Jerome, the district attorney of New York, in his address before the Forest Park Chautauqua, in Kansas, in speaking of trusts, also made a wide distribution of the responsibility for present evils. He

Despicable a man as is John D. Rockefeller, you have only to look at your own country cross-roads to find men in a smaller way doing exactly as he has done. This is business, and business is war. This is commerce, this is competition; it is war and strife. I do not say that this is moral; it is immoral. But don't tell me that if the men at the crossroads had more power they would not use it to their own advantage, or that they would use it any more gently than Rockefeller uses it.

President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, in his baccalaureate address, described the modern struggle for wealth as "more like a consuming fever than a right function of health." He added: "There is in many of our material achievements a touch of frenzy and distemper. Our energy is stimulated to the pitch of intoxication, lacks poise, overleaps the bounds alike of prudence and of pleasure, and hurries us panting to the beds of exhaustion and sickness, where the physician's task is to get the heat and turmoil out of our blood."

These quotations are sufficient to show the prevailing character of the public addresses being made by the most prominent men in our public and professional life.

A N ENCOURAGING view of the situation is taken in many of the journals that comment on these and other similar utterances. The Richmond *Times* finds "an encouraging and gratifying sign of the times" in the fact that "the far-sighted managers of the two great parties see the handwriting on the wall," and "only honest and successful graft-fighters are now wanted at the head of government." The New York *Journal of Commerce* concludes an editorial on "The Growing Sentiment Against 'Graft'" in these words:

That there is an awakening to the turpitude and disgrace of these iniquitous methods of acquisition, a growing sentiment against submitting to graft, shows that the mass of the community is still sound at heart, but it must arrest the process of degeneration if it would escape moral and social perdition.

The Chattanooga *Times* is also hopeful. "There is," it says, "no cause for alarm over these conditions. On the contrary, there is a distinct note of encouragement in every announcement of official dereliction." The Rochester *Post-Express* thinks that "honest citizens may find much encouragement in recent achievements in their fight against 'graft,' which has extended to all parts of the country and to corrupt men of all parties."

The New York Sun, commenting on Secretary Bonaparte's address, says:

Really, however, there is nothing to cause the lover of the United States to-day the slightest uneasiness. Where dishonesty and dislovalty have been discovered, in or out of the public service, punishment has been quick to follow. No wealth nor high name, nor political nor social influence, has been sufficient to protect evildoers. The courts have not failed in their duty, and never before was the principle of equality before

the law more practically asserted than it is to-day. Never before have the people been less blind to the evil deeds of accumulated money. Perhaps to-day the men of wealth are held in less esteem than has ever been the case heretofore.

Not only in the Federal service but also in State and municipal Governments the citizens are demanding a higher standard of honor than ever before. In private life the responsibilities of trustees to shareholders, and to the public, is insisted upon with a force that shows how keen is the popular appreciation of the necessity of honesty and fair dealing in all the relations of life.

Other journals find various lessons to be enforced in the "graft" developments. The Evening Post (New York) and the Boston Herald think that the protective tariff is a conspicuous cause of present conditions. The latter says:

The protected interests are not only in partnership with the national government, but dominate its policies, because they so far control the prevailing party that they may be called the party. The formation of this partnership, which has been the cause of most of the corruption of

our national politics, has naturally resulted in a close relation between government and all the principal financial interests. It has come to this at last, that the business of the country is the government's first interest.

Mr. Hearst's American and Evening Journal insist that these indications of "graft" in public officers point to "public ownership" as the surest remedy, since, it avers, when the average citizen feels as much direct interest in the acts of public officials as he now feels in those of his butcher and grocer, he will be as quick to detect, resent and punish official dishonesty as he is now to detect and resent the dishonesty of his butcher and grocer. The socialist papers, of course, find in "graft" a symptom of a disease inseparable from the capitalistic régime, and the Prohibition papers point to the saloon and its debauchery of moral standards in public and private life as the chief cause. But if the morals drawn are varied. the tone is everywhere the same—that of wholesome revolt against the prevalence of graft.

THE "most gigantic swindle in our history" is the way the Philadelphia Ledger characterizes that form of "graft" that has recently been revealed in the "land frauds" in Oregon. For this swindle eighty persons have already been indicted and a United States Senator, John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, has been convicted by a Portland jury of crime under the Federal statutes punishable by imprisonment for not more than two years and a fine of not more than \$10,000. It is thought that the exposure of the swindle has "only just begun," and that the revelations will dwarf those in the postal department. All the land agents in Oregon are sweepingly said to have been in the swindle, including the surveyor-general, who has been convicted and imprisoned. The general character of the swindle is quickly described. The Federal Government from time to time sets aside as a "reserve" a tract of land on which, or on part of which, home-



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL

CONVENTION

"Of nine thousand persons assembled in the great Ocean Grove auditorium at Asbury Park on the Fourth at the patriotic meeting of [the National Educational Association," says The New York Tribuse, "it was estimated that eight thousand nine hundred were women in white gowns. The assembly gave visible demonstration of the preponderating rôle women are playing in American education."

steaders may have established claims. It issues, therefore, to homesteaders what is known as "lien land scrip," which entitles the holder to an equal amount of similar land elsewhere if his own is taken back by the Government for a reserve. The frauds now revealed in Oregon are in connection with the Cascade Forest Reserve. The land-looters found out in advance, through bribery of land agents, the boundaries of this reserve and then sent clerks, bootblacks and all sorts of dummies to stake claims within these boundaries, secure the scrip, and turn it over to the looters. False affidavits were made, and the senatorial influence of Senator Mitchell was secured, and huge tracts (in one single transaction 12,000 acres) were fraudulently obtained. No doubt prevails in the newspapers that the Senator's guilt was fully established. The Portland Oregonian speaks of the proof as "incontestable," and though the Senator is seventy years of age and, according to Western papers that seem to know, a poor man ("a boardinghouse senator" one of his colleagues calls him), the tide of sympathy for him does not run very strong. The Spokesman-Review (Spokane, Wash.) thinks his conviction due



THE CONVICTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OREGON

Senator Mitchell has now become the sorriest figure in this country's crusade against grafters

to the fact that he refused to take the witnessstand in his own behalf, after damaging testimony had been given by his former partner and by his former clerk. This partner testified that the Senator, after public accusation, went over the firm's books, destroyed the records of the payments made for his influence, and drew up false papers of partnership to conceal his guilt. This testimony remained uncontradicted. His conviction. says the Spokesman-Review, "means the doom of many others even more guilty than the aged and infirm Senator," who, it thinks, was a tool of these others and profited but little from his wrong-doing. Many papers take occasion to pay warm tribute to Secretary Hitchcock for the quiet and effective way in which he is following up these cases, and the Detroit Tribune calls him "the greatest graft-fighter in Washington."

NOTHER Senator's reputation is under a cloud—that of Senator Chauncey M. Depew, of New York—due to another case of alleged "graft." Whether Senator Depew can succeed, upon his return from Europe, in clearing up satisfactorily the facts just made public concerning his relations to certain of the Equitable Life's questionable transactions remains to be seen. How seriously the situation in which he is placed is regarded may be inferred from The Evening Post's comments on the testimony taken by the superintendent of insurance, Mr. Hendricks, a transcript of which was by some means obtained by The World (New York) and published almost in full July 11. The Evening Post says of the testimony:

No vaporous Twords about "large financial operations," "discretion in making investments," "doing it all for the best good of the Equitable," can any longer conceal the real state of the case. Unblushing robbery was being practised. Upon the huge assets and trust funds of the Equitable, a group of blood-suckers had fastened; and nothing but their quarrelling over the question who should be permitted to stretch his skin the tightest, gave the public an inkling of the disgraceful condition of affairs.

Senator Depew's testimony is a most fearful writing of himself down—not, as he himself put it, "a fool," but something more obnoxious. His account of how he earned his retainer of \$20,000 a year is not even "genial"; it is incredibly impudent. . . . Mr. Depew is now in Europe. He will have to stay there a long time if he waits until this thing blows over. We do not see how his reputation can survive the terrible blows he has himself given it.

It appears from the published testimony

that a Buffalo land company, organized in 1802, called the Depew Improvement Company, being named after the Senator and in which he became interested as a stockholder in 1897, secured from the Equitable a loan of \$250,000. The appraiser of the State Insurance Department appraised the value of the property given as security at \$150,000. Mr. Depew, who was one of the committee that granted the loan to the company in which he was interested (though he claims that he did not advise the loan), thereupon wrote a letter to the insurance department asking for a reappraisal. It appears also that Mr. Depew personally guaranteed the loan, but verbally, not in writing, a verbal form being, as he admits, not binding legally. The company did not succeed and defaulted its payments of interest on the loan. The Equitable foreclosed the mortgage, bidding the property in on the foreclosure sale for \$50,000. The company is now in the hands of a receiver, and the property on which the loan was granted is still on the hands of the insurance company. "The last shreds of respectability are stripped from Chauncey Mitchell Depew," says the New York World editorially. Other journals seem disposed to await Mr. Depew's full explanations before indulging in such a harsh verdict; but the case is admitted by all to be a damaging one as it now stands. The Boston Herald says:

Men have been known who would not have voted on a proposition to borrow money of themselves as trustees even when there was no question of the sufficiency of the security. Mr. Depew seems not only not to be of such moral fibre, but to be at least indifferent as to the character of the enterprise to which his name was attached and to which he voted to lend the money intrusted to his care.

THER developments in the Equitable Life, as brought out in the published testimony, have created something like consternation among those who had supposed the worst was known and that the storm was clearing. The question is asked persistently why it is that the superintendent of insurance, in the report which he made several weeks ago of this investigation, said nothing about the Depew matter. The conclusion is drawn that Mr. Depew's political relations had something to do with the silence on this particular feature of the case. The superintendent replies that his report was not intended to be complete, and that the testimony was, in any event, to be made



THE NEW SEAL

--May, in The Detroit Journal

public, so that any effort to cover up the Depew case would have been futile. Another criticism of the insurance department is made from the fact that the testimony taken does not include anything from Mr. E. H. Harriman, who was until recently a director of the Equitable. Here also the suspicion of political influence is aroused in some quarters, as the personal intimacy of Mr. Harriman and ex-Governor Odell, now chairman of the Republican State Committee, is a matter of common report. These suspicions have given new force to the appeal for a complete legislative investigation and Mr. Odell himself has joined in the demand for such an investigation. In the meantime a report of the testimony has been placed in the hands of the attorney-general of the State, another has been secured (after considerable difficulty) by District-Attorney Jerome and the public is awaiting the next chapter in this long and dramatic story. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, the banker, one of the Equitable directors, charges that the records of the insurance company have been falsified in the case of certain alleged dealings with his firm which place him in a bad light. Falsification of the records is a penal offense. "Exposure of life-insurance corruption

has only begun," insists *The World*. "This is not its end but its prelude." *The Evening Post* says, speaking more particularly of Mr. Alexander, the president, and Mr. Hyde, the vice-president:

The right place for these architects of financial disaster and moral ruin is in the prisoner's dock. There can be no satisfactory disposal of the flaming scandals until the douche of criminal prosecution is turned upon them. Let the whole be laid bare in court. Let all the loose ends be followed up in court, all the mysterious suppressions of evidence accounted for.

HE INDICTMENTS of the beef packers who form what is called the "Beef Trust" is another feature of the crusade against "graft." An indictment, of course, is very far from being a conviction. It is found by a jury-in this case a Federal grand jury-in secret session, with the prosecuting attorney directing and advising, and without any hearing on the part of the accused or their attorneys. The evidence in this case, for instance, is not made public. and probably will not be until the trial in open court comes on in the fall. This indictment arraigns seventeen officials of four companies for conspiracy in restraint of trade and to destroy competition, in violation of the Sherman anti trust law. It also arraigns four employees in the traffic department of another company for an illegal rebating agreement with the railways. The indictment is the result of three months' work by twenty-two agents of the Federal Government at a total cost of \$300,000. They subpoenced 250 witnesses, many of whom, it is said, have fled the country to avoid giving testimony. If the charges made in the indictment are proved and a



WHERE'S OUR PARACHUTE?
Rogers in New York Herald

verdict of guilty secured, the penalty may be not only a fine of \$5,000 each but a year's imprisonment for J. Ogden Armour, Louis F. Swift, Edward Cudahy and other men who are among our multi-millionaires. The packers themselves, it is said, regard the indictment as a ruse of the Government for the mere purpose of securing evidence on which to secure a verdict in another suit in equity now pending against them. If that be true, it is a ruse that the attorneygeneral refused to sanction when recommended recently by special counsel employed to prosecute the Santa Fé Railway for illegal rebates. It is hardly likely that he would sanction a similar proceeding in this case unless there is evidence not alone against the companies but against the individual officers as well. Most of the journals commenting on the case express gratification that the scope and efficacy of the Sherman anti trust law are at last likely to be tested and passed upon by the courts. The far-reaching effect that such a decision may possibly have may be gathered from the statement of John S. Miller, the "Beef Trust's" general attorney, as made in a statement to the Chicago Tribune. He said:

I am confident that any rule which would make them [the Beef Trust] violators of the law, would destroy as criminal most of the business transactions of the country; and that the Sherman antitrust law as so administered, instead of being a law to promote the freedom of trade and prevent restraints thereof, would itself greatly restrain and destroy trade.

**DOLITICAL** house-cleaning in Philadelphia has gone merrily on during the last month, and Mayor Weaver's command of the situation has been fully maintained by vigorous action and singleness of aim. He refuses to play politics and sticks to his job of being mayor. The research into the filter contracts, which very soon resulted in the dismissal of the chief engineer and the director of public works, seems to reveal frauds comparable only to those of the Tweed regime in New York. Pending the determination of the courts in these cases. the mayor has impounded the balance of \$50,000 still due on the contracts and announces his purpose "to seek to recover for the city the sum of money of which it has been defrauded," and "to punish crime whenever it is found that crime has been committed." In one week's time, three ballotbox stuffers and one ward assessor pleaded guilty of crime, two other assessors were convicted on trial, and a member of the legislature, implicated by the confessions, was arrested and held for trial. One of the most extensive raids on resorts of vice was instituted by the police early in the month, covering twenty square miles of territory and including fine residential districts as well as the slums. Two thousand prisoners were made in the raid, and a number attempted to take their lives.

HE reappearance of David Martin follows close upon the enforced resignation of Durham from his office of State insurance commissioner, paying from \$12,000 to \$20,000 a year in salary and fees. Martin has been appointed to the post. career in Philadelphia politics has been an interesting one. He was a former lieutenant of Senator Quay, but joined with "Chris" Magee and others in the fight years ago to depose Quay from power, and was denounced in bitter terms by Quay on the floor of the Senate. According to the Pittsburg Dispatch, Martin lost a fortune in fighting the "bosses" in Philadelphia during the years that followed, and this fact, The Dispatch thinks, should not be forgotten. His reappearance as Durham's successor is not, however, welcomed by the reform forces. The Committee of Nine promptly adopted a resolution asserting that his appointment by Governor Pennypacker was a gratuitous affront to all honest citizens; and the Committee of Seventy adopted a similar resolution saying that the appointment is "another evidence" of the governor's "hostility to reform sentiment." The Ledger takes the same view, that the governor's action is an "effort to succor the shattered gang" and is "an affront to be instantly resented." The Press says: "It is difficult to fathom the political theory of the choice. . . . It involves contradictions and incongruities in every aspect"; but "whatever the scheme" it will be impotent against this popular awakening." The Bulletin thinks nothing thus far "has been more amusing" than Martin's declaration for the new cause of reform. The departure last month of Senator Penrose for the West, in the midst of the trouble, was construed as a virtual abdication of the party leadership for the State. Senator Knox is regarded as his successor,



PHILADELPHIA'S NEW "BOSS."

The appointment of David Martin in place of Durham is is viewed as an "affront" by the reformers.

and H. C. Frick is expected to be first lieutenant in the new régime.

THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES that meet this month in Washington to discuss the terms of peace between Japan and Russia, will, it may be assumed, employ the French language as their medium of communication. Our Government, it is true, does not bestow upon the French tongue that official recognition which has made it for so many polite centuries the language of diplomacy. The Department of State at Washington requires our representatives abroad to couch communications to even the most effete chancelleries in the language of Shakespeare, Milton and Byron, or at any rate in the language which Henry James suspects we do not quite know how to use. French, however, is the speech invariably employed in discussions of the kind about to open, and there has been no intimation of any innovation in this respect by Baron Rosen, Mr. Witte, Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira. All understand diplomacy in the European acceptation of the word, which im-



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JAPAN'S JUNIOR PEACEMAKER

The experience gained by Mr. Takahira as the Mikado's Minister in Washington is supposed to be one of Baron Komura's sources of confidence in this gentleman's fertility of resource in negotiation.

plies a preference for French in negotiation. This would mean that all the secretaries, stenographers and sergeants-at-arms must realize the significance of "Parlez-vous Français?" The very typewriting machines will have to be equipped with the accented letters that abound in written French.

THE QUARTET of negotiators may request President Roosevelt to name their presiding officer; but it is more than probable that they will prefer to select for themselves the individuals to whom will be entrusted such work as "la rédaction des protocoles"—that is, the drawing up of the treaty and its innumerable supplementary This responsibility is impordocuments. The task may be entrusted to an American, but that, in the circumstances. would be unexpected. The honor is more likely to be conferred upon some European with experience. At the Berlin Congress, after the war between Russia and the Turk, the "rédaction des protocoles" was made over to Comte Charles de Mouy by special arrangement between Bismarck and the government of the new French republic. This diplomatist had distinguished himself

by drafting the treaties at the noted conference of Constantinople. What is known as "the organization of the secretariat" will undoubtedly have to be done by our Department of State, subject to the approval, at every stage, of the plenipotentiaries. Each of the latter will bring a suite of attachés and under-secretaries. In European diplomacy the foundation of a career is often laid by participation, in however humble a capacity, in affairs of the momentous character just set afoot by the only living American who can be deemed an international figure—President Roosevelt.

IN SPITE of the practically official announcement from Washington that "the proceedings at the peace conference will be conducted with the utmost secrecy," one may expect "leakages." Diplomacy to-day, even in the most conservative capitals, finds in journalism one of its most available resources. "Only one authentic announcement will be made, and that will be after the treaty has been signed," runs the Washington sentence. It all depends upon what one means by an "authentic announcement." The unexpected happens at peace conferences as well as in marriage. Every important diplomatic conference for the past



THE ONE MAN WHO CAN SAVE RUSSIA

M. Witte, Russia's chief plenipotentiary, is leader of the peace party and probably the ablest man of the Empire

seventy-five years has been prolific in journalistic sensations and revelations. doubt, neither the plenipotentiaries nor their respective governments will authorize any statement regarding the instructions given, the demands made, the concessions sought or the processes by which the result has been reached, as the American correspondent of the London Standard assures us. Yet there are "indiscretions" of which the most cautious plenipotentiaries will be guilty and hints of which the least enterprising correspondents will make much. One hitch at the beginning will mean countless official "communiqués," as they call such things in Europe.

R USSIA was afraid to have the peace conference held in the United States, it is well known, owing to the independence—she calls it "license"—of our newspapers, which, she claimed, would give pro-Japanese sentiment here its full effect. The Department of State at Washington thereupon agreed to protect the secrecy of all negotiation. Japan likewise pledged herself to keep our newspapers out of her confidence. That brought



AMBASSADOR AND PLENIPOTENTIARY

Baron Rosen's personal affability and tact will, it is believed, be of much value in any hitch that may occur while the peace envoys are conferring.



TOKYO'S JOHN HAY IN THE PEACE CONFERENCE Baron Komura, Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, acquired his "western civilization" in the land he now visits to put an end to a war

Russia to the yielding point and she consented, reluctantly, to Washington. Her own Baron Rosen, however, has always been on friendly terms with newspaper representa-Baron Komura is noted for his courtesy to the correspondents of great European dailles in Tokyo. Witte introduced into Russia the doctrine that newspaper men are persons of importance whom it is desirable to placate. As Minister of Finance he was constantly giving interviews to French, English and American journalists. Muravieff does not eye the newspaper with favor, but as he is not to attend the peace conference, it is of no great consequence. Takahira has probably no opinion to which he would give expression, but he knows it is part of the "modern Japan" idea to keep in touch with journalism. All things considered, this will be one of the most wonderful of peace conferences if its secrets be kept, from first to last, with the jealousy for which Russia has professed too long.

JAPAN may be expected to become "a formidable competitor" with the United States or Germany for "the third or fourth place among the navies of the world" should she come out of the peace conference with an indemnity. Such is the contention of the NewYork Scien-

tific American, which

has recently made an

analysis of the present

relative position of the

world's fleets, the re-

sults being shown at a

glance in the picture

reproduced from our contemporary (p. 127).

"Before the war," re-

marks The Scientific

American, "or rather

after it had been waged

for eight months, the

order of strength was:

Great Britain, France.

Germany, United

States, Italy, Japan,

Austria. As the result



A PORTRAIT OF LINEVITCH

Drawn by a Japanese soldier without lifting his pencil from paper. "One stroke is enough for Linevitch," said the artist.

-Collier's Weekly

of the war, Russia has fallen from third to seventh position, or next to Japan, the order now being: Great Britain, France, Germany, United States, Italy, Japan, Russia, Austria." The keen humiliation over Russia's present international position, attributed to Nicholas II by the Paris Matin, may have caused the placing of certain heavy orders with American steel and armor plants. "Russia," says the Paris Journal des Débats, "intends to become a formidable naval power within a generation." The London News thinks that will be out of the question if Russia has to pay a huge indemnity. Japan, remarks the London Telegraph. looks to the indemnity to prevent Russia from outstripping her in the coming race between them for command of the sea. Japanese dailies, especially the Jiji of Tokyo, have been quoted as insisting that Russia shall keep no fleets in Far Eastern Everything confirms the prophecy waters. of the Berlin Vossische Zeitung that one of the great questions to be settled by the peace plenipotentiaries will be-incidentally —the relative rank of various naval powers for years to come.

WHEN the plenipotentiaries and their suites have paid their official visits to the President and have left their cards for the members of the diplomatic corps who happen to be in Washington, the real work may begin. But there will ensue a preliminary round of entertaining, and the bills for that entertaining will be heavy. Who is to pay them does not definitely appear. Congress is

very chary of appropriations for this purpose. Our naval officers and our diplomatic representatives get no money from Congress for purposes of entertainment. There have been exceptional cases in which the Department of State has used its special funds for something almost indistinguishable from "entertainment." Perhaps the wealthy Americans of our several pleasure resorts will relieve our Government of any embarrassment in connection with the social side of the peace conference. In any event, it is apparent that the Washington Government is to extend the hospitality of a suitable edifice in the capital as well as of the available building off Portsmouth. The famous Berlin conference was given the use of the Radziwill palace, a huge structure in the Wilhelmstrasse. The plenipotentiaries on that occasion had a large hall to themselves for their deliberations in common, while the anterooms were reserved for committee meetings and private talks.

REFERENCE to the coming gathering of these diplomatists as a "conference" must not obscure the fact that we are not about to witness a conference in the diplomatic sense at all. There would, in Euro-



THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS

Fate the Sibyl.—"Once I offered you peace with the remnant of your naval strength! Now I offer you peace while you still have an army! If I should have to come again—"—Punck (London).

pean opinion, have been a conference of the powers if William II had had his way. His Majesty wished the powers to settle the terms of peace in common, precisely as he wishes the powers to confer over Morocco in common. It is the policy of the German Emperor, avowed loudly more than once, that "no great decision shall be taken anywhere in the world" unless he be himself one of the assenting parties. It is asserted with circumstantiality that he urged a "conference" in this sense upon St. Petersburg, and even upon Washington. That is why the settlement of the conflict between Russia and Japan without a conference of the great powers is interpreted in some European organs as a setback for William II. There seems no disposition anywhere to belittle the triumph the present situation embodies for President Roosevelt.

JAPAN scores heavily from the elimination of the world conference which Continental Europe would have wished to decide the terms of peace. A world conference, as London organs have pointed out, must have enabled Germany to "regularize" her anomalous position in the province of Shantung, a position which Japan is known to deem a flagrant violation of the integrity of China. Emperor William's intention to fortify the only station owned by his dynasty in Far Eastern waters—Kiao-chow—seems to



WILL IT BE LIKE THIS?

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



John Bull: Soak him once more and close the eye looking in this direction!"

—May in Detroit Fournal

the English press a striking confirmation of its view that Japan's next war will be with Germany. Kiao-chow, say the London Times and Spectator, is a symbol of the dismemberment of China. When three German men-of-war seized it in 1897, they rendered inevitable, asserts the London National Review, that constructive naval program which has since made Japan one of the formidable powers at sea. Japan has determined, in the opinion of all the British organs just quoted, that Germany must sooner or later surrender her foothold in China. To permit Germany to retain it would afford a pretext for continuing the very policy of Chinese dismemberment which Japan meant, by her war with Russia, to nip in the bud. Those who have traced the progress of Japanese opinion on this point since the "lease" of Kiao-chow to Germany by China-opinion set forth in the Dobun-kwai Hokoku, and even in source books on Japanese diplomacy like the Tokushu Joyaku-are well aware that the Nippon public looks forward to the time when Germany must abandon her "foothold." The most influential organs in Tokyo have been saying in recent weeks that Germany may yet conclude to relinquish voluntarily a position on Chinese soil which might be "misunderstood." The Jiji Shimpo, the weightiest of Nippon dailies, the Asahi Shimbun (the New York Evening Post of Japan), and the Keisai Zasshi, primarily an economic organ and secondarily an authority on world politics, all coincide in the view that Kiao-chow is an anomaly under existing conditions. Such expressions coming at this time indicate a feeling that will find vigorous expression later. Emperor William's reply to which is a resolution to fortify.

CLASH of influence between President Roosevelt and Emperor William, or something like it, must have occurred if all that is rumored in Europe regarding the peace negotiations be true. The circumstances bring out anew the suspicion of some diplomatists that between the ruler of Germany and the ruler of the American republic there exists more official respect than personal cordiality. President Roosevelt is said to dislike the tendency of European royalties to "gush" over him, although a London organ, here and there, still insists that our chief magistrate is under some sort of charmed influence exerted by Emperor William and his ambassador in Washington. London Truth recently printed a story to the effect that the diplomatic representative of an exalted European sovereign in Washington had received instructions to pay marked social attentions to some members of the Roosevelt family. These instructions appear to have been carried out. The effect was not what the European potentate may have anticipated. Still another European sovereign is credited with the belief that his personal notice of President Roosevelt would affect favorably the interests of his own realm. But President Roosevelt is said on trustworthy authority to have made it evident that he is not to be dealt with as if he were on a level with a mere American millionaire, eager for the condescensions of royalty.

THE TERMS upon which peace will be discussed when the four plenipotentiaries get down to business include, on Japan's side, the recognition of her suzerainty over Korea, the cession of Port Arthur and the Liao-tung peninsula to the Mikado's authority, the placing of the eastern Chinese railway under a neutral international administration, the restoration of Manchuria as far north as Harbin "as an integral portion of China," and a vague proposition that Vladivostok shall be declared a neutral port or "open door." There remains the question of indemnity. As for Saghalien, Japan regards it very much as France looks upon Alsace-Lorraine. Tokyo regards it as Japanese territory and considers that she was merely taking her own when she seized the island a few weeks ago. The peace terms herein outlined are not official in any sense. Japan will not, it is believed in Europe, be content with less, however. The London *Economist* not long ago went into the subject thus:

In the long-protracted negotiations which led up to the war, it was not asked on the part of Japan that Korea should be under her suzerainty, but only that her special interests there should be recognized, and that Russia's presence in Manchuria should be so effectively withdrawn as no longer to constitute a menace to the integrity of the Peninsular Kingdom. An understanding on that subject seemed at times not hopelessly out of reach, but the merest hint at a cession to Japan of Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula—the prize which had been wrung from her by an ill-starred European combination at the close of her victorious war with China-would have been enough to secure the dismissal of the Japanese Ambassador from St. Petersburg. To-day there is not a sane and adequately informed Russian who does not really recognize that Japan's complete control of Korea on the one hand and her retention of Port Arthur and the Liao-tung Peninsula on the other are conditions to which it would be absolutely futile for the Tsar's Government to raise any kind of objection. Seldom, if ever, has history recorded so swift, complete, and costly a reversal of an advantage gained by one nation, cheaply and on dishonest pretexts, at the expense of another. The future of Port Arthur, as of Korea, is, as even the Russian newspapers must recognize whenever they express their own minds, withdrawn from Russian discussion.

Yet there are in Europe publicists of eminence who fear that there may never be a treaty of Washington, that the negotiations of the four plenipotentiaries now among us may come to naught. Among those who entertain such fears is Mr. Edward Dicey, long a student of Russia and of world politics. He assures us in the London Empire Review that we must not be too sanguine. The Czar sees reason to think that all is not lost. There are many Continental European jealousies to appease before the way to peace can be even paved, not to say trod. The more radical European dailies found such forebodings justified by the selection of Muravieff as one of the plenipotentiaries. Russia's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Lamsdorff, was not selected, we are told, because he knows practically nothing of Far Eastern affairs. But the failure to select Witte seemed ominous. His ultimate selection was a great stimulus, a tonic, to the peace prophets in all Russia. Still the darting current of press comment abroad runs now this way and now that.

THE first meeting between Baron Komura and Baron Rosen since those two men vainly endeavored to adjust the crisis between their countries in far dis-

tant Tokyo during the winter of 1903-04 takes place in our own country. The two Barons are warm personal friends. really resume negotiations which were interrupted by war. In a sense the interruption of the negotiations between these barons was due to Admiral Alexeieff, who, says the Neue Freie Presse (Vienna), held back a despatch addressed to Baron Rosen by Count Lamsdorff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in St. Petersburg. Had Alexeieff not held back that despatch, says the Vienna daily, it would have gone on to Rosen, who would have handed it to Komura, who would have found it so conciliatory that there need have been no rupture of diplomatic relations. However that may be, Baron Komura has always expressed the highest personal esteem for Baron Rosen. The Russian diplomatist, according to the Japanese diplomatist, is a sincere friend of Japan. He strove for peace, he won the respect of the Japanese, and he may be expected to be as conciliatory now as he was in February of last year. Komura, like Rosen, comes to a country where he is no stranger. Japan's Minister of Foreign Affairs received a goodly proportion of his education in the United States, and he is the holder of a Harvard degree. He has been the diplomatic representative of his country in Washington, as well as in St. Petersburg. The other Japanese peace plenipotentiary, Mr. Kogoro Takahira, Japanese minister here, is rather the echo of a voice than a voice proper. His training was received at home, even his knowledge of diplomacy having been acquired in a subordinate post in the Foreign Office at Tokyo. But he has held important consulships in this country and in the Far East. He knows Korea, where he was Japanese minister for a time. The impression of him is that he will say "ditto" to his official superior, Baron Komura, throughout the negotiations for peace.

THE SELECTION of Sergei Julievitch Witte at the eleventh hour as Russia's chief plenipotentiary, in place of Muravieff, supports the prediction of the Vienna Zeit that he may yet become Chancellor, a post which has been in abeyance for many a year. No well-informed newspaper in Europe seems to have the slightest doubt that on the fretted soul of Nicholas II rests a burden of inveterate dislike for his Mr. Witte. "The

Czar has never been able to forget the haughty and domineering attitude of the man whose counsels he never found it agreeable to tolerate," declares the Paris Temps. "He is in dread of falling anew under the tutelage of Witte and he realizes that if he does so it will have to be for a long time indeed." It is believed by those who ought to know that the influence of the court group that rallies about the Czar's mother must have achieved the triumph of Witte's substitution for Muravieff. The latter's calculating spirit detests the proud independence of the other, while Nicholas, between the two, can be no competent judge of either. although experience has taught his mother the various qualifications of both and how to mold their opposite characters to the consummation of her inscrutable ends. On the peace question the two statesmen are as the poles asunder, or Europe misunderstands everything. Witte spells peace. Muravieff was long the haughtiest of the war party.

M. WITTE'S "first-class political funeral," as the London Times termed it, occurred in August, 1903. This was not quite a year before the assassination of von Plehve, the blind intolerance of whose policy as Minister of the Interior was crowned with the seeming final extinction of Witte. That humbled financier was sent by a mockery of promotion to membership in the Committee of Ministers, of which he assumed the ridiculous presidency. "The committee of ministers," notes the London Standard, "is merely a deliberative body which takes cognizance of matters referred to it by individual ministers as outside the sphere of their single responsibility, or involving reference to other ministries, or in cases of disputes between ministers." Witte was relegated to inaction in a body about as significant, for all political purposes, as our own Electoral College. Not until his successor appeared to take his office from him. it is said, did Mr. Witte know that he had ceased to be Minister of Finance. Such was autocracy's benediction of him whom western Europe hailed as the greatest living Russian statesman, the man to whom were due the conversion of the currency, the establishment of a gold standard, the nationalization and vast extension of the railroad system. The Manchurian Railway itself may be said to have been from first to last

the creation of Mr. Witte. He founded the Russo-Chinese Bank, "which," says one of his biographers, "took the odium of the aggressive Manchurian Railway off the shoulders of the state and represented it abroad as a private enterprise. He found the ever increasing millions needed to build and rebuild the road, and to pay the army which, under the name of 'railway guards,' with Mr. Witte as their commander-in-chief. secured the integrity of the line and incidentally formed the nucleus of the Russian occupation of Manchuria." Mr. Witte's enemies have their own version of his performances. He was "pursuing a policy of imperial aggrandizement which strained to their utmost the available resources of the state and necessitated further foreign loans." The unprecedented enlargement of functions with which he reorganized the Ministry of Finance developed a centralization which repelled liberals as much as his peace policy sickened the bellicose group around Nicholas II. But the poniard that dealt Witte the heaviest blow was drawn from the bosom of von Plehve, who had been rendered furious



MEDITATIVE

"Some of those yellow men, Jonathan, are gettin to feel quite easy in the water." Pears like it, John."

"Pears like it, John."
"They can keep up steam, and steer, and they're not so ad at shootin."
"Pears like it, John."
"Next thing they'll be singin 'Mikado rules the wave!"
"Nowise onlikely, John."
"Well, Jonathan—"
"Well, John?"
"I was thinkin'. lonathan—"

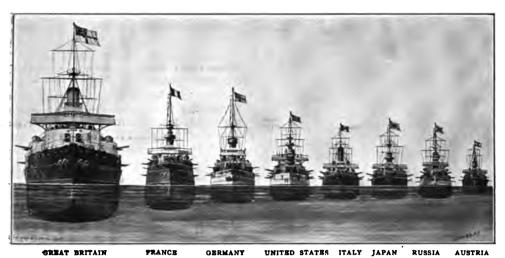
as thinkin', Jonathan-It's good for you, John; so was I.

-New York Life

by Witte's persistent opposition to thoroughgoing Russification in Finland.

WHEN Mr. Witte had been decently buried in the presidency of the Committee of Ministers, it began to be evident that his ghost was very considerably expanding the "normal activity legally appropriate" to the decaying body into which this visitor from the living world was to breathe his restless spirit. In the shades of his official tomb Witte actually managed to promote what the Paris Temps calls the "dominant idea" of his policy—to lean upon the masses of the people and to improve the lot of the peasant and of the wage-earner. "This conception," says the Paris daily, "at first economic and financial, has become a political conception." But the real "political conception" of Mr. Witte, says the London Standard, which has long studied the man with care, is one of facing both ways. Having perched on the fence with his face toward autocracy, to purloin our contemporary's figure of speech, he now seems to be sitting on the fence with his face toward constitutionalism. A more sinister theory makes him the honest Iago of the whole tragedy of Russia, the would-be prime minister of an absolute despot. Certainly, revolutionary Russian organs do not trust the man. The Osvobozhdenie, published in the Russian language by exiles in Paris, deems Witte "an opportunist in the worst sense of the word," and there is always something indefinite, to be sure, in the suggestions for the solution of his country's crisis which he makes from time to time in the newspapers.

DERSONALLY, Mr. Witte is described as "huge," as affording a notion by his manner of "fiercely restrained nervous energy." His tendency to domineer is detected by some in a Dutch-looking face-Witte's forbears went to Russia from Holland—and the Dutch-looking face is surrounded by hair and beard that have grown much grayer in the past five years. He dwells in Bismarckian solitude in a vast edifice on the St. Petersburg side of the Neva. He has a fine estate in the Caucasus, which his enemies wonder how he can afford, and to which he flees for rest from time to time. He is thought to be quite rich. He speaks practically no English. We Americans would call him a self-made man, as is apparent from the innumerable biographies.



HOW JAPAN'S NAVAL VICTORIES HAVE REARRANGED THE RELATIVE RANK OF THE GREAT POWERS AT SEA

Courtesy of The Scientific American

MURAVIEFF, who was so near to being sent to this country by the Czar to play [a] conspicuous part in the opening peace negotiations, is one of the most famous reactionaries of Russia. "He is another Plehve," asserts the Paris Humanité, a view indorsed by European newspapers in every Western capital. Muravieff, a conspicuous member of that "Moscow group" which has ruled Russia with little interruption since Nicholas II came to the throne, formed early in his public career a devoted friendship with the assassinated von Plehve. von Plehve was a mere police procurator in Moscow he made Muravieff his assistant. and when von Plehve later became a chief of police he made Muravieff a procurator in St. Petersburg. Muravieff's brother had like-"The awful cruelty wise his career to make. which their uncle. Muravieff the Hanger, had shown in crushing the Polish revolution was a good introduction for them at court," says a writer in the London Contemporary Review, who adds that it was von Plehve's influence which admitted the Muravieffs into the "Moscow group." The Muravieff who was a plenipotentiary for so brief a space got his "start," according to the Berlin Vorwarts, by having a death sentence passed upon certain members of a terrorist party. His whole career after that was von Plehve's "work." "The two companions never ceased to work together to transform the law to their personal benefit." In due time Muravieff's brother became Minister of For-

eign Affairs for the sake of furthering that policy of Far Eastern expansion which, together with complete reaction in domestic politics and religion, has formed the policy of the Moscow group. Muravieff's brother died very mysteriously in office, but Muravieff himself in due time was made Minister of Justice. Here he co-operated with von Plehve, who, as Minister of the Interior, was engaged in the terrorism which did not end until a bomb had blown him to pieces. Pobiedonotseff, the celebrated procurator of the Holy Synod, is another partizan of the political group in which Muravieff has been active.

APAN'S seizure of the island of Saghalien last month was a measure long pugnaciously advocated by Tokyo's leading newspapers, notably the Nichi Nichi Shimbun. In fact, a joint resolution urging this step was introduced into the House of Representatives at Tokyo during the last session of that body. Saghalien is geographically the most northerly island of the Japanese Russia used Saghalien as a convict station for years before her right to do so was conceded by Japan, who deemed the island her own. Tokyo raised objections to the procedure, and Russia suggested that the two countries hold the island jointly. Japan consented. But Russia's ideas of a joint occupation were found to mean absorption in practice. More Japanese protests ensued and Russia in 1867 offered some of the



MISS EDITH ROOT

Daughter of the new Secretary of State

Kurile Islands in exchange for the northern island. Japan declined. Friction intensified until 1875, when Russia offered the whole eighteen islands of the Kurile group for Saghalien, and the deal was closed. But it was her experience with Russia in connection with Saghalien that is said to have taught Japan her invincible distrust of St. Petersburg diplomacy.

'HE ACCESSION of Elihu Root to the President's Cabinet is one of the few things in political happenings that calls forth congratulations from all sections and from the press of both the large parties. The congratulations are not in all cases free from criticism of Mr. Root. His prominence as a corporation lawyer elicits some rather sarcastic remarks from the New York World, the Omaha World-Herald and other papers, and the report that his acceptance of the Cabinet position is due to his alleged presidential aspirations causes apprehension in a number of directions. Despite these notes of doubt, however, it is generally acknowledged that the President's selection was the very best possible under the circumstances, and that Mr. Root is just the type of man whose counsels are most needed by a President of

Mr. Roosevelt's strenuous qualities. The personal relations between the two men seems to warrant the conclusion that Mr. Root's personal influence will surpass that of any other member of the President's Cabinet, even that of Mr. Taft. What President Roosevelt thinks of Mr. Root is indicated by the eulogy pronounced eighteen months ago when Mr. Root retired from the secretary-ship of war. The President said:

In John Hay I have a great Secretary of State. In Philander Knox I have a great Attorney-General. In other Cabinet posts I have great men. Elihu Root could take any of these places and fill it as well as the man who is now there. And, in addition, he is what probably none of these gentlemen could be, a great Secretary of War. Elihu Root is the ablest man I have known in our Government service. I will go further. He is the greatest man that has appeared in the public life of any country, in any position on either side of the ocean, in my time.

MR. ROOT'S fitness for his new post is generally assumed from the manner in which he administered affairs as Secretary of War, first under President McKinley, and then under his successor. The Spokesman-Review (Spokane, Washington) expresses in the following utterance the feeling that widely prevails:

President Roosevelt's characterization of him as "the ablest man I have known in the public service" does not seem exaggerated when one recalls how he grappled with the red tape, the friction and the jealousies of the war department,



"I'VE HITCHED MY WAGON TO A STAR!"

Warren in the Boston Herald.

fighting privilege and prejudice until he won congress to the establishment of the long-needed general staff. "This," says a leading foreign military authority, "was the greatest step forward the American army has made in a century. Mr. Root accomplished it almost single handed in the face of a vast public clamor engineered by General Miles and other popular reactionists. Cuba to-day is one of his works. The government of the Philippines is another. As secretary of war after peace was made with Spain he was our minister for the colonies, with a world of new problems on his hands. Bringing to the tasks a mind singularly capable of application to details, he rescued Cuba from anarchy and ruin, and placed it among the civilized nations. For the Philippines he drafted the celebrated instructions to the insular commission, and after a long and severe test congress could do no better than to enact these instructions into law. Drawn up by Mr. Root and bearing the name of President Mc-Kinley, they are to-day the basis of a system of government that has never been equaled in the tropics for its efficiency and its jealous protection of native rights.

The New York *Times* asserts that Mr. Root was Mr. Hay's choice as a successor. Deploring the former's then rumored retirement from the Cabinet about a year and a half ago, Mr. Hay said to a personal friend that Mr. Root ought to be retained if at all possible, adding: "Not necessarily in the same place; this one is perfectly at his disposal so far as I am concerned." The Philadelphia *Ledger* says that Mr. Root was, next to Mr. Hay, the strongest man in the Cabinet at the time of President McKinley's



THE ANXIOUS OBSERVERS

"Do we see double or are there two of them now?'
—From the Minneapolis Journal, July 7.



MRS. BLIHU ROOT
Wife of the Secretary of State. The name Elihu is pronounced by the family with accent on first syllable.

death, and he was, in many respects, more influential even than Mr. Hav. The Boston Herald says: "Mr. Root will bring to the discharge of his duties a good deal of astuteness. much legal training; but he does not possess the mastery of the business of the world nor the large wisdom which Mr. Hay possessed, nor does he know the various minds and tongues of those he is to deal with as his predecessor knew them." The Chicago Evening Post refers to the "consummate skill" with which Mr. Root accomplished his difficult tasks as Secretary of War, and remarks: "No one who has closely followed the career of the new State Department chief can fail to recognize the certainty that he is not merely a presidential possibility but a presidential certainty provided he should choose to play his own hand for his own political advantage." The Columbia (South Carolina) State says that "no better choice was possible" than Mr. Root. The Cleveland Plain Dealer admits Mr. Root's "clear headedness" and "good sense" as shown in the War Department, but says:

When he [President Roosevelt] announced his firm resolve not to accept another term there was a general confidence that he would give in his

new term of office an administration free from political intrigues and deals having the next national convention in view. The story now given out tends to shake that confidence. If the methods that were not to be used in behalf of Roosevelt's renomination are to be used in aid of the Roosevelt favorite for the succession, where is the gain?

Another journal of the Middle States, the Indianapolis Sentinel, expresses misgivings:

It was not the purpose of President Roosevelt that the details of the operations conducted by the American government [in suppressing insur-rection in the Philippines], should be given too wide a publicity in this country and they were not. Secretary Root did his part in the plan of general concealment because it was the desire of the administration. If he shall prove as sub-missive in the State Department as he proved obliging in the War Department in the Philippine matter, the country may expect the spectacular foreign policy inaugurated sometime ago to be pursued. But it is said of Mr. Root that when he was in the Cabinet before he was the only member who spoke his mind freely to the President and that he did not hesitate to disagree with the latter upon many propositions. Coming into the Cabinet again and under circumstances that should give him some feeling of independence, he may think it best to hold definite views of his own and to insist upon them. It remains to be seen whether he has the courage to do this. If he has not he will fail to satisfy the country.

THE SALARY of a Cabinet officer is eight thousand dollars a year. Mr. Root has received from one corporation this yearthe Equitable Life Assurance Society—the sum of \$25,000, and the total income from his law practice is variously estimated by those who like to speculate on matters on which they have no definite data to hamper their imagination all the way up to half a million a year. It is certain that Mr. Root's acceptance necessitates the canceling of some very lucrative engagements and the return probably of some very fat retainers. In this the richest country of the world, with the pecuniary prizes of success in all callings higher than were ever known before in any era, the financial recompense which we make to Federal administrative officials is, in comparison with similar recompense in other countries, notably low. Great Britain pays her members of Parliament no salary whatever, and many of her municipal officials receive nothing but honor for their services. Yet Lord Lansdowne, whose office corresponds to that of our Secretary of State, receives an annual salary of about \$25,000 more than three times that which Mr. Hay received, and which Mr. Root will receive in addition to an official residence and allowances for official hospitalities. The salary of Paul Morton as a member of the Cabinet was \$8,000. What he will receive as chairman of the executive committee of the Equitable is not yet known, but the position he was to have held as executive head of a traction company was to carry a salary many times as large as that of a Cabinet offi-The New York Times (a Democratic paper) thinks that "every American contributor to the public revenue ought to blush with shame whenever he looks a Cabinet officer in the face." The Baltimore Sun, however. thinks that to talk of the "great sacrifice" which Mr. Root makes in returning to the Cabinet is "untrue, unpatriotic, and harmful," and the New York Sun thinks it must be "as intolerable to him as it is to every other man who is not a snob." Says the "The doctrine that Baltimore luminary: money is worth more than such an office as that of Secretary of State and the opportunity it affords to serve one's country and gain fame and honor is a false and a harmful doctrine to teach young men."

ELIHU ROOT will not bring a fraction of Hav's European of Hay's European prestige to the office of Secretary of State, and he himself would be the first to admit this. Whether he will leave the office with equal renown remains to be seen. Outside of England. Mr. Root's name is little known in the Old World. There was much allusion to him in London newspapers last Christmas as the probable successor of Theodore Roosevelt in the presidential chair. Mr. Root had at that time burst unexpectedly into world politics as an official interpreter of the Rooseveltized Monroe doctrine, and any man who can expound Rooseveltism with authority is sure of European attention. What Mr. Root then said was simple enough. "The only relation that carries a possibility of war for this country is the declaration of and adherence by the American people to the so-called Monroe Doctrine." With that as his preface, Mr. Root went on to aver-his words being cabled to London, Paris, Vienna. St. Petersburg and Berlin—that:

We do not uncertake to say that the Republics of South and Central America are to be relieved of their International obligations, nor that the Powers of Europe shall not undertake to enforce their rights against these members of the sister-hood of nations. It is only when the enforcement of these rights comes to the point of taking possession of territory that we say it is incon-

sistent with the peace and safety of the United States, and we cannot say that with justice unless we also say that the American Republics are themselves to be just. It is always possible that the redress of injury and the punishment of wrong may lead to the occupation of territory, and if we maintain this doctrine, which is vital to our national safety, at the same time that we say to the Powers of the world, "You shall not push your remedies for wrong against the republics to the point of occupying their territory," we are bound to say that whenever the wrong cannot be otherwise redressed, we ourselves will see it is redressed. Above all things, let us be just; let us do equity when we come to the great Court of civili-zation. Let us see that we ourselves and those we protect are just, and our cause will be just.

DEFORE Mr. Root had uttered these words he was. as we have noted, as little renowned in Europe's several

or the head of the secret service. Mr. Root's work as a reorganizer of the United States army had been noted with approval by the Militar Wochenblatt (Berlin) and by other European students of military problems. They had praised him for evolving a new general staff corps as a separate and distinct staff organization with supervision, under superior authority, over all branches of the military service. Mr. Root was praised for discovering that the United States army required a working corporate body of direction. But this is not the kind of work that staggers humanity through the size of the newspaper headlines in which it is put on record. Long might Elihu Root have languished in international obscurity if Europe had not taken him to task for his utterance on the Monroe doctrine. The whole orchestra of foreign organs sounded its loudest notes at once. The Berlin Kreuz Zeitung suspected Mr. Root of being "a firebrand," but it took care to add that Germany was less hinted at in the speech than was Great As regards Great Britain's view, it seems expressed with a certain official weight by the London Times, and we do not scruple to resurrect from the columns of the great English daily an utterance published the day before last Christmas. It brings



From Stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York JOHN HAY AND BLIHU ROOT IN THE MCKINLEY CABINET

realms as, say, the fifth auditor of the treasury Mr. Root before us in a way that becomes

additionally significant from the fact of his coming assumption of the responsibilities of the Secretaryship of State, to say nothing of the much mooted presidential possibilities

of the year 1908:

He [Mr. Root] anticipates no frontal attack upon this [the Monroe] doctrine, which expresses the determination of the United States not to allow any European Power to gain any further territorial footing upon the American continent. By a frontal attack he presumably means an attack upon the abstract principle involved in this determination; and he is doubtless right in thinking that nothing of that kind will occur. Nations do not go to war about an abstract declaration of principle, but about some concrete dispute in which the principle is involved. The United States will not be attacked for proclaiming the Monroe Doctrine, but may become involved in a quarrel with a nation desiring something on the American continent which the United States interfere to prevent it from obtaining. . . . The United States cannot claim over an enormous area, occupied by independent republics, the right to deny to all European Powers the means of redressing their injuries unless it concurrently undertakes to see that these injuries are redressed. A good many sneers have been levelled at Mr. Roosevelt on account of what are called his pretensions to play policeman. It has been asked whether the American people are to become debt-col-lectors for Europe. Certainly not, so long as they do not interfere with other people who want to collect their own debts for themselves. But if for their own ends they threaten war against a European nation collecting its own debts by the only means at its command among the South American republics, then they must play policeman under penalty of figuring in the eyes of the civilized world in a much less respectable part. Hence, as Mr. Root argues, the Monroe Doctrine carries an absolute responsibility for doing effective justice in the area from which it excludes the normal operations of a nation enforcing its rights. We have not the least doubt that his opinion will shortly be, if it is not already, that of the American people.

It is evident that the accuracy or inaccuracy of these statements may involve considerations of vital moment to this republic just now. In any event, Europe has made one attempt to take the measure of Elihu Root's foreign policy. It is now

afforded a splendid opportunity to continue its studies in this fascinating field.

THE CAREER of John Hay, the late Secretary of State, has been described during the last few weeks by nearly every newspaper in the country, and by many of those in foreign lands. He was "a man of the world" in a sense not usually conveyed by that phrase, but one who prided himself most of all upon being an American. A little over two years ago the Ohio Society of New York gave a banquet in his honor. Every diplomat of consequence in Washington came to attend. Mr. Hay's speech on that occasion was a model of good taste, full of telling points, of refreshing literary form-by all odds the best and the best delivered speech of the occasion. He summarized his own career as follows:

lo I was born in Indiana, I grew up in Illinois, I was educated in Rhode Island. . . . I learned my law in Springfield, Ill., and my politics in Washington, my diplomacy in Europe, Asia and Africa. I have a farm in New Hampshire and desk room in the District of Columbia. When I look to the springs whence my blood descends,



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JOHN HAY

"Not," says the London Times, "until the secret history of our days is made public will mankind be able to pronounce upon the greatness of his work and upon its significance for generations yet unborn."

the first ancestors Kever heard of were a Scotchman who was half English and a German woman who was half French. Of my immediate progenitors, my mother was from New England and my father was from the South. In this bewilderment of origin and experience I can only put on an aspect of deep humility in any gathering of favorite sons, and confess that I am nothing but an American.

In addition, Mr. Hay was an editor in New York, and for years a resident of Ohio, where also he found his better half. Seven States and the District of Columbia had, therefore, a claim upon him as their "son"; but there is no need of their quarreling over their claims; there is glory enough to go around. After listening to the chorus of praise that has gone up from the

press of the world, it is a positive relief to come across the following little paragraph, of a different tenor, in *The Weekly People* of New York City, a radical socialist paper:

Secretary John Hay is dead. There was a big difference between the author of "The Pike County Ballads," and the ballast wheel of the Roosevelt administration. The former is warm with revolutionary sympathy, the second was cold with the craft of capitalist diplomacy. Capitalism destroys the noble feelings of those whom it enmeshes.

ONE other criticism of a similar character is to be found in the Detroit Tribune, based in large part upon the mistaken notion that John Hay had come to feel "genuine disgust" for his own famous "Pike County Ballads" and wished his authorship of them forgotten. "It was a bad sign," says The Tribune, "indicating a change of spirit and a retrogression in his view of life." As a matter of fact, Mr. Hay only two or three years ago told Mr. George Cary Eggleston "that he was prouder of that very human verse than of anything else he had ever done." (We quote from Mr. Eggleston's letter in the

New York World, July 6). The only other point brought out by the Detroit Tribune in its criticism is the fact that Mr. Hay "rather impatiently" declared a few years ago that an alleged utterance of Lincoln's, used by Mayor Pingree, about the coming danger to the country from corporations, was spurious; and the Detroit paper attributes his impatience to a lack of sympathy with the movement to eradicate corporate abuses. The impatience may have come from a wholly different cause. That alleged quotation had been circulating for vears before Mayor Pingree made use of it, and its authenticity had been denied time and time again by Mr. Hay and others. One New York paper (The Voice) had for weeks a standing offer in its columns, at least ten years ago, of a cash reward to anyone who would verify the alleged quotation as an utterance of Lincoln's, and no one ever claimed the reward. Mr. Hay's "impatience," therefore, may have been due to his love of simple literary honesty and historical accuracy.

R. HAY'S greatest achievements by American journals to have been his treaty with Great Britain, annulling the old Clayton-Bulwer treaty and enabling the United States to build and alone to own the Panama Canal; the effort, so far successful, to preserve the integrity of the Chinese Empire and its neutralization, outside Manchuria, in the present war; the settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute; and the agreements among the powers in behalf of the "open door" in the East. But these were only a few of the important results achieved by him. Up to the opening of this year, thirty-nine treaties had been successfully concluded by him, and twenty-five others were awaiting the action of the Senate, several of which have since been ratified. "The briefest expression of our rule of conduct," he declared not long ago, "is the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule," and certainly the numerous arbitration treaties negotiated by him were as complete an illustration of the Golden Rule as international politics admits. The Providence Journal thinks he came "nearer than any other statesman of his time to a success-



as Secretary of State are held From Stereograph. Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York merican journals to have been his JOHN HAY THE ORATOR

Delivering the address at the forty-first anniversary of the Lincoln-Douglas debate in Galesburg, Ill.

ful exemplification of the ancient command that 'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'" The Philadelphia *Press* pays his diplomacy this tribute:

The old American diplomacy was largely a diplomacy of controversy and discussion. It was signalized by great despatches, like Webster's famous Hulseman letter, and Seward's letter with Lincoln's amendments on the Trent case, and Blaine's argument on the Bering Sea fisheries, and Olney's broadside on the Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Hay wrote no such masterpiece of diplomatic literature. His diplomacy consisted of masterpieces of diplomatic action. It was embodied in the brief circular demand for the "open door, backed by the new American prestige and influence. It insisted upon the integrity of China when Europe was blinking at dismemberment. It opened communication with Peking when no other Government could penetrate the veil. It localized the Boxer outbreak when the diplomacy of Europe would have made a general war. It softened the terms of peace and reduced the indemnity. The distinctive achievements of Mr. Hay have been in the East, which has been so conspicuously the theater of the world's action for the last six years, and they have been made possible by the new position of the United States.

The Baltimore American says that his repeal of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty has been pronounced "the greatest achievement in diplomacy on this hemisphere." The Atlanta Journal says that "there has been a feeling that most of the successes of the two administrations were due to Hay, and most of the failures to disregard of his advice." The New York World regards it as a curious fact of republican government that "Mr. Hay's most strenuous diplomatic struggles were not with his foreign rivals, but with the United States Senate, and that his most bitter defeats were sustained at the hands of that co-ordinate branch of the treaty-making power."

N MR. HAY'S diplomatic success the Springfield Republican sees a strong argument for a long term in the office of the Secretary of State. Mr. Hay was in that office six and one-half years. The Republican calls the roll of secretaries and finds that all those who made the greatest reputations held office for a considerable length of time: John Quincy Adams eight years, Daniel Webster five years, Wm. H. Seward eight years. Hamilton Fish eight years. Similarly the most celebrated foreign ministers have been those who were in office for relatively long periods— Richelieu, Mazarin, Talleyrand, Metternich, Nesselrode, Bismarck, Palmerston, Gortchakoff, Cavour and Salisbury. The Republican thinks that "our American practice may well be studied and remodeled in the effort to do away with so many short-term periods of service." The New Orleans Times-Democrat takes note of the same fact, and the importance in Mr. Hay's case of long training, and says:

This qualification may strike us as of no great importance, accustomed as we are to the kaleidoscopic Cabinet changes of late years, to seeing men without public experience of any note assuming high Cabinet positions and getting along with them fairly well. But from a man who is, like joy, "with finger ever at his lips, bidding adiet," to one position and taking another of a totally different character no great amount of administrative efficiency can be expected or is usually gotten.

JOHN HAY'S international importance was something we Americans have, in the mass, few facilities for realizing. It may sharpen our perception of the man's career to institute a few comparisons. Count

Goluchowski has for ten years held under the Austro-Hungarian monarchy an office corresponding to that which John Hay held for seven years under the United States Government. The count is a great man what they call in Europe "a personality of the first proportions." But he is no more than a Continental European figure. "world politics" is of no particular consequence, for instance, to Tokyo or Peking. Not even in London is he taken too seriously and his name is far from being a familiar one in Washington. As for Signor Tittoni, strong in the friendship of the King of Italy, and a really brilliant Minister of Foreign Affairs, nobody would rate him as a great international figure. Count, or rather, to give him his new title. Prince von Bülow, never had, and apparently never will have, the importance John Hay had from an in-In St. Petersburg ternational standpoint. there is, of course, a Minister of Foreign Affairs; but the relative insignificance of the personality of Count Lamsdorff was revealed when Nicholas II calmly effaced him in the negotiations between Russia and Japan. Not even to-day, when plenipotentiaries are preparing for peace, does the Czar's Minister of Foreign Affairs come to the fore. Still another capable Minister of Foreign Affairs is the Marquis of Lansdowne. His career has been conspicuous and he is known all over the British Empire, but his figure is not international. Then there is M. Delcassé, the genius who retired from the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs some weeks ago. Brilliant as was his seven-year period of service, he failed to retire with any prestige comparable to that won by John Hay. The two men entered the foreign offices of their respective countries in 1898. They were removed in 1905, one by political exigency, the other by a more solemn summons. And the figure of John Hay dwarfs that of Théophile Delcassé.

THAT John Hay was the greatest foreign minister of his time, may be, in short, affirmed without any tincture of national partiality. That this estimate of the man is no mere American one is manifest from the most cursory consideration of Europe's impressions of Hay. Quite recently, the London Spectator invited attention to the marked rarity of really international figures on the twentieth-century stage of the world's great affairs. They could be counted, it averred, on the fingers of one hand. John Hay's name was placed by our contemporary upon its abbreviated list. "More, perhaps, even than the Americans themselves," to whom diplomacy is still a spectacle rather than an art, says Sydney Brooks in the London Outlook, "we rate him at his just worth." The words were penned when Hay was in Europe in quest of the health that was never to return. The same authority added an appreciation which appeared so shortly before the death of John Hay as to impart to it all the freshness of a contemporary obituary;

Mr. Hay's life has been a persistent, if unconscious, training for the office he holds. That, to begin with, is so unusual as to be almost un-American. The obverse side of American practicality in business has always been its contempt for the expert in government. Most American Secretaries of State have been dragged from lawoffices or manœuvred into the post for reasons of "politics." But Mr. Hay owes nothing either to law or politics. He was called to the bar in his early days, but he never practised, and though a convinced and hearty partisan, he is not, in the American sense, a politician at all. He has no political following, he has never sat in Congress, or run for office, or sought a favor from any party leader; he is not the "favorite son" of any par-ticular state; living in Washington, he represents no votes; I doubt whether he could influence the return of a single member to Congress. Of all Americans in a high position he is the least discussed. His private life is really private. He courts the unostentatious shadows with an almost European success. To the masses of his countrymen he is largely unknown. They rarely speak of him except in connection with his official work. Americans, indeed, have come to think of him much as Englishmen came to think of Lord Salisbury—rather as a force than a personality, as a something in the background that manages, they know not how, to direct the foreign affairs of the country with signal dignity and success. All this in a country like America, where the Administration lives in a glass house, with all the electric lights turned on and a reporter at each window, gives to Mr. Hay a peculiar. and indeed a unique, distinction.

MR. HAY'S life outside his career as Secretary of State and, prior to that, as ambassador to the Court of St. James, does not invite dramatic recital. His personality was not a picturesque one. It is said that he was almost the only prominent man of late years who never was caricatured. He was born in Salem, Ind., nearly sixty-seven years ago; received his education from the common schools of Salem, an academy in Springfield, Ill., and Brown University, Rhode Island, graduating from the last-named institution at the age of twenty. He was



MRS. C. J. BONAPARTE.

Wife of the Secretary of the Navy. She was Ellen Channing Day of Newport.

class poet, and his poem for the occasion, "Erato: a Poem," 436 lines in length, was published soon after in pamphlet form, but. was never included by him in his collected. poems. He studied law in the office of Abraham Lincoln, became President Lincoln's junior private secretary two years later (receiving the title of "Colonel" to enable him the better to make certain confidential investigations), remaining in the capacity of assistant-secretary until the President's assassination. The next few years he spent in the diplomatic service—at Paris, Vienna, and then Madrid. In 1870 he became an editor on Horace Greeley's Tribune, staying there five years in a subordinate capacity, except that for six months, during Mr. Reid's wedding-tour in Europe, he had temporary charge. The year before he left The Tribune he married the daughter of Amasa Stone, a man of wealth in Cleveland, Ohio. Four years after leaving journalism—years spent in Cleveland—he went to Washington as Assistant Secretary of State under Evarts. sixteen years (1881-1897) he was in private life, returning in 1897 to a diplomatic career as ambassador to England. His literary work consists chiefly of the biography of Lincoln, written in collaboration with John G. Nicolay; his volume of poems (spoken of in another department); his descriptive work entitled "Old Castilian Days"; and, possibly, the novel "The Bread-Winners," which made a stir many years ago, and the authorship of which has been quite generally attributed to him, but was never acknowledged.

NORWAY'S Storthing and Sweden's Rigsdag have not yet managed between them to mitigate the severity of the dilemma created by the dissolution of the union of the two kingdoms. Norway has, at any rate, the advantage of knowing or of seeming to know her own mind. Sweden, so far as a study of her press can guide anyone, seems harrassed by second thoughts. When Norway resolved to divorce, Sweden said through her newspapers, notably the Aftonbladet (Stockholm), the Nya Dagligt Allehanda (Stockholm), the Snallposten (Malmo) and the Posten (Goteborg), that no compulsion would be brought to bear upon the separating party. Reflection has modified the first Swedish idea to an appreciable extent. Conservative Swedish dailies which last June declared an enforced union worthless, now urge a mobilization of the



THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Kaiser Wilhelm: "Modesty forbids my suggesting the right man to intervene, but"—(bitterly)—"I suppose it will be Roosevelt as usual!"

—Punch.

army and the navy which remain true to Oscar. One argument often used in these journalistic polemics is to the effect that northern Norway is an inviting field for Russian aggressions, and thus becomes a source of peril to the independence of Sweden. There is also some hint that Norway intends to use her armed forces against the Swedes. This last statement is pronounced somewhat absurd by military experts in western Europe, who assure us that Sweden is "immeasurably superior" to Norway in the matter of armed strength.

WEDEN displays reluctance to concede to Norway anything in the shape of an international status. Norway is in consequence embarrassed in the assertion of herself as a member of the family of nations. "A Norwegian state, released only by its own act from its allegiance to King Oscar and from all the other consequences of the bilateral agreement known as the act of union, could not claim recognition by other countries as a matter of right," declares a high authority on international law. The Christiania Morgenbladet, the Bergen Tidende and other Norwegian organs affim that the difficulty here will not "persist," but they say not a word of the practical means by which it is to be removed in the near future. On the other hand, Swedish papers declare that Norwegian opinion is not so unanimous in favor of independence as the world sup-Here is an extract from the Svenska Dagblad (Stockholm):

When the history of the union comes to be written, it will be shown that Norway broke the bond, in spite of a most liberal and conciliatory offer made by the king, the Riksdag and the Swedish Government, in order to carry out a preconceived plan of rupture and to satisfy an abnormal and artificially fostered national feeling. Every voice raised against this plan was silenced by threats of expatriation. Thus the country was made to appear to the outer world as absolutely unanimous in desiring to see the rupture carried out. But what is the truth? Had the institution known as the referendum existed in Norway and had the simple question been submitted to the people whether, "yes" or "no," the union should be dissolved, who can tell what the answer would have been?

The press of Europe seems inclined to leave the problem to the Norwegians to work out. An exception must, however, be made in the case of Denmark. There the leading newspapers, including the Berlingske Tidende (Copenhagen) and the Dagbladet (Copenhagen), insist that Sweden has ac-

per

stages

cepted Norway's terms in substance, if not We are assured that commissioners

representing both nations will yet agree upon amicable terms of separation and that the final outcome will be a federation of Denmark, Sweden and Norway into a triple alliance of defense against the common foe. Russia. The Danish



ARCTANDER. Aguiding spirit in Norway's policy. He was Minister of Commerce and may take charge of foreign affairs soon.

MICHELSEN. He formed the coalition ministry which proclaimed that Nor-way is to be hereafter an independent nation.



morsel of official literature as selling "a consignment to a random purchaser." who "resells it at a profit of from fifty to five hundred cent." to the very authori-RERNER. ties who con-As President of the nived at its Norwegian Storthing, he presided during the debates on "indepentheft. "What debates on earlier in dence.

ground which we cannot pierce." The British

Governmentis revealed in this amazing

press is, however, vehemently denounced by Swedish organs for its marked friendliness to Norway.

CANDALS which seem to be of the blackest and in any event pecuniary maladministration involving larger money losses than have ever yet followed upon military operations are drawing the attention of all England to the case of the army "grafters." Such fraud as may have been practised seems to date as far back as June, 1902, when the British military authorities held immense accumulations of food supplies in South Africa. These supplies, it is

charged, have long been regularly sold by high officials for a song to dummies. The dummies resold these supplies to the government for sums which an official inquiry has shown to be preposterously high. Hundreds of thousands of dollars—perhaps millions—were in this way illicitly gained not only by army officers but by mysterious corporations organized for the purpose of pocketing the money of the British



HAGERUP. He was recently Prime Minister of Norway, is a noted scholar and is to take a cabi-

net portfolio.

taxpayer. "Behind these elusive companies," declare the official investigators, "we catch occasional glimpses of some substantial financial persons moving in a back-

inquiry," says the official report further, "appeared to be isolated instances of error on the part of some particular official who had dealt with the case, assumed, as investigation proceeded, first the aspect of continuous negligence until, as fresh instances arose of such palpable misdoing, the idea of even culpable negligence had to be abandoned and in its place the impression of cleverly arranged contrivance substituted."

EVEN more amazing than these revelations, according to the London Spectator, was the attitude of Prime-Minister Balfour when the scandal came up in the House

LOVELAND.

Norway's Minister Resident at Stockholm. He may fill a diplo-matic post or become Poreign Minister.

of Commons a few weeks or so ago. "Instead of meeting the question fairly and squarely, he employed his great dialectical skill,"asserts this commentator, "in confusing the true issue." "He offered to grant not the maximum but the minimum of inauiry." That is, Mr. Balfour did not want the appointment of a commission equipped with full powers to send for persons and papers:

He first talked about a

Committee of the House of Commons, and when that was seen to be impossible, he fought for an ordinary Royal Commission, though it is notorious that such a body would have very limited powers. Finally, on Thursday he yielded



From Stereograph, Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

THE STAIRWAY ON THE ODESSA QUAYS.

The guns of the Knias Potenkine were trained on this position and kept it clear of Cossacks and police while the mutineers held the port.

with a very bad grace, and agree that there must be a Statutory Commission, and that, in addition, the action of the Government must be the subject of a debate in the House of Commons.

Now, however, a sweeping investigation is fairly under way, eight officers of high rank have been relieved from duty, and Mr. Arnold-Forster, the War Secretary of the Balfour ministry, has implored England to suspend its judgment until the final report The Saturday Review (London) indorses this plea on the ground of "the irresponsible haste and prejudice" with which the original charges have been formulated. At the same time, the scandal has led to the retirement of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Neville Lyttleton as chief of the general staff and first military member of the army council. General Lyttleton was in command in Pretoria at the close of the South African War, and this connected him officially with the transactions under investigation, although nothing has come to light which reflects upon his personal integrity. Nor is the War Minister, Mr. Arnold-Forster, involved in anything worse than the "amateurishness" of method with which he is said to conduct the military affairs of the British Empire. He inherited from his immediate predecessors the vicious system which appears to have made the whole scandal possible. "There has been

no indication," complains the London Morning Post, which makes a specialty of army affairs, that Mr. Arnold-Forster is guided by military advice at all" in the management of his great department. "His responsibility has become absolute" and he "has authority to do as he pleases with the army and can never be called to account."

A/HEN the Kniaz Potemkine put into Odessa exactly one month after Rozhdestvensky ran his fleet within range of Togo's guns, the red flag of rebellion and not the Russian imperial standard was flown by this, the finest battleship of the Czar's Black Sea squadron. Odessa, "the city of strikes," happened to be in the throes of the fiercest struggle ever waged in her history by the hungriest of proletariat on the one side and the least civilized of all soldiery on the other. The strain had grown, apparently, out of the old Odessa feud born of the adoption of machinery in the loading of grain for export. An elevated railroad structure running along the harbor front enabled a cargo of grain to be "fed" directly into the ship's hold, doing away with any need for conveying goods in cars to the wharf and there transforming them by hand into bales for final removal aboard. There had been strike after strike over this subject. It would now seemalthough the censor still stands guard over



STILL POUTING.

-Cleveland Plain Dealer

the facts—that a compromise, entailing a larger employment of hand labor, had been arranged. One merchant, however, was accused of violating the pact, whereupon the factory people, the street-railway men and the wagon drivers had involved themselves anew in a comprehensive and sympathetic strike of the typical Russian variety. Cossacks were plying whips, regiments were parading avenues and the unspeal:able slums of the town sullenly awaited police rigors of a sort made familiar in recent months by many a newspaper despatch. into this municipal situation now rushed the Czar's powerful and revolted war-ship, controlled by men who had just killed their commander and hoisted the red flag. Thov had thus behaved, the censor permits us to learn, ostensibly because they did not like the soup.

WHAT had really happened on the battleship prior to her first sensational appearance at Odessa in a revolutionary capacity presents no mystery—notwithstanding the ubiquitous censor—to those who have followed the course of recent events at Russia's naval stations on the Black Sea. The allusion to the soup and the



GOOD REPLY.

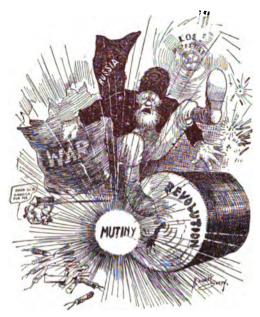
Gold Stick: They want your Majesty's head."
CLAC: "Tell them I haven't got any."
Simplicissimus (Munich).



THE PEACE MAKER WHO STAYED AT HOME.

This is M. Muravieff, a leader of the "Moscow Group" of reactionaries, who are held chiefly responsible for the conditions that have produced the wide spread revolutionary spirit in Russia. He was appointed peace plenipotentiary, but the Csar changed his mind later and appointed Witte.

official indorsement of its quality, based upon the rule that the commander of a Russian war-ship must taste it himself, illuminates the situation brightly. The staple diet aboard this rebel Kniaz Potemkine is known to have been, for the crew, a kind of cabbage soup filled, as occasion served, with fat bacon, sausage or meat. On holy days -rather plentiful—no meat is put into soup. There were, in addition, supplies of buckwheat porridge and a positive plethora of hard, black bread, smelling very oddly. Of coffee, there is almost never a trace on the lower decks, but tea of a kind is doled out from an iron tub. A fiery but very cheap vodka constitutes the grog of the men. If the commander of the ship ate of these things and found them good, the crew clearly forgot that there is no disputing about tastes, or how could they have thrown him overboard? As a matter of fact, the ceremony of tasting the ship's food by her commander is well known to be a farce. Every Sunday, when the captain samples his crew's mess, a special allowance of quite good rations is handed out. Then the captain tastes the contents of the cook's pots and pans and asks the assembled crew if they



LAND OF THE PERPETUAL FOURTH OF JULY.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

have anything to complain of. No man dares find fault, especially as the ship's cook has prepared everything with reference to the special nature of the occasion. All this is mere routine in the Black Sea fleets.

'HE crew of the Kniaz Potemkine were clearly determined upon certain innovations in the testing of their food. One story has it that there was a mass meeting between decks. A committee of one was instructed to wait upon the commander in his cabin and deliver what must have been an ultimatum. Perhaps the commander "quietly" shot the committee, as one despatch tells us, perhaps there was a general rush of the crew upon the officers, as another account reads, and perhaps there is no survivor of the fray who retains any clear impression of the summary doings. But much as they have amazed the world at large, they seem, from the best evidence at hand, quite a natural course of events in view of all that has happened since Admiral Chukhnin became commander-in-chief of the Black Sea fleets. He is, say Paris naval experts, a competent and gifted sailor. But he set about a drastic reformation of discipline which has kept Sevastopol and other Black Sea ports in a ferment since last December. "When he first reached Sevastopol," declares a writer in the Paris Figaro, Admiral Chukhnin discovered a mere travesty of discipline prevailing. The commanders had no notion of the homogeneity of a squadron. Each managed his vessel without regard to the movements of the flagship. It was no unusual thing for all the officers and most of the men to be ashore simultaneously when important maneuvers were to be undertaken." There was thus ample scope for the exercise of this admiral's talent for reform. He evidently began at the top. Much is made in various expert reports of his "visits to the ships of the fleet in a steam launch at all hours of the night," of his noting "absences, omissions and infractions" on the part of officers, and of his hurting their susceptibilities sorely by "publishing their shortcomings" not only in official documents but in the newspapers. The higher officers were enraged. "Some of them endeavored to effect an exchange of berth, but finding that the only probable exchange of berth was to Rozhdestvensky, bound for the far east, they chose Sevastopol and safety." Admiral Chukhnin's staff are said to have demoralized the crews by applying derogatory terms to him in their When the methods of reform hearing. were applied to the men as well as the officers there was a general feeling of rebellion.



The Hague Peace Angel: "What are you doing, Ivan?" Russian Ivan: "Playing with Polish children.

Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart.)

\ \ \ HEN the mutineers of the Kniaz Potemkine, therefore, ran up the red flag and. making for Odessa, trained the battleship's twelve-inch guns on that port as a premise to the conclusions they meant to reach, Admiral Chukhnin may have felt all the consternation with which newspaper despatches credit him, but it is scarcely probable that amazement "overwhelmed" him and "left him speechless," as one chronicler avers. He may have been slightly surprised when informed that his mutineers had organized aboard ship something akin to those ideal states of society upon which Plato dwells in the "Republic" and of which More tells in his "Utopia." All those arbitrary distinctions which impart to reforming admirals their particular importance affoat had been abolished on the Kniaz Potemkine. were managed by a committee of forty-fifty says another despatch—which had to contend with the circumstance that not one of its members could navigate. A practical officer or two had been left unslaughtered in the press of other important matters, how-



THE GRAND DUKE WHO WAS LORD OF RUSSIA'S NAVY.

Alexis, uncle of Nicholas II, was for years upbuilding the Russian sea power. He is said to be out of favor now.



LOOSE!

New York World.

ever, and to the heads of those persons pistols were applied. The run to Odessa was a quick one.

GREAT sympathetic strike in a city of nearly half a million people loses no prestige from the support of a fine modern battleship of nearly 13,000 tons. The support was prompt and for the time being adequate. Part of the crew of the Kniaz Potemkine went ashore immediately, some to fight the soldiery in the ranks of the strikers. and some to land the remains of the late committee of one. Under the shadow of the. guns, the strikers lost no time in settling local economic problems. The elevated railway along the wharf front, which had constituted the dominant issue in the long struggle at Odessa, was set aflame. The rolling stock, the wooden sleepers and the timbers of the structure were speedily ablaze. The strike was won. Soon, too, all the quays and buildings around the harbor were in flames. Thus were the tables completely turned upon the Cossacks and police. Those guardians of law and order had to stand out of range of the battleship's fire while crowds of dockers, strikers and proletariate assembled on the wharfage and with bared heads passed in turn before the corpse of the sailor whose death had stirred the mutinous spirit of his fellows to revolt. Odessa had been warned to expect bombardment if supplies were not sent



Photo by H. A. Packard, Norway, Me

LIEUTENANT PEARY, HIS WIFE AND SON.

The Lieutenant sailed from Bar Harbor, Me., July 10, on his ship the Roosewit to make his last attempt to reach the North Pole. This picture was made a short time before he sailed

aboard, and a shell or two from the thirteeninch armament appear to have been dropped
among Cossacks and police as evidence of
good faith. When a score had been thus
killed, coal and eatables were forthcoming
under circumstances which the censor leaves
in obscurity. A breathless world was next
apprised that the intrepid naval reformer,
Admiral Chukhnin, had despatched a squadron under Vice-Admiral Kruger to make an
end of all this.

KRUGER made the run to Odessa with his squadron, formed a ring of warships about the Kniaz Potemkine, caused the censor to edify mankind with a detailed story of the surrender of the mutineers, and then fled, leaving the crew of the huge floating fortress in possession of the harbor and its adjacent waters. The relief of Odessans at this fiasco seems to have been genuine. One mutinous battleship was bad enough. With Kruger in port there was prospect of whole insubordinate squadron. The Russian vice-admiral could not trust his crews. Already the Kniaz Potemkine uprising had inspired revolt aboard a secondclass battleship, the George Pobiedonosetz. The mutiny in this vessel was quelled or coaxed away in forty-eight hours, but the crews of the remaining ships were manifestly in no mood to hurl explosives at their The censor was more amenable to suasion and once more sent out word of a surrender. But there was no surrender for days, when, after erratic cruises between

Russian and Roumanian ports, relieved by proclamations to the powers, by quests of supplies at the cannon's mouth and by the reduction of Russia's naval power to a positively Turkish level of imbecility, the crew of the Kniaz Potemkine permitted her to be boarded by the authorities of a town on the Roumanian coast. Once more Vice-Admiral Kruger came upon the scene and found the most renowned of the Czar's remaining navai units flooded and sunk. The mutineers had opened every stopcock and decamped.

ONTINENTAL Europe looks upon the mutiny aboard the Kniaz Potemkine and the mutinous spirit aboard other units of the Black Sea fleet as symptoms of revolution, but not as revolution itself. The Paris Temps, official apologist for Russia to France. tells us that the Czar must learn from this incident the need of peace as a preliminary to domestic "reforms." The Figaro (Paris) is convinced, as usual, that there has been "exaggeration," and the clerical Gaulois (Paris) suspects the Jews and the socialists of other lands than Russia of complicity in the proceedings. But while the solid and substantial element in the French press is sympathetic in form, the radical dailies, like the Action, the Aurore, the Humanité and the Lanterne are denouncing autocracy, asking the value of an ally of whom such "infamies" are to be expected as a matter of course, and predicting the downfall of the Czar's government. The Berlin press, notably the Post and the Kreuz Zeitung, would seem to fear that the army may prove as disaffected as the navy, although there are some reasons for inclining to the idea that the troops will not mutiny by wholesale, as they have done aboard ship. The Socialist Vorwärts and its sympathizers assert that revolution has come in Russia at last. The Black Sea is "anticipating the near future." Austrian organs, supposed to understand Russian conditions thoroughly, say that there is no revolutionary organization worthy the name. This is the impression of the Neue Freie Presse (Vienna). It thinks the proletariate will not perpetrate anything more than local risings and that the liberal reformers are determined upon "orderly progress." Yet should the army fail the autocracy all would be lost. buna (Rome) and most Italian dailies, other than socialist, think the Czardom will escape the peril and quell all insurrection.



COUNTRY HOME OF ROBERT W. CHAMERS, BROADALBIN, N. Y.



HARLAKENDEN HOUSE, SUMMER HOME OF WINSTON CHURCHILL, CORNISH, N. H.



Copyright by C. A. Nichols. "THE HEIGHTS," JOAQUIN MILLER'S CABIN



JOHN BURROUGHS



COTTAGE OF IRVING BATCHELLER, SOUTH BEACH, CONN.



CABIN OF JOHN BURROUGHS, WEST PARK, N. Y.



C. G. D. ROBERTS IN CAMP ON THE MADAWASKA



HAMLIN GARLAND AT WEST SALEM, WISC.



THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON IN HIS SUMMER HOME, GLIMPSEWOOD, DUBLIN, N.H.



THEREY ACTES Of forest-trees surround it The figure in the foreground is the poet

### Literature and Art

#### The Rehabilitation of Oscar Wilde

There is no more significant phenomenon in the literary world at the present time than that presented by the revival of interest in the writings of Oscar Wilde. Ever since his disgrace and imprisonment ten years ago, his name has rested under a black cloud. bred Englishmen, it is said, resolved, as if by tacit agreement, never to mention his name, But the sheer genius of the man has broken down every barrier raised against him. "De Profundis," the poignant record of his prison life, has proved the literary sensation of the past winter, and has been eagerly read and discussed in many countries. New editions of his works are constantly appearing. Successful revivals of "The Importance of Being Earnest" (in New York) and of "Lady Windermere's Fan" (in London) have served to emphasize his unique talents as a playwright. His drama, "Salome," which was performed years ago in Berlin and suggested to Richard Strauss the theme for a new opera, has lately been given in London. Booksellers in New York are advertising Wilde's writings as those of "the greatest Irishman of letters since Swift." And now, following in the wake of what to many may seem extravagant eulogy, comes the astounding rumor, put in circulation by a young American poet, that Wilde is not dead, as has been universally supposed, but is alive at this moment!

Michael Monahan, in an article on "Oscar Wilde's Atonement," in *The Papyrus* (Cranford, N. J.), reminds us that "though you can pass sentence of social death upon a man, you can not execute a Book!—you can not lay your hangman's hands upon an Idea, and all the edicts of Philistia are powerless against it. For true genius is the rarest and most precious thing in the world, and God has wisely ordained that the malice or stupidity of men shall not destroy it." He continues:

Oscar Wilde went to his prison with the burden of such shame and reprobation as has never been laid upon a literary man of equal eminence. Not a voice was raised for him—the starkness of his guilt silenced even his closest friends and warmest admirers. The world at large approved his punishment. That small portion of the world which is loth to see the suffering of any sinner was

revolted by the nature of his offense and turned away without a word; the sin of Oscar Wilde claimed no charity and permitted of no discussion. Had his crime been murder itself, his fame and genius would have raised up defenders on every hand. As it was, all mouths were stopped and the man went broken-hearted to his doom.

But while his body lay in prison, the children of his mind pleaded for him, and such is the invincible appeal of genius, the heart of the world began to be troubled in despite of itself. His books came forth slowly from their hiding-places; his name was restored here and there to a catalogue; a little emotion of pity was awakened in his favor. Then from his prison cell rose a cry of soul-anguish, of utter pathos, of supreme expiation, which stirred the heart of pity to its depths. The feigner was at last believed when the world had made sure of the accents of his agony and could put its finger in each of his wounds. Society had sentenced this poet: the poet both sentenced and forgave society, in the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," thus achieving the most original paradox of his fantastic genius and throwing about his shame something of the halo of martyrdom. He did more than this, in the judgment of his fellow artists—he purchased his redemption and snatched his name from the mire of infamy into which it had been cast.

"De Profundis," in the opinion of Mr. Monahan, "will take rank with the really memorable human documents." Of this book he says further:

I can accept as authentic Wilde's testament of sorrow, even tho it be written in a style which often dazzles with beauty, surprises with paradox, and sometimes intoxicates with the rapture of the inevitable artist. He could not teach his hand to unlearn its cunning, strive as he might. Like Narcissus wondering at his own beauty in the fountain, no sooner had he begun to tell the tale of his sorrow than the loveliness of his words seized upon him, and the sorrow that found such expression seemed a thing almost to be desired.

sion seemed a thing almost to be desired.

So when Oscar Wilde took up the pen in his prison solitude to make men weep, he did that indeed, but too soon he delighted them as of yore. Art, his adored mistress, whispered her thrilling consolations to the poor castaway—they had taken all from him, liberty, honor, wealth, fame, mother, wife, children, and shut him up in an iron hell, but by God! they should not take her. With this little pen in hand they were all under his feet, solemn judge, stolid jury, the beast of many heads and the whited British Philistia. Let them come on now!—but soft, the poet's anger is gone in a moment, for beauty, faithful to one who had loved her t'other side o' madness, comes and fills his narrow cell with her adorable presence, bringing the glory of the sweet world he had lost,—the breath of dawn, the scented hush of summer nights, the









SWINBURNE

GORKY

IBSEN

HALL CAINE

#### Famous Men of Letters Caricatured

These drawings are by Joseph Simpson, an English artist who is coming into prominence. "There is no living tancaurist," says Mr. Haldane McPall in The International Studio, (London), "who can approach Joseph Simpson in decrative sense, in massing and arrangement, or for beauty of artistry. The rich rhythmic sense of line, the resounding effect of his deep blacks, the informing and suggestive pose, the almost Holbeinesque balance of the portrait, the technical fixes of the line employed to state the peculiarities of the personality portrayed—these qualities are not to be surpassed by any living caricaturist."

peace of April rains, the pageant of the autumn lands, the changeful wonder of the sea. Imagination brushes away his bounds of stone and steel to give him all her largess of the past; gracious fig-ures of poesy and romance known and loved from his sinless youth (the man is always an artist, but you see! he can weep); the elect company of classic ages to whom his soul does reverence and who seem not to scorn him; the fair heroines of immortal story who in the old days, as his dreams so often told him, had deemed him worthy of their live—he would kneel at their white feet now, but their sweet glances carry no rebuke; the kind poets, his beloved masters in Apollo, who bend tpon him no alienated gaze; the heroes, the sages had inspired his boyish heart, the sceptred and mighty sons of genius who had roused in him a passion for fame—all come thronging at the summons of memory and fancy—a far dearer and better world than that which had denied, cursed and condemned him, and which he was to know no more.

The astonishing rumor above referred to, that Wilde still lives, is given publicity in an article in the New York Critic (July). The writer, George Sylvester Viereck, repeats the remarks of an unnamed lady who said to him: "Oscar Wilde is not dead at all . . . the Tooks in a Spanish cloister have taken him under their shelter": and he adds the (apparently conflicting) testimony of a bookseller's clerk who declared that he had seen Wilde recently in New York and had talked with him. Mr. Viereck thinks that, quite apart from the evidence cited, there are reasons for supposing that Wilde is not dead. He discerns "a mind, a master's will" behind the Wilde movement on the Continent, "especially in Germany, where it is at present, without exaggeration, the leading movement of the day," and in support of this theory points to the fact that all Wilde's greater work has been kept steadily before the public, while access to the immature books of his earlier period has been jealously guarded. He lays stress on a sentence in "De Profundis," which appears in the German, but not in the English, editions: "Terrible as are the dead when they arise from their graves, the living that come back from the grave are far more terrible." He goes on to say:

The question now arises: How could it have been done? It is known that Mr. Wilde's knowledge of French approached perfection. In fact he seems to have mastered it as absolutely, to judge from "Salome," as his native tongue,—for that play was written in French for Sarah Bernhardt. He could easily have grown a beard and lived in some little town in Southern France or, as one report suggests, in a Spanish monastery, without being known, perhaps with the wish of never being known, and of passing the rest of his life as a silent looker-on. There would have to be accomplices, of course. But we know that only a few friends attended his funeral. His family took no part in it. And so it is possible that under that grave in Paris, over which Lord Alfred Douglas, the only friend of the unhappy poet, who never deserted him, wrote the following:

Meis verbis nihil addere audebant Et supra illos stillabat eloquium meum. (They have dared to add nothing to my words, And above them flowed my eloquence.)—that in this grave there sleeps some poor beggar or some honest bourgeois who never dreamed that he should rest in a poet's tomb.

Mr. Viereck closes his article with these interrogations: "Was not this brilliant lover of the paradoxical capable of making his very life and death a paradox, and in the

phrase of a Greek poet, 'to be and not to be, not being to be'? And was not the Unexpected, the Sensational, the element in which he loved to move in life and art? And would it not be quite in accordance with his

character to carry to the last point of consistency the Christ pose, blasphemous perhaps, which he adopted especially in his last book 'De Profundis,' and from his tomb to roll the stone and rise from the dead?"

### American Literature and the Mob Spirit

Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick, a New York author and lawyer, is impressed by the profound influence exerted on our literature by what he terms "the reading mob"—a mob which has for him the same reality as the clamoring crowds that have stormed Bastiles and inaugurated revolutions. "The importance of numbers," he says, "is best seen in a street mob, which becomes more tumultuous, more passionate, more a creature of instinct and less a creature of reason, the larger it is. So, too, the reading mob, the bigger it grows, becomes more emotional. more excited, it reads and talks with greater avidity, is increasingly vehement in its likes, dislikes, and opinions, forces the book on its neighbors with greater rigor, buys, borrows, gives, and lends more and more with the swift and sure emotions of instinct." He continues (in The Atlantic Monthly, Iulv):

The reading mob is of indiscriminate composition, except that it requires a certain homogeneity from its division into three varieties: The proletariat reading mob which reads dime novels, the lower bourgeois reading mob which reads the novels of Albert Ross, and E. P. Roe and the like, and the upper bourgeois reading mob which reads Winston Churchill, Charles Major, Thomas Dixon, Jr., Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Hallie Erminie Rives, and others.

Like the street mob, the reading mob exhibits marked phenomena of contagious excitement. It manifests expectation, fixed attention, and eagerness-"I must get the book right away," "You must read it at once"—haste to get at the plot, to assimilate experience, to devour the story. It "displays a craving for emotional stimulus, and also that peculiar mobbish behavior which we detect in the difference between the perusal of a classic, Balzac or Thackeray, and that of a current novel." Furthermore, it "shows the excitement caused by the sense of numbers, the feeling that the individual is of no consequence except as one of a crowd, represented by such phrases as 'everybody is talking of it,' 'everybody is reading it.'" The factors contributing to such

emotions are advertisements, publishers, wholesale booksellers, retail dealers, book agents, news-stands, parlor-car peddlers and circulating libraries; but "far more effective than these," says Mr. Sedgwick, "are the murmurous buzz and hum of question and answer, 'Have you read it? . . . No? you must,' repeated in boudoir, drawing room, club, in the train, at the lunch-table, over



BALZAC

This famous statue of Rodin's was ordered by the "Société des Gens de Lettres," of Paris, but rejected by that body. At the time of its exhibition in the Paris Salon, "the clamor was extraordinary; some people raged at what they considered a scandalous practical joke, others warmly defended the new work."

teacups, over the cigarette, under the umbrella. Expectation quickens, attention becomes rigid, and the mob novel, like a magnet, draws all to it." He goes on to say:

The spread of contagion is extraordinary. I note some statistics. In September, 1901, "The Crisis" was the most read novel (of the upper bourgeois type) in Portland, Boston, New Haven, Providence, New York, Baltimore, Washington, Memphis, Atlanta, New Orleans, St. Louis, Dallas, Albany, Rochester, Toledo, Toronto, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Paul, Kansas City, Salt Lake City, Denver, Los Angeles, and Portland (Oregon). Prom the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico, the whole reading mob was deep in "The Crisis." The next month defervescence began, and the mob's attention shifted to "The Right of Way," which took first plate in popularity, and kept the lead in November and December, January and February. During the period while "The Crisis" was the popular leader, "The Helmet of Navarre" trod on its heels in mobbish favor. In New York, Boston, and Cleveland, "The Helmet of Navarre" was second in the race, in New Haven, Portland (Maine), and Dallas, it was third, in Portland (Oregon) and Denver it was fourth, and in Louisville it ran ahead.

These waves of contagion sweep over the reading mob, just as contagious emotions ruffle up a street mob. But the initial cause is obscure. What does first stir the reading mob toward a particular novel? Advertising is a factor, but the outward cause, the suggestion, is far less important than the condition of receptivity.

The only remedies for the present situation, according to Mr. Sedgwick's view, are art and authority. "In a country so large, so thickly populated, where there is so much vigor, energy, and will," he concludes, "it is not unreasonable to hope that artists



AUGUSTE RODIN
The Michael Angelo of the Modern World."

will come; but they will require sympathy, comprehension, support, and these can be made ready only by the critic. His first task must be to tame the turbulent mob spirit, in which we Americans take so much pride and pleasure."

### The Genius of Rodin

Henley, the English poet, once referred to Auguste Rodin as "the Michael Angelo of the modern world," and M. Camille Maudair, the French author of a newly published study\* of Rodin's life and work, thinks that France may justly make this estimate her own. He adds his conviction that Rodin is "the greatest living French artist and one of the most complex and powerful movers of thought in modern art."

In America special interest has been attracted to Rodin's work at this time owing to the fact that one of his masterpieces, "The Thinker," has recently been reproduced in plaster and presented to the Met-

\*Auguste Rodin—The Man—His Ideas—His Works. By Comille Manclair. Translated by Clementina Black. E.P. Dutton & Co ropolitan Museum of Art in New York. This figure was designed to occupy a place on the uppermost beam of a Cyclopean "Gate of Hell," on which Rodin is now working. Says. M. Mauclair:

"The Gate of Hell" is the plan of a piece of work unique in the sculpture of modern days, a plan slowly elaborated, and of which every detail has been foreseen and analyzed for years. No one has dared to undertake so audacious an assemblage of figures upon such a scheme, and the scheme is present to Rodin in its entirety. He by no means forgets the decorative effect nor the harmonious aspects, the concords that the gate should have, and if ever the Government should require him to deliver his work he would be able to do so without delay. Twenty years in the studio have matured 1t in his mind. The work that Dante inspired has assumed a more general significance. Low-relief, high-relief, fig-



BUST OF MADAME V
A charming example of Rodin's female portraiture.

ures standing free, groups, single figures, all the styles of sculpture are gathered into the symphony of a throng, lost amid whirling mists of hell and converging toward the figure of The Thinker. The conception embraces centuries. Ugolino is there, and so are centaurs, female fauns, satyrs, and creatures dreamed of by Baudelaire, abstract personifications of vices—in particular, there is the extraordinary group of the miser dying of hunger over his treasure beside a prostitute ("Avaiice and Lewdness"). The Thinker, in his austere nudity and pensive strength, is at one and the same time the alarmed Adam, the implacable Dante, and the compassionate Virgil of this frightful unrestrained humanity, but he is, above all, the ancestor, the first man, simple and unconscious, looking down on what he has begotten.

Perhaps the most famous of all Rodin's statues is that of Balzac, which has been a subject of controversy ever since the day it left the sculptor's studio. It was ordered by the "Société des Gens de Lettres," of Paris, but was rejected by that body. Exhibited in the Salon of 1898, it "created such a commotion," says M. Mauclair, "that for a week the public forgot, over it, the events of the vast serial story, the Dreyfus affair. The clamor was extraordinary; some people raged at what they considered a scandalous practical joke, others warmly defended the new work." The writer continues:

What, then, was this "Balzac" which was so much detested, and about which the most

abusive and extraordinary things were written? Merely the image of the great writer, draped in a dressing-gown, with empty, hanging sleeves; he has risen in the night and is walking up and down, disturbed and sleepless, pursuing an idea that has suddenly presented itself. He is bent for-ward, his head thrown back, the eyes deep-set, and the mouth contracted in a smile of challenge. The powerful neck—the neck indeed of a bull emerges from the open wrapper. Rodin made use of various daguerreotypes, and especially of a celebrated portrait of Balzac, that shows him in shirt-sleeves with one brace, and folded arms. The enormous proportions of the head, the amazing strength of the thorax, the monstrous and leonine character of the face are all exact. "His was the countenance of an element," said Lamartine of Balzac, "with a torso that was joined at the head by an enormous neck, short legs and short arms." These words absolutely justify the statue. Rodin had made studies for it in the nude (there are some fine clay models of the subject in his studio), then he clothed it with a gown (or to be more exact with a bathwrap, for that is what Balzac's famous monk's robe was), and proceeded to simplify the folds until he had left only the two or three essential ones. The result thus obtained, with the disproportion of body and legs, led Rodin to hide the short, ugly, useless arms under the drapery, and the figure thus assumed pretty much the appearance of a mummy, of a sort of monolith, from which nothing stood out but the one point of interest, the savage and magnificent animality



VICTOR HUGO

The central figure of an uncompleted monument ordered by the French Government after Hugo's death in 1883

of the head, with its darkened gaze and the bitterly curved mouth.

Like many another man of genius, Rodin had to pass through a period of neglect and misunderstanding. But at the present time there is no danger of his talents being undervalued. He is said to have commissions that would take two hundred years to execute. "Youth greets him as a chieftain, and his detractors are silent," says M. Mauclair. "Rodin is kept within the bounds of the normal," he adds, "and protected from the audacities of his strange and troubled imagination, by his imperturbable technical certainty and by his admiration for some few masters. As was the case with Baudelaire and Poe, his purity and grandeur of form save him; like Dante, this lover of gloomy beauty hangs over the verge of passion's hell without falling into it." To quote further:

Rodin's art is healthy because it feeds upon natural truth and general logic. He is the supreme painter of man bowed by intense, melancholic, feverish, constricting thought; but also he is the caressing creator of women in love, the poet of wouth, embracing and radiant. Only a genius an have the diversity of mind that produces "The Burghers of Calais," ascetic and medieval, the spasmodic "Hell," the almost abstract "Bal-



THE THINKER

Designed to crown a Cyclopean "Gate of Hell." A plaster cast of this statue was recently presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York.



THOUGHT

One of Rodin's best known works and "the very symbol of his art." It occupies a place in the Museum of the Luxembourg.

zac." the bronze busts worthy of Donatello, and the images of women carved in the radiant and golden marble of Attica by a sensuous and subtle enthusiast who has rediscovered the soul of Hellenic beauty. This union of technical skill, evolved according to the secrets of the antique with a power of expressing all human sentiments from gentleness to lewdness, from the mystic to the pathetic, from nervous disorganization to carnal frankness, this union of contraries and this universality, are not to be found in any of our forerunners. Not Puget, nor Rude, nor any of our masters has had such intellectual ubiquity, such strength of condensation; in these points it is allowable, even in our own day, to acknowledge Rodin as supreme in the rich French school, and thus to anticipate the judgment of the future, in whose eye she will loom yet larger.

In conversation with M. Mauclair, Rodin has freely expressed the ideas that guide him in his work. These are set down in part as follows:

We need to make excavations not in the earth, but towards heaven.

I put my models into positions like those of Michael Angelo. But as I went on observing the free attitudes of my models I perceived that they possessed these naturally, and that Michael Angelo had not preconceived them, but merely transscribed them according to the personal inspiration of human beings moved by the need of action. I went to Rome to look for what may be found everywhere: the latent heroic in every natural movement.

Art is like love. For many people it is a dream, a psychological complication, a palace, a perfume,

a stage scene; but nothing of the sort! The essential of love is the pairing; all the rest is only detail, charming and full of passion, but detail. It is the same in art: people come and praise my symbols and expressions to me; but I know that the plans are the essential things. human body is like a walking temple, and like a temple it has a central point around which the volumes place and spread themselves. When one understands that, one has everything. simple but it must be seen and academicism refuses to see it. Instead of recognizing that that is the key to my method they prefer to say that I am a . . People feel confusedly the difference between an art resting on conventions and one derived from truth. Men of genius are just those who, by their trade-skill, carry the essential thing to perfection.

I do not deny that there is exaltation in my works; but that exaltation existed not in me, but in nature, in movement. The divine work is naturally exalted. As for me, all I do is to be true; my temperament is not "exalted"; it is patient. I am not a dreamer, but a mathematician; and if my sculpture is good it is because it

is geometrical.

Of Rodin, the man, we are told:

He appears simple, precise, reserved. Gradually, beneath his essential simplicity, one discovers features that were at first hidden: he is ironical, sensuous, nervous, proud. He contains as possibilities all the passions that he expresses with so vibrating a magnificence, and one begins to perceive the secret links between this calm, almost cheerful man and the art that he reveals. At certain moments his clear and rather vague eyes become full of phosphorescent points, the face grows sardonic and almost faunlike; at others it saddens and discloses a sickness for infinity. This man is the comrade of his dumb, white creatures; he loves them, follows their abstract life, has moral obligations toward them. Fundamentally, the one thing with which Rodin is really concerned is the life of per-When one knows Rodin manent forms. well, one ceases to be able to separate him from his work. He can no longer think otherwise than symbolically by slow deposits of accumulated sensations which work on in the deep strata of his consciousness and suddenly blossom and take a name. His statues are states of the soul.

# Ruskin's Sweeping Literary Judgments

Ruskin's judgments on literature were often "hopelessly petulant and unfair," says Mr. R. Warwick Bond, a writer in The Contemporary Review (June), and he sustains his contention by making numerous citations from Ruskin's works. A lecture delivered at Dublin in 1868, and now bound with "Sesame and Lilies," yields the pessimistic reflection that "poetry and sculpture and painting, though only great when they strove to teach us something about the gods, never had taught us anything trustworthy about the gods, but had always betraved their trust in the crisis of it, and, with their powers at the full reach, became ministers to pride and to lust"; and in this lecture Ruskin takes as examples Milton, whose poetic description of a war in heaven is declared to be "in great part spoiled and degraded" from Hesiod's account of the war of the Gods and Titans, and Dante, whose "Vita Nuova" is characterized as "a dream in which every grotesque type or fantasy of heathen tradition is renewed and adorned, and the destinies of the Christian Church, under their most sacred symbols, become literally subordinate to the praise of one dear Florentine maiden." In "Præterita" occurs this passage on Shakespeare:

Very certainly, Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar did

not in the least cheer or strengthen my heart in its Monte-Rosean solitude [i.e., in 1845, set. 26]; and as I try to follow the clue of Shakespearean power over me since, I cannot feel that it has been anywise wholesome for me to have the world represented as a place where, for the best sort of people, everything always goes wrong; or to have my conceptions of that best sort of people so much confused by images of the worst. To have king-hood represented in the Shakespearean cycle by Richards II. and III. instead of I., by Henrys IV and VIII. instead of II.; by King John, finished into all truths of baseness and grief, while Henry V. is only a king of fairy-tale; or in the realm of imagination by the folly of Lear, the cruelty of Leontes, the furious and foul guilt of Macbeth and the Dane. Why must the persons of Iago and Iachimo, of Tybalt and Edmund, of Isabel's brother and Helena's lord, pollute, or wither with their shadows, every happy scene in the loveliest plays; and they, the loveliest, be all mixed and encumbered with languid and common work, to one's best hope spurious, certainly; so far as original, idle and disgraceful?—and all so inextricably and mysteriously that the writer himself is not only unknowable, but inconceivable; and his wisdom so useless, that at this time of being and speaking [1886], among active and purposeful Englishmen, I know not one who shows a trace of ever having felt a passion of Shakespeare's, or learnt a lesson from him.

After this it is not surprising to find Ruskin gravely asserting that Grote's "History of Greece" could have been done better by any London clerk with an income of thirty shillings a week; and that Words-



BUFFALO'S NEW ART GALLERY

This beautiful building recently dedicated, is a gift to the city from John J. Albright, after whom it is named. It is a white marble structure, 250 feet long and 150 feet deep, and is an example of purest Ionic architecture. A poem by Richard Watson Gilder, read at the opening ceremonies, is reproduced in the Department of Current Poetry.

worth was "simply a Westmoreland peasant, with considerably less shrewdness than most border Englishmen or Scotchmen." "I much doubt there being many inglorious Miltons in our country churchyards," Ruskin adds; "but I am very sure there are many Wordsworths resting there, who were inferior to the renowned one only in caring less to hear themselves talk."

These expressions seem quite moderate, however, when compared with the terms applied by Ruskin to fiction. He tells his workmen readers in "Fors Clavigera" that the four great novelists of his own age have, with the best intentions, been quite powerless for good, though "of the essential mischief done by them there is, unhappily, no doubt whatever." In Miss Edgeworth, he says, morality is obtruded to weariness; while Scott's romance is represented as a ridiculous affair of pasteboard helmets and hobby-horses. Dickens sets everybody's face in wrinkles; and Thackeray is a meatfly who makes one sick of one's dinner. At this point we quote directly from Mr. Bond's

In Ruskin's articles on fiction [published in The Nineteenth Century, 1880 and 1881] he runs amuck against the whole modern school. All of them are votaries of "the Divinity of Decomposition." The French Romantics are utterly depraved. Balzac, with his amazing power of portraiture and encyclopædic grasp of life, is a mere degenerate—"no good is ever done to society by the pictorial representation of its diseases." Victor Hugo, with his vivid imagination and

world of invention, is anathema for his agonising situations and "fimetic" horrors. Dickens in "Bleak House" goes out of his way to invent and vary modes of horrible death for a number of quiet, respectable, at least not villainous folk. Success is generally sought by offering a recognisable description of the reader's own blotches and pimples. "The Mill on the Floss" is perhaps the most striking "instance extant of this study of cutaneous disease." Not a character in the book deserves study or printer's type. Maggie is quite commonplace for a heroine, Tom a clumsy and cruel lout, and the rest "simply the sweepings out of a Pentonville omnibus."

Mr. Bond thinks that the violence of much of this writing can be explained only in its relation to Ruskin's physical condition. "Ill-health," he says, "and the constant contradiction of the healthful happy ideals dear to him, too often soured his temper and jaundiced his outlook. He knew his own bitterness — a bitterness enhanced, perhaps, by the thought that his earlier and calmer work was being antiquated before it could produce its effect. Something of his invective tendency, too, may be set down to Carlyle's example." The writer adds:

What other end could be looked for to an activity so multiform and so ill-regulated than the sudden snapping of the cord that tethered the whirling brain to life and consciousness? "I know," he writes pathetically in one of his affectionate letters to Mr. F. S. Ellis, "that my illnesses have greatly weakened the physical grasp of the brain." Most of us will feel that the inflammation was there long before it declared itself, and that he had fostered it by this reckless course of what almost deserves the name of intellectual debauchery.

# The Heroic Optimism of Thomas Hardy

Two kinds of optimism exist in this world. says Prof. E. S. Bates, of Oberlin College; the one he calls "docile optimism," the other "heroic optimism." The first, he avers, is a familiar American quality, handed down to us by such writers as Emerson and Whitman; the second is the underlying motive of the work of Ibsen, Zola, Tolstov, and, pre-eminently, of Thomas Hardy. Proceeding to a fuller definition of terms, he says (International Journal of Ethics, July):

Docile optimism assumes without question the ultimate worth of the social order in which we live; it assumes, in most cases, the pre-eminent value of human happiness and believes that to this end should be subordinated reflection and investigation; it loves order, system, uniformity, and, at least in its most exalted form, fixes its steadfast gaze in submissive adoration of the Supreme Perfection in whose clear light the discolorings of incompleteness or even actual evil

are quite lost to view. . .

Such is the point of view of the docile optimist, and it is a point of view with which in its various forms we in America are thoroughly familiar. Sometimes it has appeared among us arrayed in the gaudy garments of materialism, sometimes it has robed itself in the beautiful white drapery of transcendentalism. Ralph Waldo Emerson taught us the doctrine in such winning form as raised our souls to the Heaven of his own belief; Sidney Lanier sang in lyric strains of triumph the same faith when he told how wandering over the whole world Love seeks in vain for Hell: Walt Whitman taught us in his franker fashion that every human motive or emotion is a motive or emotion for good; and, finally, our greatest literary force of the day, Mr. William D. Howells, in his complete creed of the conventional and commonplace, stands for docile optimism without limit.

In this, as in much other, American writing Professor Bates finds "something lacking." "In American literature of the day one who is earnestly seeking light upon social or ethical or artistic problems finds it not. He finds not even seriousness or courage or that open-mindedness dependent upon courage." We need to go to Russia, France, Germany, England, to find writers who are facing the vital problems, and are striving to "learn thoroughly the hazards and the real possibilities in life." Such are Ibsen, Zola and Tolstoy, and "among the foremost of the brave, among the most heroic of heroic optimists, must be numbered Thomas Hardy."

At first thought it may seem paradoxical to call Thomas Hardy an optimist at "Throughout his works," as Professor Bates admits, "from 'Desperate Remedies' in 1870 to 'The Dynasts' in 1903,

there runs an ever-increasing emphasis upon the sorrow and suffering of life, and an everincreasing passion in the doubt or denial of the goodness of God." But Hardy's denial is "at least based upon real facts of life, and is sincere and earnest and soul-stirring." Moreover, "the Bread and Wine of Truth is granted to none but those who have prepared themselves by intellectual vigil and by fasting from the cheap delights of emotional beliefs. The Celestial City of Faith is not to be reached but through the Valley of the Shadow of Doubt." Professor Bates continues:

Into this valley we must ride boldly if we seek to follow Thomas Hardy. In its gloom lurk more hideous enemies than mere religious foes. Monsters of social ignorance and social crime, monsters of man's sin and woman's shame crouch there. For most of us the need is that we ride fast through the grim vale and glance but scantily at the fearful shapes along the way. But in the very midst of their horror Thomas Hardy has built his hut, and during thirty years has lingered among them, scanning in their lair these monsters of crag and cavern that none have dared to track since the greatest of the Elizabethans died three centuries ago. Whoso denies the worth of Thomas Hardy let him likewise dare to explore the Valley of the Shadow and bring us a truer report of its meaning!

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles, A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented," is treated by Professor Bates as Hardy's master character. If there be any weakness in this delineation, he maintains, it lies in Hardy's extreme idealism, in his "assertion of purity of purpose as the sole criterion of purity of deed," and his "intense faith in the existence of this spiritual purity in spite of bodily defilement."

In this instance, as so often elsewhere, had we but the wit to see it, Thomas Hardy is not too pessimistic, but too optimistic for us all to follow him." The writer says, in conclud-

None of his characters are perfect:—Hardy is not so childish as to believe in any possibilities of human perfection,—and even Tess, the saintliest of them all, feels the force of sensual temptation. Nonetheless I think a fair reader will realize that human nature, as seen through Hardy's eyes, is redeemed by its power of human love. To be sure, this love even when exalted to its highest form of self-sacrifice seldom seems to produce the conventionally expected results in mitigating human sorrow. On the contrary we must grant that the world for Hardy is not a world where permanent happiness and tranquillity are generally attainable. Misery is all about us, and increase of love inevitably brings increase of suffering. Does this view make Hardy after all a

pessimist? In his own eyes, I grant, he is probably a pessimist, for in his metaphysical sideremarks the note of despair is beyond question often sounded. The deeper Hardy, however, whose manhood speaks to us through his spon-

taneous pictures of life more entirely than in his reflective remarks, I certainly call not a pessimist but an optimist, for he shows a worthy humanity, true to itself, unconquered by destiny, sanctified by love.

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# Henry James on "Newspaper English"

Henry James, the novelist, has been complaining of the "untidiness and slovenliness" of American speech. In a recent address before the graduates of Bryn Mawr College, he said: "There are millions of homes in which

the people call themselves educated, and yet they talk about 'vanillar' ice cream. that other 'feller,' and 'Cubar' and 'Port Ricor,' and use other similarly slovenly expressions." For this he declared the newspapers and common schools are woefully to blame. He called the newspapers "black eruptions of type," and said that they resembled "the roar of some monster or a mighty maniac breaking loose."

These remarks have evoked widespread interest, and are generally resented. Dr. Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University, was evidently thinking of the novelist's criticism when he said to a New York Herald reporter:

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HENRY JAMES

He protests against the "untidiness and slovenliness" of American speech

It is the fashion among a certain class to rather sneer at what they are pleased to call "newspaper English." These gentlemen should look at home before committing themselves, and remedy their own shortcomings and their laboriously correct style of writing. I think the English used in newspaper articles is remarkably good. It is generally terse and clear and right to the point, and tells in a simple way exactly what the writer wants to say. It is most surprising to me to understand how the reporters, writing as they do so hurriedly and under such a great pressure, are able to write so well. I can hardly comprehend it. None need be afraid of spoiling their taste for good English by reading newspapers. The articles are almost always delightfully free from stiltedness

and trite conventionality, which is more than can be said of the average collegian's effusions.

Commenting in similar vein, the New York Evening Mail remarks: "Even the newspapers that roar mightily have a predilection

for direct, understandable English. They may not have much to say, but you know just what they are trying to say. With all their faults American newspapers are tolerably lucid." The Baltimore Herald adds:

The newspapers, alas! are not storehouses of Addisonian elegance. The perspiring reporter, rushing into the office from a night fire and beating his typewriter furiously—such a man has no time for well-rounded sentences or polished periods. the harassed and weary editorial writer, forced to wrestle with everything from political economy to the feeding of babies in one brief day—certainly it is unreasonable to expect him to write as well as Walter Pater. But, admitting all of this, is Henry

James the proper authority to rebuke these hard-working gentlemen? Is he himself beyond suspicion? Are his own sentences sound in wind and limb? Do his own phrases always keep to the track?

We opine, regretfully, that they do not. Take any considerable sentence from any of his novels and examine its architecture. Isn't it wobbly with qualifying clauses and subassistant phrases? Doesn't it wriggle and stumble and stagger and flounder? Isn't it "crude, untidy, careless," bedraggled, loose, frowsy, disorderly, unkempt, uncombed, uncurried, unbrushed, unscrubbed? Doesn't it begin in the middle and work away from both ends? Doesn't it often bounce along for a while and then, of a sudden, roll up its eyes and go out of business entirely?

Let Henry ask himself these questions before

he sets out to attack his superiors. The average newspaper reporter writes better English than Henry, if good English means clear, comprehensible English.

Mr. Albert Henry Smyth, a writer in Book News (July), declares:

It is a very difficult and dangerous thing to draw an indictment against a whole people. America is so vast and so complex that reckless generalizations concerning its characteristics are usually futile. Would not Mr. James, were he not eager to administer a rebuke or to coin an epigram, distinguish between the English spoken in various localities of the United States? In England the dialects of the counties are still very definite and pronounced. The speech of a York-

shire man is unintelligible to one who is strange to that dialect. The Somerset man speaks an English that is puzzling to the educated ear of the scholar from Boston or London.

In America those dialectal differences are few and faint. It is only an ear rather well trained to phonetics that can differentiate by their speech the men from Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Charleston. The English language is spoken in much the same way in all parts of the country. Extraordinary pains are taken in the schools to impart a knowledge of the best English, and to create the habit of correct expression. Taking the country as a whole, and considering all classes of Americans, I am sure there is a more even English and a higher standard of purity in the United States than in Great Britain.

### Growing Importance of American History

It has been said that a people which cares nothing for its past has no present and deserves no future, and in a lately published article Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, himself a historian, registers his conviction that "widespread interest in history is the proof of national consciousness and of the abiding sense that a nation has come to its place in the world." Thirty years ago, as he points out, American history was not included in the scheme of the higher education. Boys entering college were required to know something of the history of Greece and Rome but not of their own country. During a great part of the nineteenth century the prevalent opinion seems to have been that there was no American history worth telling, and nothing illustrates better this attitude of mind than that Prescott and Motley devoted their brilliant talents to Spain and Holland at a period which practically had no connection with the vast region which was to be one day the United States. Yet even at this period there were men who were awakening to the importance of American historical material. Richard Hildreth was a pioneer in this field, and Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Palfrey followed in his footsteps. Senator Lodge says further (in The Reader Magazine, June):

In Francis Parkman, of a later generation than Bancroft or Palfrey, American literature found its first really great historian, one fairly entitled to a place in the small group of which Thucydides, Tacitus, and Gibbon are the great and hitherto unrivaled exemplars. Mr. Parkman not only had untiring industry and the capacity for sifting evidence and marshaling facts drawn in many cases from the dark corners of forgotten manuscripts, but he possessed also the power of compression, the reserved but vigorous style, and above all the imagination, which enabled him to

make history live and have a meaning, without which life and meaning it will surely die and be buried among incoherent annals and scientific catalogues of facts. In a series of volumes he gradually drew a noble picture of the mighty struggle of races, which ended in giving North America to the English-speaking people. The drama spread over a continent, the actors who flitted across the vast stage were Indians and Jesuits courtiers of Louis XIV and sober Puritans of New England, French adventurers and sturdy Dutch traders from the Mohawk and the Hudson, all with the wilderness as a background and a future beyond imagination as the prize for which they blindly strove. Parkman made the world comprehend not only that American history was important, but that if it did not have the precise kind of picturesqueness to which that of Europe had accustomed us it had a picturesqueness of its own, a light and color and a dramatic force not less impressive because they differed in kind from what had gone before.

Parkman began his work under conditions of indifference and inattention, but lived to see a great change in the American attitude. His own histories inspired two others of the highest type in scholarship, research and original thought—Mr. Henry Adams's "History of the United States During the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison" and Mr. Rhodes's work covering the period subsequent to the Compromise of 1850; and a little later Mr. Fiske's and Mr. McMaster's brilliant historical studies were published. This renaissance of historical interest Senator Lodge explains as follows:

We did not come to a full national consciousness until we had passed through the awful trial of the Civil War. Then we realized what we were, and the trembling deference to foreign opinion, the sensitive outcry against foreign criticism, as well as the uneasy self-assertion and bragging which accompanied them, fell from us as the burden fell from the shoulders of Christian. There was still

much to do, but the old colonial habit of mind was shattered beyond recovery. It lingered on here and there; it dies hard, but it is dying, and

now is nearly dead.

With the coming of a true national consciousness came the interest in the past and in history. It was apparent that the United States was one of the most considerable facts of the age.

From the abortive attempts of the earliest adventurers, from the feeble settlements clinging to the Atlantic seaboard, on through the confused and seemingly petty history of the colonies and of the scattered people and small states struggling out of revolution and dissension

to a larger national life, to those who saved the Union from disintegration, and still on to those who have carried her power forward to the Pacific and made a great nation where there wa none before, all alike have come to have deep meaning and importance. Hence the rise of American history, and, what is more important, of the general interest in that history, which may be trusted to separate the wheat from the chaff and give us not only knowledge, but also something worthy to take a place in literature by the manner in which the knowledge is communicated to men.

### Household Art in the Colonial Period

Everything pertaining to the colonial period of American history is attracting attention which is more and more directed to the manner and style of living. A collection of colonial furniture made by the late

Charles Leonard Pendleton, of Providence, Rhode Island, is peculiarly valuable from this point of view because it represents the furnishing of a typical colonial mansion. Selections have been made for artistic and



THE HALLWAY OF A TYPICAL COLONIAL MANSION
Showing specimens of Chippendale and French Decoration—Pendleton Collection



A DOUBLE CHAIR
Of the Chippendale Period

harmonious effect, and the collection has been donated to the public and preserved in its entirety. The Rhode Island School of Design has issued a superb catalogue raisonée of the pieces of the collection as they stood in the home of Mr. Pendleton, with some general views showing their arrangement in the house.\* The text gives an intelligent introduction to the study of colonial furniture and adequate commentary on the plates by Mr. Luke Vincent Lockwood.

Perhaps early references in colonial records to "Spanish tables" antedate the time covered by this book, which is mainly the eighteenth century. Mr. Lockwood gives this summary view of the art of the period:

The four distinct styles arising during the hundred years are the Dutch, the style called by the name of Chippendale, the revival of the classic, under the brothers Adam and called by their name, and the styles originated by Heppel-white, Sheraton and their followers. The Dutch and Chippendale styles are so closely allied that they blend one into the other, so that a piece will often be found in Dutch outline with the decoration of the Chippendale school, but the former style being the older, they rarely if ever appear in the reverse order. Such pieces showing the Dutch form and the Chippendale decora-

tion constitute a large proportion of those now found.

There are two essential features to be noted in determining the period to which a given specimen belongs: the outline and the decoration. The latter seems never to have been given sufficient weight; and for that reason specimens of Dutch and Chippendale furniture have been hopelessly mixed. Any articles of furniture made during the first three quarters of the eighteenth century, which are superior in construction or decoration, have been called Chippendale.

"There are three methods of collecting furniture," says Mr. Lockwood, explaining the character of the Pendleton collection and the omission of inharmonious elements. "The first is to collect specimens with respect to their dates, whereby upon completion the collection will contain speci-

mens of every style and date. The second method is to collect pieces solely because of



A TILT TABLE

Found in England and America under the discriptive name of "pie-crust top"

<sup>\*</sup>The Pendleton Collection. By Luke Vincent Lockwood. Published by the Rhode Island School of Design. The edition is limited to 160 copies, printed on Japanese imperial vellum. One hundred and three photogravure plates, and about fifty decorative sketches.

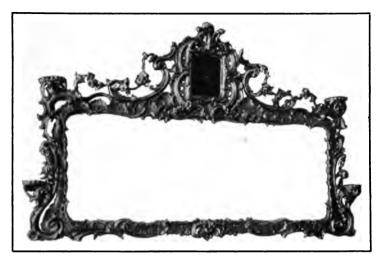
some historic association. irrespective of date or style. The third method is to form a collection having in view the furnishing of a house in the manner in which a person of taste and possibly of wealth could have furnished it at the time the house or style was in fashion This latter method was the one followed by Mr. Pendleton so successfully. Mr. Lockwood sets forth this further explanation of the styles prevailing in the period covered:

The form or outline of the Duch style is invariably composed, at least in some porions, of the cyma or ogee

curve, and is in some pieces entirely made up of this curve. The curve was called by Hogarth "the me of beauty," and chairs in the Dutch design are often called in England Hogarth chairs," probably for two reasons: first, because such chairs appear in his work, notably in "Marriage à la



The decoration of the back is Dutch, but the outline is Chippendale



A COLONIAL MANTEL

In the Chippendale or French Style

Mode," and, secondly, because they are composed of the curve to which he was most partial, and in behalf of which he wrote his well-known defense. The decoration of the pure Dutch pieces is Renaissance, usually Flemish Renaissance. The shell ornamentation predominates, and with it are found the mascaron, cartouche, swag, garland and pendent of flowers or fruit, conventionalized heads of men, animals and birds, and often classic designs. Next in importance to the shell is the acanthus leaf, occurring sometimes in scrolls, sometimes in the decoration for the spring of the cabriole leg. Many of the pieces in the Dutch style are, however, entirely plain, except perhaps for the shell ornamentation, relying for their beauty solely on the graceful outline produced by the cyma curve.

In this period, too, the ball-and-claw foot became fashionable. It was of two kinds: first and earliest, the animal's claw on a ball, later the bird's claw on a ball.

This period, for convenience, though not quite accurately, is made to cover from 1700 to 1735, although in America the same controlling motif was continued in the high chests of drawers and dressing tables down to 1775. . . .

The form of the earlier Chippendale pieces followed the outline of the preceding style; in the later pieces he dropped somewhat the ogee curves for the straight lines coming into fashion with the second revival of the classic. The outline of his designs, published in his Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Director are rarely pure ogee curves, but are usually broken into the short curves and shallow scrolls of the rococo ornamentation, and a number of his pieces were direct copies of the designs of the French artists of the regency and Louis XX's reign, such as Cressent and Meissonier.

The decoration of the pieces of the Chippendale School also followed the French, or, as in some of Chippendale's best pieces, mixed the rococo with the Chinese and Gothic designs. The chief characteristics were the rococo lines, above mentioned, the dripping-water decora-

tion, the Gothic quatrefoil or trefoil, the Chinese frets, the husks and the shell. The designers of this period, however, avoided copying nature; thus, when carving shells, leaves, and flowers, they so conventionalized them as to make them appear rather ornaments than shells, leaves or flowers.

As the word "rocaille" or "rococo" has a rather indefinite meaning to many, it may be well to quote here the definition given by Mr. Russell Sturgis in the "Dictionary of Architecture and Building." He says: "The essence of the style is that these curves shall never be continuous for more than a short distance nor make more than a double curve like the letter S without breaking off to begin again abruptly." The two curves most commonly used in rococo ornamentation are the C and S curves. Neither, of course, was new with this style. The S curve

was the cyma or ogee curve, so familiar in the Dutch and earlier styles, while the C curve had been used in architecture and furniture for many years, being frequently found in furniture of the Flemish and Dutch styles. The original feature lay in the new combination of these curves, together with the rock and shell and drippingwater effects, and the general lack of classic or flowing lines characteristic of earlier periods.

The porcelains of the collection are shown in eight plates and include specimens of cauliflower, tortoise shell and agate, Chinese vases of 1750, some with the grayish green glaze known as Celadon, blue and white Chinese and the English white, salt glaze of the middle of the century.

# Is the Arts and Crafts Movement Degenerate?

This question is raised by Martha S. Bensley in the New York Independent, and is answered by her in the affirmative. She points out that hand industries are now established in nearly one hundred centers in the United States, and concedes that this revival of the handicrafts is "one of the surprising developments of recent years." But she maintains that the movement is one of retrogression, not of progress, and that "in truth it is become the safeguard of stagnation, the guaranty of reaction, in the society which takes it for a household god."

Of the various reasons given in justification of the arts and crafts revival the one most frequently heard is that machine-made things are ugly and cheap. William Morris and his followers have argued that fabrics, furniture, pottery, made by machinery are never as beautiful as those made by hand. Miss Bensley disputes this argument. She thinks that the linen and homespun made by our grandmothers are beautiful "in spite, not because, of the fact that they are handmade," and that while "some factory furniture is undoubtedly ungraceful, none of it need be." She adds: "Individuality and distinction may perhaps be lost by the mere fact of infinite reproduction, but beauty need not be, and our wares can be as lovely in shape and color even though a thousand drink from cups of the same shape." To quote further:

As the chief tenet of the arts and crafts enthusiasts is that machine-made things are ugly and unserviceable, it is certainly fair to expect that handmade things, and especially their own productions, shall be both beautiful and useful. At a recent

arts and crafts exhibition of pottery, where the entries were passed on by an arts and crafts jury, there were a large number of so-called jugs and vases which were only useful to look at. They were doubtless beautiful in color and shape when any desire for use was entirely eliminated from the mind, but many of them were so narrow at the mouth as to make it difficult to get water into them and to preclude all possibility of their either holding flowers or being washed inside.
"Look," said I to a dealer in china, "at the fig-

ure on the bottom of this plate; it isn't in the

middle.

"I know," he said; "but then it's hand work, and if it was perfect people wouldn't buy it—they'd think it was machine made."

"The border around this doesn't match at the corners," I told a friend who proudly showed me her book-plate.

"Yes, that's true," she replied; "but it just shows it's done by hand."

"How much of the carving on this cabinet is



THE COSTLIEST OBJECT OF ART EVER SOLD IN **BNGLAND** 

This extraordinary vessel, known as the Gabbitas Biberon, realized at a recent sale at Christie's, in London, £16,275. It is carved in rock crystal, mounted with enameled gold

done by hand?" I asked the proprietor of a shop where they make reproductions of old hand-made furniture.

made furniture.

"Well, most of it is done by machinery," he admitted. "A machine can copy the old designs better than a workman, and we just have the surface finished by hand to get the marks of the tools and make people think it's all done that wax."

These things would seem to prove that it isn't the perfect product that they want. But do we forgive imperfections simply because they show hand work? Is the means used so much more important than the thing produced?

The demand for hand work comes in large part from the moneyed class, which can pay for its fancies and desires "something exclusive." Thus is created a market for "limited editions" of books and fabrics of rare and costly design. Miss Bensley confesses herself out of sympathy with the "exclusive" spirit. Judged by the new standards, the only test of beauty is the amount of work put on it; the more work the more beauty. "If this were true," says Miss Bensley, "and Raphael had painted a thousand Sistine Madonnas instead of one, we should not care for any of them." But in reality "beauty is an intrinsic quality; it has to do with quality, not quantity, and singularity is no characteristic of it." The writer continues:

The true field for the artist in the crafts is as a maker of designs for the machine to execute. 'We cannot afford that each man shall be at liberty to produce things after his own design, good or bad. If he can make only bad designs they should not be carried out, and the man that is capable of the good designs should not waste his time in construction. If he does, the community runs the



GEORGE BRANDES

The eminent Danish critic. Author of "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," "Criticisms and Portraits," "French Aesthetics, etc.

danger of losing other good designs, and good designers are, and must always be, rarer than good workmen. In just so much as this new movement is based on a search for what is new in art, on a longing for variety, as it is a making of patterns for the machine, a series of experiments, just so far is it good. But an industry which has as an aim only the production of a series of patterns, without ever getting to the construction of the things themselves, is an absurdity.

### "Naturalism" in English Poetry

So various were the manifestations of the literary spirit in the early years of the nineteenth century in England that critics have hitherto found it difficult to discover a formula that would comprehend all its phases. They have been reduced to a closer classification of "movements," such as "the transcendental," "the scientific," "the medieval," wherewith to indicate the directions of so restless an inquiry. No single term was apparently formulated until the Danish critic, George Brandes, in his great work\* on the "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" (now appearing for the first time in an English translation), turned

\*Main Currents in Nineteente Century Literature. Vol. IV, Naturalism in England. By George Brandes. The Macmillan Company. his attention to the literature of England, and to that applied the term "Naturalism," used in France with a stricter connotation. Whatever characteristics the English partake of in common with other European countries, says the critic, these "most marked characteristics of the period are modified in a very perceptible manner by certain peculiarly English characteristics, which, observable nowhere else, are to be found in all the English authors of the day, however little resemblance there may be between them in other respects." He continues:

These English characteristics can all be traced back to one original distinctive quality, namely vigorous *Naturalism*. As we have observed, the first advance in the new literary movement is the

inspiration of the authors of every country by a national spirit. Now, in England, this meant becoming a Naturalist just as in Germany it meant becoming a Romanticist, and in Denmark a devotee of the Old-Scandinavian. The English poets, one and all, are observers, lovers, worshippers of nature. . . . Naturalism is so powerful in England that it permeates Coleridge's Romantic supernaturalism, Wordsworth's Anglican orthodoxy, Shelley's atheistic spiritualism, Byron's revolutionary liberalism, and Scott's interest in the past. It influences the personal beliefs and literary tendencies of every author.

To define Naturalism merely as a love for physical nature would make it ineffectual as a term to cover all the aspects observable in English poetry of the period here treated. Hence the critic carries his principle into the domain of society, where "Naturalism becomes, as it did in Rousseau's case, revolutionary," and notes that "beneath that attachment to the soil, and that delight in encountering and mastering the fitful humors of the sea, which are the deep-seated causes of Naturalism, there is in the Englishman the still deeper-seated national feeling, which, under the peculiar historical conditions of this period, naturally led the cleverest men of the day in the direction of Radicalism." The peculiarly English trait of personal independence and self-sufficiency, in its transmission to English literature, has, avers the Danish critic, made its art, at decisive moments, a "character-art." Such a moment was this in early Victorian poetry. The effective figure of the movement was Byron, and so important does the present writer regard the changes which he wrought not only in English literature and life, but in that of Europe, that he devotes fully onethird of the volume to the treatment of this single figure. "It took an Englishman," he says, "to do what Byron did, stem alone the stream which flowed from the fountain of the Holy Alliance—in the first place because only an English author would have had the audacity to do it, in the second, because at that time only English literary men had the strong political tendency and the keen political intelligence which have always distinguished the first, possibly the only, parliamentary nation. And an Englishman, too, was needed to fling the gauntlet boldly and defiantly in the face of his own people. Only in the haughtiest of nations were there to be found great men haughty enough to defy the nation." So exalted is the place to which Herr Brandes assigns this Englishman that a writer in the London Times, in dealing

with the book, describes it as "a romance with Byron as its hero." How the various dramatis personæ are grouped round him are revealed in the following quotation from the volume:

Naturalism, as an intellectual tendency in England, makes its appearance in Wordsworth in the form of love of all the external phenomena of nature, a habit of stirring up natural impressions, and piety towards animals, children, country people, and the "poor in spirit." With him as its representative, it strays for a moment into a blind alley, that of uninspired imitation of nature. In Coleridge and even more in Southey, it approaches the German romanticism of the day, follows it into the world of legend and superstition, but avoids its worst excesses by treating Romantic themes in a Naturalistic manner and keeping an open eye on land and sea and all the elements of reality. In Scott, Naturalism occupies itself with the character and history of a whole nation, and in vivid colors paints man as the son of a race and a period; in Keats, it takes possession of the whole world of the senses, and reposes for a moment on the neutral ground between tranquil contemplation of nature and the proclamation of a gospel of nature and of natural rights. In Moore it becomes erotic, and espouses Liberalism in politics; the sight of the sufferings of his native island drives this poet into the ranks of the lovers of liberty, intellectual and political. In Campbell, it becomes eulogy of England as Queen of the Sea and expression of English liberal views. In Landor it takes the shape of pagan Humanism, of too repellent and proud a character to win the suffrage of Europe. It is transformed in Shelley into a soulful love of nature and a poetic Radicalism, which have at their command poetic gifts of the very highest order; but the incorporeal universality of Shelley's Naturalism, in combination with the circumstance that he is much too far ahead of his age and with his early death, causes his song to die away unheard, Europe never learning what a poet she possesses and loses.

Then, like Achilles arising in his wrath after he has burned the body of Patroclus, Byron, after Shelley's death, arises and lifts up his mighty voice. European poetry was flowing on like a sluggish smooth river; those who walked along its banks found little for the eye to rest on. All at once, as a continuation of the stream, appeared this poetry, under which the ground so often gave way that it precipitated itself in cataracts from one level to another—and the eyes of all inevitably turn to that part of a river where its stream becomes a waterfall. In Byron's poetry the river boiled and foamed, and the roar of its waters made music that mounted up to heaven. In its seething fury it formed whirlpools, tore itself and whatever came in its way, and in the end undermined the very rocks. But "in the midst of the infernal surge," sat such an Iris as the poet himself has described in "Childe Har-old"—a glorious rainbow, the emblem of freedom and peace—invisible to many, but clearly seen by all who, with the sun above them in the sky, place themselves in the right position.

It presaged better days for Europe.

## Religion and Ethics

### Is Faith in Immortality Waning?

A few months ago, Dr. William Osler, of Baltimore, the newly appointed Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University, published a brilliant, but pessimistic, address\* on "Science and Immortality," in which he expressed his belief that "a living faith in a future existence has not the slightest influence on the settlement of the grave social and national problems which confront the race to-day." Speaking for himself, he said that he had found no scientific ground for a belief in immortality. "Whether across death's threshold we step from life to life, or whether we go whence we shall not return, even to the land of darkness, as darkness itself, we cannot tell"such was the purport of his argument; though he confessed that he clung to the ormion of Cicero, "who had rather be misaken with Plato than be in the right with those who deny altogether the life after leath."

These rather depressing reflections may be recalled at this time in connection with another book on immortality—also a brilliant effort-from the pen of Prof. Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard. Professor Münsterberg, who approaches the subject from the point of view of the psychologist, reduces the concept of immortality to that of the Buddhist Nirvana, in which the soul endures but personality is lost. His argument is in the nature of a conversation between two old friends sitting before an open fire after the burial of a common friend. One of the speakers is quoted as saying:

In eternity lies the reality of our friend, who all never sit with us again here at the fireplace. I do not think that I should love him better if I bosed that he might be somewhere waiting through space and time to meet us again. I feel that I should then take his existence in the spacetime world as the real meaning of his life, and this deprive his noble personality of every value and of every ideal meaning. The man we love surfe and achievement as a subject which calls not for our perception with its standards of causality, space, and time, but for our interpreta-tion with its standards of agreement, of values, SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY. By William Osler, LL.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE ETERNAL LIFE. By Hugo Munsterberg. Houghton,

Million & Co.

of ideals. We know him as a subject of his will, and thus as a perfect part of the real world in its eternal fitness of valid values. He lived his life in realizing absolute values through his devotion to truth and beauty, to morality and religion; as such an irreplaceable part of the eternal world he is eternal himself. You and I do not know a reality of which he is not in eternity a noble part; the passing of time cannot make his personality unreal, and nothing would be added to his immortal value if some object like him were to enter the sphere of time again. The man whom we love belongs to a world in which there is no past and future, but an eternal now. He is linked to it by the will of you, of me, of all whose will has been influenced by his will, and he is bound to it by his respect for absolute values. In a painting every color is related to the neighboring colors, and it belongs at the same time to the totality of the picture; in the symphony every tone is related to the nearest tones, and yet belongs to the whole symphony. But when the symphony or the painting is perfect, then most of all we do not wish the one beautiful color to sweep over the whole picture, or the one splendid tone to last through the whole music. We do not desire the tone of this individual life to last beyond its internal, eternal rôle, throughout the symphony of the Absolute; its immortality is its perfect belonging to that whole timeless reality belonging there through its human relations to its neighbors, and through its ideal relations to the ultimate values.

In "Science and a Future Life," \* a third contribution to the literature of immortality, Prof. James H. Hyslop admits that "the intelligent public's state of mind on this question in the present age is one of comparative indifference." The reasons for this indifference he explains as follows:

When Christianity came it was a revolt against both the philosophy and the politics of Greece. Its philosophy was theistic and its politics were democratic. It asserted the created nature of the material world and placed an infinite spirit behind the phenomenal world, and in man it placed a finite spirit which survived death, and associated this belief with a morality that involved the brotherhood of man. But in this revolt, like all reactions, Christianity laid such stress upon a future life and upon an ascetic morality for the present existence that its whole history has been infected with an unnatural dis-It even forgot the brotherhood of man with which it started and concentrated all its interest in the life beyond the grave, and subordinated all its social, moral, ecclesiastical and political machinery to the end of personal sal-

<sup>\*</sup>SCIENCE AND A FUTURE LIFE. By James H. Hyslop. Ph.D., LL.D. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston.

vation in another world. The importance of this was intensified by its doctrine of rewards and punishments and the denial of probation after death, the last being modified by the Catholic doctrine of purgatory. But its theory of rewards and punishments gave a perfunctory character to secular and social virtues, while the supremacy of the interest in the discarnate life led to the neglect of the most important duties in the present.

Secularism is the rationalist's protest against an absurd "other worldliness"; and it seems forced by the very law of human progress to gain its own end by a neglect of the spiritual; similar to that which characterized the religious mind's attitude toward the earthly. But there is no reason, save the lack of intelligence and high moral development, why both tendencies should not act together. There is no reason why a belief in a future life should be a necessary evil and there is no reason why a reference to the world's present duties should be the world's only virtue. Both ought to be articulated in the highest character, if there is any reason to accept a future life at all.

Professor Hyslop takes a much more hopeful view of the problem of immortality than is taken by either Dr. Osler or Professor Münsterberg, staking his faith in the main on the results of psychical research. He deals

at length with the so-called "Piper case"; with the reports of Dr. Richard Hodgson, of London, and with personal experiments, and he endeavors to show that the theory of a renewal of consciousness after death is based upon ascertained facts. He quotes in conclusion a saying of Frederic W. H. Myers: "It may be that for some generations to come the truest faith will lie in the patient attempt to unravel from confused phenomena some trace of the supernal world,—to find thus at last 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.'" He adds his own comment:

If the ideal is worth tolerating in philosophic reflection at all, the possibility of proving it by facts ought to be respected when any phenomena offer the opportunity or the hope of it, and the age which has exhausted its resources to study the origin of man might find it quite as "respectable" to examine into his destiny. Even our aristocracy has become reconciled to a simian ancestry, and why does it take such offense when we hint that evolution may not terminate in a fiasco, unless it is afraid of the humility which the cosmic order may visit upon it for its pride and arrogance?

#### A Brahman's Indictment of Our Civilization

Years of contact with our Western civilization have led Baba Bharati, a Brahman sage, to the unflattering conclusion that "the beef-fed brain of even the best of the Anglo-Saxon or the Celtic or the Slavonic breed is open to only one impression—a good, hard physical blow." He attributes the growing interest of Americans in the life and character of the Eastern peoples to the Japanese victories in the present war and the "wholesale smashing of the huge Baltic squadron in the Straits of Korea." Some such objectlesson was necessary, he thinks, to convince us that our notion of our superiority over the Asiatics is "quite fallacious"—"a delusion born of self-hypnotism." More than that. Baba Bharati insists that "the East has been, is, and will be always the teacher of the West-religious, social, domestic, politicaluntil the young West develops the conscience of the East and is abreast of its teacher in the race for reaching the true goal of life. To the Eastern student, life in the West is an open book. To the Western student, life in the East is still a mystery. The reason is not far to seek. Life is generally lived almost upon the surface here,

while in the East life is lived in its depth. The superficial is ever easily seen and understood."

With a brief reference to the "all-absorbing hankering for material pleasures" which is "the mother of many evils" in American life, Baba Bharati goes on to speak of what he regards as the greatest evil of the American social organism-"its disease in the heart—the home." He says that he has not seen a single American home in two great American cities. The so-called city home is "a mocking make-believe." "The hearth has been abolished, the radiator has taken its place. The home is without its presiding deity—the wise, affectionate, self-sacrificing mother, the true wife whose love for her husband was her best jewel, whose devotion to duty to all around her insured peace and harmony, the very life of a home." The writer says further (in Public Opinion):

And who has usurped the throne of this domestic deity? A lady partner who has agreed before a church altar or in a registry office to live together with the man of her momentary choice, as long as it suits her or the man, in a suite of rooms or a house for the purpose of enjoying and hunting material pleasures. It is a lady who has

abolished the home as a relic of a barbarous age, and turned it into sitting, talking, and sleeping rooms with comfortable or luxurious conveniences, who has made over the kitchen and housekeeping to hired cooks and maid servants or housekeepers to escape the bother of worldly worries; in many cases, abolished it along with the home, preferring to eat ready-cooked foods in hotels and restaurants. It is a lady who tries to expiate the sin of her share in "race-suicide" by caring more for a baby-dog fed to square proportions or a cat indulged out of all proportions than for a human being. It is a lady who knows no more of bringing up children than she knows of keeping a house or cooking, both of which she hates. Hence children generally are either trained by nurses or governesses or allowed to grow as wild as they can in character, their young, impressionable minds being deprived of the character-building influences of maternal love and its life-enduring lessons.

Speaking of the influence of the Christian Church, Baba Bharati says:

The churches help some, but not much. The moral power of the church is almost nominal. Why? Because the church has also been engulfed by the tidal waves of materialism and commercialism. Considered as a craze by the non-Christian majority, Christianity is followed by the average Christian as a fashion. The churches are a resort for the display of "fashions," too. Analyzed by the spiritual X-ray, the religious sentiment of the average Christian in this country is one of patronage rather than of devotion. Numerical strength is cared for more by the church than the strength of conviction or devotion. They have based everything on business principles, these wonderful Americans, including religion. "The Only Best Soap," advertises the soapmaker; "The Only Genuine Whiskey," shouts the wine-seller; "Christ Is the Only Incarnation of God," proclaims the religion-trader. Millions upon millions of dollars are spent by these deluded Christians to send missionaries for saving the souls of Asiatics whom they call "heathens," not knowing that Christian missionaries are regarded by these Asiatics as the biggest jokes, being studiously kept unconscious of the fact that if Christian be that Christian does, then the average Hindu or Chinese or Japanese is a born Christian. Yet, the "pagan-East" has become proverbial here, though "barbarous West" is as old as the hills in the East.

The "wanton materialism" of America is attributed to the teachings of science. "The modern scientist," says Baba Bharati, "is responsible for the disaster and chaos in every phase of American life. He has taught these unfortunate people that the whole universe is made of matter, some parts of it living, other parts dead; that man is the highest evolution of living matter, moved to thought and action by the operations of selfacting brain-cells; that human life begins with birth and ends with death, beyond which there is no existence of the individual:



BABA BHARATI, OF BOSTON

He says: "The Americans are now blinded by the glory of their material achievements, so blinded and puffed up that they are heedless of the alarming symptoms of decay that are already apparent to the discerning, thoughtful few among them."

that the human soul and God are delusions: that sensuous cravings are but natural cravings, to be gratified; that to be selfish is nature's law." There is only one remedy continues the writer; it lies in the cultivation of higher ideals.

As in individuals, so in nations. It is ideals of life which elevate or degrade them, which make them live through all the ages, or die within a few centuries. The main ideal of American life is material enjoyments, all other ideals being subordinated to this universal ideal; they are but means to this one end of existence. The Americans are now blinded by the glory of their material achievements and prosperity, so blinded and puffed up that they are heedless of the alarming symptoms of decay that are already apparent to the discerning, thoughtful few among them. So madly busy they are with business and pleasure that they have no time to think, much less to read, still less to remember the lessons of history, to remember that nations like their own have in the past achieved greatness and prosperity only to disappear from the surface of the earth. The same doom awaits America if she refuses to be wiser than she is now.

### Felix Adler on Marriage and Divorce

The indissoluble marriage-tie has found a new and powerful champion in Prof. Felix Adler, of the Ethical Culture Society, whose views on the subject of marriage and divorce, as set forth in a recent volume.\* have come as a surprise to many. Professor Adler holds that marriage is "the foundation of civilized society and of the social order." The oft-repeated assertion that modern marriage is a failure he pronounces "a grotesque exaggeration"; adding his own conviction that "the great majority of marriages, though they be not perfect, as nothing human is perfect, are, doubtless, on the whole, the brightest aspect of the life of the human race." Separation between husband and wife he would countenance sometimes; divorce and remarriage never.

Professor Adler takes it for granted that the main argument for divorce rests on the assumption that happiness is the chief object of husband and wife, and he declares emphatically that he does not share this point of view. "Of course," he says, "to confer happiness upon one another is one of the duties and pleasures of true wedlock; and in the discharge of the highest functions of marriage happiness must result. But still happiness is an incident, a concomitant, and you cannot make it the highest end without coming to the intolerable position that marriage should cease when happiness ceases." He continues:

The highest end of marriage is to perpetuate, promote and enhance the spiritual life of the world, to keep the flame of mentality burning in the universe, and to confer perpetual benefits one upon the other, especially the highest benefits of moral growth. The supreme aim of marriage is to contribute to the growth of character, of the mind, of the feelings,—of the whole nature. That is a blessed task where the union is blessed. Where the union is unblessed, the performance of it may be attended with unspeakable pain. Yet it must be attempted none the less and persevered in to the end.

Proceeding to a consideration of the various grounds urged in justification of divorce, Professor Adler takes up, first of all, the plea of "incompatibility of temper." On this point he says:

There are incompatibilities of temper also in parental and filial relations. Sometimes fathers and sons do not agree and mothers and daughters do not agree. Is that a reason why they should shake off their obligations to one another? Why not propose the divorce also of the parental and

\*MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE. By Felix Adler. McClure, Phillips & Co.

filial ties? Those incompatibilities are sometimes just as painful; they are the source of just as much unhappiness. Old King Lear in the play was a somewhat difficult person to keep house with, intractable, choleric, querulous with old age, full of caprice; yet we should hardly say that therefore his precious daughters, Goneril and Regan, were justified in casting him out into the storm. And still more clearly does this appear in the case where it is the son or the daughter that proves a disappointment. The relations to a child ought to be a source of great happiness, and often are; but suppose they are not. The son has broken every commandment; is defiant and dissipated, a wastrel, a ne'er-do-well, a prodigal, a profligate. Can the parent, there-fore, throw off his obligations? He may exile the boy from home, commanding him to swim the swirling current of life with his own strength, without parental aid! But when that is done it should be done only for purposes of reclamation. The parental hand is not really withdrawn from him-that cannot be. If in appearance he is left to his own devices, still from a distance he is guarded. One cannot disown a son; that is done in novels, but it is impossible, at least to a moral person, in real life. So one cannot disown a spouse. It may be said that in the one case the tie is a natural tie, a tie of consanguinity; and that in the other case the tie is not of so close a nature; but I maintain that the mutual surrender in marriage takes the place of the natural tie, otherwise it were unutterably, intolerably base. A tie as strong as that of nature has been formed, when once there has been this mutual surrender. The husband cannot cut the wife adrift, nor can the wife cut the husband adrift, no matter what faults appear, any more than the parent can cut the child adrift.

Of the so-called "statutory" ground for divorce, Professor Adler says:

I am compelled to reject even the breach of the seventh commandment, as a ground for divorce. It is ground for separation undoubtedly; but why should there be permission to remarry? To the guilty I should not grant it, because it seems absurd that a person who has just demonstrated his inability to fulfil the marriage relation should be allowed immediately to re-enter that relation. The public conscience is constantly flouted by persons who are proved adulterers and adulteresses, and who immediately dishonor the marriage tie by entering it anew. And to the innocent it seems to me unnecessary to grant remarriage, and this on grounds of feeling and of duty: on grounds of feeling, because I cannot understand how a person of fine feeling who has been dishonored in that particular, even through no fault of his or her own, after passing through such an experience could wish to turn in a new direction. And, as to the matter of duty, I do not see that one can be discharged from it. poor wretch who has gone wrong is still the spouse. Though he or she may be exiled, yet there is a responsibility left. Though the pledge of honor has been violated by one side, that does not annul it for the other. Marriage is not a contract.

The contract idea, as the laws embody it, has greatly vitiated the right understanding of marriage. If it were a contract, then non-observance on one side would mean the right to cancel obligation on the other; but it is like a natural tie, and non-observance on the one side does not annul the duties by which a person of high honor conceives himself or herself bound.

Professor Adler would permit just one escape from unbearable conditions—and this only in extreme instances:

In certain cases I admit that the evil is intolerable, and there must be a remedy. What I should advise in such cases is separation. Separation has different degrees. Separation is often good even for those who are happy in their love. It is wonderful, for instance, how, on a journey at a distance from home, one who loves another very much seems to see his love and his relation to the other in a new perspective. After a brief absence those who are really united will often come back to each other's side, feeling as if they had been married anew. But for those who are not happily wedded, such a separation is often a great help. Some persons get a sort of mental

vertigo from the effect of constant friction. Give them a short respite, let them stand off and view each other in a new light, and the chances are that they will correct their misunderstandings, and come back in a more conciliatory spirit. This come back in a more conciliatory spirit. will be especially likely if there are children whom both love. Children are the great argument to bring together those who are alienated. How can two people who love the same child avoid being drawn together, especially if the child be sick and the parents meet at the bedside of the little sufferer? Nature has instituted this bond of the child. It is a terrible thing that parents of the same child should not be kind to one another. The temporary separation often gives an opportunity for the love of the child to operate, and to produce its beneficent effect. Separations, as I have said, may be of various de-grees. There is the voluntary separation for a short term, the separation for a long term, the separation decreed by the court,—it may be with the right to visit the children and to influence them, or with that right denied. It seems to me that separation, if it were properly managed by the courts, might fulfil every requisite, without need of recourse to divorce.

#### Is there a Moslem Peril?

According to the New York Independent, a "new spirit" is entering into the Moslem world. "If this spirit prevails," it says, "and we see no reason why it should not, we shall in another generation see a new Moslem civilization, as we have seen a new Buddhistic civilization in Japan, and are likely to see a Confucian civilization in China." The same paper comments further:

Is a renascence of Moslem civilization possible? Why not? There is no such thing as race in the capacity for civilization. It is achieved by one race to-day; it will belong to another to-morrow. It may rest by the Ilissus for a season, may then cross to the Tiber, may then follow the Suevi, who wandered from the Southern Danube to the Baltic Sea, may search out the Gauls on the Seine and the Britons on the Thames, may return to the banks of the Nile and the Tigris, and may tomorrow, for aught we know, make its choicest home on the Yangtse or the Niger. To that goddess nothing foreign, nothing human, is alien.

And yet to expect civilization from the Turks seems almost as hopeless as to look for it from Malays or Negritos. It is from North Africa that we may look for Moslem culture, or, perhaps, from Arabia. Arabia is waking to new life. She is throwing off the hated Turkish yoke. Western influences are penetrating even into Yemen. Great Britain is herself the greatest of Moslem Powers. From India her annual pilgrimages sail in modern steamships to Jidda, only a brief journey to Mecca. From Egypt the great annual caravan moves by land down the eastern

Red Sea coast. Half the sea coast of Arabia is now held by Great Britain. The same Power rules Egypt and the Sudan, and is building a railroad from Cairo to the Cape. France, too, has become a great Moslem Power. She holds Algeria and Tunis, and all the rest of North Africa, except Morocco, as far as Timbuctu. With these influences a new spirit is entering into the Moslem world. There is even a "New Turkey," and out of Syrian schools a fresh impulse affects the Arab world.

The adherents of Islam number nearly two hundred million people, including millions of the fiercest fighters in the world, and a genuine revival of Mohammedanism might seriously menace the peace of nations. In the opinion of many intelligent observers, there is a very real "Moslem peril." These misgivings, however, are not shared by The Independent, which thinks that the new spirit of Mohammedanism will show the impress of Christian influence. And Prof. Crawford H. Toy, of Harvard University, who devotes an article to this subject in Munsey's Magazine, says:

I do not believe that there is any danger of the Moslem States attacking the rest of the world. Not one of them is in condition to make an unprovoked assault on any other people. The Sultan of Turkey is in the hands of the Christian powers, and can do nothing without their permission. For Morocco, it is simply a question how soon the country will be taken in charge by

France. Egypt is practically a part of the British Empire. In Arabia, the only organized community is that of the Wahabis, and they are at present without military power. The Sherif of Mecca is a mighty religious potentate, but his functions and his ambition are confined to things

ecclesiastical. Persia and Afghanistan are little more than bones of contention between Russia and England. India has the largest Mohammedan population in the world, but the Indian Mohammedans have no political organization, and appear to be loyal subjects of the British crown.

### The Strength and Limitations of John Knox

Of the many books and articles that have appeared during the past few months in connection with the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Knox, by no means all are keyed in the note of eulogy. Mr. Andrew Lang, for instance, in a noteworthy volume,\* lays considerable stress on the limitations of the Reformer's character. He says, in part:

That Knox ran so far ahead of the Genevan Pontiffs of his age in violence, and that in his "History" he needs such careful watching was to be an unexpected discovery. He may have been "an old Hebrew prophet," as Mr. Carlyle says, but he had also been a young Scottish notary. A Hebrew prophet is at best a dangerous anachronism in a delicate crisis of the Church Christian, and the notarial element is too conspicuous in some passages of Knox's "History."

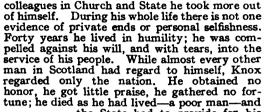
is too conspicuous in some passages of Knox's "History."

That Knox was a great man; a disinterested man; in his regard for the poor a truly Christian man; as a shepherd of Calvinistic souls a man fervent and considerate; of pure life, in friendship loyal, by jealousy untainted; in private character genial and amiable, I am entirely convinced. In public and political life he was much less admirable, and his "History," vivacious as it is, must be studied as the work of an old-fashioned advocate rather than as the summing up of a judge. His favorite adjectives are "bloody," "beastly," and "stinking."

The Rev. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), who publishes a lengthy article on John Knox in

lengthy article on John Knox in *The British Weekly* (London), argues that Knox's faults were those of his age and cannot be separated from it. He adds:

Whatever he said he believed with the marrow of his bones, whatever he wrought he did according to the best light given him. Whatever ends he worked for were the highest ends he saw. If he were merciless sometimes to others, it was for the cause he loved, and judged essential to the national welfare. If he demanded much of his



the State had to provide for his wife and daughter. He could say boldly—and it is something to say in that century, or any other—"Nane I haif corrupted, nane I haif defraudit; merchandise haif I not made." He was a "public soul." From the day he put his hand to the plough he was a hard-driven and suffering man. After generations have minimised his virtues, and gloated over his faults. It is the lot and reward of his kind.

Two other biographies† of Knox written by Scotch professors emphasize his commanding influence in shaping the destinies of Scotland. According to Dr. James Stalker, of the United Free College, Aberdeen, John Knox was not merely the greatest of Scotch Churchmen, but "the greatest of Scotsmen"; while Prof. Henry Cowan, of the University of Aberdeen, says: "John Knox, by universal acknowledgment, is the hero of the Scottish Reformation. In the final revolt of Scotland against Rome, as well as in the

establishment, organization and consolidation of the Reformed Church, his influence was paramount and his service unique." Dr. Stalker says further:

We now speak of Knox as a prophet, as Carlyle has done in his remarkable estimate of his fellow-countryman in "Heroes and Hero-Worship." By a prophet we mean one who has had a vision of what his country might become by

†JOHN KNOX. HIS IDEAS AND IDEALS. By James Stalker, D.D., A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$1.00.

JOHN KNOX, THE HERO OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION. By Henry Cowan, D.D. G. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.



THE EDINBURGH MONUMENT TO JOHN KNOX

<sup>\*</sup> John Knox and the Reformation. By Andrew Lang Longmans, Green & Co.

advancing along a certain pathway, and who has with eloquence and effect pointed this pathway out. In this sense Knox holds a conspicuous place among modern prophets; for it is certain that he yearned over his native country with an intense affection, saw with unrivalled clearness what were the conditions of its true welfare, and impressed these in memorable words on the mind of Scotland.

When in those days a man of prophetic character thus saw a vision of the future, it was apt to assume the form of a structure of which the foundation was a Confession of Faith, the walls a Book of Discipline, and the roof or pinnacle a Book of Common Order. These were the products to which, at the epoch of the Reformation, the efforts of the foremost minds were directed.

Professor Cowan discusses Knox's significance for this country in the following terms:

Nowhere is the influence of Knox more fully recognized than in the United States and in the Dominion of Canada. The Scottish Presbyterians whom persecution drove, or colonising enterprise drew, to North America in the seventeenth century, carried with them the sturdy spirit of civil and religious independence which they had inherited from Knox and his successors; and the Presbyterian churches which they founded—comprising a population now more than double that of the Presbyterians in the United Kingdom—hold the foremost place alike in the past his-

torical development and in the present theological activity of American Christendom. In the political sphere it has been amply attested that during the period of struggle which issued in American independence. the earliest and most strenuous opponents of British despotism were, for the most part, descendants of Scotsmen bred in the Church which Knox had molded. It is not without significance that a man whom Americans have specially honored as a foremost champion in their great national conflict—John Witherspoon, President of Princeton College—belonged to a family which claimed kinship with Knox. If, in the year when the Reformer and his work are commemorated, America is taking her full share in the veneration of his memory, this is not merely because she recognizes him as one of the "heroes of the Reformation," but also because her own free institutions, educational achievements, and religious zeal can be traced in great measure, through acknowledged channels, or to the influence exerted by John Knox on Scottish Christendom.

Not the least striking evidence of enduring interest in Knox's personality is found in the appreciation of famous writers who are known to have been out of sympathy with his religious opinions. It suffices to mention the tributes of Froude, Robert Louis Stevenson and Swinburne, and the conception of Knox embodied in Mr. Maurice Hewlett's novel, "The Queen's Quair."

### The Religion of Mazzini

Joseph Mazzini, whose centenary is evoking a multitude of appreciations, was "the greatest moral force in Europe during the nineteenth century," asserts William Roscoe Thayer in the New York Evening Post, while in the London Review of Reviews Mr. D. P. Davies, who has for some time past been engaged upon a life of the great Italian patriot, points out that to millions of men Mazzini is to-day "pre-eminently a religious teacher." A writer in The Leisure Hour (London) says:

God, Duty, Faith, Progress, Humanity, were the watchwords of Mazzini's creed, a creed that was to endow his nation with the power to conquer, and to attain that unity which is needful in every department of life. He hoped not only for a renovated State but also a renovated Church within that State, for it was a fundamental portion of his creed that no democratic movement, no social transformation could be stable or lasting that was not based on religion.

"Mine is not the work of a writer," said Mazzini, in "Faith and the Future"; "it is the stern and fearless mission of an apostle." The words are quoted by a writer in the Chicago *Dial*, who defines Mazzini's message as follows:

The message of Mazzini is one of which our own age is peculiarly in need. Divested of its temporal accidents, it stands revealed as the quintessence of Christian ethics, restated in the terms of modern social conditions. It is summed up in one pregnant phrase, the duties of man, not conflicting with, but merely complementing, that other phrase, the rights of man, to which the French Revolution gave such ringing utterance. Here is the doctrine, embodied in a definition of the religious idea:

"That idea elevates and purifies the individual; dries up the springs of egotism, by changing, and removing outside himself the centre of activity. It creates for man that theory of duty which is the mother of self-sacrifice, which ever was, and ever will be, the inspirer of great and noble things; a sublime theory, that draws man near to God, borrows from the divine nature a spark of omnipotence, crosses at one leap all obstacles, makes the martyr's scaffold a ladder to victory, and is as superior to the narrow, imperfect theory of rights as the law is superior to one of its corollaries."

What a clearing of the moral atmosphere would result from an infusion of this spirit into the social conflicts of to-day, with their sordid selfishness of motive, their petty and ignoble aims! To the belief thus formulated at the age of thirty, Mazzini adhered throughout his long life, never perturbed by passion, but calm in the faith that the fundamental rule of human conduct was to be found in this acceptance of the claims of duty as paramount.

The work in which Mazzini most fully reveals himself is probably "The Duties of Man: Addressed to Workingmen"—now a required text in many of Italy's schools. The following characteristic quotations from its pages reveal a man dominated by intense religious convictions:

The source of your duties is in God. The definition of your duties is found in the Law. The progressive discovery and application of this law is the mission of Humanity.

God exists. I am not bound to prove this to you, nor shall I endeavor to do so. To me the attempt would seem blasphemous, as the denial

appears madness.

God exists, because we exist. God lives in our conscience, in the conscience of Humanity. Our conscience invokes Him in our most solemn moments of grief or joy. Humanity has been able to transform, to disfigure, never to suppress, His holy name. The Universe bears witness to Him in the order, harmony and intelligence of its movements and its laws.

The first atheist was surely one who had concealed some crime from his fellow-men, and who sought by denying God to free himself from the sole witness from whom concealment was impossible, and thus to stifle the remorse by which he was tormented. Or perhaps the first atheist was a tyrant, who, having destroyed one-half of the soul of his brethren by depriving them of liberty, endeavored to substitute the worship of brute force for faith in duty and eternal right.

brute force for faith in duty and eternal right.

The first real, earnest religious Faith that shall arise upon the ruins of the old worn-out creeds will transform the whole of our actual social organization, because every strong and earnest faith tends to apply itself to every branch of human activity; because in every epoch of its existence the earth has ever tended to conform itself to the Heaven in which it then believed; and because the whole history of Humanity is but the repetition—in form and degree varying according to the diversity of the times—of the words of the Dominical Christian prayer: "Thy Kingdom Come on Earth as it is in Heaven."

The earth is our workshop. We may not

curse it; we are bound to sanctify it.

The material forces that surround us are our instruments of labor. We may not reject them; we are bound to direct them for good. But this we cannot do alone, without God.

Without God there is no other rule than that of Fact, the accomplished fact, before which the materialist ever bows his head, whether its name be Bonaparte or Revolution.

Humanity is the Word, living in God.

Humanity is the successive incarnation of God I believe in Humanity, sole interpreter of the Law of God on earth.

### The Pope's Trouble with the Christian Democrats

The Vatican is at this time involved in serious difficulties in its relation to an independent economico-political movement among the Roman Catholics of Italy, officially known as the "Democrazia Cristiana" and headed by Don Murri. This propaganda is the outcome of special pronouncements made by Pope Leo XIII, in which the authorities of the Church proposed a solution of social problems in a spirit of harmony with Roman Catholicism. The movement has now, however, assumed such a degree of independence in its attitude toward the government and toward the question of Roman Catholic participation in political affairs that the Church has found it necessary to frown upon the whole agitation.

On the occasion of a recent call to Christian Democrats to meet in congress in Bologna, a special communication was sent by the Pope to Cardinal Svampa of that city, taking a decided stand against the proposed convention. In this document the Pope said in substance: (1) That he was compelled to condemn the Christian Demo-

cratic movement and that his opposition had not been forced upon him by others; (2) That whoever in truth, and not in words alone, wished to be a good Catholic, would not participate in this congress; (3) That least of all should the clergy take part in such a congress, and that if any did participate they must expect to suffer the canonical punishments; (4) That those who further the work of this movement antagonize the genuine Catholic endeavors for the good of society.

This document prevented the meeting of the congress, but failed to satisfy the ardent advocates of the cause both among the laity and the episcopacy. The champions of the movement say that they do wish to be good Roman Catholics, and that the opposition of the authorities is without justification. The most determined have decided to continue the propaganda under another name. The most pronounced exponent of this cause is the Giornale d'Italia of Rome. This journal sent a representative to Cardinal Svampa, generally rec-

ognized as the warmest friend of the movement in the hierarchy, and he openly decared, for publication, that the Christian Democrats in his own diocese are the best of Roman Catholics, that their purpose is to improve the social status of the people at large, and to do so in perfect harmony with their status and duties as church-members. "Such an organization," he said, "if correctly understood, needs no defense." He added that the papal pronouncement does



Designed by Jules Tadolini and approved by the Commission Cardinals. It will occupy a position in the church of F. John the Lateran designated by the late Pope.

In affect the faithful Roman Catholic element in the "Democrazia Cristiana"; and that the impure elements which may have found their way into the movement will by lervent prayer soon be eliminated.

Some journals are of the opinion that Cardinal Svampa will be officially rebuked for his open declaration, especially in view of the fact that he recently greeted King Victor Emmanuel while on a visit to Bologna. This action, it is said, has encouraged the

party in the Church that is insisting upon an agreement between the Quirinal and the Vatican. The movement in this direction is evidently spreading.

The Patria, of Ancona, a noted organ of the Christian Democrats, declares that the papal letter to Cardinal Svampa was based on misunderstandings and misrepresentation, and points to the submissive attitude of the Christian Democrats as a proof that they are good Roman Catholics. The Lombard Central Committee of the movement proposes the organization of a national Catholic political party, probably after the model of that in Germany, which for three decades and more has been a thorn in the flesh of Bismarck and his successors. The Christian Democrats in Rome have openly resolved that the censure of the Pope was undeserved. They fully recognize, they assert, the spiritual supremacy of the Pope; they seek a degree of autonomy only in political and social matters, and do so on the basis of two papal encyclicals. This group decided to send their resolutions to the Pope himself. In reply, the Vatican organ, the Osservatore Romano, declared that it is sophistry to distinguish between religious and moral actions, on the one hand, and social and political actions, on the other. On this the Volkszeitung of Cologne, a Roman Catholic journal of international standing, comments: "It is true that the autonomists went too far in this respect; but we must protest against the claim that Pius X wants all actions in the social or political spheres to be subjected to the bishops. We are in a position to give the assurance that he aims to grant to Roman Catholics as great a degree of political liberty as is at all possible."

In regard to the possibility of an agreement between the Christian Democrats and the Vatican, an Italian correspondent of the Volkszeitung, says:

The condition of affairs is one of hopeless division. There are two parties, the old and the young, i.e., the ultra-conservatives—advocates of a medieval petrifaction; and the moderns, who want to progress. The Roman Catholic papers of the country are fighting one another continually. The church of one section has no interest for that of the other. Venice will have nothing to do with Lombardy. And think of there being 260 bishops in Italy, every little town having its own! How can a social movement be made directly dependent on the episcopacy under these circumstances and amid such jealousies? The Italian Roman Catholics are making the same mistake that their brethren made in Gaul.

### The Genesis of Christianity

One of the most prominent theological savants at the St. Louis Congress last fall was Prof. Otto Pfleiderer, of the University of Berlin, who enjoys the international reputation of being one of the keenest and most consistent representatives of the so-called "historico-religious" school of theology. Professor Pfleiderer, following the example set by his colleagues, Harnack and Seeberg, in the Berlin faculty, recently delivered a series of sixteen popular lectures to the students of all the faculties, and has just published these in book form under the title "Die Entstehung des Christentums" (The

Genesis of Christianity). His line of argument may be summarized

as follows:

A really historical conception of the origin of Christianity has been formulated but recently. Such a conception was impossible as long as the problem was approached with the bias of church faith. If Christianity exists because the Second Person in the Godhead came down from heaven upon earth, became man in the body of the Jewish Virgin Mary, and after His death upon the cross arose bodily from death and ascended to heaven, then the origin of Christianity is a perfect miracle which cannot be explained as an historical phenomenon. For to understand a phenomenon historically means to grasp it in its relation to the place and time of its origin. The entrance into the world of a superhuman being would represent an absolutely new beginning which stood in no causal connection with preceding events, and would accordingly be contrary to the analogy of all other historical facts. Such a genesis of Christianity would be an applicable of the contract of historical facts.

is based on the revelation of God in the Bible, which is understood in all its parts to have been given by God in a miraculous manner for the instruction of mankind. The miracle of the genesis of Christianity is accordingly based on the miraculous character of the Scriptures. As long as the traditional conception of the supernatural and of miracles was entertained, this view was perfectly consistent. But gradually it became evident that from an historical point of view, this "naive" conception of the genesis of Christianity could not be maintained. Biblical critics began to show that the teachings of the New Testament writings in regard to Christ are by no means uniform; that, for example, the three Synoptic Gospels do not picture Christ as a God who had become man; that two of the Gospels have nothing to report concerning His supernatural birth; and that the account of His resurrection and ascension contradict each other in many particulars. As soon as this conviction had gained a firm hold on the minds of scholars, it became evident that the conception of a miraculous and supernatural genesis of Christianity must give way to a purely intelligible and natural explanation.

After giving an historical survey of the development of these naturalistic ideas in theology, especially as advocated by Baur and the Tübingen school of New Testament critics, Professor Pfleiderer gives his own ideas of the origin of Christianity as an historical phenomenon:



The more unprejudiced we make ou examination of the sources of primitive Christianity, the clearer it becomes that Christianity is not to be regarded solely as the effect of the personality of Jesus, but rather as the product of a powerful and manifold development in the ancient world, to which many different factors contributed. Its social and revolutionary influence, during its early stages, has been especially and perhaps too strongly emphasized by Baur and the advocates of the "mythical" hypothesis. In this regard a happy medium between two extremes is the part of wisdom. It was the merit of Baur to give a real key to the rational explanation of the genesis of Christianity, and this is the word "Development." In Christianity the different spiritual tendencies current in those days were united in a higher unity. It was the result of a "developing" process in which many agencies were operative other than the life work of Jesus. Accordingly, Christianity was not a miraculous creation, but a combination of the spiritual tendencies of the object of faith, but not of historical university of Berlin by the life of Jesus. This was the ing to the teachings of the Church,

His close inspection of the Epistles and the Acts showed that primitive Christianity was the outgrowth of a period of contending schools of thought, and was only gradually emancipated from the legalism and conservatism of Jewish tendencies. Of still greater value was Baur's analysis of the Fourth Gospel, which made it clear that this book was not the product of the apostle John, but an exposition of the Hellenistic theology of the second century intended as a theological text-book setting forth the doctrine of the eternal Logoc become man. In this way the New Testament writings became sources from which a natural development of Christianity can be traced.

In other words, dogma no longer controls our conception of history and determines what the origin of Christianity must have been.

## The Secret of Effective Preaching

The test of a sermon, in the opinion of Dr. Lyman Abbott,\* is its "life-giving power;" and he thinks that if ministers would take this fact to heart, we should have fuller churches and better preaching. He develops this line of thought in a recent volume, and, by way of making clear the specific function of the preacher, compares his work with that of the journalist, the author and the teacher.

The office of the journalist, as we are reminded, is twofold: to report the history of the day and to interpret its meaning. The minister is not a reporter, but he may legitimately become an interpreter of public events. If he enters upon the field of interpretation, three principles should guide him:

He should beware of preaching to the newspapers; beware of selecting a topic because the general public is interested in it and he shares the general interest. The sermon is a message to the congregation that listens to the preacher, and to none other.

If he selects such a theme, he should speak of the duties of his own congregation. He should not chide the violence of workingmen in preaching to a congregation of employers, or the greed of capitalists in preaching to a congregation of workingmen or the superstition and ignorance of negroes in preaching to Anglo-Saxons, or the cruelty of an Anglo-Saxon mob in preaching to a congregation of negroes. . . . .

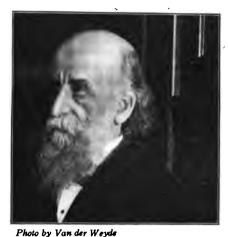
In preaching on current events the minister should interpret those events in the light of eternal principles. He should measure them by their relation, not to a party, nor to a church, but to the kingdom of God.

Passing on to a consideration of the relation of the minister to the author, Dr. Abbott expresses his conviction that "the difference between the work of the preacher and the work of the author, whether poet, dramatist, novelist, historian, biographer, or essayist, is fundamental":

The emphasis of the author is on the form and expression, of the preacher on the ideas of permanent and universal interest; the object of the author is to interest, of the preacher to convince and comfort; the author seeks to interpret life, the preacher to impart life; if the poem, the novel, the biography, the history, or even the essay is didactic, it is defective; if the sermon is not didactic, it is no true sermon. We ask concerning the book, Is it artistic? The sermon is sometimes the more effective for being inartistic.

The difference between the teacher and the preacher is thus set forth:

The teacher draws upon the outward and visible experience of mankind, the preacher appeals to the inner and the spiritual life of men; the power of the one is learning, of the other piety; the one imparts what he has acquired from the experience of others, the other transmits what he has received from his God. . . . The teacher deals primarily with the ordinary consciousness, and his power depends upon his accurate knowledge of what lies within the sphere of sense; the



LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.,
Whose latest book deals with the functions of the
Christian Ministry.

preacher deals with that which lies beyond the ordinary consciousness, and his power depends upon his ability to make real to men and operative upon them a spiritual world which is intangible, inaudible and invisible. The teacher draws his lessons from what has been, the preacher awakens a hope of what yet may be; the teacher conveys a knowledge of the actual, the preacher inspires a conception of the possible; the teacher enforces wisdom by lessons drawn from the history of past experience, the preacher presents a realized ideal of life in a Divine Person who teaches us the principles of life, and reveals to us the spirit of life, and so shows us what we may ourselves become.

Dr. Abbott sums up his idea of effective preaching in this comparison:

The power of a sermon is interpreted in that Roman Catholic title for the priest—Father. The father gathers his children about him in the gloaming and talks to them; tells them a story, gives them counsel. It is not an artistic story; it is not very eloquent counsel. If it were taken down by a short-hand writer and printed in a book, it would not be read by a great number of readers. But the children want it, and they would rather have the counsel that father gives than any other counsel from any other man. Its power is due to the personal relation. The power of the sermon must be the power of a personal relation; the counsel of a personal friend to personal friends; the revelation of God by a soul full of his Spirit to a congregation who need him.

<sup>\*</sup>THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. By Lyman Abbott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

### Dr. Briggs and the Roman Catholic Church

Recent press dispatches from Rome describe a visit of Prof. Charles Augustus Briggs, of New York, to the Vatican, and an extended conference between the well-known American theologian and the Pope. This news acquires special significance in view of the nature of an article by Dr. Briggs in The North American Review (July). It will be recalled that, several years ago, Dr. Briggs was compelled to withdraw from the Presbyterian Church on account of his radical views on Biblical crit-

icism, and thereupon entered the Episcopal Church. His allegiance to the new denomination has been seemingly half-hearted, and for some time his attitude of growing sympathy with Roman Catholicism has attracted attention in the theological world.

In the North American Review article he concerns himself with "Reform in the Roman Catholic Church," and pays many compliments to the administration of the present Pope. He savs: "Leo XIII was certainly a reforming Pope; of a high moral character, a man of letters and of profound knowledge, firm in purpose but patient in spirit, broad-minded and tolerant, he left the Church, when he

died, morally and intellectually much higher than when he succeeded Pius IX. But the present Pope, Pius X, promises to be a still greater reformer. He has already accomplished much in the few months of his pontificate; great reforms are in his mind, which ere long will become evident in fact." He continues:

It is of great importance to understand the fundamental principle of reform in the words of the Pope himself, namely, "Restaurare ogni cosa

in Cristo," to make Jesus Christ Himself the centre and mainspring of all reform. This is exactly what the most enlightened Protestants desire for their own churches; what more can they ask for the Church of Rome? The Christological movement has been, and still is, one of the strongest impulses of the past fifty years. It is of immense significance that the Roman Catholic Church, under the headship of the Pope, deliberately enters into, and takes part in, this worldwide movement. It is a common objection of Protestants to the Roman Catholic Church that it pushes Jesus Christ into the background, and that the popular religion is the worship of the Virgin and the Saints. This objection is not al-

together valid; for the sacrifice of the Mass is the great central fact in the worship of the Church, where Jesus Christ Himself, in real, substantial bodily presence, reigns supreme, and is worshipped as God and Saviour. But it has been true in the Roman Catholic Church, as in the Protestant Churches, until recent years, and among Protestant theologians at the present time, that Iesus Christ has not held the central and dominant place in Christian doctrine and Christian life that is His due. The more advanced Pro-testant scholars have been working for half a century and more to lead Christians back to Jesus Christ, and have only partially succeeded. If now the Pope, as the head of the Roman Catholic Church, owing to the reverence and obedience given him by that whole Church as the successor of St. Peter and the living representative of our Lord, can succeed in raising up Catholics throughout the world to

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CHARLES AUGUSTUS BRIGGS, DD.,
Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological
Seminary, New York.

this exalted position of reforming everything in Christ, there will be ere long the greatest revival and reformation known to history, and the Protestant Churches will have to bestir themselves to keep pace with it.

Another "very important reform," in Dr. Briggs' estimation, was made when Leo XIII directed that Thomas Aquinas should be used as the standard authority in all Roman Catholic colleges and seminaries. "It is doubtful, to say the least," he thinks, "if there would have been such an antithesis

between Protestant and Roman Catholic dogma if Thomas Aquinas had been the universal standard of doctrine in the sixteenth century." He passes on to commend the efforts that are being made to reform the "Canon Law" of the Roman Catholic Church and to reorganize the "Curia," or governing body. He says in conclusion: "It is too much to expect that all the difficult problems of reform will be solved at once. It will, doubtless, take years, and possibly generations"; but "it is of the highest importance that the reform movement has been renewed with so much promise under a Pope of such spirituality. simplicity and open-mindedness; a man who impresses those admitted to his presence and converse as being possessed of unusual grasp of mind, insight and real moral power."

Several secular papers comment on this article as one of unusual significance. In the opinion of the Hartford Times, Dr. Briggs "is certain to bring up somewhere besides the Episcopal fold, in which he now is"; but it questions if he will stay long. "Men who form the habit of shifting their religious conceptions," it says, "are very apt to continue the process until their intellectual energy begins to wane." The New York Sun comments: "Dr. has been all at sea, religiously, ever since he began criticizing the Bible, for he is a man of the kind that needs the rudder of an authority which he will not dare to criticize: but when he accepts the Pope as his authority he is likely to be at rest for good. Will the Roman Catholic Church reject his scholarly aid in its theological schools as the Episcopal Church has done? "

### "Crowd-Evangelism": Its Evils and Their Remedy

A book which has received a good deal of considerate attention from the religious press is Prof. F. M. Davenport's "Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals,"\* a work in which the author makes use of the inductive method of dealing with the psychological facts observable in the phenomena of conversion, especially in minds of the primitive type. He shows how in the revival which was so common in earlier days appeal was made by a skilful revivalist either to the primitive emotion of fear or through the application of hypnotic suggestion, so as to cause a practical inhibition of the higher powers of rational control in the mind of the subject. This method, perhaps an inevitable one in certain stages of evolutionary development, is bound to give way, he asserts, before the wider spread of education. In cases where the revival of the past effected both temporary and permanent transformation in life and character, it affords to the observer of social phenomena, he says, "substantial evidence of the high development of impulsive personal action." He gives the following analysis of the general features of what may be termed "crowdevangelism":

It is not a movement of deliberation, of criticism, but of feeling and of impulse. And that

has always been its weakness and its danger. It has frequently led to holy excesses of excitement, to merely sterile emotion, to the primitive, and often to the pathological. Under its influence men have too often yielded, not to higher motives, but to the lower. Far too frequently they have been moved, not by intelligent insight into the evil of their ways, not by a sense of unworthiness and sin, not by true volitional acts toward a new and higher life, but by fear, by suggestion, by imitation, by social pressure, by a flood of feeling overwhelming the higher cerebral process.

For reasons such as those indicated in the foregoing, the author makes the following indictment:

Candid investigation will compel a true bill against the revival of the past on the evidence of its having violated the fundamental princi-ples of education. Its normal tendency is not to strengthen the intellect and the will, but rather to submerge both under billows of suggestion and emotion. It is a thing of impulse rather than of reason. When allowed full sway in a population, its manifestations become primitive and ultimately so gruesome and grotesque that they can no longer be associated in the thought of earnest men with soundness of method or of mind. Whenever in the past, as has sometimes happened, genuine good has been done in society through the revival, it has been directly in proportion to the control which the reflective processes of individual leaders have exercised over what is essentially impulsive social action. When, as in recent times, certain of the forms of revivalism are maintained under the name of "missions," or "retreats" or even greatly modi-fied "evangelistic services." while reason remains dominant in mass and in control, the essential

<sup>\*</sup>Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals. By F. M. Davenport, Professor of Sociology in Hamilton College. The Macmillan Company.

nature of the movement is so changed that the terms of description applicable to the great religious awakenings of the past no longer suffice.

For the "winning of souls" in the future, declares the writer, the old revival method will be found to have lost its power. "They who are preaching a revival of old-time revivalism in the highly developed sections of America are fighting against the stars in their courses." Generations may yet witness recurring tides of faith, but these will steadily change in character, for in the average man has been developed "an intelligence, a self-control, a power of rational inhibition, that makes him far less suggestible, less nervously unstable, less imitative, less liable to be swept away by great gusts of passion or emotion." He says further:

The days of the emotional stampeding of a town are passing away in religion just as they are in politics. As the voting population grows more rational, the campaign attitude and manner of appeal of the political parties is undergoing a change. Torchight processions and the oratory of the "spellbinder" are giving way to a sober consideration of candidates and principles through the medium of newspaper discussion and clever and illuminating advertisement in unusual forms. There is also an immense amount of careful personal work done with new voters, man to man, face to face, eye to eye. Great audiences can still be brought together to listen to exceptional men whose reputation for knowledge and clear thinking is well known, but "spread-eagle" emotional appeal is rapidly losing its power over men in the more intelligent sections of America. Outward political enthusiasm is not so great, but actual political thinking and public judgment were never so strong.

It will become increasingly clear that crude, crowd coercion is a cowardly as well as a destructive agency for pressing men into the kingdom. The way of courage and of helpfulness is the way of tactful personal approach of man to man. Noble individual character will become more and more the supreme power of suggestion and of attraction in religion. The revival is founded upon the educational fallacy that there is one right method for the mental and spiritual development of all men, whereas every pupil in church or common school is a new problem in salvation. No two lives need the same touch or the same moulding. One by one, each must be led out into his own life spiritual. We are beginning to appreciate how great is the practical skill and wisdom in suggestion required of him whom we sometimes erroneously call the secular teacher. We must set our standards as high for the leaders and workers in religion.

The ideas embodied in the "newer evangelism" are to furnish a remedy for the evils of the old revivalism and a substitute for its method of operation. A sound family religion, the professor avers, furnishes the only sufficient basis for healthy evangelism.

"And next after this we shall strive to bring the content of religious instruction in Church and Bible-school up to the psychological and pedagogical ideas of our time."

Such a training as this, which follows nature's time and plan, will probably require no cataclysm, no upheaval, no crisis, no mechanical revival emphasis, no yearning after experiences that are normal enough to a few people of mature life but not to the vast majority, either adults or children. There will be no fixed "age of discretion," though we shall, no doubt, make special endeavor to establish right choices through church membership at that period of rather swift maturing of social sympathy which occurs with boys and girls in early adolescence.



"HE OF NAZARETH"
By Frank F. Stone, of Los Angeles

Of his intentions in this work Mr. Stone writes to The Arena (July) as follows: "I have adhered generally to the type of Christ made definite by centuries of artistic precedent; and yet in a special sense I have tried to show more of soul-weariness than is customary; less of the sweetly serene consciously master of circumstances, more of the man vulnerable at times of discouragement and misgiving; not alone the "Man of Sorrows," but often, too, of physical want,—a feature we have nearly idealised out of our reading of the Christ story. The facial story should tell something of bafflement amid surroundings made congenial only by boundless patience and compassion, of a soul suffering under the false standards and tests of an economic and social environment in essence, though not in detail, somewhat like what Christ would find to-day in any city of America or of it I have realised, others must judge"

# Science and Discovery

#### What Goes On Inside an Atom

What may well be deemed the most successful of recent attempts to make intelligible to the lay mind that portion of "the mystery of matter" which concerns the relations of an atom to its constituents has just been made by Dr. W. Hampson. This distinguished British scientist and prominent contributor to London Nature has attracted attention by his investigations of liquefied air and by his studies of the relations of radium to the natural world, to scientific thought and to human life, these subjects being more particularly taken up by him as lecturer at University College, London. In a newly issued work, "Radium Explained" (Dodd. Mead & Company), Dr. Hampson works his way down to the atom by tracing matter through what he calls its nine scales of existence.

The first scale is represented, he tells us. by the universe, "divided into huge groups of substance, the stellar or nebular systems." These "stellar or nebular systems" comprise in turn the second scale of existence. stars or solar systems form the third scale of existence. The fourth is the planetary scale, and in the fifth "we have the components of a planetary system—single astronomical bodies." "Of these, the best known is our own earth." The sixth scale comprises "the masses of substance which go to make up an astronomical body." The seventh scale is represented by the molecule. "The smallest possible portions of substances which can be obtained without changing the nature of the substance are called its molecules." But the molecules are built up of still smaller parts called atoms, and the atom is placed by Dr. Hampson in the eighth scale of existence. "According to the great chemical theory formulated by Dalton a century ago, the smallest existing portions of matter are those atoms which compose the molecule." But the new science steps in here and introduces us to a ninth scale of existence—"the corpuscles or excessively minute portions of matter of which atoms consist." Not until we have mastered the mystery of the relations of these corpuscles within the atom to the atom itself—in other words, not

until we know what goes on inside an atom—can we know what matter is. Such is the theme which Dr. Hampson thus attacks:

As stellar systems contain numerous stars or suns, as masses are built up of molecules, and molecules of atoms, so the atoms themselves are composite structures, containing each a large number of much smaller portions of substance. These are so small that the smallest and lightest atom we know, that of hydrogen, contains from 800 to 1,000 of these corpuscles. Radium, however, is a heavy substance, one of the heaviest known, and its atom contains about 200,000 corpuscles. The corpuscles, however, are much smaller than is indicated by saying that their size is the two hundred thousandth part of that of an atom. For they do not nearly fill the space occupied by an atom. They fill as little of the atom space and are as far apart from one another as would be the case with the same number of the smallest grains of dust floating in the hollow inside of a gigantic football. The skin covering of the football would keep these tiny grains of dust inside, and would preserve the football's size and shape. But if the corpuscles take up so small a part of the atom space, how does the atom, as a whole, maintain its size and shape and its power of resisting external masses? Why do not its tiny corpuscles fall together into a much smaller space? Here we come to the second property of atoms. Like things in the higher scales of existence, they exhibit not only subdivision into corpuscles, but relative movement of the corpuscles. The corpuscles are in a state of enormously energetic movement. Of what nature the movements are, whether concentrically circular, or excentric, or rectilinear and vibratory, is not yet known. Professor J. J. Thomson and Lord Kelvin have put forth ingenious suggestions as to the kind of arrangements and movements of its corpuscles which may enable an atom to hold together as an individual, but all that we can say for certain yet about the movements of the corpuscles is that they are extremely energetic.

The enormously energetic vibrations of molecules, which we know as heat, are "rest and quiet" in comparison with the far more vigorous and rapid movements of the corpuscles within an atom. This consideration will help us to understand that the corpuscles, which fill so small a part of the space occupied by an atom, can nevertheless give to its surface the quality of resistance and substantial solidity:

For so great is the rapidity of the movement of corpuscles that, small as is the portion of surface occupied by any of them, they occupy in a very short time so many different positions that there is no part of the atom-surface which is without the presence of a corpuscle for more than an infinitesimally brief space of time. Thus adjacent bodies will encounter resistance from an atom at whatever part of its surface they approach, and it will possess in some respects the properties of a solid body. It is in this way that we get a practically even pressure all over the inside surface of a balloon or a boiler, though in reality the pressure is not evenly applied all over, but is the result of millions of molecules of gas or steam bombarding the inner surface at points which, though infinitesimally close together, are, nevertheless, distinct and separate points.

The forces which keep the corpuscles within the boundaries of their own atoms, preserving the atomic size and constitution, are, as we have said, yet unexplained. They may be comparable to those which keep the planets, satellites and meteoric streams to their positions within the solar system, or they may be, and probably are, a combination of much more complex influences and arrangements. But they depend for their operation upon the maintenance of an equilibrium, the destruction of which involves the break-up of the atom. This equilibrium sometimes is destroyed, with the consequent disruption of the atom. The equilibrium of the corpuscular movements may be destroyed by the forcible interference of elec-

tric vibrations. Thus in a Crookes' tube with an electric current passing through it, we get the atoms of ordinary gases disintegrated into the material of the cathode rays. But in some substances, such as radium, uranium, thorium, polonium, and actinium, the corpuscular equilibrium is destroyed either by the external violence of inter-atomic collisions, or by the accumulating irregularities of corpuscular vibrations; so that in these cases we have the spontaneous disintegration of some atoms constantly taking place. When the corpuscular movements have lost their equilibrium, some of the corpuscles fly out from the atom, as molecules do from a boiling liquid when the equilibrium between the molecular vibrations and the inter-molecular attraction is destroyed. When some of the corpuscles have thus darted out of an atom, the remainder may settle down into fresh arrangements and a new equilibrium of new corpuscular movements be established in the diminished atom. The new equilibrium may also prove to be only temporary, not less liable to interruption than the former. This appears to be the case with radium and its congeners. Then further disintegration of the atom follows, and may be again repeated. And while some atoms are in one stage of disintegration, others will be in another stage: so that we get a number of different developments going on simultaneously.

### The Origin and Nature of Life

This very "big" subject is handled by a very "big" man in a large and interesting way. Recent laboratory experiments in America and England, by Professors Loeb and Blake, pointing in the direction of "spontaneous generation" have aroused much popular discussion; but such experiments, even if successful, Sir Oliver Lodge points out, do not solve the mystery of the origin of life itself. Sir Oliver writes in The North American Review. The question What is life? he reminds us, is one to which we have as yet no answer. The utmost that our race has hitherto "experienced and verified" is that a "complex molecular aggregate" can perform functions as "the vehicle or material basis" of life. The recent attempts to originate or generate life are not specifically treated by Sir Oliver, but he refers, in passing to larger phases of the subject, to these attempts in a general way. They have been innumerable, but no life in any true sense has been the result. "If all germs of preexisting life are rigorously excluded, the attempt hitherto has been a failure; so far, no life has made its appearance under observation, except from antecedent life." Now. to exclude every trace of antecedent life, it

is essential not merely to debar "floating germs," but to slay every germ having any existence in the substance that is the object of experiment. He writes:

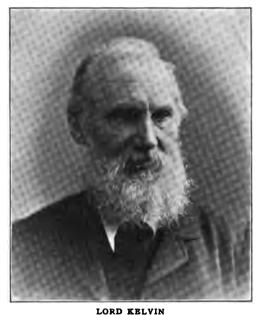
So far, however, all effort at spontaneous generation has been a failure; possibly because some essential ingredient or condition was omitted, possibly because great lapse of time was necessary. But suppose it was successful: what then? We should then be reproducing in the laboratory a process that must at some past age have occurred on the earth; for at one time the earth was certainly hot and molten and inorganic, whereas now it swarms with life.

Sir Oliver asks, "Does that show that the earth generated life?" He replies to his own question: "By no means." Life may be a thing not merely "ultra-terrestrial." It may be a thing "immaterial." be a thing altogether beyond and outside of any present human classification of the forms of matter and the forms of energy. Life may be as real as any of those forms and yet different, "utilizing them for its own purpose." What seems certain to Sir Oliver is that life possesses the power of "vitalizing the complex material aggregates" existing on our planet and of making use of their energies for a time to display itself "amid terrestrial surroundings." After that it



SIR OLIVER LODGE

In a recent article in The North American Review he writes: "So far, however, all effort at spontaneous generation has been a failure; possibly because some essential ingredient or condition was omitted, possibly because great lapse of time was necessary. But suppose it was successful: what then?"



He discerns "creative purpose" in the origin of life

#### Scientists who are Discussing "Creative Purpose"

would seem to "disappear or evaporate whence it came," presenting a problem which Sir Oliver thus essays to convey to the minds of his readers:

It is perpetually arriving and perpetually disappearing. While it is here, the animated material body moves about and strives after many objects, some worthy, some unworthy; it acquires thereby a certain individuality, a certain character. It realizes stself, moreover, becoming conscious of its own mental and spiritual existence; and it begins to explore the mind which, like its own, it conceives must underlie the material fabric—half displayed, half concealed, by the environment, and intelligible only to a kindred spirit. Thus the scheme of law and order dimly dawns on the nascent soul, and it begins to form clear conceptions of truth, goodness, and beauty; it may achieve something of a permanent value, as a work of art or of literature; it may enter regions of emotion and may evolve ideas of the loftiest kind; it may degrade itself below the beasts, or it may soar till it is almost divine.

Is it the material molecular aggregate that has of its own unaided latent power generated this individuality, acquired this character, felt these emotions, evolved those ideas? There are some who try to think it is. There are others who recognize in this extraordinary development a contact between this material frame of things and a universe higher and other than anything known to our senses; a universe not dominated by Physics and Chemistry, but utilizing the interactions of matter for its own purposes; a universe where the human spirit is more at home than it is among these temporary collocations of atoms; a universe

capable of infinite development, of noble contemplation, and of lofty joy, long after this planetnay, the whole solar system—shall have fulfilled its present spire of destiny and retired cold and lifeless upon its endless way.

Thus far, the eminent scientist has been handling questions concerning the origin and nature of life. Turning now to the physical environment which seems a condition precedent to the manifestation of life in any form. we find him saying that "a planet which is large enough to retain an atmosphere by its gravitative attraction differs utterly, in potentiality and importance, from the numerous lumps of matter scattered throughout space, which, though they may be as large as a haystack or a mountain or as the British Isles or even Europe, are yet too small to hold any trace of air to their surface," and hence can, in no sense of the word admissible by man, be deemed habitable. A mass of matter in space can attain the rank of "a habitable planet" only in case it is available as to size. A lump of matter in space might become large enough to be habitable if it fell, in company with other lumps of matter. into a "complex aggregate" under the influence of "gravitative attraction." This the asteroids have never done. The planets have managed to do this. "Accordingly, one of them, at any rate, has become a

habitable world." But the great size of the earth and its "consequent retention of an atmosphere" did not "generate" the dwellers upon its surface:

How they arose is another matter. All that we have seen so far is that an aggregate of bodies may possess properties and powers which the separate bodies themselves possess in no kind or sort of way. It is not a question of degree but of kind. So also, further, if the aggregate is large enough, very much larger than any planet, as large as a million earths aggregated together, it acquires the property of conspicuous radio-activity, it becomes a self heating and self luminous body, able to keep the ether violently agitated in all space around it, and thus to supply the radiation necessary for protecting the habitable worlds from the cold of space to which they are exposed, for maintaining them at a temperature appropriate to organic existence, and otherwise for supplying and generating the energy for their myriad activities. It has become in fact a central sun and source of heat, solely because of its enormous size combined with the fact of the mutual gravitative attraction of its constituent particles. body of moderate size could perform this function nor act as a perennial furnace to the rest.

Returning to the "complex molecular aggregate," Sir Oliver asks: "What new property, beyond the province of ordinary chemistry and physics, is to be expected of a compound which contains millions or billions of atoms attached to each other in no rigid, stable, frigid manner, but by loose, unstable links, enabling them constantly to rearrange themselves and to be the theater of perpetual change, aggregating and reaggregating in various ways and manifesting ceaseless activities?" Such unstable aggregations of matter may, "like the water of a pond" or "a heap of organic refuse," serve as the vehicle for influences wholly novel and unexpected. "Too much agitation—that is, too high a temperature—will split them up and destroy the new-found potentiality of such aggregates; too little agitation—that is, too low a temperature—will permit them to begin to cohere and settle down into frozen rigid masses insusceptible of manifold activities." But let them be taken at a temperature precisely right and true for the purpose, "when sufficiently complex and sufficiently mobile"; let them, as it were, be taken care of—"for the structure may easily be killed"—and what will be found? Oliver professes his inability to guess exactly what the result would be, but that result, according to him, can be "observed":

The result is that the complexes group themselves into minute masses visible in the microscope, each mass being called by us a "cell"that is, these cells possess the power of uniting with or assimilating other cells, or fragments of cells, as they drift by and come into contact with them; and that they absorb into their own substance such portions as may be suitable, while the insufficiently elaborated portions,—the grains of inorganic or over-simple material,—are presently extruded. They thus begin the act of "feeding."

Another remarkable property also can be observed; for a cell which thus grows by feeding need not remain as one individual, but may split into two or into more than two, which may cohere for a time, but will ultimately separate and continue existence on their own account. Thus begins the act of "reproduction."

But a still more remarkable property can be observed in some of the cells, though not in all; they can not only assimilate a fragment of matter which comes into contact with them, but they can sense it, apparently, while not yet in contact, and can protrude portions of their substance or move their whole bodies towards the fragment; thus beginning the act of "hunting"; and the in-cipient locomotory power can be extended till light and air and moisture and many other things can be sought and moved towards, until locomotion becomes so free that it sometimes seems apparently objectless—mere restlessness, change for the sake of change, like that of human beings.

The power of locomotion is liable, however, to introduce the cell to new dangers, and to conditions hostile to its continued aggregate existence. So, in addition to the sense of food and other desirable things ahead, it seems to acquire, at any rate when still further aggregated and more developed, a sense of shrinking from and avoidance of the hostile and the dangerous,—a sense as it were

And so it enters on its long career of progress, always liable to disintegration or "death"; it begins to differentiate portions of itself for the feeding process, other portions for the reproductive process, other portions again for sensory processes, but retaining the protective sense of pain almost everywhere; until the spots sensitive to ethereal and aerial vibrations—which, arriving as they do from a distance, carry with them so much valuable information, and when duly appreciated render possible perception and prediction as to what is ahead—until these sensitive spots have become developed into the special organs which we now know as the "eye" and the "ear." Then, presently, the power of communication is slowly elaborated, speech and education begin, and the knowledge of the individual is no longer limited to his own experience, but expands till it embraces the past history and the condensed acquisition of the race. And now slowly begins a developed self-consciousness, a discrimination between the self and the external world, and a realization of the power of choice and freedom—a stage beyond which we have not traveled as yet, but a stage at which almost all things seem possible.

The first two properties, assimilation and reproduction, overshadowed by the possibility of death, are properties of life of every kind, plant life as of all other; but the power of locomotion and special senses, overshadowed by the sense of pain, are the sign of a still further development into what we call "animal life." The further development of mind, consciousness, and sense of freedom, overshadowed by the possibility of wilful error or sin, is the conspicuous attribute of life which is dis-

tinctly human.

Thus, our complex molecular aggregate has shown itself capable of extraordinary and most interesting processes, has proved capable of constituting the material vehicle of life, the natural basis of living organisms, and even of mind; very much as a planet of certain size proved itself capable of possessing an atmosphere.

But is it to be supposed that the complex ag-

gregate generated the life and mind, as the planet generated its atmosphere? That is the so-called materialistic view, but to the writer it seems an erroneous one, and it is certainly one that is not proven. It is not even certain that every planet generated all the gases of its own atmosphere: some of them it may have swept up in its excursion through space. What is certain is that it possesses the power of retaining an atmosphere; it is by no means so certain how all the constituents of that atmosphere arrived.

### Man's Degrees of Deprivation in the Coming Exhaustion of the Metals

A time can be foreseen when the exhaustion of the world's supply of the metals may present a problem of pressing importance to our race, according to that high authority, Prof. N. S. Shaler, who deals with the topic in The International Quarterly. If lead, zinc, tin, mercury, gold, silver and nickel were to disappear from the earth, says our scientist, it would be "temporarily most inconvenient," yet mankind would in thirty or sixty years "adjust itself to the loss without serious hindrance to its activities" because iron and copper would be left. "If gold were to disappear, we should for a time have grave trouble in our traffic, but its use is essentially a matter of custom and we should have to undergo only a change of custom." As regards the secondary metals, mercury would constitute the most momentous disappear-"It would be hard to replace it in our thermometers." Lead would be the most difficult to dispense with, next to mercury.

Now iron, concludes Professor Shaler, after an elaborate survey of the world's existing and known supply and after a consideration of such supplies as may reasonably be presumed to be discoverable in the future, seems destined to run low. He says:

It is not to be supposed that the iron age will suddenly pass away; its passage doubtless will be gradual. The deposits other than those of China, which can produce iron at the present low labor cost will almost certainly be exhausted within one hundred years. Those of China may last for a similar term after they become the centre of a large industry. Then the cost of production will gradually increase as the lower grade ores and those remote from coal come into use. In the end we shall have to resort to concentrating processes by which the iron ore is separated from the rock in which it is disseminated as grains. This upward grade in cost means a downward grade in the utility of the metal in the service of man. Finally, it may be some centuries from now, but surely we shall be forced to an economy in the use of the metal such as was exercised by folk two hundred years ago, when, save for what

went down at sea, or rusted back to earth, none of it was lost to the arts. In this stage, when it becomes again a precious metal, iron may continue to be the helper of man for an indefinite period, but its power for help will be greatly diminished.

In the case of copper, Professor Shaler thinks the outlook is much the same as with iron. "The sources of supply are very much rarer and the total amount of the metal in the crust of the earth is probably not the thousandth part of that of iron." But "we can look upon the approaching exhaustion of the sources of copper with less apprehension than in the case of iron, for the reason that useful as the metal is in manifold ways, it is not indispensable or even very necessary in our arts except in the transmission of electric power, and even then substitution is possible. Save for this use, the economic world could soon adjust itself to the loss of this once indispensable metal". However, it is not probable that "the mechanical foundations of our economic civilization will be endangered" because aluminium "is likely in time to take the dominant place now held by iron" and "in its qualities aluminium is admirably adapted to serve the greater part of the needs now served by iron and copper."

Of the disappearance of gold, when that happens, Professor Shaler is inclined to make light. The disappearance of silver, according to him, need not concern us much. Lead is likely to go "if war is to be continued for a century to come at the rate of the past century," but it does not appear that the prospect is especially depressing. As for tin:

The evidence is clearly to the effect that it can not long be supplied in quantities or at a price which will render it serviceable in the arts. It is not likely that it will hold its place through this century. Zinc is possibly more important than tin; it serves a variety of uses as sheet metal as well as a coating of iron to avoid rusting; it is

also in an oxidized form of decided value as a paint, but in all these services to the arts it is replaceable by other metals. The distribution of its ores is wide and their abundance considerable. They are found to a great extent in veins which hold their contents of the metal in the extreme depth of mining work. The general conditions point to the conclusion that this substance is one of the last of the underground values to be exhausted. Yet, as it is mainly to be won as a by-product of silver, lead, etc., the duration of the supply is probably dependent upon the production of these metals.

Among the minor metals of special value, irreplaceable so far as we can now see, there are several which give the forecaster concern:

Mercury is imperatively needed in mirrors and in a wide range of scientific instruments such as thermometers and barometers, as well as in the processes of amalgamation by which the greater part of the gold supply is won from ores. This metal is scantily and peculiarly distributed. There are less than a half-dozen places in the world where it is known to occur in sufficient quantities to repay the miner, and none of these deposits give promise of long endurance. It is, indeed, likely that the first important deprivation to be encountered in the approaching exhaustion of metallic stores will be of this substance. A like apprehension is due in the case of platinum. This metal is peculiarly necessary to the chemist, as it alone has the needed resistance at once to heat and acids, such as is required in a large part of his laboratory experiments, as well as in some processes of manufacturing. Thorium, which serves in the manufacturing of the "mantles" of incandescences for lamps, as well as sundry other substances needed in particular arts, are about as unpromising for the future as those above mentioned, but they need no further mention because it is likely that they may be replaced, or, at the worst, the deprivation will not be serious if they are lost to the arts.

### Closing the Lid of a Watch with a Four-Wheeled Truck

A four-wheeled electric truck, of the largest type of delivery wagon used in New York City, and weighing over seven thousand pounds, was used recently to close the lid of a watch that had been placed open near the curb for that purpose. The lid was closed without injuring the watch or even breaking the crystal. The experiment is related in The Scientific American (New York), which describes it as a splendid instance of perfect motor control. The motor in this truck is a high-speed one of the bipolar series type

and is normally rated as a two-horse power. It rotates at a speed of 1,400 rotations per minute, which is reduced in the ratio of 25 to I through single reduction gearing of novel construction. With this reduction, the motors drive the truck at about six miles an hour. The great trac tion and control secured became evident when the giant vehicle dropped slowly off the curb and closed the lid of the watch without breaking it and without damaging the crystal. This truck. according to the further information given in The Scientific American, can be backed against a twelve-inch curb and then made to climb it from rest. This feat was accomplished in the presence of witnesses, "and it furnished," adds our authority, "a striking demonstration of the tractive power of the truck." On a level road the truck has carried three and one-half tons at a speed of about five and one-half miles an hour, with the controller on fourth speed and consuming 424 amperes at 80 to 84 volts. Some

tests were made of the truck in hill-climbing, a hill in New York (Lexington Avenue at gist street) being selected with fifteen per cent. grade. The time taken to ascend the hill, with the controller on fourth speed, was two minutes and forty seconds,—about twice the time it would take an ordinary two-motor truck to make the ascent; the current consumed (1121 amperes at 75½ volts) was only about onethird that that would be consumed by the two-motor truck.



From the Scientific American
THE WATCH AND THE FOUR-WHEEL TRUCK

### Reasons for Believing in the Eternal Duration of the Universe

Is the universe losing its available energy and going steadily to a condition of rest and extinction? Only yesterday, says Prof. Robert Kennedy Duncan, this was a question the affirmative answer to which was considered to convey one of the safest and surest conclusions of modern science. Now there is reason for some uncertainty. It may be, says Professor Duncan, that in the light of the new knowledge we shall find this widely accepted dictum of science that the universe is proceeding fatally to the extinction of its available energy to be a matter of "deliberate question." Professor Duncan, who fills the chair of Chemistry in Washington and Jefferson College, treats this subject of the reconstruction of the universe in the course of his striking work, "The New Knowledge," recently published (A. S. Barnes & Company). Professor Duncan writes:

The reasons for this current conception have seemed, until recently, irrefragable. In the words of Mr. A. Daniell, "in every transformation of energy, we find that some energy is wasted through conversion into heat, the result, direct or indirect, of friction, noise, flashes of light and so on. This heat is presently distributed pretty uniformly among its surrounding objects, and can no more be made use of by us for the sake of producing work. A large quantity of the energy of the universe must have already assumed this relatively useless condition, and in the course of time the whole of the energy in the universe will have assumed it. The energy of the universe is a constant amount, some of it is available, some is non-available. The former is in every phenomenon somewhat diminished but never increased: the non-available energy is constantly increasing: hence the available energy of the universe tends to zero." Again, Professors Stewart and Tait say: ". . . it is absolutely certain that age after age the possibility of such transformations (of energy) is becoming less and less; and, so far as we yet know, the final state of the present universe must be an aggregation into one mass of all the matter it contains, i. e., uniform temperature throughout that mass.

Is such a conclusion absolutely certain? It all depends upon the validity of the second law of thermodynamics. This "law" states that "one part of a body of uniform temperature can not grow hotter at the expense of the heat of the remainder unless work is performed upon it;" consequently, if the energy of the universe is being continuously degraded into heat of equal temperature, it will eventually be a dead universe. That this law, however, has limitations has been recognized since the time of Clerk-Maxwell. The kinetic theory of gases teaches us that in a gas of uniform temperature, while the average velocity of the molecules comprising the gas must be a constant quantity, the individual velocities of the molecules must vary to a great degree, some of

them possessing velocities higher and others lower

than the average.

Clerk-Maxwell imagined a firm partition, full of little doors, to be placed so as to divide the vessel into two, and to each door he placed an intelligent little demon with precise instructions to open the door whenever he saw a quick moving molecule approach in such a way that it could get through from the first compartment into the second, and whenever he saw, also, that he could allow a slow moving molecule to escape from the second compartment into the first. It is obvious that the demon would eventually succeed in dividing the molecules of the gas into two groups, one group of which would possess greater kinetic energy than the other and would be capable of doing work, say, in moving the dividing partition, and all this without the performance of work upon it. The second law would thus be contravened. The only reason that this contravention of the "law" is not possible in a practical sense is the exceedingly small size of the gaseous molecules and their immense number.

Now the great question for us, according to Professor Duncan, is this: Is the "law" which we see has its limitations in the case of gases also limited in the case of subatomic change? Throughout his work on "The New Knowledge," Professor Duncan has given evidence of the continuous disintegration of the heavy atom into subatoms. heavy elements of matter, according to him, are undergoing a steady and inevitable decomposition with the continuous production of interelemental energy. Now, if the lighter elements were at the same time undergoing the reverse process, were, in fact, synthesizing themselves into the heavy elements with the absorption of energy, so that as much energy was collected up by them in their growth as was "wasted" by the decomposition of the heavy elements in their decay, the universe of matter would keep its available energy constant. We quote again:

It would constitute a conservative system having neither beginning nor end. It is true that the energy evolved in atomic disintegration is enormous in amount, and that the energy absorbed in atomic synthesis must be equal to it; but that does not constitute a valid reason why our atoms, which we consider to be the aggregations of corpuscles, should not continuously grow by the gradual accretion of other corpuscles and the storage of the requisite energy through vast stretches of time. An objection has been urged against the possibility of the growth of atoms on the ground that if the lightest atoms gradually grew into the heaviest, there should be an infinite number of transition-forms from hydrogen to uranium, and we find, on the contrary, that the seventy odd elements are sharply defined. This objection, however, does not hold good. While it is not necessary to assume that intermediate

elemental forms may not exist to some extent, their amount would be insignificant. The atoms of the periodic table on the basis of Thomson's theory are aggregations of corpuscles representing collections of maximum stability and, hence, a transition collection would hasten to these points, and we should neither find them existing in notable quantity nor be able to conserve them any more than we can conserve the transition products of atomic disintegration like thorium X or the emanation X of radium. There is, therefore, no known impossibility in the conception of a conservative universe. Have we any positive reason for believing in it? It must be confessed at the present time not much. is apparently a regenerating influence at work in the stars by which the cold complex nebulæ of meteorites become converted gradually into the hottest stars of simple chemical constitution whence they again fall into coldness and complexity; and, very recently, Sir William Ramsay announced that he believes himself to have synthesized one element into another; but this is all, and it does not suffice by any means to prove that the universe of matter is building up its available energy as fast as it dissipates it.

This hypothesis of the reconstruction of the universe is, at the present time, Professor Duncan admits, a pure speculation, but it is a speculation which may be "one of those coming events which cast their shadows before," and it is one of extreme importance. If the universe is running down, there must have been a time, however far back we may place it, when its energy was all available and when it was initiated by a single creative act. Consequently there must have been a time behind which our present laws did not operate, and there must be a time in the future when the universe will reach a definite exhaustion and death.

But if, on the contrary, the waste of energy is replaced by growth, the universe is eternal both in the future and in the past. If the old conception is true, it is necessary to say, "God made it and started it at a definite time to run its course." If the second conception be true, we may say, "The universe is God in one phase of him and it possesses his attribute of eternal duration." This latter view, to most people of scientific training, Professor Duncan thinks, is the more acceptable conclusion.

### An Aeroplane that Actually Soars

"The greatest single advance ever effected in the history of aerial navigation," is the way in which a writer in Motor (New York) characterizes the aeroplane of Prof. John J. Montgomery, of Santa Clara College, California. The hardiest skeptic concerning the practicability of aerial navigation, we are assured, even among engineers who are noted for conservatism, would have believed in the aeroplane had he witnessed the recent experiment in Santa Clara. This aeroplane consists primarily of two silken wings, twenty-four feet long and six feet wide, stretched over a framework of hickory and piano wire. These wings are placed parallel instead of end to end, while in addition to the wings, which are curved on their under sides, there is a rudder, arranged to act both in horizontal and vertical directions. weight of the entire construction is but forty-two pounds. "The nerve of the professional aeronaut, Daniel Maloney, who, seated on this seemingly flimsy apparatus, launched himself from a balloon at an altitude of 4,000 feet above the earth's surface. was as remarkable as the success that attended the apparently hazardous attempt." Mr. Thomas Nunan furnishes the further

facts connected with a recent trial of the aeroplane, as given in *Motor*:

The balloon used for lifting the aeroplane was an ordinary hot-air balloon, such as are stock in trade of the parachute-jumpers at country fairs. The aeroplane was attached to it by a cable, much in the manner of the professional para-chute-jumper's equipment. The height attained before cutting loose was about 4,000 feet, as closely as could be estimated, and, after an initial drop of a few feet, the aeroplane settled to leisurely floating through the air, in the manner of a great soaring bird. It circled about at the will of the operator, maneuvered to right and to left many times, and on several occasions made long downward swoops terminating with shorter upward sweeps, by movement on an upward incline, in the teeth of the light wind that was blowing. It was impossible, of course, to rise higher than the altitude of 4,000 feet from which the start was made, but what Professor Montgomery considers the first and most difficult of the three problems of the aeroplane—that of

soaring at will—was conclusively solved.

Professor Montgomery says that the second problem of navigation is that of finding means for continuing the initial flight without the necessity for constantly descending, to secure horizontal advance. This, he believes, is more likely to be solved by the use of propellers, driven by a gasoline engine, to give the machine horizontal velocity and thus do away with the necessity for starting it at a greater elevation than it is desired to reach. The third problem he con-



From Motor (New York)

THE MONTGOMERY AEROPLANE

Said to be "the greatest single advance ever effected in the history of aerial navigation." Lifted by a balloon 400c feet is the air, and dropped, the aeroplane "circled about at the will of the operator." The silken wings are twenty-four feet long and six feet wide

siders to be that of rising from the ground, which, he says, it will be time enough to solve after the right motor is made to propel the right wings in the right manner.

The total surface of the two wings of the machine is only 185 square feet. In no sense, therefore, did the apparatus act as a mere parachute, the principle of its construction being solely that of the gliding aeroplane, which, by moving horizontally at great speed, secures a sufficient support from the air beneath it to keep it from falling. We quote further:

From the success of the Montgomery experiment, the practicability of the aeroplane as a continuance operated by gravity and the sustaining effect of air currents, and controlled by man, on be no longer questioned. It remains only to adapt it to motor propulsion, and perhaps still further increase its stability and reliability, to produce a highly practical flying-machine.

An aeroplane is sustained in the atmosphere not by a buoyancy due to its weight being less than that of an equal cubic quantity of air, but by presenting approximately flat surfaces to the ar beneath them, new air being reached by onward movement faster than any tendency to with can act. In this respect, an aeroplane acts like a skater going over thin ice, which would break if he stopped, but as long as he moves rapidy will hold him up. In the case of the Montgomery machine, which weighed forty-two pounds, the total weight, including the aeronaut. who weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds, was one hundred and ninety-two pounds. This weight was carried by wings totaling one hundred and eighty-five square feet in area, so the supporting capacity was about one pound to the square foot. This supporting capacity is sufficient to permit of very stout construction, and the promise of the aeroplane is that even greater weights can be carried by it when it is driven at higher speeds by motor propulsion.

Another aeroplane which is attracting attention is one constructed by Mr. G. Curtis Gillespie. A description of it appears in The Scientific American, written by Charles F. Hayward. The main reasons for the insignificant result of experiments with the aeroplane, Mr. Hayward thinks, is the circumstance that it has never been possible to "study it in action." "Defective equilibrium" seems to him to sum up all the failures in flight which have beset the careers of so many structures of this type. "Shifting the weight of the operator to vary the angle of incidence and numerous devices to accomplish the same object—all theoretically correct—have been found to fail when put to the test." Mr. Gillespie is convinced that in his flying machine principles are embodied which impart to the operator the capacity to adapt himself to the atmosphere with almost the instinctive aptitude of a bird and with results as gratifying from the point of view of flight through the atmosphere. His machine is to be propelled by seven aluminium propellers, each slightly more than three feet in diameter. The power is furnished by an air-cooled gasoline engine. "The dimensions of the machine are twenty-four feet over all with a beam of ten feet, the plane being of light duck, its surface being cut into at each end to provide for aluminium movable planes in order to vary the angle of incidence. In order to do this, they are connected by light wire cables with an aluminium wheel directly in front of the operator, and this is his sole duty while in the air, upon this fact being based his

ability to emulate the sub-consciousness of the bird in flight." What results, if any,

have been achieved by this flying machine in actual operation, we are not told.

### Dr. Weir Mitchell and Andrew Lang on Aelurophobia

That eminent novelist and equally eminent specialist on nervous diseases. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, sent out a list of questions to aelurophobes and received 150 answers from England and Germany as well as from this country. Aelurophobia, it should be explained, is "an unreasoning horror" of the ordinary cat, the word itself having been first used in its present sense by the New York Bookman. When Herodotus, before Aristotle's time, met cats in Egypt, he called them "ailuroi," meaning tail wavers. Such is the received etymology.

To return to Dr. Weir Mitchell's investigations, which are given in American Medicine. He had a hysterical patient, a lady, who on various occasions declared that there was a cat in the room, "though she could not have seen it." "It seems to me," writes Dr. Mitchell of aelurophobia, "possible that either they smell the cat too slightly to be able to define the odor or else receive an olfactory impression of which they are not conscious as being an odor, but only in the form of such impressions as the visible cat would also evoke." Again "there may be olfactory emanations distinguished by some as odors and by others felt not as odors but only in their results on nervous systems unusually and abnormally susceptible." Dr. Weir Mitchell found thirty-one cases in which he was certain that people "could tell when a cat was near though it was neither seen nor heard." He learned that cats cause asthma in some patients. It would even appear that some persons suffer lockjaw in the presence of a cat; and temporary blindness, hysterical convulsions and seasickness may be ascribed in certain instances to the same cause. "A soldier of distinction, much given when younger to tiger shooting, is undisturbed by these great felines, but terrified by the tame cat."

The theme has attracted the attention of that other man of letters and scientist in one, Andrew Lang, who thus writes in the London Morning Post:

The most puzzling question is consciousness of the presence of a cat derived through no known channel of the senses—that is, when the patient is not conscious of having seen, heard, smelt, or touched the cat. Now, to me it seems that some

sensible indication of the cat's presence may have affected any one of the patient's senses, while the sensation of hearing, touching, or smelling the puss did not rise into the upper or supraliminal consciousness of the patient. The sensation may not have been vivid enough for him to be able to say that he has seen, heard or smelled the cat, and yet it may have been strong enough to suggest "cat!"

Dr. Weir Mitchell knew a woman who could spot, by the smell, the gloves worn by kinsfolk and friends. But she smelled them out consciously. On the other hand I know a case of an officer and squire who can spot, by the use of the "divining rod," a glove asked for among a set of many gloves laid on the table. He can find water by the same rod, or a sovereign hid under a carpet, and so forth. Somehow their presence indicates itself to him, and his consciousness of their presence translates itself into movements of the rod in his hands. In a similar way the presence of the cat indicates itself to aclurophobes, perhaps by the sense of smell unaccompanied by consciousness of the smell. I do not know whether this diviner is an aclurophobe, or whether any acturophobes can use the divining rod, but Dr. Weir Mitchell may make this "fool's experiment" as Darwin called some of his own researches. I know several "water-finders" with the rod, but I know no aclurophobes.

On the other hand the smell of tiger does not frighten the warrior who is afraid of cats. The question is why is this hero, or any other person, afraid of a cat? Why does cat produce lockjaw, horripilation (as a ghost does), and other effects of terror? But then, why does water-finding, in some cases, produce similar effects in diviners who are not afraid of water? Dr. Weir Mitchell falls back on the "inherited remainders of animal instincts of protective nature." But we are not descended from birds, or mice, or other animals that need instinctive protection from puss. A caged canary shows no sign of being mysteriously aware that a hidden cat is in the room. we descend from big apes, are big apes afraid of cats? Here is another chance for an experiment that would be "unco awkward for the" cat! A General Roberdean left a room because he knew there was a cat in it: he grew pale, faint, and could scarcely breathe. A kitten was then found behind a bookcase. Dr. S., "a distinguished physician," "feels almost seasick as he dictates" his account of his emotions.

Need I add that cats are very fond of acluro-"Even strange cats seem to have an unusual desire to be near them, jump on their

laps, and follow them."

That is very like a cat. I once had a large silver-ringed cat of unemotional temperament. But finding a lady, rather aclurophobic, in a low dress at dinner Tippoo suddenly leaped up and alighted on her neck. He was never so friendly with non-aelurophobes. There is a "pre-established harmony" between cats and aelurophobes.

### Music and the Drama

### The Romance that Inspired "Tristan and Isolde"

The story of a romantic friendship which expressed and realized itself in an opera is given to the world in Richard Wagner's recently published letters to Mathilde Wesendonck. "Tristan and Isolde," the opera in question, is conceded to be Wagner's masterpiece, and by many is regarded as the greatest opera ever written. Mathilde's share in its creation has been recognized but never fully revealed until the publication of these letters. The correspondence constitutes a literary document of the first importance. In Germany the book has

already passed into twenty editions and is hailed as literature destined to become classic. Translated into French and now into English,\* it has found a large circle of readers, appealing first of all to musicians and Wagner enthusiasts, but reaching out far beyond to grip the heart and imagination of all mankind. Mathilde Wesendonck, the wife of a German merchant, emerges from obscurity to take her place with the immortals. She was the original of "Isolde," and urged Wagner to his loftiest achievement. "With thee I can do all things," he

writes to her, "without thee nothing!" Again he says: "For having written the Tristan I thank you from my deepest soul to all eternity!"

Richard Wagner's married life, as is well known, was unhappy. At the age of twentvthree he had joined his fortunes with those of Minna Planer, an opera singer with "a pretty face" and "a sober, unimaginative soul." She shared his hardships and gave him wifely fidelity, but evinced no real comprehension of his genius. "My wedlock has been nothing but a trial of my patience and pity," he once said. In 1852 he met Mathilde Wesendonck, the woman who was destined to influence so profoundly his musical life. He was forty years old, and had already written "Rienzi," the "Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin." The plan of the "Nibelungen Ring" was ripening in his brain. But. under the inspiration of Mathilde, everything was laid aside to make way for a music drama in glorification of love-"Tristan and Isolde." Of the



MATHILDE WESENDONCK

She was the original of "Isolde," and urged Wagner to his loftiest achievement

<sup>\*</sup>RICHARD WAGNER TO MATHILDE WESEN-DONCK. Translated and Prefaced by William Ashton Ellis. Charles Scribner's Sons.

exact nature of the "'Tristan and Isolde' romance" out of which the new opera grew, Mr. William Ashton Ellis, the biog-



MATHILDE WESENDONCK
(After a bas-relief by Joseph Kopf)

rapher of Wagner and the English translator of the letters, writes specifically:

No one admitted to the honor of Frau Wesendonck's society during the last twenty years of her life-and here I can speak from personal experience, however slight—could for a moment believe her to have been the heroine of what the baser sort imply when they speak of a "'Tristan-and-Isolde' romance." This placid, sweet Ma-donna, the perfect emblem of a pearl, not opal, her eyes still dreaming of Nirvana,—nol emphatically nol she could not have once been swayed by carnal passion. And these letters, in bulk and in detail, most flatly contradict that implication: nay, more,—they prove . . . that the second act of Wagner's drama excludes all possibility of his Tristan, his Isolde being victims to a coarse desire. In these letters all is pure and spiritual, a Dante and a Beatrice; so must it have been in their intercourse. For my own impression of their recipient-whom I first met in that sad year at Bayreuth when the master was no more it was that of the silver moon reflecting a sun that has set long since. Not a word ever fell from her lips on such a love as is revealed here; but every accent of her voice, the gathering moisture in her eye, spelt worship, and from her it was I earliest learnt a truth which added years have simply verified: that in Richard Wagner we have more than a great,—a profoundly good man.

In the development of this unconventional friendship between Wagner and Mathilde, Otto Wesendonck, the husband, played a part not unlike that of King Mark in "Tristan and Isolde." He met Wagner in Zurich, attended his concerts there, and

became one of his most generous patrons. He was undoubtedly aware of the growing affection between Wagner and his wife, and there were "conflicts" on his domestic hearth to which Wagner has himself referred. But his character was of an unusual type. He recognized the genius of the composer, and gave a sympathetic ear to Mathilde's intercessions in Wagner's behalf. He not only assisted Wagner financially, but finally offered him and his wife, Minna, a home in a little cottage on his grounds. Mr. Ellis interprets his attitude thus:

It is as a knightly figure that he will ever abide in the memory of all who met him, and surely truer knightliness than he displayed in a singularly difficult conjuncture can nowhere have been found, outside King Arthur's court. Undoubtedly 'twas he who was the greatest sufferer for several years,—by no means Minna,—years of perpetual heart-burning bravely borne. Not a line of his do we possess or are likely to, though Wagner once thanks him (1855) for a "long letter which I have accepted as the outpouring of the heart of a friend," but in the autumn of 1856, a year before the time of greatest trial, Wagner says to him, "If ever I am to play a rôle in the history of art, truly you should likewise occupy no scanty place therein,"—and those words stand true to-day.

Mathilde was a woman of twenty-four when she met Wagner, and, as she tells us herself, was "a blank page." She was endowed with artistic tastes, wrote verses (which Wagner set to music), and was passionately fond of music. A few of her letters are printed in the new volume, but the great mass of the correspondence (covering the years 1852 to 1875, and written mostly in Zurich, Venice, Lucerne and Paris) is Wagner's own. These letters, as a German critic has said, unveil "every fiber of the soul-life of a genius." Wagner's every emotion is faithfully mirrored here and registered day by day,-his ecstasies, his despairs, his pessimism, his loneliness, his lack of self-confidence. He is as dependent as a child on Mathilde's companionship. He writes his music with a gold pen she has given him. He asks her to buy a silk quilt for him, and explains the color and pattern. When she sends him a package of his favorite Zwieback, he cries: "God, what the proper rusk can do!—Zwieback! Zwieback! thou'rt the only medicine for lamed composers." He tells her how he needed her:

My course of life till the time when I found thee and thou at last becamest mine, lies plain before me. The nature of the world, in its contrast with

my own, had been making itself more and more painfully and cheerlessly clear to me, and more and more consciously and definitely had I been withdrawing from my relations therewith, yet without being able as artist and indigent man entirely to snap all bonds that chained me to it. . I shunned men, since their contact pained me, and sought with strenuous design for isolation and retirement; yet the more ardently did I cherish the yearning to find in one heart, in one specific individual, the sheltering, redeeming haven to harbor me entire and whole. By the world's nature this could only be a loving woman: even without having found her, that was bound to be clear to my clairvoyant poet's-eye; and the sheer impossibility of finding what I longed for in the friendship of a man could but be proved me by the noblest attempts thereat. Yet never did I dream that I should find what I sought so absolute, so realizing every wish, so satisfying every longing, as I found it in thee. Once more: -that thou couldst hurl thyself on every conceivable sorrow of the world, to say to me "I love redeemed me, and won for me that "solemn pause" whence my life has gained another meaning. But that state divine indeed was only to be won at cost of all the griefs and pains of love; we have drunk them to their dregs! And now, after suffering every sorrow, being spared no grief, now must the quick of that higher life show clear which we have won through all the suffering of those birth-throes.

The sufferings to which Wagner here refers were doubtless occasioned in large part

by the increasing jealousy of his wife. In 1858 she intercepted one of his letters to Mathilde, and carried it to her with stinging words. A "scene" was precipitated. Otto Wesendonck evidently found. the situation unendurable. and Wagner was incensed and humiliated to the

uttermost. He decided to leave the Zurich cottage, sent his wife back to her relatives in Dresden, bade farewell to his "Saint Mathilde" and went on to Venice alone. Here he spent the next seven months living alone and writing constantly to Mathilde. His mood was one of almost hope-

less resignation. Schopenhauer was his favorite author. He delved deep in Buddhism, and began to plan "Parsifal," a music drama of renunciation and of "world-redemption through pity." In one of his letters he confesses that he touched "the bottomless abyss of inhumanest misery," and that but for Mathilde he would have committed suicide. "Really not one human creature," he declares, "-certainly no male -is quite sincerely and seriously interested in me; with Schopenhauer, I begin to doubt the possibility of any genuine friendship." Fame and honor have ceased to have any attraction for him. He has no happiness any longer, he says, even in his musical composition; that, too, can only be accomplished in pain and travail, and when it is done it must perforce be handed over to a Philistine world. Wagner's gloom was shot through, however, with vivid joys. In the life and atmosphere of Venice he found much quiet pleasure. "The magic of the place," he writes to Mathilde, "enfolds me in a tender, melancholy charm, which never ceases to exert its beneficial power. Of an evening, when I take a gondola trip to the Lido, it vibrates round me like one of those mellow,

long-drawn fiddle-notes I love so, and to which I once compared thee." Again he says:

This night I have been sleepless, long my vigil; my sweet child does not tell me how it fares with her?— Marvellously beautiful, the Canal by night; bright stars, last quarter of the moon. gondola glides by; from the distance the chant of gon-



THE HOME OF OTTO WESENDONCK, NEAR ZURICH (Showing the cottage occupied by Richard Wagner and his wife, 1857-1858)

doliers calling to each other. This last is extraordinarily beautiful, sublime: Tasso's stanzas are recited to it no more, they say, but the melodies are in any case of hoary eld, as old as Venice; certainly older than Tasso's stanzas, which must simply have been fitted to them after. Thus the everlasting has preserved itself in the melody, whereas the stanzas were but taken thereunto as a

passing phenomenon, at last to be engulfed. These profoundly melancholy ditties, sung with full ringing voice, borne across the water from afar, and dying into still remoter distance have sublimely moved me. Glorious!

Almost every letter contains references to the unfinished opera, and its progress toward completion. "I have determined nothing for my future," he writes, "except to complete the Tristan." He says of the second act (finished in Venice), "It is the acme of my art till now," and in another place, "I'm in the second act still, but-what music it's becoming! I could work my whole life long at this music alone. O, it grows deep and fair, and the sublimest marvels fit supply to the sense: I have never made a thing like this! But I am also melting away in this music: I'll hear of no more, when it's finished. it will I live for aye, and with me-In a mood of frenzy he writes from Lucerne:

Child! This Tristan is becoming something terrible. This last act!!! I fear the opera will be forbidden—unless the whole is turned into a parody by bad production:—nothing but indifferent performances can save me! Completely good ones are bound to send folk crazy,—I can see nothing else for it. To this length has it had to come with me! Heigho!—I was just in full blast! Adieu!

Writing years later from Paris, he says:

The Tristan is as great a wonder to myself as ever. It is becoming more and more inscrutable to me, how I was able to create a thing like that; upon reading it through again, alike my eye and ear went wide agape! How terribly I shall have to pay for this work some day, if I mean to place it whole before me! I distinctly foresee the most unheard-of sufferings; for there, I can't conceal it from myself, I've overstepped whatever lies within the range of our executive achievement; supremely talented performers, the only ones equal to the task, are very rare arrivals in the world. Yet I cannot withstand the temptation, were it merely to hear the orchestra!!

The intensity of the friendship between Wagner and Mathilde was gradually broken by years of separation, and the letters become fewer and fewer as time goes on. "Tristan and Isolde" was finished in 1859, and performed for the first time in Munich six years later. Mathilde was invited to be present, but did not go. She was already passing out of Wagner's life. In very truth, "Tristan and Isolde" had been for them both what Wagner had called it—"our child of sorrows." But there was comfort for her in his message: "The flower [Tristan] has to open to the world, and pass away: keep you its stainless buds!"

### A New German Opera with a "Moral"

There have been many sorts of operas romantic, comic, dramatic, poetic and nondescript; but, until a few weeks ago, the genre of "philosophical" opera, or opera with a symbolic and metaphysical idea, was unknown to the musical world. With the production for the first time on any stage of "Die Vernarrte Prinzess" (The Infatuated Princess) at Wiesbaden, this new school of opera was born. The German Emperor and his family "patronized" the performance and warmly praised the new work. The composer, indeed, is a special protégé of the Emperor, who declared in an interview with a French journalist that he had taken a great interest in the young man, O. von Chelios, who is a military attaché at Rome and a soldier by profession. In a report of the production and the Kaiser's conversation regarding it, the correspondent of Le Figaro writes:

The emperor spoke freely about von Chelios and said of him: "I have much affection for Chelios. He was my comrade when, at Potsdam, as a prince, I was the colonel of the Hussar

guards. I admire his great talent as an executant; he interprets Wagner and Beethoven marvelously. What we are having to-night is his first important creative work. He will certainly do much better. For my part, I do not share his conception of musical art, which, however, does not prevent me from encouraging him, as I must encourage all new talent, even when it runs counter to my own artistic opinions."

The opera is dedicated to the Italian Queen. The book was written by O. S. Bierbaum, and its subject or theme is characterized thus: Neither oppressive and disheartening pessimism (Schopenhauerism) nor the brutal assertion of might and the right or joy of life (Nietzsche, Stirner) can yield individual happiness or tend to make nations great and contented. The source of greatness and of power is in simple gaiety, in perfect equilibrium, in naturalness,—that naturalness which informs the soul of a people uncorrupted and unrepressed by any non-moral philosophizing. Here is the plot:

In an atmosphere suggestive of the domain of phantoms, there move about, like shadows, the characters of the kingdom of fable-land. The daughter of the king of this land is in love with Melancholy, personified by a sad fool. The whole court is under the blighting influence of this unhappy love, and all wish that a miracle might free them from this general mental and moral paralysis.

A magician achieves the longed-for miracle. He banishes the melancholy fool and substitutes for him a "golden chevalier," the symbol of the joy of life, of passion and irrepressible exuber-

ance.

Promptly the princess becomes infatuated with this golden cavalier, and the whole court "expands" and rejoices. But the cavalier's love is sensual, bestial, a love in which the tender sentiments of the pure heart find no place. The princes and the court, upon a realization of this, once more pray for deliverance. The magician kills the golden cavalier, and all are cheerfal and free again.

What will make the princess truly happy? There appears on the scene a youth who sprang from the plain people, a vigorous, sane youth,

healthy in body and spirit. The princess loves him; they marry, and at last there is true, permanent bliss in the court and kingdom.

The music of von Chelios bears the impress of the Wagnerian school, but does not lack individuality. There is much fluent, popular melody in the score, and especial praise is given to the song of the melancholy fool, the funeral music which follows the death of the careless cavalier, and the overture and thematic material of the third act. The themes are developed with brilliant effect.

The Figaro correspondent adds that even the guests invited by the Emperor found fault with the work as too vague and subtle, and that when he praised it the Emperor was gratified and complimented him on his "typically French" acumen and penetration.

#### The Future of American Music

Mr. Arthur Farwell, a young American composer who has established a musical press



ARTHUR FARWELL

He says in regard to American music: "There never was a time a providentially favorable to the creation of a diverse in chanceristic musical art of unlimited potency"

at Newton Center, Massachusetts, and has done much with both voice and pen to raise the standard of musical appreciation in this country, takes the view that "we stand in a significant and critical moment in our musical development." He urges the importance of meeting this crisis intelligently, and offers (in the Boston Transcript) a number of suggestions toward that end. First and foremost, he thinks, we need to recognize that American music is rapidly detaching itself from foreign influence, and is finding its own individuality. "We have passed the Imitative stage and have entered upon the Creative." Mr. Farwell goes on to say:

Every corner of America to-day has its appropriate musical expression, and it matters little whether that expression be in a primitive or in a more highly developed condition. It is enough that these forces are alive, growing and characteristic. If we will live the whole musical life of our country, sympathizing with and enjoying its every aspect, rougher and more refined, wherever beauty and truth of expression are found, we must realize that a musical democratization of our natures alone will enable us to do so. There must be a willingness on our part to be, in our imaginations or our sympathies, at a moment's notice, cowboy ranging the plains, a Southern planter taking his leisure, or his slave at work, an Omaha chief watching the approach of the Thunder god; or with equal readiness we are to share the idealizations of these motives through the tonal medium of our more immediate fellow man, the composer-or still other motives, nameless, innumerable, expressible only in tone, revealing the peculiar sense of beauty or of spiritual aspiration of our time.

Our national musical individuality, continues Mr. Farwell, is "paradoxically various, as it should be," and comes to us through two channels—through direct new inventions of the America composer and through American folk-song of all kinds. To quote further:

Of direct new invention by American composers there is a greater quantity than we imagine. The significant American composer is beginning to lift his head in Illinois, in Missouri, in California. Evanston, Illinois, not to mention Chicago, is producing its own string quartettes, quintettes, its choruses and cantatas, with full knowledge of the highest modern standards. San Francisco has its annual native music-drama of Wagnerian proportions, produced every summer at Guerneville in the open of the redwood grove of the Bohemian Club. The shelves of our composers everywhere are filled with manuscripts which should be aired and relegated to oblivion, or placed where they belong in the activities of our musical life.

Passing on to a consideration of American folk-song, Mr. Farwell declares that "there is a quantity so vast, and of so poetic and appealing a quality, that it is safe to say that its possibilities of development will endure as long as there remain possibilities of development in American civilization." He dwells particularly on the folk-song of the Indian, the negro, and the Spanish-American, and also refers to that of the cowboys, the Tennessee mountaineers, the Maine woodsmen, the sailors and the Creoles. On our indisputable native folk-song, the popular street music, "rag-time," he makes this suggestive comment:

Antonin Dvorak said that no nation in the world had such interesting street music as ourselves. "Ragtime" prevails in every city and town of the United States to-day. It is not only the musical utterance of the uncultured, it is the

determining factor in the musical life of almost the entire nation of educated American youth today. Look on the pianos of a thousand American homes, chosen at random, of the rich and the poor, the cultured and the ignorant, wherever there are young people—you will find always the sonatas of Beethoven, placed there by the music teacher, and a goodly assortment of ragtime, placed there by the pupil, who plays the Beethoven laboriously or indifferently, and the rhythmic intricacies of the ragtime with increding the pupil who intricacies of the ragtime with increding the pupil who in the pupil who in the pupil who is the pu ible ease and unbounded spirit. Whatever this phenomenon may signify, it is at least to be reckoned with. Ragtime has vital and sparkling rhythms, wholesome and invigorating melodies, and lacks only seriousness of treatment as folksong capable of being artistically developed, to let its freshness stand forth shorn of its present insignificant and trivial setting. Nor are our composers wholly unaware of this. Several "Rag-time Studies" by Harvey W. Loomis, which were heard at a recent concert in Boston, one of the series given by the drama and music committee of the Twentieth Century Club, while too sur-prising to be grasped at once in their true sig-nificance by the audience, offered a fascinating and not too easy task to the trained musical perception.

In view of these many possibilities, concludes Mr. Farwell, "it seems as if there never was a time so providentially favorable to the creation of a diverse yet characteristic musical art of unlimited potency." The moment is ripe, he avers, for the birth of a definite movement which shall take advantage of this situation and make a constructive use of its latent forces, and he points to the recent organization in Boston of an "American Music Society" for the study and development of American music as "timely in the extreme" and likely to "give American composers, music lovers and students an impulse and an opportunity not afforded by any other city."

### A Strindberg Play Given in America

Ibsen, so the story goes, once pointed to a photograph of his Swedish rival, August Strindberg, with the remark, "There is one who will be greater than I," and Bernard Shaw has registered his conviction that Strindberg is "the only living genuine Shakespearean dramatist." None of the Strindberg plays have as yet been produced in English, but the St. Petersburg Dramatic Company (see Current Literature, July) recently gave "Countess Julie" in Russian at one of the East Side theaters of New York, with Madame Alla Nasimoff in the title rôle.

It is described as "a tragedy of naturalism," and shows a young woman bored by her colorless life and fevered by a midsummer madness, who throws herself at a valet and beseeches him to elope with her. "The record of an effort to escape sex- and class-bondage is terrible," says Florence Brooks in the New York Sunday Telegraph; "all the significant touches are bitter, microscopic. A certain Scandinavian cast of mind deals with petty, commonplace, trifles." Miss Brooks continues:

The time is the Eve of St. John, a fatal night,

as Nance O'Neil has shown us in Sudermann's play. The fires of St. John send from their mountain flames strange emotions to hover about mortals. In the villa of the count no one is at home except Julie and the two servants. The couple are alone and Julie flings herself into the arms of Jean. He is alarmed. This alarm is brought to a crisis at the coming of a lot of peasant guests. The couple hide in Jean's room.

Later, after the guests are gone, Jean and Julie emerge. Now and Julie emerge. Now . . . she wants love. Jean is cool and practical. He takes out she wants a cigar. He speaks after a while of money. Julie undertakes to rob her father. When she returns she wants to take her canary with them. It is a touch of sentiment, the only poor thing left to her of old association. Jean kills the bird. . . . This tiny thing is the symbol of the tragedy. This insignificant, artificial pet, this toy of the rich girl, is the *leitmotif* for her fate. It is the last link of Julie to her life, the last cry of her inheritance. Strangely, but naturally, it is not human love which holds her at the last moment, but one of those small affections. flame of hatred, fear, grief, flares up in Julie's poor brain. She appeals to Christina, the narrow-minded cook, who has nothing but a rebuke. Jean hears the count's bell ring. As he goes to answer it, he hands Julie his razor. . Is this last action intended as an answer to the problem of the standing of woman in modern society? Has the pessimist of Sweden still the echo of Dumas ringing in his ears—tues la jemme?

Strindberg's dramas are often given in European cities; but Mr. James Huneker, one of his American interpreters, is probably



MME. ALLA NASIMOFF
Who took the title rôle in a recent performance of Strindberg's "Countess Julie," given in New York

right in feeling that "his gloomy, tragic and fantastic genius would never be welcomed in our theaters."

### Mrs. Fiske's Struggle with the Theatrical Trust

For nine years Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske has been engaged in combat with the powerful syndicate known as the theatrical She is convinced, as she told a Salt Lake City audience the other day, that the trust is "a scheme pure and simple whereby half a dozen shrewd speculators or middlemen combined for the purpose of . . . making the theaters and most of the persons engaged in theatrical enterprises tributary and contributory to their greed," and she is evidently determined to fight it to the end. Her struggle for independence, as the San Francisco Bulletin points out, "has no parallel in stage history."

The difficulties of Mrs. Fiske's position have been emphasized by her recent trip across the continent with "Leah Kleschna," one of the few dramatic successes of the past season. In New York she owns her own theater, but outside of the metropolis almost

all the first-class houses are closed against In Denver, for example, the only theater available was one in a summer garden on the outskirts of the city. She gave her performances there, and drew large audiences. "It is immensely gratifying," says the Denver Post, "to know that under all the circumstances Mrs. Fiske was successful." In Omaha, she was confronted by the same sort of obstacles, and arranged to play across the river at a cheap theater in Council Bluffs. Hundreds of people made the journey from Omaha to see the play, and, according to the Omaha Bee, "many regrets were heard that conditions are such that Mrs. Fiske cannot be heard in an Omaha house." In Salt Lake City it was impossible to secure any of the local theaters, so Mrs. Fiske hired a public hall and made an address on the evils of the theatrical trust. In Los Angeles she played in an auditorium. The proprietors had been on the point of demolishing the building, but postponed its destruction until after her visit. From Los Angeles she went to the one independent theater of San Francisco. The engagement in that city is said to have been more successful than any that she has hitherto enjoyed there, and the reception by the press is described as "the most remarkable, owing to the peculiar circumstances, ever accorded to a player or a company on the coast." The San Francisco Bulletin comments:

Although press and public agreed and still agree that Mrs. Fiske is the greatest American actress of her time, theater after theater has closed

its doors against her. Discomforts and hardships have been her portion, but she has fought for the freedom of art and her courage has never failed her. To-day she is battling on, confident that the people will soon see the light. until the trust is able to buy up whole towns will it be able to keep Mrs. Fiske from touring the country. Even then they will have to control the contiguous country, for she is determined to go on even if she has to play in a tent. Already a tent has been offered her, and rather than submit to the syndicate she will play in it. Such is the pluck of an American woman. The country should be proud of her; not only that, but the people should take up her fight, and force it to a successful conclusion.

### D'Annunzio's New Tragedy, "The Light Under the Bushel"

"A grand literary success accompanied by a theatrical failure"—such is the Italian verdict upon the latest play of Gabriele d'Annunzio, "La Fiaccola Sotto il Moggio," according to Ricciatto Canudo, the Italian correspondent of the Paris Mercure de The drama is a tragedy in verse, and was given in Milan with d'Annunzio's son in a prominent part. It was received with little favor, owing, the critics say, to its lack of contrast and variety, its concentrated gloom and intensity; but in a literary and poetic sense d'Annunzio has surpassed himself. The title of the play corresponds to the popular saying, "Fire beneath the ashes"; its motif is elucidated by Signor Canudo as follows:

"The Light Under the Bushel" forms part of a projected tetralogy. In it the poet depicts certain superstitions and certain griefs capable, through their typical force, of representing the quintessence of the Abruzzian people—a people slightly Catholic, decidedly pagan, strong, industrious, full of imagination, passion and wild poetry, a people among whom the author himself was born.

The tetralogy, which began with "The Daughter of Jorio," will be completed by a tragedy bearing the title, "The Exiled God," in which, it seems, the author will render homage to what is called the victory of science by showing how the most ancient beliefs and traditions are overthrown and destroyed by the brutality of modern certitudes.

In contrast with the earlier play, which portrays the state of a collective soul, "The Light Under the Bushel" deals with individual psychology. It shows us the fate of a noble and ancient family which a woman dominates by the mysterious, vague fascination of a great crime.

The plot of the tragedy is distinctly slender, and Signor Canudo gives it with his own interpretation, as follows:

In the very old but degenerate family or house of Sangro, Angizia di Fura, a woman of the humblest birth, who had entered the palace as a servant, has made herself the supreme ruler. She had murdered her mistress, Monica di Sangro, by crushing her beneath the lid of a heavy chest, had married her master, and wants to triumph over all secret dislike and opposition, prompted as she is by her consuming hatred and her natural despotism. Angizia is the perfect incarnation of the Eternal Feminine as conceived by d'Annuzio. She is the temptress, the enemy, the embodiment of "the flesh." The men of the house (the master, his son, a weak, helpless creature, and the father's half-brother, a perfidious traitor and conspirator, the lover of the wicked woman) she fascinates by her occult arts and by her luxury and her will-power.

But there is one person in the house Angizia cannot subdue. It is the daughter, Gigliola. This young girl first suspects, then knows, that her step-mother is a murderess, and that her mother had been foully murdered. From the first she assumes the burden of her house—revenge, justice. Angizia must die at any cost to the house; ruin and desolation rather than iniquity triumphant.

Angizia's father is a snake charmer. His daughter scorns and repudiates him. Gigliola manages to procure poison from his bag of vipers wherewith to kill Angizia. She is herself poisoned in the process and dies in awful agony, but her father, after a violent quarrel with Angizia, in which he denounces her and denies all participation in her crime, kills the wretched adulteress and murderess before Gigliola expires.

There are many episodes in the play which require elaborate analysis, concludes Signor Canudo, but it is full of significance, he says, and strange power. The dramatic force of the situations, the fatal logic of the passions portrayed, the vast and somber rhythms of the poetry, the reality of the atmosphere—all these qualities combine to make the tragedy the most beautiful and sustained d'Annunzio has written.

### A Revival of Two Ancient Dramas

Students of the drama living in New York and Philadelphia have had an opportunity during the past few weeks to witness noteworthy performances of "Sakuntala," by Kalidās, and the "Œdipus at Colonus" of Sophocles. The first was given in the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall under the

auspices of the Progressive Stage Society, with Edmund Russell and Miss Eda Bruna in the leading parts. The second was played by students of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, in their own auditorium.

"Sakuntala" is a Hindu drama fifteen hundred years old, and is regarded as one of the most characteristic pieces of Indian poetry. It was warmly praised by Goethe, was translated into English in 1807 by Sir William Jones, and has furnished a libretto for one of Goldmarck's operas. According to a writer in the New York Outlook, "Sakuntala" is as distinctly the love drama of the East as "Romeo and Juliet" is the love drama of the West. The same writer continues the comparison:

There is the same element of sudden infatuation, the same abandon to the great passion, the same conviction that the world would be well lost for the sake of love; but here the resemblance ends. The Oriental drama is gentle, sweet, full of sensitive

feeling, but lacking in dramatic force and vitality. The essence of the drama is action, and the essence of action is personality, and the East has for many generations lacked a clear, deep, commanding sense of personality. It has lacked, accordingly, both the historical and the dramatic genius For this reason many

of the Oriental dramas would fail to interest a Western audience; they are so slightly accentuated, the movement is so slow, there is so little revelation of character in them. But where "Sakuntala" fails as a drama it succeeds as a love poem. Many of the passages are singularly beautiful and now and again Kalidas strikes a great note.

> The plot of "Sakuntala" is sketched by the New York Sun as follows:

Sakuntala, daughter of a nymph and a king, has been adopted by the abbot of a monastery in a terrestrial paradise. Dushyanta, Emperor of India, wanders into the paradise, sees her, loves her, woos her through two poetic scenes, and marries her at the monastery, with the understanding that she is to come to him at his capital

But a baneful goddess casts a spell of forgetfulness over the emperor. Months later Sakuntala bids farewell to the monastery, to her jasmine vines, her fawns and her companions, and goes to her husband. He has forgotten her and denies her. She reaches to her finger for the king's signet ring; it is gone; she has dropped it in a pool where she stopped to drink. Afterward a fisherman finds the king's ring in a fish and returns it to the palace.

Years later the emperor wanders again into the terrestrial paradise. He stands under the jasmine vine where he first saw Sakuntala. Two maids enter with a young boy, to whom the emperor is strangely drawn. He speaks to the boy, who carelessly drops a bracelet from his arm. The maid shrieks

as the king picks it up, and explains that it is a magic bracelet; that it can be picked from the ground only by a parent of the boy; in other hands, it turns to a serpent. While the emperor is wondering at this, Sakuntala enters. The spell is broken, and husband and wife are reunited.



EDMUND RUSSELL

As King Dushyanta in the Hindu drama, 'Sakuntala'

The production of Œdipus at Colonus" is declared to have been singularly effective. A musical setting, which included prelude music and choral chants, was written for the occasion by Prof. Francis O'Brien, the director of music at the Church of the Gesu,

in Philadelphia, and performed most satisfactorily. A striking feature of the presentation was that it owed its inception to a priest, the Rev. Cornelius J. Gillespie of the Society of Jesus, and to the encouragement given to him by the Archbishop and the Bishop.

## "The Chosen People"

Scenes from Chirikov's Thrilling Play Lately Produced in New York by the Russian Players, and translated from the Russian for CURRENT LITERATURE.

The circumstances attending the authorship and the production of "The Chosen People," by Eugene Chirikov, are significant as throwing an interesting side light on the manner in which the present Russian Government contributes towards developing modern Russian literature into a powerful vehicle of education reflecting faithfully the life of all the various races that compose the heterogeneous population of the vast empire. Chirikov is one of the many brilliant Russian writers who, with Gorky and Andréyev at their head, voice the hopes, aspirations and ideals of young Russia for a Russia free from the shackles of despotism and prepared to make giant strides in its advance to a new humanity. The atrocities committed against the Iews in Kishinev and elsewhere aroused in these high-minded Russians a noble sense of shame for their people and stirred them to indignation against the beaurocracy which they believe responsible both for instigating the riots and for failing to suppress them in time; and Gorky and Chirikov vowed to do their utmost to make the masses of the Russian people also feel ashamed of what they had done, and to remove the existing prejudices against the Jews by familiarizing the people with their life and character. Chosen people" is the first product of this resolve.

The Russian government has forbidden the production of this play, with the result that one of the best Russian dramatic companies has given the entire civilized world an opportunity to enjoy a great drama produced by great actors. In New York City the play has been given over and over again by Orleneff's company to wildly enthusiastic audiences, and such was its success that we are now promised the same drama for the next season with Orleneff in the main rôle.

The plot of the drama is so slight that there is little of incident in it besides that which is

developed in the scenes reproduced below. The whole interest of the play consists in a series of animated conversations and discussions between the various characters, by means of which the author succeeds in showing us the life of the Russian Jew in various phases, with its conflicts between the old generation and the new, and between the various tendencies created by the extraordinary events through which Russia is now passing.

There is, first of all, Nachman, a young, modern, cultured Zionist leader. He is fired with enthusiasm for his people, whom he loves passionately, and for his ideal, which is that of the regeneration of the Jewish nation Palestine. Leyzer Frenkel, an old, bearded, venerable patriarchal Jew, belongs to the passing generation. He is attached to the old, orthodox form of the Jewish religion, the rites and rituals of which he follows min-Nevertheless, he gives his children, Baruch and Lea, a modern education, and sends them to study at the St. Petersburg University. They are expelled from the university for taking part in the student's political disorders. Berezin, also an expelled student, is the only Gentile character of the play. He is in love with Lea, who returns his love.

The discussions take place chiefly between Nachman, the Zionist, Baruch and Berezin, student social democrats, who would not hear of any nationalism, and Izerson, a Jewish workingman, and likewise a social democrat. Through the entire play there are heard the rumblings of the coming outburst against the Jews, through the sinister reports which fill the air, and these lend a special emphasis to the arguments of Nachman.

The scene is laid in a city which is not named in the play, but which suggests Gomel, where an anti-Jewish riot occurred soon after that of Kishinev. There is no change of

scenery throughout the play. The stage represents the home of Leyzer, a watchmaker. On the right is the shop, where Shloime, Leyzer's apprentice, is constantly working. On the right is the parlor. door on the right leads to Baruch's room. There are two doors in the back, the one on the right leading to the back rooms, and that on the left leading from the shop into the

Leyzer (enters the parlor and sees his daughter Lea sitting motionless): Lea, why are you crying? Why do you persist in keeping silent and in not speaking to your father when he desires to see what is going on in your heart? Do you think that I love you any less now because because you would not listen to an old man like me? I am a trifle angry with you, but I love you as much as ever. What is it, now? What are you thinking and brooding about all the time which you keep a secret from me? Lea, is anything weighing on your mind?

Lea (extremely agitated): Yes, I have been wanting to speak with you for a long time, father,

but-

Leyzer: Of course, I knew it. It is bad when a girl has no mother. Our mother is gone from us, and now you have no one to whom to impart your girlish secrets. Ah, Lea, Lea! When I look at you I am reminded of your mother! When she was young she was as beautiful as you are. You have her eyes. What did you want to tell me, my dear daughter?

Lea: I cannot.

Leyzer: Now, now! Perhaps it is a matter of your maiden heart. Has it begun to beat very loud? Yes? And who may be the man that has done it? Why are you growing so pale? Is it so awful?

Lea: I cannot deceive you, and if I tell you the

truth it will be a great blow to you.

Leyzer (alarmed): I have never taught you to deceive your father. May be this is also one of the things you have learned in the school to which I sent you, eh? Are you in love with anybody? Lea?

Lea (in a scarcely audible voice): Yes. Leyzer: I thought so! Well, what can be done? That is the way it must be. Of course I feel hurt because I don't know who the man is who wants to take away my daughter from me, but God be with you! If he is only a good Jew and not so very poor but that he can support his family. Is it Reb Nachman?

Leyzer: Is it Doctor Fuhrman? He always looks so sweetly at my Lea, and is always inquiring about her health.

Lea (shakes her head in negation).

Leyzer: Then I don't know at all. I have grown quite old, and my eyes do not see anymore as well as they used to. But, of course, he is a good, true Jew?

true . . . (pause). Lea: A good

But he is

it he is . . . not a Jew.

Leyzer (horrified): Not a Jew? A goy?\* Why don't you speak? Can this be true? I have seen \*GRHTILE

much suffering already. Can it be that God's mercy is entirely departed from me? Why are you silent? Speak!

Lea: He is a Christian.

Leyzer (clutching his head with his hands): What have you said? What have you done?

Lea: Would it be pleasanter for you if it were Dr. Fuhrman? You yourself said that he believes in neither God nor the devil.

Leyser: But he is a Jew after all! He is a sinful Jew! In his veins there flows the blood of our people! Who is this goy whom you love?

Lea: He is a good man. He loves everybody.

Leyzer: Everybody? If he loves you, a Jewess,

then you think that he loves everybody?

Lea: There is one God for all.

Leyser: If there is one God for all, then why, when a goy falls in love with a Jewess, must she become a Christian? Why does a Goy never become a Jew? If there is one God for all then why do they call us "Jews"?

Lea: He does not do it. Leyser: But he thinks it.

Lea: No!

Leyser: Ah, Lea! What are you going to do? If you have ceased to fear God's anger, if you have no pity on your father, have pity on yourself! The fire of love will go out, it will go out! It will not burn forever! And then he will remember that you are a—Jewess! he will remember!

Lea (shakes her head in denial).

Leyser: And when you have children they will begin to call your people "Jews," and you will remain alone; you will be a stranger in your own family!

Lea (shakes her head in denial).

Leyzer: Your children will laugh at the Jews, and you will be afraid to tell them: "Do not laugh, I also am a Jewess!" Your children will be taught the Christian religion, and they will say: "The accursed Jews have killed our God!" and you will be silent! And your husband will be ashamed that his wife is a Jewess and he also will be silent!

Lea (with tears in her eyes): No! It is not true! Leyzer (raising his voice): It is true! He will not stop his children. He will not say to them: "Do not curse the Jews, because your mother is a Jewess!

Lea (crying convulsively): Keep still! It will not be! Never! The man whom I love! No! No!

Leyzer: It will be! Ah, Lea, Lea! Don't they know that their God on this earth was a Jew and that the Mother of their God was a Jew, and are they not afraid to call us "Jews" in contempt? Lea (through her sobs): Keep still! Do not

speak! You do not know this man. How dare you speak like this? He suffers for all who are humbled and persecuted. And he suffers for our people equally with us. How dare you? How dare you

Leyser (sternly): Lea, I cannot bless you! Or perhaps this too has become superfluous nowadays? Everything is superfluous now; they dispense with everything, everything! (He shakes his gray head, and covering his eyes with his hands begins to weep softly, dropping into a chair. Lea approaches him from behind, and puts her arms around his neck.)

Lea: Father! Dear father! Do not cry! You

must not! I love you. I love you so! I do not know anything yet. Perhaps it will all pass away and all will remain as before. I do not know myself whether I love him more than you! \* \* \*

The old man remains irreconcilable, and Lea, a little later, when Berezin approaches, torn by conflicting emotions, is on the verge of hysterics. Then comes Nachman with a letter from Kishinev, telling of the horrors there. He persists in reciting them and denouncing the perpetrators until Lea collapses entirely and falls unconscious. Just then a policeman puts his head in the doorway and orders them to close up as there are disturbances in the market.

Act IV opens on the same scene, but the doors and shutters of the shop are under lock and bolt, and everything is in disorder. Shloime, the apprentice, is packing clocks, etc., into boxes, and sobbing in a terrified manner. Aaron and his wife Chane and their children and Aunt Sarah have just arrived, having fled from massacre in the village in which they live. Lea, ill, drags herself from one to another trying to console and comfort. Enter Izerson, the socialdemocrat.

Izerson: Where is Berezin?

Lea: I do not know.

Izerson: Where is he then? If he believes that which he says then he ought to be with us! They have already begun there! He ought to go there!

Lea (feebly and with tears): I do not know. I

know nothing

Izerson: If he comes here tell him that I believe in our cause. I cannot do otherwise. I must believe! We are expecting him. If we are—brothers, then let him come there! (Rushes out. The door of Baruch's apartment opens; Leyzer walks out into the parlor, while Baruch remains standing in the doorway.)

Leyzer (turning around): Why does he come to

you?

Baruch: He is my friend.

Leyzer: But why did you not select your friends from among the Jews? Why have you no friend

who is a lew?

Baruch: It so happened. One does not make up his mind deliberately to pick such and such friends. They come along by themselves. And what difference does it make who my friend is?

Leyzer: I do not want him to come here. Do you hear?

Baruch: Why? Leyzer: If you do not understand, it is not worth explaining it to you. I do not want it! Do you understand? I think if you had been more careful in the choice of your friends you and Lea would not have been expelled from the university, and you would both have graduated. Did you hear what Dr. Fuhrman said? What did you accomplish with your disorders? To whom did they bring any good?

Baruch (softly but stubbornly): To me.

Leyser: You? But to me, your father, they only brought harm! I am worse off than before.

Lea (appears in the door): Stop this! It is

enough! It is intolerable!

Leyzer: You ought to stay in bed. Go to your room. (Lea withdraws.) You lie! Is it better to live the whole life long chained like a dog in some hole? Is it better to live in a place where every one can seize you by the throat and choke you, as now? You see? (Points with his hand in the direction of the shop.) What are you going to do now? Decent Jews will avoid you, you won't be able to get anything to do here, they will not even want to speak with you.

Baruch: Very well. I can get along without the "decent" people.

Leyzer: People blame all the evil in the world upon the Jews. The Jew is a crook, the Jew is a usurer, the Jew is a traitor, the Jew has no conscience! You have concealed the facts from me, Baruch. Your trial is not ended yet. They may yet put you in prison. What will they call you after you had served a term of imprisonment? The ex-convict "Jew"? Hey?

Baruch: It is all the same to me. There are

people who won't call me that.

Leyser: Where are those people? Have you seen them?

Baruch: I have.

Leyzer: And how many such are there? One? two? ten?

Baruch: There are a great many of them now. (The dull clamor of the rioters reaches from afar.) Leyzer: Hey? More than those who are murder-

ing us? Do you hear out yonder? (Points with his hand in the direction whence the noise proceeds.) Baruch: There are countless numbers.

Leyzer: And are not these people ridiculed, and also called "Jews"?

Baruch: No!

Leyzer: Now you will never be able to get back to college again because you are a Jew. The others will return, ask pardon, and will sit down to their books again; but you, never, because you are a Jew! I have done everything in my power that you might be able to get along in life better than I did, your father. You quite forgot that you have an old father, and a sister, and an aunt, and that we are all-"Jews"!

Baruch: I did not forget. But I know that there are millions of people who, although they do not call themselves Jews, live, nevertheless,

like hungry dogs!

Leyzer: Baruch, all people have a home, but you and I—we have no home.

Baruch: I have.

Leyzer: Where is your home, then? Where? Baruch: Far! Farther than Palestine. When mankind shall have reached that land, then there will be neither Jews, nor Armenians, nor

Leyzer: Ah, Baruch! Nachman says that the way to your home is so long, so far, that you will

never reach it.

Baruch: For me Nachman's word is no law. have my own mind, and can decide for myself.

Leyzer: You have grown very wise! But, my son, Ecclesiastes was wiser than you and yet he said: "As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more wise?"

Baruch: Let us stop this conversation. This is not the time for it, and, at any rate, we won't

understand each other.

Leyser: And I think that now is just the time for it! Is it possible that you have grown utterly blind and cannot see anything? \* \* \* You were born in a strange land in Golos,\* and from the day of your birth and perhaps until the day of your death, you were and will be surrounded by hatred and scorn! And if you will go to them (with a gesture toward the market) and will serve them with a pure heart, they will not believe you! They will say that you are with them for what you can get out of them, because vou are—a Jew!

Lea (appearing at the door, appealingly): For Heaven's sake, stop it! (With tears.) Boris! I

implore you. Father!

Leyzer: Have I striven to give you an education in order that you may cease to distinguish between friend and foe?

Lea: Boris!

Baruch (withdrawing into his room): My enemies are not those whom you reckon as enemies.

(Disappears.)

Leyzer (turning toward the door): So, so? (With a tremor in his voice.) And those people over there (pointing toward the market), are they not your enemies either? Friends, eh? It is against your friends that we have locked and bolted our doors?

Lea: Father, why are you talking that way?
Leyzer (shrieks): Silence! (Lea withdraws.)
What! Get away from here! I do not want to see you! (Stamps with his feet.) Get out of my sight, confounded goy! Get out! Scoundre!!

You are not my son!

Baruch (stepping forth with his cap in his hand): I am going, father! Don't shout! You do not understand what you are saying and doing. Good-by! Farewell! (Walks out through the back door; Lea's voice is heard calling: "Boris! Boris!")

Leyzer (drops on a chair, covers his face with his hands and begins to sob): What have I done? What have I done? I have no children any more! No more! There came a wind from the wilderness and swept everything away—everything. (Suddenly there is a loud knock on the shutter. Shloime jumps up with terror and runs into the parlor, then out through the back door. Leyzer gradually quiets down, but remains in the same position at the table, with his face in his hands. Aaron, Chane and Shloime walk into the parlor and the shop. They tear up some boards from the floor and conceal underneath some bundles, chests and boxes. In the distance is heard the wild uproar of the mob and the whistles of the police.)

Shloime (louching Leyzer's shoulder): Reb Leyzer, Reb Leyzer! Do you hear?

Leyzer (in a scarcely audible voice): I hear, Shloime. (Waves his hand and semains in the (Waves his hand and remains in the same position.) There came a wind from the wilderness. (Rises and walks noiselessly into Baruch's apartment. Then he begins to pray.)

Sarah: I cannot get up. Help me get up! one wants to help me to get up, and my feet refuse to move any more. (The cries of the

children heard from a distance).

Chane (running into the back rooms): Children, my children! My dear children! Where shall I hide you? There is no place to hide you. (The noise of the mob draws nearer. Aaron and Shloime remain standing for a moment stupefied

Sarah: Where is Leyzer? Where is Leyzer? Shloime (tearfully): Reb Leyzer is praying to

Sarah: God does not listen! No! He does not listen! He does not want to hear us any more. He does not want to. (Lea, painfully dragging her feet, enters the parlor holding on to the wall with her hands; a terrified look in her eyes.)
Lea: Where is father? They are coming. They

will be here soon.

Sarah: He is praying to God. God does not hear us. He does not hear us!

Lea (dropping into a chair): You must take the children away. My God (covers her face with her

Nachman (rushing in through the back door): What are you sitting here for? Do you not hear that the mob is approaching and is almost here? (Leyzer steps into the parlor with an expression of calm composure and abstraction). Leyzer Moiséyevich, you must go away; there is time yet to go! From the next door you can pass into the

square. What are you sitting here for? Lea!

Leyzer: Go! Why? It is all the same. There is nothing to be done. It is all the same!

Lea: I have no strength to go. Take away the children, take father! (The tumult draws nearer and nearer, the shrieks, yells, crashing, laughter and whistling combining in wild turmoil.)

Leyser: Me? Why me? Do you think I will go away from my Lea? I have already lost everything. I want to die together with you!

Chane (rushes in carrying her boy in her arms): Take away my son! I pray you, save me at least one son! I pray you in God's name! (Drops on her knees before Nachman, kisses the hem of his garment.) Save me one son! (Weeps, convulsively, clutching at Nachman's feet.)

Nachman: All right! All right! (Takes the boy's hand. The child cries.) Lea, you must defend yourself. (Hands her a revolver.) Take this! Lea takes the revolver and lets her hand drop feebly.) I shall return at once. Good-by! (The child re-

sists and shrieks.)

Chane: Go, go! He is a good man, Samuel! Go, my boy! I will soon come and bring you cakes! Aaron (sternly): Go, you foolish boy! (Nach-

man goes, leading the boy.)

Leyzer (to Aaron): You can go, Nachman said. Why don't you go? (To Shloime.) I don't keep you here. You want to live so very much. Go, try to save your life. (A violent knock at the door of the shop and loud talking behind the windows. Aaron and Shloime run out through the back door and do not reappear. Lea rises from the chair, and leaning against the wall looks horror-stricken at the door of the shop. Chane rushes madly into the parlor, holding a baby in one hand and pulling her little crying girl with the other.) Get in here! (pointing to the cellar under the floor.) Quick! (Another knock at the door. An uproarious turmoil in the street.)

Chane: Oh, oh, oh! If you cry they will find us. They won't be still. They are going to cry. I can't quiet them. (Lets herself down into the

Leyzer: They think that they will find a lot of money here. I have nothing, except you, my only, my lost daughter. But you I will not give them! (Sarah begins to Leyzer approaches her.) She does not hear. She will not know anything. She will die.

Berezin (rushing in through the yard): Lea, quick! I have come for you! (Lea stands mo-

tionless by the wall.)

Leyzer: What did you come for?

Berezin (seizing Lea by the hand): Quick! There is time yet! (To Leyzer.) Come you, too. (Lea shakes her head in refusal.) Leyzer Moiceich, for God's sake, come quick! Lea! (A loud knock on the shutter.)

Leyzer: I? What do you want me for? You don't want me, you want her only! Let her go with you if she wants to. I will remain here alone.

Lea (to Berezin): Go! I will stay here!

Berezin: This is madness! Lea, bethink yourself! (kisses her hand).

Lea (snatching away her hand): I do not want to. Go! (Repeated blows on the door; howling and

yelling of the mob.)

Berezin: Lea! Darling! What are you doing? (Catches her hand and begins to pull her by main

force.)

Lea: I will not go! I will not go—with you! I will not go! (Aloud, tearing herself away from him.) Leave me! I am not going! I do not want to! (A tremendous crash at the door, followed by a burst of laughter. The door and the windows are forced and the crowd breaks in, armed with spades, iron

bars and sticks.)

One from the crowd (at the top of his voice): All right, fellers! We've got a lark. (A cry of triumph is raised by the crowd. Some seize boxes and hurl them on the floor, others break articles of furniture; the springs of the clocks sound as they are dashed down; about ten men dash into the parlor. Lea creeps along the wall toward the back door. Berezin tries to conceal her with his body. Lea steals like a kitten to the door of Baruch's room and there stops, facing the crowd.)

Leyzer (going up to the crowd): Have you no God any more? (Points his finger heavenward.) Berezin (trying to conceal Lea): What are you

doing? Halt!

First Voice from the crowd: We are thrashing

the Jews.

Second Voice from the crowd: We are giving your brothers some knock-out drops! (A burst of laughter.

Third Voice: Vaska, take a hold of this girl! A

nice lassie, hey?

First Voice: See how he watches over her! He's kept her for himself, but it's no go! (Another burst of laughter.)

Berezin: Scoundrels!

First Voice: Don't bark, you scabby dog, as long as you are alive!

One from the crowd (to Leyzer): Turn out your pockets, old Jew!

Leyzer: Kill me! Quick! Your God will be de-

First Voice: Shut your mouth, you Jewish mug! (Deals Leyzer a blow in the back. He falls on his knees)

Second Voice (pointing at Sarah): Boys, this

woman's gone to pieces. She has died of fright,

the mangy Jew! (Loud merriment.)
Third Voice: And this one will soon kick the bucket, too. Old cur! Don't touch him! He'll die soon, anyway!—Get a hold of that beauty, Vaska! (A big, burly fellow steps forward.)

Berezin (seizing a chair): Don't you dare to lay

a hand on her!

First Voice: Ahem! Boys, shove that Jew aside! He watches her close. I say, boys, she must be a peach! (Laughter.)

Second Voice: Let us take hold of him, fellows! Come on, now! (The crowd falls upon him all at once, one seizes his hand, another pulls away the chair; a struggle commences.)

Fourth Voice: Give him one hard one! Where

is the iron bar?

Lea (shouts): He is a Gentile! He is a Gentile! Berezin (hoarsely): I am a Gentile! (Falls; several men spring upon him.) I am a-Gentile! Fourth Voice: He lies. He wears no cross!

Berezin (in a hoarse voice): Help! Help! (Beresin is carried out through the back door, where the struggle continues.)

Fourth Voice: Close up his mouth! Put some-

thing in it!

Third Voice: Vaska, take hold of that girl!

Now what is there to dally about?

Leyzer (weeping): Lea, Lea, why am I not dead

Third Voice: You'll get there—you'll die soon enough! (The big fellow, together with two more, step forward to Lea. Lea puts out her hand with the revolver; they halt for a second.)

The Big Fellow: Ah, scoundrel! She has a

Fourth Voice: Give me an iron bar! They are frightened by a girl! Go straight ahead! (The whole crowd moves at once upon Lea; she runs into Baruch's room.)

Lea (from the other room): Good-by, father! (A report from the pistol is heard. The crowd starts back. There is a momentary silence. Then the big fellow advances and peeps into Baruch's room.) The Big Fellow: She has killed herself! She has

committed suicide, the swine!

Leyser (sitting on the floor): My daugher, my daughter, my last daughter! (Cries from the shop: "Boys, the Cossacks are coming!" General confusion; the crowd rushes out through the back door, breaking dishes and flinging out various articles as they pass. Then quiet ensues. The tramp of many horses, whistling and calls are heard. Baruch runs in through the broken door, without a hat, his face covered with blood.)

Baruch: Father! Lea! (Rushes up to Leyzer and touches his shoulder.) Father, father! Where is Lea? Tell me! For heaven's sake, speak!

Leyzer (shaking his head): She is gone! Everything is gone! There came a wind from the wilderness, and swept everything away everything!

erything! . . . (Lifts his hands to heaven.)
Baruch: Where is Lea? Tell me where is Lea? (Nachman runs in with tattered garments and, shouting wildly: "Be you accursed! Be you accursed!" begins to shoot into the crowd on the street. From the street is heard the voice of Izerson, calling desperately: "Do not shoot! These are Christian workingmen! They are fighting on our side!" Nachman throws away the revolver, and leaning his head on the door-post bursts into tears.)

## Persons in the Foreground

### The Womanly Qualities of the Czar

To the probability that there is something mentally enervating to a man in constant and exclusive association with women must be attributed those pronounced womanly traits discerned in Nicholas II by an anonymous and relentless critic who first began to amaze the world last October in the pages

of The Quarterly Review (London). Nicholas II has ceased to be a genuine man, savs this student of his weaknesses. The Czar clings to women, leans upon them, never seems to want to be alone or with other men, or to commune with nature in the sense of roughing it. He is feminized. Such is the deduction inevitable after a perusal of the latest in the series of articles in which the fierce sarcasm, the scornful rhetoric, the apparently intimate acquaintance with every detail of the official life of

the autocrat which has lent such piquancy to these philippics ever since they first drew an expression of disapproval from the Prime Minister of England, will not be missed. The medium of publication this time is *The National Review* (London), and here is a typical instance of that subjection to women which is assigned such a conspicuous place in the Romanoff's character by the mysterious unknown:

A soft, feminine voice, uttering loving words and bracing exhortations in the language of Shakespeare, stimulated him to endeavors which took a wrong direction. With average intelligence even a Russian Agnes Sorel might, perhaps, have helped him to co-ordinate the scattered elements of volition, and get him credit for political wisdom; without it a Deianira could but co-operate with that Fate which she fondly fancies she is out-manœuvring. Nicholas having dismissed his ambitious Minister, the halo of the

Czardom departed from him, and he thenceforward submissively hearkened to the soft, sweet voice in the boudoir: "Show them that you are a real monarch, whose word is law. You have issued your commands, now see that they are executed. They taunt you with a weak will. Let them feel its force!" And Nicholas responded to the stimulus. For if he lacks the sensitive conscience which wakes the sinner up, he pos-

sesses certain of the virtues which lull to sleep, and foremost among them that languid sweetness which enables a husband to celebrate his wedding almost every day of his life. And it is possibly to the qualities underlying this soft passivity-which the son of Priam combined with personal dash—that Nicholas owes his predilection for the society of women, priests, charla-tans and children, and his shyness of the society of strong, honest men. Whenever these conflicting influences clash, the results are unedifying.

Even the Dowager Empress has of late fled the camp of the Absolutists, we are assured, and parted from her son and her

son's wife at the most critical moment in their lives. Descrying at last the abyss ahead, she has cried "Halt!" though she has so often exhorted her son never to swerve from his course. But her voice is unheeded. It is the voice of the Czarina to which the Czar has been of late paying heed, and which is urging him on to destruction:

The syren's voice of the wife goes straight to the husband's heart, while the warnings of the mother leave the son unconvinced. And the wife's exhortations are but the echoes of the son's neurotic visions. In her naïve dreams there is no place for prosaic fears, and her fond ambition is blind to obstacles and to consequences. It would be rash to criticise without knowing the order of considerations that moved her to turn a deaf ear to the voice of the Dowager Empress. But it is not easy to imagine any rational grounds on which her own sister, reasoning, advising, beseeching, should have been also put out of court



THE WIFE AND THE SON OF THE CZAR

The arrival of the Czar's little son was ascribed by
Nicholas II and his wife to the influence of St. Seraphim

without a hearing. The widowed Grand Duchess Sergius, whose vision long experience has sharpened, and whose motives have been chastened by severe suffering, has over and over again sought to impress upon her crowned sister the fact that there are times when true conjugal affection is more effectually shown by judicious hindrance than by uncritical incentive. Of the views held by the Grand Duchess few among those who move in inner Court circles are ignorant, and nearly all express surprise that the young spouse, who declined to listen to the warning voices of the sister and her mother-in-law, did not at least inquire into the facts and the motives that prompted their utterance. But fate, which itself is sightless, makes a point of blinding its destined victims. And chief among those victims is Nicholas II.

The weak will of the Czar, the same writer goes on to say, is now brought in-

to painful relief by a convulsive craving for strength. But the feebleness is chronic, the fitful force is transitory. Incapable of perseverance in conduct or policy, he is characterized by extreme obstinacy in small things. He has lost much of the power of voluntary attention in which ten years ago he was not deficient. Emotions which move the normal man profoundly touch him but lightly and for a very short time. He thinks with the ideas of others. acts at their instigation, and likes them less for their qualities than for their manifest disposition toward himself. These ailments of the will have been aggravated by injudicious but wellmeant efforts to cure We quote again:

After each massacre of his loyal people, misnamed a battle, the Czar inflates his chest and tells the world that he is undaunted still, and will carry on the fearful struggle to the end, bravely sacrificing ever more blood, and ever more money. Bravely? Is it

his own blood, then? Ah, no; that is the ichor of a race of gods—inviolate and inviolable. He offers up only the life-blood of other scores of thousands of his people to whom his voice is the decree of doom. And the money he squanders is neither his own nor that of his house, but merely the hoarded milliards of his French allies. For the Prince of peace wages war by proxy, and is generous and brave at the expense of others. But now the proxies are growing tired of their respective parts, French investors decline the honour of financing the campaign, while our people refuse to supply the food for the cannon. Not that Russians are growing faint-hearted. For a real king in a heroic age they would have died willingly. For their country or a noble idea they are capable of laying down their lives to-day. But Nicholas II, even at his best, fails to inspirit them. Devoid of faith, they behold him in unlovely nakedness,

stripped of the garb of a hero. No enthusiasm thrills their hearts in response to the blissful smile on his twitching lips as he raises aloft the tawdry image of his heavenly protte, St. Seraphim, devoutly blesses them, and solemnly wishes them luck—luck on their journey to a horrible end. St. Seraphim's blessing!

Forsaken even by his grand dukes, the Czar now stands alone answerable for what the world witnesses. There is now no successor of Plehve, no kinsman of Sergius, to share with him the moral burden. The few really helpful friends he had have left him for the time or indefinitely forsaken him. Grand dukes, favorites, ministers, have withdrawn from the partnership once so lucrative, now so dangerous. Almost the first to go was the Grand Duke Vladimir. The responsibility for the shooting of the people in the St. Petersburg massacre, he explained, was not his but that of Prince Vassilchikoff, who re-



THE DANISH MOTHER OF NICHOLAS II
All reports say she has now lost much of her once decisive influence over the Czar.

fused pointblank to obey the humane grandducal order to cease firing on the people, and refused with perfect impunity. Next among the runaways from the sinking ship of Autocracy was the ambitious Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovitch. This personage Russia by promoting the Yalu concession, which was to have enriched himself and ruined Japan." We quote again:

This Grand Duke possessed the open sesame to his brother-in-law's affections, and used it constantly. Before Nicholas II became the prisoner



HUSBAND AND FATHER

The influence of the Czarina over Nicholes II is said on good authority to be great and growing. He spends most of his leisure in the bosom of his family. But the Czarina, reared in a reactionary and petty German court, is not, it is feared, liberal in her ideas

is the one Nationalist member of the Russian imperial family whose zeal burns for genuine Russian civilization untouched by the contagion of Western culture. "He displayed his patriotic hatred of foreigners by organizing the recent raid against their mercantile shipping, and showed his love of

of his people he was a frequent guest at Alexander's palace, where he would amuse himself for hours on end riding in a miniature train around one of the apartments. And in the intervals of this innocent fun shared by the children, he would assent to some important suggestion of the shrewd Grand Duke, who in this casual way managed to have a new ministry created for his behoof, unknown to Witte, whom he hates undyingly.

### "The Most Important Man in the World"

The title above is a phrase which is applied to Mr. John D. Rockefeller by "a great and serious newspaper passionately devoted to democracy." It is quoted by Ida M. Tarbell at the opening of her character study of Mr. Rockefeller, beginning in the July McClure's and continued this month. Miss Tarbell's equipment as a historian of Mr. Rockefeller and of his Standard Oil Company is fairly well known. It is the equipment not of one who has had close personal relations with her subject and inside firsthand knowledge, but of a skilled journalist of the highest type who has developed into a conscientious historical investigator, who has followed the trail of the Standard Oil for years as it appears in legal records, in the memories of living persons and in reports of committees. Her "Life of Lincoln" and her "History of the Standard Oil Company" are too well known for anything more than a passing reference.

Miss Tarbell begins her study of Mr. Rockefeller at about the point where Holmes said that a person's education should begin with the grandparents. The paternal antecedents of Mr. Rockefeller do not seem to be as admirable as they might be. His origin, however, is "typically American," in that he sprang from one of those migrating families which came to the New World in the seventeenth century and continued to migrate westward in search of better conditions. "He and his brothers were the first great product of a restless family searching a firm footing on new soil." The story begins at Richford, Tioga County, New York, where John D. was born. To that place his grandfather, Godfrey, went in the early '30's from Mud Creek, Massachusetts. "There are still alive in Tioga County many men and women who remember Godfrey Rockefeller. It is not a pleasant description they give of him—a shiftless tippler, stunted in stature and mean in spirit, but held to a certain decency by a wife of such strong intellect and determined character that she impressed herself unforgettably on the community." "Rockefeller settlement" is still the name by which the place where they lived is known.

The eldest son of Godfrey Rockefeller, who became the father of John D., was "a striking character." Here is Miss Tarbell's picture of him:

William A. Rockefeller was a tall and powerful. man with keen straightforward eyes, a man in whom strength, and fearlessness, and joy in life, unfettered by education or love of decency, ran riot. The type is familiar enough in every farming settlement, the type of the country sport, who hunts, fishes, gambles, races horses and carouses in the low and mean ways which the country alone affords. He owned a costly rifle, and was famous as a shot. He was a dare-devil with He had no trade—spurned the farm. Indeed he had all the vices save one-he never drank. He was a famous trickster, too; thus, when he first reached Richford he is said to have called himself a peddler—a deaf and dumb peddler and for some time he actually succeeded in making his acquaintances in Richford write out their remarks to him on a slate. Why he wished to deceive them no one knows. Perhaps sheer mischief, perhaps a desire to hear things which would hardly be talked before a stranger with good ears.

It was not long after he came to Richford that he began to go off on long trips—peddling trips some said. Later he became known as a quack doctor, and his absences were supposed to be spent selling a medicine he concocted himself. Irregular and wild as his life undoubtedly was, his strength and skill and daring, his frankness, his careful dress, for he paid great attention to his clothes, as well as the mystery surrounding the occupation which kept him looking so prosperous, made him a favorite with the young and reckless and, unhappily, with women. On one of his trips he met in Moravia, New York, the daughter of a prosperous farmer, Eliza Davison. It is said that the girl married him in the face of strong opposition of her family. However that may be, it is certain that about 1837, William A. Rockefeller brought Eliza Davison to the Rockefeller settlement as his wife, and here three children were born, the second of whom—the record of his birth is dated July 8, 1839—was named John Davison.

The father of John D. soon became "the leader in all that was reckless and wild" in the community. He acquired the reputation of being one of a gang who operated the "underground horse railroad"—a euphonious term for horse-stealing. "There is absolutely no proof" of his connection with the operations of the gang, but "three of his closest pals" were convicted in 1850 and sentenced to the State prison, and he himself was indicted "for a more serious crime than horse-stealing in the records of the county for 1849"—Miss Tarbell is not more specific than this—and quite probably left Moravia, in 1850, under compulsion, going to Owego, New York. Three years later, the family moved to Strongsville, Ohio, a few miles southwest of Cleveland; one year later still, 1854, to Parma; and in 1857 to Cleveland. The character which former acquaintances in Ohio give the father correspond closely to

that which he receives from those who knew him in York State. Some considered him a quack cancer doctor, others declare he was a gambler; but all agree that he was a "good fellow," generous and kindly, and a crack shot.

When the family first went to Ohio, John D. was but fourteen years of age. Here is a pen-portrait of him at that time, and also one of his mother:

A quiet, grave boy by all accounts, doing steadily and well the thing he was set at. Up to this time his training had been that of the ordinary country boy. He had gone to a district school a few months of the year, and the rest of the

time had worked and played as a boy ordinarly does in a country settlement, chopping wood, caring for a horse, milking cows, weeding garden, raising chickens and turkeys. Nowhere does he seem to have madean impression, save by his silence and gravity. "He never mixed much with the rest of us," one old man tells vou. "He seemed to be always thinking," says another. "He was dif-ierent from his brothers and different from the rest of us," says a third.

No doubt his mother had had much to do in shaping the boy's mind to serious living. Dom-mated as this daughter of a prosperous farmer probably was by a spirit of narrow and stern New England conventionality, she must have ome to hate the lawless and suspicious ways of the like able sinner, this quack-doctor. horseockey, this loosetongued rake she had married, and all the amogant respectability

within her must have risen in a fierce effort to save appearances, and to force these children of his into good and regular standing. There is something in the fine, keen face of John D. Rockefeller's mother which recalls the face of Lætitia Ramolino, mother of Napoleon Bonaparte, and convinces one that she could not but have been a power with her boys, though there is little enough to go m in trustworthy tradition and records. That she kept her children in school and church is certain. Old friends of hers at Strongsville and Parma, Ohio, speak of her with profound respect—a good woman who made her boys do right, who did not allow them to read novels on Sunday, who "worried over saloons" in her vicinity.

It is quite probable that it was her influence which persuaded her husband to send John to school in Cleveland soon after the family moved to Ohio.

The boy John was a diligent student, and devoted to church and Sunday-school. In 1855—two years before the family moved to Cleveland—he made his first attempt to get a start in business. "The struggle and discouragement of the days he spent walking the streets of Cleveland looking for work made a deep impression on Mr. Rockefeller." He found a position as clerk in a warehouse, receiving \$50 for his first three months' work, then \$25 a month. His account-book

kept in those days is stillin Mr. Rockefeller's Speaking possession. to a Sunday-school class once, he held this little "Ledger A," as he calls it, aloft and said: "You could not get that book from me for all the modern ledgers in New York. nor for all that they would bring. It almost brings tears to my eyes when I read over this little book, and it fills me with a sense of gratitude I cannot express." According to this "Ledger A, "Mr. Rockefeller spent in the period from November 24, 1855, to April, 1856, the sum of \$0.00 for clothing. "The little income was not only made honorably and cheerfully to

D. Spelman, and she was when he was 25 years old suffice for Mr. Rockefeller's support, it was stretched to cover the obligations to church and charity which the boy seems to have felt as forcibly and as early as he did the need of good bargains and of saving." In a period of four months, out of an income of probably \$100, he gave away \$5.58 for religious purposes. And all the time he was saving up money, so that when his first business opportunity came he had about \$800 or \$900 for investment.

His first venture was in the produce commission business, with a young man ten years



MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

Her maiden name was Laura D. Spelman, and she was married to Mr. Rockefeller when he was 25 years old

his senior. They were prosperous from the beginning. He continued, however, his frugal habits, accounting for every penny spent, and always saving something; but he developed courage in seizing opportunities, even though they required larger resources than the means at his command. This courage led him into new lines of business, among them the refining of oil, the results of which all the world knows.

So far, up to the age of thirty. Miss Tarbell's account is not at all unfavorable. Serious, self-contained, frugal, a steady attendant at church, free from bad habits—the character, if not particularly attractive as drawn, seems to have been such as will pass with many people as a model character for a young man. But the passion to be rich had become by this time dominant, according to his biographer. "I am bound to be rich, BOUND to be rich, BOUND to be rich" he is reported as saving. The only sign of real hilarity he was wont to show was over a good bargain. Now came a realization of the possibilities afforded by the oil business, through the means of special railroad rebates. The story at this point has often been told—the demand made by Rockefeller and his friends upon the railway magnates for a secret rebate not only on all the freight shipped over the roads by themselves, but also on that shipped by their rivals; the popular uprising against such a use of what was in law, if not in fact, a public highway: the persistence and final success of Mr. Rockefeller. Miss Tarbell indulges here in a little speculation:

Did it cost him a struggle—a struggle with what men call conscience? Nobody knows. There is a tradition in Cleveland that it was at this time of great anxiety that Mr. Rockefeller laid the foundation of a stomach difficulty which for years limited him to the diet of the monk and the pauper. It may have been a moral struggle which made him walk the floor nights. It may have been fear, for threats of violence rained upon him from an outraged industry. It may have been the consideration of new plans for getting the privileges which an indignant public had stripped from him. However that may be, it is certain that Mr. Rockefeller's conscience and courage withstood both public disapproval and public education, and that the principles of get-ting rich by the use of privileges contrary to the public good and to the spirit of the laws became a cardinal one with him from that date. This episode of the South Improvement Company may probably be called the turning point in the character of John D. Rockefeller—the point at which he faced, as probably every man does some day, the necessity of a conscious life-choice between the thing which is good and that which is bad—and he chose, knowingly (to believe it was

not knowingly is to believe he was not intelligent), the thing which was bad.

Miss Tarbell enters into the subject of the recent newspaper controversy between Dr. Gladden and Mr. Rockefeller's counsel as to the truth of Mr. Rockefeller's testimony before a committee of investigation relative to the Southern Improvement Company. She supports Dr. Gladden and repeats his charge of perjury against Mr. Rockefeller. The stakes he was playing for proved too much, she thinks, for his moral character.

From the first, concealment was the very key to the game. Mr. Rockefeller's skill in concealing the truth was masterly. His is not a frank nature. He was a silent boy—a silent young man. With years the habit of silence became the habit of concealment. It was not long after the Standard Oil Company was founded, before it was said in Cleveland that its offices were the most difficult in the town to enter, Mr. Rockefeller the most difficult man to see. If a stranger got in to see any one he was anxious. "Who is that man?" he asked an associate nervously one day, calling him away when the latter was chatting with a stranger. "An old friend, Mr. Rockefeller." "What does he want here? Be careful. Don't let him find out anything." "But he is my friend, Mr. Rockefeller. He does not want to know anything. He has come to see me." "You never can tell. Be very careful, very careful." This caution gradually developed into a Chinese wall of seclusion. This suspicion extended not wall of seclusion. This suspicion extended, not only to all outsiders but most insiders. Nobody in the Standard Oil Company was allowed to know any more than was necessary for him to know to do his business. Men who have been officers in the Standard Oil Company say that they have been told, when asking for information about the condition of the business. "You'd better not know. If you know nothing you can tell nothing.

Miss Tarbell retells the story of Mr.Rockefeller's business relations with James Corrigan, who had been his boyhood friend, and of whom Mr. Rockefeller took an unfair advantage, as she relates the story, to secure his holdings in Standard Oil stock. And again she speculates on the motives of the man:

Why does he do it? What does he want an income of \$25,000,000 and more for? Not to spend like some splendid old Venetian in palaces and galleries, for none of the glories of the fine oldworld life are known to him. Not to squander in riot. So far as the world knows, he is poor in his pleasures. Not to give away—his charities and bequests are small compared to his wealth. For what then? Why this relentless, cruel, insistent accumulation of money when you are already buried in it? There seems to be only one explanation, that Mr. Rockefeller is the victim of a money-passion which blinds him to every other consideration of life, which is stronger than his sense of justice, his humanity, his affections, his

joy in life, which is the one tyrannous, insatiable force of his being. "Money-mad, money-mad! Sane in every other way, but money-mad," was the late Senator Hanna's comment on John D. Rockefeller. And the late Senator Hanna could not be accused of holding money in light regard.

In the current (August) number of Mc-Clure's, Miss Tarbell continues her character study bringing out in strong contrast the "two" Mr. Rockefellers—the money-mad man and the kindly gentleman, loving his home, his friends and his church. Brought face to face with him for the first time, and not recognizing him, one would say, "This is the oldest man in the world—a living mummy." Miss Tarbell proceeds:

But there is no sense of feebleness with the sense of age; indeed there is a terrific power. The disease which in the last three or four years has swept Mr. Rockefeller's head bare of hair, stripped away even eyelashes and eyebrows, has revealed all the strength of his great head. Mr. Rockefeller is a big man, not over tall but large, with powerful shoulders and a neck like that of a bull. The head is wide and deep and high, marked with curious bumps made more conspicuous by the tightly drawn, dry, naked skin. The interest of the big face lies in the eyes and mouth. Eyes more useful for a man of Mr. Rockefeller's practices could hardly be conceived. They are small and intent and steady, and they are as expressionless as a wall. They see everything and reveal nothing. It is not a shifty eyenot a cruel or leering one. It is something vastly more to be feared—a blank eye, looking through and through things, and telling nothing of what they found on the way.

But if the eyes say nothing the mouth tells much. Its former mask, the full mustache Mr. Rockefeller has always worn, is now completely gone. Indeed the greatest loss Mr. Rockefeller sustained when his hair went was that it revealed his mouth. It is only a slit—the lips are quite lost, as if by eternal grinding together of the teeth—teeth set on something he would have. It is at once the cruelest feature of his face—this mouth—the cruelest and the most pathetic, for the hard, close-set line slants downward at the corners, giving a look of age and sadness.

The "other Mr. Rockefeller" is a more pleasant man to read about:

There is, if you please, another Mr. Rockefeller—the antithesis of the man we have been studying—a modest, retiring gentleman, loving his home and church and friends and spending his leisure in charity and golf. For forty years this other Mr. Rockefeller has been a model helpmate for the one whose acquaintance we have made. It is not easy to learn much of this other man, for there is probably not a public character in the United States whose private life is more completely concealed than is that of John D. Rockefeller. The same cloak is drawn over it as over his business life, and up to this time the law has never forced back the cloak as it has repeatedly from his business life. Mr. Rockefeller

gives the world none of the chances to study him which most men of importance do. The club never sees him. He is almost never numbered among the banqueters at great celebrations. He never appears upon the platform when men of public importance gather to discuss public questions or stimulate to action in public causes. His opinions on great issues are never quoted; that is, John D. Rockefeller has no part in that vital and important part of a citizen's duty which consists in meeting his fellows and by intimate personal intercourse keeping in contact with the ambitions and ideals of his times. Now, as thirty-five years ago when Mr. Rockefeller's business virtues were celebrated in "Cleveland Past and Present," he avoids "all honorary positions that cost time."

Mr. Rockefeller's homes are all "unpretending even to the point of being conspicuous." But if he seems to have no love of architectural beauty, he has "the love of noble land," and his private park at Forest Hill, near Cleveland, is "one of great loveliness." His life here, however, as at Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown, and in New York City, is studiously simple.

Mr. Rockefeller regulates his household as he does his business. Family and servants are trained to strictest economy. There is no more gas burned than is needed, no unnecessary heating, no wasteful providing. There is nothing for display, nothing squandered in the senseless American way to prove you are rich, so rich you need not care. On every hand there is frugality and carefulness. And this frugality certainly is a welcome contrast to the wanton lavishness which on every side of us corrupts taste and destroys the sense of values.

Miss Tarbell's whole study indicates a conscientious disposition to be fair and even, as in the last sentence above, to be charitable in her construction of Mr. Rockefeller's traits. There is a touch of uncharity, however, in her statement that "there is little doubt that Mr. Rockefeller's chief reason for playing golf is that he may live longer in order to make more money." She also quotes one of his temporary associates as saying of him, "He always begs my pardon when he starts to speak," and she infers that Mr. Rockefeller's retiring nature in private life may be due to a vague sense of his own personal inferiority except in business matters. The picture we get of Mr. Rockefeller sitting through a church service is pathetic. He is restless, shifting his gaze constantly from the speaker, searching the aisles to right and left, and craning his neck to see what is behind. "It is pitiful, so pitiful that one cannot watch John Rockefeller sit through a church service and ever cease to feel that he is one of the saddest objects in the world."

## The Americanized Wife of the Marquis Oyama

The wife of Japan's great field-marshal is a graduate of our Vassar College. She expresses herself in "perfectly chosen English," and many of her girlhood years were passed in "a most American home of old New England," so we are informed by Eleanor Franklin, her personal friend. Yet she is ardently Nipponese, this Marchioness Ovama, although she happens to be one of the few Japanese women who wear their hair cut off in front and softly curled across the forehead, a fashion "particularly becoming to the narrow, high-browed Japanese face." Then, too, "she wears the graceful, soft garments of Japan, but she receives her guests in a foreign mansion which might grace Riverside Drive or the heights above the Hudson." In all else "she is distinctly of the high-class Japanese type, with the upward sloping eyes of softest brown and the long, patrician contour which makes one invariably wonder whence came this race of such complete distinctiveness." Here are some additional impressions, which Miss Franklin gives in Leslie's Weekly:

The Marchioness Oyama belongs to all of Japan's modern history. She is part of it. She has helped to make it, and to understand her complex personality one must understand the complexities of the times which have fashioned her. She is gentle, sweet effeminacy personified, but this effeminacy is modified, or, should I not rather say is emphasized, by a strength of character and a dignity of intellectual achievement which peculiarly fit her for the important part that fate has assigned to her in the great drama of her country's unparalleled development. She is a pioneer in progress for her kind; a woman upon whom Japanese women must look with utmost pride and confidence as an example of what Japanese women may become in the great new life which modernity is so wonderfully opening up to them. The marchioness is a modern in the extremest sense of the word, yet she was born and spent all her childhood and early girlhood in such social conditions for women as belonged to the Middle Ages.

She was born early in "those awful first twenty years which followed the advent of Commodore Perry with his gift of newlife and enlightenment to this people," and the experiences of that time have entered into the foundations of her character. She was about ten years old at the time the Shogunate was overthrown, and all her child-life was lived in stirring scenes of revolution, while her girlhood knew not the meaning of the word security. Miss Franklin says:

Over the tea-cups she talked to me. At first

not of herself, for, with a true Japanese woman's natural self-depreciation, she laughs at the idea that she can be of international interest, or even of national importance; but afterward, at another time, at my most earnest and straightforward request, she began to tell me stories, and, growing interested in reminiscence, held my imagination captive for hours with such tales as I could not believe were of the century in which I have lived my life. It was as if time were playing a juggler's trick with the romantic events of the Middle Ages, and the unpicturesque occurrences of machine-made now, and my reason was for repudiating what I knew was simple truth.

The marchioness was a daughter of a samurai in the service of the Prince of Aidzu. a loval supporter of the tottering shogunate. There was a bitter animosity existing between the imperial and shogunal governments. The battle-cry of the triumphant imperial party was: "At all costs expel the barbarians," while the Shogun's court recognized the folly of attempting to dislodge the intruders from the country, and sought to make the most of their presence. Around the imperial court at Kioto were gathered all sorts of conflicting political elements. The diaimo of Aidzu had the honor of being intrusted with the safety of the palace itself. His castle was situated at Wakamatsu, some days' march north of the Shogun's capital, now Tokio, and here were left all the wives and children of the mighty clan, guarded only by a handful of samurai. We quote again from Miss Franklin:

Among them was the little girl, O Stematz San, who is now the Marchioness Oyama. She, with her mother and sisters and the other women and children of the castle, was placed in a room near the centre of the great moated inclosure and set to the task of moulding, gathering up, and remoulding bullets for the men fighting constantly upon the ramparts. By day they worked at this, eating only as much as they needed to keep them alive, and endeavoring always to close their ears to the incessant crack of musketry and the rattle of the bullets against the walls.

And when the bullets had been molded, we are told, the little children would take them in baskets to the men on the firingline. They risked death "at every step." Then came the night, when the dead within the castle were cremated. They all expected that death would be their speedy end—"even to the smallest child." The whole garrison, however, including even the women, had resolved inflexibly upon harakiri if worst came to worst. "Each woman



From Lesley's Weekly, by permission of Judge Publishing Co.
MARCHIONESS OYAMA AND DAUGHTER AT HOME
The marchioness was a Vassar girl. She and her
'sughter "live all alone in a great house out on the
wooded and flower-begirt edge of Tokio"

in the castle carried a sharp dagger in her girdle, which she was to use the instant it became necessary." The Marchioness Oyama was then too young to understand what suicide was and how to accomplish it, yet she carried her dagger in her dress, like the rest.

"She did not know then, this little girl, that in the forces storming the castle was a young samurai named Oyama, for whose destruction she was molding bullets." Oyama was shot in one of the actions and the marchioness confessed to the writer in Leslie's: "I have always wondered if I carried the bullet which made that scar." We are introduced to more pleasing if less romantic features in the life of the lady by what follows:

The marchioness has a beautiful daughter, whom I call "Lady Iris," because she always makes me think of a velvety, purple bloom on a long, graceful stem, nodding at its own reflection in the depths of a shaded pool. She is tall and

slender and girlishly lithe, her eyes are so big and soft, and her wealth of hair is such a lustrous purple-black. She and her mother live all alone in a great house out on the wooded and flowerbegirt edge of Tokio, and their companionship is as charming a thing as I have ever seen. She has two brothers, but they are both away at schoolone in the West Point and the other in the Annapolis of Japan. I don't doubt that they both bitterly regret the fact that they were not born a few years earlier so they might now be helping their illustrious father to make history upon the sandswept plains of Manchuria; but, as it is, they can do nothing but prepare themselves for the next national emergency. Not so their mother and There is much for them to do in the hospitals and relief associations, and they are busy all the time.

The marchioness has her regular days for nursing at the great Red Cross hospital, and other days when she sits from morning until night making bandages and first-aid packages for the soldiers at the front. A couple of very wellknown American newspaper correspondents were out at the hospital the other day looking things over with the usual perky, superior air of the American journalist abroad, and one of them stepped up to the marchioness, who wore the regulation Red Cross uniform, and asked for information in regard to the location of a ward where a certain interesting disease is to be found. She told them in her perfect, soft-voiced English, and they were mightily pleased with her. Here was a nurse as was a nurse! One of them complimented her on her superior intelligence, and said she must have received her training in Amer-She smiled and told them she had been in America some years before, but not lately, and then she took great pains to give them much accurate information about the Red Cross work in Japan.



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HOME OF MARSHAL AND MARCHIONESS OYAMA

A modern mansion in Tokio, "which might grace Riverside, Drive\_or the heights above the Hudson."

### The Personal Appearance of John Paul Jones

To the preservation (by means of alcohol) of the features of John Paul Jones to such an extent as to render possible a comparison with medals, busts and portraits is due, it is asserted, much of Ambassador Porter's certainty as to the identification of the hero's remains. There are certainly enough of these counterfeit presentments of the living Jones still in existence to furnish ample means for comparison. At least fifty-seven alleged portraits have been collected, some of them beautiful line-engravings, mezzotints and etchings. In addition, there are many pen-portraits which present not only his personal appearance, but his manners and qualities under various circumstances of war and

Undoubtedly, the most authentic likeness in existence is the bust made by Jean Antoine Houdon, of Paris, "the greatest sculp-

tor of his time." Two copies of this bust are known to be in this country. One is, in the possession of the Pennsylvania Academy of Arts: the other was found in the Academy of Design, New York, "among some odds and ends of casts in the cellar." Both are of terra cotta. It is known that Jones gave orders to Houdon to have eight copies of the bust shipped to this country to different persons, and the hope has not been abandoned of still finding other of these specimens of Houdon's work. Of this bust, James Barnes, writing in Appletons' Booklovers Magazine, says:

The character and the individuality of the commander of the Bon Homme Richard are portrayed in so wonderful and lifelike a manner that, as we study it, we feel a sense of personal contact with him. Here

is the greatest fighting face that has ever been perpetuated in marble, bronze, or clay. Yet the determined, bulldog expression is relieved by the suggestion of strong mentality and humor, and, strange to say, the features have. when taken as a whole, an effect of grace and beauty, and more—they have the charm of a remarkable personality. Even some of the lesser traits of the fighting commodore are hinted at in this strong mobile face. The healthy exuberance of his adventurous disposition, the calm decision and purpose and yet the appreciation of the good things of life, stand out quite plainly; and as we become better acquainted with the features, as Houdon has here portrayed them, we begin to understand some of the many sides that Paul Jones showed at all periods of his strange career. As certainly as he was one of the greatest fighters of all time, he was certainly one of the greatest of adventurers-an adventurer in more fields than one, not only upon the open sea and in King George's private channel, but in the field of diplomacy and literature and love.

Mr. Barnes gathers together in his article

a number of the penportraits made of Jones by his contemporaries. "Every chronicler of that great day," he tells us, referring to the period just after the fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, "has given us a pen picture of this man who knew no fear." Mr. Barnes's own composite picture is worth quoting:

Paul Jones was certainly not a demigod. He was one of the most human of all men, and subject to the weaknesses of human flesh. The most mysterious thing about him, perhaps, is where he received his education. The son of a Scotch gardener, he had few opportunities for early schooling and his youth was passed on ship-board; but, nevertheless, he shows that he possessed tact and at times refinement and a knowledge of the world and of the unwritten rules that governed the conduct of men of birth and station. Very often, too, he displayed an un



JOHN PAUL JONES

Full-face view of the Houdon bust, found "among some odds and ends of casts in the cellar of the Academy of Design," New York.

expected judgment and wisdom not usual in a man who had been graduated from the forecastle of a coaster to the command of a slaver and stepped thence to the quarter-deck of a ship-of-war. Courtesy and kindness and a gen-erous disposition mingled with his sometimes irascible nature and overbearing disposition. He was reckless to a degree in some things, and overcareful in others; one day a sloven, and the next a dandy; one month a glorious spendthrift, and the next a creditor-dodging semi-bankrupt; a pet of court ladies and titled personages on land, and a mixture of martinet and rip-roaring "fo'c'sle Jack" at sea. His portraits show him in many guises and many poses, for, like all true adventurers, there was something of the histrionic in his cosmos; it came natural to him to act the part he was playing to the last line. We get a few glimpses of him in his various attitudes of mind and personal appearance that are most alluring.

In "Anecdotes of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth," written by Mlle. Aimée de Telison, a natural daughter of Louis XV, appears the following description:

A man of about thirty-eight years, five feet seven inches tall, slender in build; of exquisitely symmetrical form, with a noticeably perfect development of limb. His features are delicately molded, of classical cast, clear-cut, and, when animated, mobile and expressive in the last degree, but when in repose, sedate almost to melancholy. His hair and eyebrows are black, and his eyes are large, brilliant, piercing, and of a peculiar dark-gray tint, that at once changes to lustrous black when he becomes earnest or animated. His eyes are, in fact, his most remarkable feature, and are the first to attract the attention of those whose good-or ill-fortune it may be to come in contact with him. His complexion is swarthy, almost like that of a Moor, doubtless due to his having spent the best part of his life at sea in tropical voyages.

He is a master of the arts of dress and personal adornment, and it is a common remark that notwithstanding the comparative frugality of his means, he never fails to be the best-dressed man at any dinner or fête he may honor by attending. His manners are in comport with his make-up. His bearing is that of complete ease, perfect aplomb, and also martial to the last degree, but he has a supple grace of motion and an agile facility of gait and gesture that relieve his presence of all

suspicion of affectation or stiffness.

To all these charms of person and graces of manner he adds the power of conversation, a store of rare and original anecdotes, and an apparently inexhaustible fund of ready, pointed wit, always apropos and always pleasing, except on the infrequent occasions when he chooses to turn it to the uses of sarcasm and satire. On such occasions his keen tongue is without pity; and, as all know that a swift and terrible hand lurks close behind the reckless tongue, it is always the study of those in his society to avoid rousing the ferocious nature so thinly, albeit so sleekly, veneered by gentle manners and seductive speech. Next to the magic of his eye is the charm of his voice, which no one can ever forget, man or woman, who has heard it. It is surely the most musical and

perfectly modulated voice ever heard, and is equally resistless in each of the three languages that he speaks—English, French, and Spanish.

There are other testimonies from cultured Parisian ladies to the personal charms of the admiral. Alongside the foregoing tribute to his drawing-room appearance may be placed the following description of the warrior in action, during the engagement with the Serapis. It is taken from the memoirs of Pierre Gerard, a young French sailor enlisted among the marines on board the Bon Homme Richard:

Commodore Jones sprang among the shaking marines on the quarter-deck like a tiger among calves (en tigre parmi des vaux). They responded instantly to him. The indomitable spirit, the bravery without end of the Commodore, penetrated every soul, and every one who saw his example or heard his voice, became as much a hero as himself.

At that moment the fate of the combat was decided. Every man whose wounds permitted him to stand up pressed forward to the front of danger and the Commodore had but to look at a man to make him brave. Such was the influence of one soul that knew the meaning of no other word than

conquest!

When the ships ranged alongside, close aboard, the Commodore watched until he saw that the fluke of the enemy's anchor would hook in our mizzen foot-shrouds, close to the channels. They soon engaged, and before the way could be stopped the anchor fluke of the enemy had ripped through two of the foot stays and strained heavily at the third. But this one did not give way, and the Commodore, calling on me to follow and pass lashings, leaped through the quarter-deck port into the channels, and quickly made the fluke of the anchor fast to our stays, passing the line clear around the latter and doubling it again over the fluke, so that when the ships tended they would not drift clear. The lashings and foot stays showed by their slack that they would hold. When the Commodore saw this, he hove the slack of the lashings inboard through the quarter-deck port and exclaimed: "Ah, Pierre, mon brave, all is well; at last I have him—'sacre nom de Dieu,' he can't escape me now!

It is this same Gerard who chronicles the immortal words of Jones when asked by his antagonist if he had surrendered: "No, I have just now commenced to fight." A saying less famous, but at this particular time very striking, is recorded by Miss Edes-Herbert, an Englishwoman, who met Jones in Paris. Her father told Jones that the British Government had given no authority to recognize the right of cartel to American "insurgents." Jones's reply was: "Very well, sir, but, as Voltaire says, 'The future is much longer than the present.'"

The "Narrative of John Kirby," which appears in Scribner's (July), gives us a number

of glimpses of Jones in action. Kirby was quarter-gunner on the Bon Homme Richard, and his Narrative is a "find" recently brought to light. Here is one of the first glimpses he gives us of his commander. They were cruising off Leith Roads, Scotland, every officer dressed in English uniform, and all the French soldiers concealed below deck:

A pilot came on board. Jones asked him what was the news on the coast. "Why," said he, "very great and bad news! That rebel Paul Jones is expected to land every day." Jones asked him then what they thought of the rebel Jones, saying he wished he could come across him. "What!" said he, "he is the greatest rebel and pirate that ever was and ought to be hanged." Jones then asked him if he knew who he was talking to, and observed, "I am Paul Jones." The poor pilot dropped on his knees and begged for his life. Jones said "Get up! I won't hurt a hair of your head, but you are my prisoner."

A little later we find Jones in an engagement with the Countess of Scarborough, seizing the enemy's flying jib stay, one end of which had been cut by a shot and fallen on the quarter-deck of the Bon Homme Richard, and with his own hands belaying it to the mizzen cleats, saying: "Now we'll hold her fast by this until one or the other sinks." Later on in this engagement the ship's carpenter reported to Jones that there were six

feet and six inches of water in the hold, and the ship was sinking fast. "Never mind," said the commander; "if she sinks there are plenty of spars on deck and we shall not be drowned. Go back and do the best you can." Before his ship sank, however, the enemy had surrendered. The British commander came on deck and presented his sword to Jones, who at once returned it, saying: "You are welcome to wear your sword on board my ship." Every view Kirby gives us of his doughty captain reveals him in this same light—as a man utterly fearless in battle and entirely courteous afterward. Toward the close of the "Narrative" Kirby sums up his opinions of his officers. He savs:

Now as I am about to take leave of all my old officers, it will not be amiss to say something of some of them. First of all, the brave and honorable John Paul Jones, although the British print has said so much of him and made him out the worst of all men, yet I can say and will say that during the time that I sailed with him, I never sailed with any man more of a seaman and a gentleman than he was. He was brave, mild in action, fed his ship's crew well and treated both men and officers as a Commander ought to do. As to our not getting our wages and prize money, he was not to blame and no other man except that old cowardly Peter Landas [commander of the Alliance].

### Burbank, the Horticultural Wizard

The man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is, as we all know, a benefactor of the human race—not to mention the bovine race. But a more startling benefaction is one that proceeds in the reverse order—combining in one blade of grass the best qualities of two or more, and thus producing an entirely new and superior variety of grass. It is on this latter principle that Luther Burbank, of California, has proceeded, and the term "wizard" seems hardly too exaggerated a term to apply to him in view of the results he has been achieving.

All the world has been told of these results: the plumcot (a combination of plum and apricot), the thornless cactus (with its possibilities of turning cactus deserts into rich pasture ground), the Shasta daisy, the stoneless prune, the sugar prune (extra large and sweet), the Wickson plum—these and many other products of his work have been

announced from time to time and have fired the imaginations of other than "yellow" journalists. The Carnegie Institution, formed to aid in original scientific research, has granted an annuity of \$10,000 a year for ten years to Mr. Burbank to help him in his work.

What is the man himself like? What does he believe? How does he work? Edward J. Wickson, of the University of California, answers these questions and many others in a descriptive personal article in The Sunset Magazine. He begins by telling us that Burbank "has never had a day's scientific training," has never employed generally accepted scientific methods, and when he uses scientific terms it is "always with an entirely different meaning" from that accepted in scientific circles. He is an exceptional man, however, and if he has not done what some of his excited eulogists have claimed ("he has called to life

cultures which for a larger part govern the wealth of California and of many other states of the Union," wildly says one celebrated botanist), he has, nevertheless, according to Professor Wickson, "produced a wealth of new material and methods" and "accomplished more than any other man ever did in the elevation of horticulture toward the lofty plane of biology."

Luther Burbank is a Massachusetts man by birth, having been born in Worcester County fifty-six years ago. Professor Wickson says:

He grew up in an atmosphere of plant-breeding The effort to develop satisfactory American grapes, which had been continuous since colonial times, reached notable achievements about the middle of the last century in Massachusetts and growing seedling grapes became almost a popular passion and pastime, in which some of young Burbank's relatives indulged. Similar interest prevailed in the growth of new varieties of potatoes, owing to the conspicuous failure of older sorts at about that time and because of the notable successes secured by the introduction of South American varieties. Efforts for novelties extended to other garden plants and the exhibition of results at local fairs multiplied the interest.

Naturally a boy with a native delight in plants and thirst for the open air, too frail physically to be pushed strongly in the schools and wearying of the trade which was chosen first, because his relatives were in authority in the shops, began to indulge early his taste for the garden and as soon as possible embraced horticulture as his chosen pursuit. His originality of thought and talent for invention, manifested strikingly in the shop in an important time-saving device, bespoke for him success in mechanical pursuits; they also made it impossible for him to become a conventional gardener or plodding producer. The idea of producing new plants better than the old ones quickly possessed him, and his first appearance in public was as an exhibitor of new seedlings and as a writer of reports of horticultural fairs in the local newspapers. From the very first he saw things in the plant-world. His bean experiments yielded manifestation which would have enabled him to deduce biological laws if his mind had turned toward counting, calculating and scientific conclusions. But his trend was otherwise from the first. He held the horticultural view and was ruled by the cultivator's passion for something better. What if things changed under his eyes and hands? It was natural that they should, but unless they changed for the better he cared less how they changed, and as for making notes of depressing details of ordinary things, that was never thought of as desirable.

· Young Burbank was led to California in 1875 to secure for his experiments "a climate which would prove an ally and not an enemy." He established himself in the nursery business, developed business capacity, and then, fifteen years ago, struck out on present lines of original work trusting to the

occasional sale of a striking achievement to keep him going. The magnitude of his operations is indicated by the fact that in one year he sent to the rubbish heap four hundred thousand seedlings of hybrid plums, and the bonfire they constituted was but one of fourteen bonfires of similar size!

One of the secrets of Mr. Burbank's success, we are told, lies in "his resolute adherence to the horticultural point of view," as distinct from the strictly scientific point of view. He goes in, that is to say, for new and improved forms of plant-life, not for the discovery and elucidation of new laws. If he had been swerved to the latter point of view it "would have ruined him." His conception of plant-life is very simple, Professor Wickson says:

He knew plants changed; he saw them change with most surprising speed and range. In handling beans, for example, he saw, after crossing, speckled beans bring forth all black and then he saw these black beans bring forth every kind of bean he ever saw or heard of. To the youth what could be a clearer demonstration that the high botanical barriers of that day could be climbed over by beans and if by beans why not by everything in the plant line? Then Darwin's theory came into his life and backed up his beans, because all plants having been developed from lower forms in accordance with various influences, surely they have not reached the ends of their careers at this stage in the world's progress.

In The Century Magasine (June), Mr. William S. Harwood, after describing at some length the results accomplished by Mr. Burbank, gives an answer made by the latter to an inquiry as to the effect his studies of plant-life had had upon his religious faith. Mr. Burbank replied:

My theory of the laws and underlying principles of plant creation is, in many respects, diametrically opposed to the theories of the materialists. I am a sincere believer in a higher power than that of man. All my investigations have led me away from the idea of a dead, material universe, tossed about by various forces, to that of a universe which is absolutely all force, life, soul, thought, or whatever name we may choose to call it. Every atom, molecule, plant, animal, or planet is only an aggregation of organized unit forces held in place by stronger forces, thus holding them for a time latent, though teeming with inconceivable power. All life on our planet is, so to speak, just on the outer fringe of this infinite ocean of force. The universe is not half dead but all alive.

George Archibald Clark, writing in Success Magazine, says that some idea of the scope of Mr. Burbank's operations may be gained from the fact that there are 300,000 distinct varities of plums growing on his farm, 60,000 varieties of peaches and nectarines, 5,000 almonds, a like number of walnuts and chestnuts, and thousands of berries and flowers.

### Recent Fiction and the Critics

At the age of seventy-five, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell continues to find recreation from the duties of his

Constance Trescott

profession by writing novels. His latest work,\* while not ostensibly a pathological study, is, as all the critics agree, one that a

medical expert only could have written. "It is," says the Boston Herald, "of extraordinary merit as a study of New England temperament warped by despair, and etches into the reader's memory an unforgettable picture." According to The Literary Digest, the story, for dramatic force, "invites comparison with the story of Roger Chillingworth in Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter.'"

Constance Trescott is the wife of a young Union officer, who becomes a lawyer, and, in the reconstruction period, goes to Missouri as an attorney for a rich New Englander. There is litigation over a question of land titles, and Trescott wins the case. The opposing lawyer, Greyhurst, shoots him in wanton murder after the trial. Thenceforth Constance lives to revenge his death, and she hounds his slayer until in remorse he shoots himself in her presence. This pursuit of revenge and the psychological effect upon her own nature constitute the main theme of the story.

Of the heroine, The Independent has this to say:

Constance Trescott is not the sawdust darling of an old man's imagination. She is a violent, virtuous, beautiful woman, absorbed in the singleness of love. It is that fever which renders some women so attractive in the beginning, and so wearing afterward to those who happen to be the victims of their affections. Thus, it is apparent that in the course of time Constance would have absorbed the peace of her husband's gentler mind. She belonged to that class of people who burn their way through the lives of others and die disconsolate in their own ashes. They are unscrupulous by instinct, as likely to be dominated by hatred as love, and nobody was expecting to find such a character in an old man's story. Nor is that all. With a skill which could only come from an intimate knowledge of the relation of nerves to morality, Dr. Mitchell changes Constance Trescott's passion of love to that of hate.

The Criterion finds the narrative itself "nothing remarkable," but the character of Constance is remarkable-"strangely and desperately fascinating." "The book is all Constance Trescott, and she is worth it," says The Bookman; but it finds fault that such a woman, with the tigernature, is represented as devoted to a man who \*CONSTANCE TRESCOTT. By S. Weir Mitchell. The Century

Company.

is physically weak. To such a woman, of primitive emotions, "physical weakness could only be a matter for contempt."

Severe criticism comes from Herbert W. Horwill, writing in The Forum. He thinks that if, as announced by the publishers, "the main fact is based upon a woman's vendetta that actually came under Dr. Mitchell's observation," the incident should never have been allowed to escape from his note-book except into the pages of a medical treatise. After the killing of George Trescott the story becomes "distressing without being pathetic" and "provokes repulsion instead of 'purging the emotions by pity and fear.'" The Boston Transcript is still more sweeping in its condemnation. It says:

In the writing of his latest novel, Dr. Mitchell has apparently done his best to cut himself adrift from all standards of good literary form. To label "Constance Trescott" in respect of style is impossible, but to determine its quality is by no means so difficult. At one moment, it seems to be the outcome of realism gone to seed, while at another we are plunged into the most violent and incomprehensible type of melodrama. The result of this eccentric and extremely inartistic method scarcely makes for either good writing or successful construction, and it leaves the reader in a continuous mental whirl without producing any impressive or forceful dramatic effect what-

The answer to the question, Who is the dean of American literature? would probably be, with most of us to-day, either Howells

Miss Bellard's or Stedman. The former, how-Inspiration ever, is much the more active in literary work, and his new novel\*

is hailed with pleasure as a return to his earlier and, to many, his more pleasing style. "It will give pleasure to many people," says The Sun, "to be able to read a genuine Howells story this summer," meaning by that a story in the style of "The Chance Acquaintance" and "Her Wedding Journey" The Times Saturday Review also thinks that the story is "written in Mr. Howells's happiest mood of gentle irony and amused tolerance." What Miss Bellard's "inspiration" was is seen from the following sketchfrom The Times of the slight plot:

It was nothing short of inspiration which made Miss Lillias Bellard decide to visit her aunt and uncle, the Crombies, in order to consider quietly the question of marrying a certain eager young

\*Miss Bellard's Inspiration. By William Dean Howells. Harper & Brothers.

Englishman. Mr. and Mrs. Crombie had given up their seaside house and taken a cottage in the New Hampshire Hills. Miss Bellard's intention was to watch the domestic conditions of the Crombie household before rushing recklessly into matrimony. But coincident with her visit came that of the Mevisons, a couple trembling upon the verge of a separation. Thus Miss Bellard was treated to a variety of domestic relations which produced varying effects upon her.

We have seen nothing, so far, but expressions of pleasure from the reading of the book, though it is booked upon as one of the author's "lighter efforts." Mr. Lee F. Hartman, writing in Harper's Weekly, says:

These lighter products of his [an author's] pen, this deft compromise between task and recreation, when the author, so to speak, is writing with his pipe alight, often have an interest out of all proportion to their value according to the strict canons of art. It is like watching a great sculptor at the dinner-table moulding little heads out of bits of bread. Obviously the secret of our interest his in the assurance with which we await the successful result: genius bent upon a trifle with the confident touch of doing it well. As for our literature, it is starred with such hors-d'œuvres of the masters.

The Brooklyn Eagle takes the same view:

It is comedy—unadulterated comedy of the most delicately comic sort—which Mr. Howells presents in this new story. "What delicious tooling" is the verdict which the reader will give as the last page is conned. The art of the whole thing is perfect; the character delineation—especially the women—is cameo-like in its sharpness and clearness of outline; the humor is delicate and at times as flashing as the light from a polished blade. In a word, so far as style and handling are concerned, "Miss Bellard's Inspiration" is Howells at his best as a literary artist.

"The play of feminine mind upon feminine mind," observes The Reader's Magazine, "is touched up with indescribable humor and slyness, and the book resolves itself into one of Mr. Howells's most subtle performances."

Another novelist whose reputation runs back many years has recently produced a new novel;\* but instead of a return to her earlier style, Miss Mufree has made a decided departure in the general character of her story. In "The Storm

The of the primitive mountaineers
Storm Center of rural Tennessee but of the better class of people who made up

society in a Tennessee town before the Civil War and during the war. It is hardly to be classed as a dialect story, though it is not wanting in dialect, especially negro dialect. The New Orleans Times-Democrat has a long editorial on this

\*The Storm Center. By Charles Egbert Craddock. The Macmilian Company.

"second manner" of Miss Murfree, and commends it highly. The novel has fine qualities," the battle scenes are "spirited" and the social scenes "lightly handled," while the author has "acquired a restraint in description" wanting in her earlier works. One of the leading figures is a belle by the name of Mildred Fisher. The Times-Democrat thinks her a typical "before-thewar and war-time belle." It says:

The old-time coquette was as far removed from the scientific modern flirt as a bird-of-Paradise from a bird of prey; half the young men in the county sighed at her feet, and she treated all with equal cruelty—or kindness; for she was quite innocently engaged to six or seven of them at once; but when she finally made her choice she settled down into the most blameless of matrons, and devoted herself thenceforth to the rearing of her children and the care of her household.

Mildred received the Yankees at her house when most other houses were closed to them and saucily defends her course in these words: "We all receive the Yankees. It is a family failing with us. My father and five brothers in the Confederate vanguard are waiting now to receive Yankees,—as many Yankees as care to come to Bear-grass Creek."

Most of the Southern papers speak enthusiastically of the novel. The Courier-Journal (Louisville) thinks that "none of Miss Murfree's later books possesses more interest"; the war scenes and the pictures of the old Southern household "are strikingly impressive by the mobility and the breadth of their portrayal." The Northern papers, however, see many faults in the novel. The Evening Post says:

Those who remember Miss Murfree's "In the Tennessee Mountains," and one or two of her other mountain stories, will be disappointed in "The Storm Center." It seems to lack vitality; it is stiff in diction; the negro dialect is unconvincing; and a general failure to realize her characters quite definitely—with the exception of the young widow, Mrs. Gwynn—is to be noted. The men especially seem to have troubled the author. They are hardly more than shadows...

Even more sweeping in adverse criticism is the Boston *Transcript*, which says:

It is something amazing that a writer of Miss Murfree's experience and standing should fall for plot upon the threadbare theme of the Union lover and the Confederate sweetheart. A love story of that sort, however, forms the central theme of "The Storm Center." . . . It is doubtful if there is a new personage, a new incident, a new theme, or a new thought of any kind to be found in "The Storm Center." . . . In short, "The Storm Center" lacks vigor and lifelikeness as well as originality. Even its local color is not that picturesqueness to be expected from a writer of Miss Murfree's undeniable skill.

The New York *Herald* is on the whole quite commendatory. Only one incident particularly worries its critic. He says:

Julius Roscoe, a Confederate soldier, fleeing from capture as a spy in a Southern city held by Northern troops, rushes into a hotel and jots down on a hotel register the first name and address that comes into his mind. This happens to be "John Wray, Jr., Manchester, England." Now likewise it happens that a genuine John Wray (senior), of Manchester, England, is at that time expected in the hotel. To this lucky coincidence Mr. Roscoe owes his escape from an ignominious and imminent death. If the reader can swallow this huge improbability—this practical impossibility—he will be able to enjoy throughout a story which is otherwise thoroughly enjoyable. There is no further outrage on the verisimilitudes. But there is a lot of incident, adventure and romance, which constitutes an agreeably titillating departure from the humdrum atmosphere of everyday life.

Another novel of the South, but of the South just after the war, comes from the pen of Thomas

Dixon, Ir., who, we believe, ob-

jects now to the prefix "Rev." be-The fore his name. The "Clansmen" Clansman of the story\* are the members of the Ku Klux Klan, and this novel is the second of a trilogy on the Reconstruction period. first was "The Leopard's Spots" and the third will probably be called "The Traitor." Mr. Dixon's first story (so The Bookman tells us), written in his teens and published in a College paper, was on the Ku Klux Klan. The theme seems to have "seized" him, and he writes with an ardor that provokes warm discussion. His defense of the Klan as an organization rendered necessary by the times causes most of the critics to treat the novel as a polemical treatise rather than as a work of creative art. Eagle (Brooklyn) thinks it cannot be judged by

In many ways "The Clansman" is a marvelous book. It will have a vogue greater than "The Leopard's Spots." It is a more dramatic book. People who revolt at vivid pictures of vice and crime, or portrayals of blasting hate, hideous crime, gross outrage, will call the story overdrawn, ultra-passionate, crassly sensational. Yet it does not portray these things any more vividly than they appeared to the men and women who suffered them. Really, it is one of those books which, by reason of the nature of its theme, cannot be judged by ordinary literary standards.

ordinary literary standards. It says:

A similar judgment comes from a number of journals North as well as South. The book will be read, the Pittsburg Gazette thinks, not for its plot or its characterization, "not for the crude rhetoric nor the up-to-date colloquialisms," but for the light it casts upon the race problem. The The Clansman. By Thomas Dixon. Doubleday, Page & Company.

Toledo Blade calls the book "melodramatic, sensational and intensely partisan," but it is a book that "grips," "a very cyclone of a book that sweeps the reader along in its path and will not release him until the storm is spent." The New York Times speaks of it as "a burning indictment of the policy of revenge pursued by Congress toward the South after amnesty had been offered and accepted." The characters are thinly disguised historical characters, and the comprehension and loyal sympathy with which . Lincoln is depicted argues, to The Times, "such a broad and generous and unprejudiced view of things" on Mr. Dixon's part, that it is disposed to trust his severity of judgment in the case of other personages who figure in the story.

But a contrary view is expressed in many quarters in regard to Mr. Dixon's mental attitude. The story, in the opinion of the Chicago News, is "a turgid appeal to race prejudice—a distinct effort to stir up half-forgotten memories of hatred and rancor." The Philadelphia Press resents the "libelous caricature of Thaddeus Stevens" as portrayed in the character of Austin Stoneman, a club-footed, dissolute and diabolically malevolent politician. The Indianapolis News thinks that "no one can deny the power and vigor" of the novel, but is inclined to think the author has overshot his mark in the "uncompromising and one-sided" picture he presents. These are Northern papers; but a Southern paper, the Baltimore News, takes a similar view. It refers to Mr. Dixon as "a bellows blowing frantically on cooling ashes," and commends to him Thomas Nelson Page's reconstruction novel, "Red Rock," as a model he should study because of its "surer equitable grasp of history," its "tone of courteous moderation," and "its possession of literary style." The Book News thinks the book will be read widely, but regrets that the author "sinks so deplorably into the tear and shatter of the melodramatic.''

Firmin Dredd, writing in The Bookman, sees "grim power and mystery" in the book, thinks it is bound to be read and to excite discussion; but as a novel it is "very ridiculous." He remarks: "Of the stories of Mr. Dixon's books, the less said the better. The one tribute that can be paid them is that it must take a mind somewhat out of the ordinary to construct such superlatively bad ones."

Still another political novel, but dealing with present rather than past politics, is Mr. Mighels' tale\*. Comparing his work with

The Ultimate
Passion
Dixon's, The Globe (New York)
thinks they are alike in their
"intemperate force"; but Mr.

Dixon "is doing his best to ignite a heap of

cinders." while Mr. Mighels "is handling live coals." "The Ultimate Passion" is entirely different in theme and characters and setting—in nearly every way—from Mr. Mighels' former work, "Bruvver Jim's Baby." The Times (New York) thinks he has improved greatly, and James McArthur, writing in Harper's Weekly, says: "Mr. Mighels has learned the true economy of words, and how to use them for picturesque effect; he wastes none when quick strokes are wanted, nor does he spare them when elaboration can enhance the dramatic sense of the scene."

The New York Sun reviews the novel in its usual racy but exaggerated style:

"The Ultimate Passion" is a political narrative of some dynamic force and little literary quality. The plot spins along on two wheels like a racing motor on the rampage at top speed and red hot, with a great snari of gearing and a diabolical din of horn blasts, leaving behind a trail of pungent and unsavory odors. In style this impetuous tale is a double cross between the realism of a census report and the melodrama of a shilling shocker. It is crude in craftsmanship, moral as peppermint and as highly colored as circus lemonade. The purpose of the story is to reveal the rottenness of things political, the iniquity of financial leaders and the dishonor of those in high places in the State—all of which it accomplishes to the satisfaction of the most pessimistic of reformers the most morbid of sensationalists.

When The Sun speaks of "pessimistic reformers" it is usually safe to assume that it has The Evening Post (New York) in its mind's eye. If so, prediction that the novel would satisfy the latter is fulfilled. The Evening Post considers it the best of recent attempts "to portray the romance of American politics," and this for more reasons than one:

In the first place, the human interest is not overshadowed by the compelling interest of politics. Mr. Mighels never forgets that he is writing a novel about men and women rather than a dissertation on the "machine" for publication by the City Club. And yet, perhaps because of the excellence of the human story contained in it, the novel is a much stronger arraignment of corrupt party methods and expedients than any treatise that has yet been written.

The Springfield Republican describes the novel as follows:

"The Ultimate Passion" is a novel of political intrigue, the hero of which is a candidate for the presidental nomination, with a powerful New York ring behind him and with ambition, honor and love pulling in conflicting directions. In youth he had been a reformer, and was still held for such by the country at large. But by the threat of blackening his father's reputation the ring had forced him to yield on an important

The Ultimate Passion. By Philip Verrill Mighels.

Harper & Brothers,

issue, and taking advantage of his demoralized condition, a great boss, ambitious to have a president for a son-in-law, intrigued till he was bound hand and foot. Hardly has he become secretly engaged to Clara before he falls in love with Ruth and secretly marries her, and as if this complication were not enough, he is pursued by the violent love-making of an adventuress, his patron's mistress. In this distraction he loses his peace of mind and all but some shreds of his honor, saving himself in the end by throwing away the presidency and retiring with his girl bride to a quiet life.

The same critic thinks the story has vigor and is "realistic in places," but it is not altogether plausible and the style is commonplace. The Cleveland Leader expresses a strong desire to "kick" the hero "for his flabbiness and his hypocrisy," and calls the book "only melodramatically funny."

The reader of fiction is not, he will be pleased to know, to be confined to political novels for summer reading. Mr. Hamlin Garland's new novel\* takes us far away from the field The Tyranny of politics into the twilight realm of the Dark where ghosts and psychic mediums mingle and discourse on spiritualistic themes. It reminds many readers of Howells's "Undiscovered Country." The heroine in a medium and an unwilling one, and her mediumistic powers and her normal affections are at strife. The Reader Magasine thus outlines the tale:

Viola Lambert is the heroine. She "belongs" out in the Rocky Mountains, and she is obsessed in an extraordinary way. Psychic seizures overtake her, making her clairvoyant. She fears this power, and strives to keep it in abeyance, but it threatens to dominate her. Dr. Serviss, expert chemist and biologist from the East, chancing upon her, loves her, but, learning of her abnormal qualities, takes a train for the East, hoping to eradicate the memory of her from his life. Meanwhile, through the sympathy that a love for music establishes, Viola falls under the influence of the Rev. Dr. Clark, who cultivates her psychic powers, and tries to convince her that she has a work to do. He induces her to go to New York and there Dr. Serviss again meets her, discovers that he loves her to such an extent that he must save her from herself, and opposes his influence to that of Clark. The conflict is a severe one, and concludes with the triumph of simple love and sane living.

The publishers of the book send out a copy of a letter received from Sir Oliver Lodge, whose scientific interest in spiritism is well known. Sir Oliver writes: "It [the novel] indicates more knowledge and sympathy with several sides of the question of psycho-physical phenomena than The Tyranny of the Dark. By Hamlin Garland. Harper & Brothers.

is customary in authors of fiction. On the whole, it should be instructive to the average reader, since it represents, in many respects fairly, the spiritualistic attitude, and also represents fairly some aspects of the scientific attitude." Sir Oliver thinks the conclusion of the novel "weak and commonplace," and "the style is rather markedly what in this country we call 'American' in places,"—an observation it is a pity he did not enlarge on. Mr. Stead's researches in telepathic and spiritistic phenomena are also well known. He gave Mr. Garland's novel place recently in his London Review of Reviews as one of the two "books of the month," and speaks enthusiastically of it. He writes:

In "The Tyranny of the Dark" we have an attempt by a powerful and original Western novelist to build up a love story, the whole machinery of which is supplied from across the Border. In "The Tyranny of the Dark" Mr. Hamlin Garland steps boldly across the dividing line by which a tyrannical convention has confined modern writers to human intelligences which are still clothed upon by their bodies. In the modern world it is as inadmissible to bring a disembodied spirit upon the scene as it would be to go to a dinner party in the costume of Adam before the Fall. Mr. Hamlin Garland calmly sets this arbitrary convention at defiance. In his story we are back to the true tradition of all great imaginative literature. What would the "Iliad" be if Homer had not constantly described how the deities of Olympus mingled in the fray outside the walls of Troy-mortals with immortals mixed, the whole action of the drama dominated by the Invisibles? In Mr. Garland's romance the dramatis personæ are half of them incarnate in physical bodies, the other half discarnate, disembodied, viewless entities who are real as the gods of Homer, and quite as important to the fortunes of the hero.

Mr. Garland's story, as a story, strikes the Chicago *Tribune* as interesting "from first to last" and the New York Sun as "a dreary book." Most of the critics find it too encumbered with citations and laborious arguments which are out of place in a novel. Mr. Garland's own personal attitude toward the spiritistic theory remains indeterminate. And Mr. Herbert W. Horwill (The Forum) complains, with Sir Oliver Lodge, that the conclusion is ineffective.

George Bernard Shaw, George Meredith, and Richard Harding Davis have all given us more

or less realistic views into the

The prize-fighter's ring. Jack London now comes along and "annexes" this field as effectively as
he has Alaskan snow fields and London streets
and the decks of sealers. The difference, as
the Chicago Tribuns points out, between Shaw's

prize-fighter (in "Cashel Byron's Profession")

and London's is that "you were never certain that Shaw meant his hero seriously, while there is no doubt at all in Mr. London's case."

The story\* is, for a novel or even for a novelette, very short. It has but six chapters. Three of these recount a winsome story of the love between a manly young prize-fighter and an innocent soda-water fountain girl. The other three chapters relate the story of the hero's last prize-fight, undertaken to enable him to furnish a home for the girl he is about to marry. The girl herself is persuaded to don a boy's attire and to watch the fight, and her emotions form not the least interesting part of the story. The fight ends tragically. The hero has his redoubtable opponent, the brutal Ponta, whipped almost to a finish, when, slipping on a wet spot in the ring, he leaves an opening:

"Ponta's swimming eyes saw and knew the chance. All the fleeting strength of his body gathered itself together for the lightning lucky Even as Joe slipped, the other smote him, fairly on the point of the chin. He went over backward. Genevieve saw his muscles relax while he was yet in the air, and she heard the thud of his head on the canvas. The noise of the yelling house died suddenly. The referee, stooping over the inert body, was counting the seconds. Ponta tottered and fell to his knees. He struggled to his feet, swaying back and forth as he tried to sweep the audience with his hatred. His legs were trembling and bending under him; he was choking and sobbing, trying to breathe. He reeled backward, and saved himself from falling by a blind clutching for the ropes. He clung there, drooping and bending and giving in all his body, his head upon his chest, until the referee counted the fatal tenth second and pointed to him in token that he had won."

The knock-out blow proved fatal.

The Philadelphia Ledger finds the book "in many respects the very best thing we have yet had from Mr. London." The Independent says: "It is 'the call of the wild' again; the scratching of the civilized man to show the savage beneath the varnish of culture; the portrayal of the fighting instinct of the cave-man and the loving instinct of the cave-woman as they survive in their descendants to-day." Of the hero the Boston Transcript says he "is a glorified revelation of youth and strength, and he is described by Mr. London with a sympathy that almost causes the reader to believe in the moral efficacy of prizefighting and in the greatness of the prize fighter"

The New York Tribune says "the author seems to know his subject and it is impossible to resist the excitement of his mood"; but "it is equally impossible to accept 'The Game' as having any relation to literature or being in anything save technique worthy of the author of 'The Sea-Wolf.'"

\*THE GAME. By Jack London. The Macmillan Company

## Recent Poetry

The "hitherto unpublished" poem of a great poet is pretty sure to be disappointing, and its publication years after his death savors of taking a mean advantage. Yet who could expect an editor to resist the temptation to publish newfound verses that have come his way bearing the name of Robert Browning? The London Country Life gives us such a poem, written impromptu for friends whose eldest son had just been christened, Browning being the godfather. The date was November 4, 1837.

## A Forest Thought. By Robert Browning

In far Esthonian solitudes
The parent-firs of future woods
Gracefully, airily spire at first
Up to the sky, by the soft sand nurst;
Self-sufficient are they, and strong
With outspread arms, broad, level and long;
But soon in the sunshine and the storm
They darken, changing fast their form—
Low boughs fall off, and in the bole
Each tree spends all its strenuous soul—
Till the builder gazes wistfully
Such noble ship-mast wood to see,
And cares not for its soberer hue,
Its rougher bark and leaves more few.

But just when beauty passes away
And you half regret it could not stay.
For all their sap and vigorous life,—
Under the shade, secured from strife
A seedling springs—the forest-tree
In miniature, and again we see
The delicate leaves that will fade one day.
The fan-like shoots that will drop away.
The taper stem a breath could strain—
Which shall foil one day the hurricane:
We turn from this infant of the copse
To the parent-firs,—in their waving tops
To find some trace of the light green tuft
A breath could stir,—in the bole aloft
Column-like set against the sky,
The spire that flourished airily
And the marten bent as she rustled by.

So shall it be, dear Friends, when days Pass, and in this fair child we trace Goodness, full-formed in you, tho' dim Faint-budding, just astir in him: When rudiments of generous worth And frankest love in him have birth, We'll turn to love and worth full-grown, And learn their fortune from your own. Nor shall we vainly search to see His gentleness—simplicity—
Not lost in your maturer grace—
Perfected, but not changing place.

May this grove be a charmed retreat . . . May northern winds and savage sleet

Leave the good trees untouched, unshorn A crowning pride of woods unborn:
And gracefully beneath their shield
May the seedling grow! All pleasures yield
Peace below and peace above,
The glancing squirrels' summer love,
And the brood-song of the cushat-dove!

Strange how things run in couplets at times! To match the Browning poem comes another "hitherto unpublished" poem, also written impromptu, by our Quaker poet, at the request of a bevy of girls accompanying him on one of his summer visits to the Bearcamp region at West Ossipee, New Hampshire. We are indebted to The Independent for the stanzas:

## A Whittier Impromptu. By John Greenleap Whittier

The Bearcamp's pleasant banks upon, I sit like gray Anacreon, And, happy as the Greek of old, I watch the sunset's paling gold, And mark the change of mountain mist From blush of rose to amethyst.

No chain of roses 'round my head, But smiles of merry girls instead; For Samian wine from flagons poured, I've sweetmeats from the private hoard Of one to whom is fitly given The sweetest name of earth or heaven;

And of one other, young as yet, And fair as spring's first violet; And one whose quaint name half belies Her fair brown hair and soft blue eyes, So ringed about with laughing youth, I quite forget my gray hairs' truth.

The shadow of my life's long date Runs backward on Time's dial-plate; I feel as when my youth began—
The boy still lives within the man.
I count myself like yonder tree,
By many winters mossed and worn,
Girt by its goodly company
Of flowers, and so not all forlorn.

The death of John Hay has called forth a poetical tribute from Mr. Stedman, published in the New York *Tribune*, on the editorial staff of which Mr. Hay once did such brilliant work, and in which he first published "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches."

#### John Hay

By Edmund Clarence Stedman

Fall'n like an eagle from his scaur— From you clear height none dared to soil! —Beats on that noble heart no more Above the warfare and the spoil,—

The poet-statesman's, in whose thought Self had no place since first he shared The work his boyhood's chieftain wrought, The faith which life nor substance spared?

There are who serve their Country well
Yet stoop to crave her light acclaim,—
His patriot pulses leapt and fell
Nor asked the glory of a name.

Love, honor, rose to him indeed, As vapors toward the sunlit sky, But his the generous heart, at need, Without a pang to put them by.

Even so, a white star on his crest,
We knew him in his stainless youth;
Even so—naught else than loyallest—
The world his manhood learned in sooth;

And if there be—and if there be
A realm where lives still forward roll,
Even so—no other—strong and free
Through time and space shine on, dear Soul!

One of the noblest poems written by an American poet in the last few years is that written by Mr. Gilder for the opening of the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo. The last stanza, however, is mere pinchbeck. It ought to be eliminated.

#### A Temple of Art

#### BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Slowly to the day the rose, The moon-flower suddenly to the night, Their mysteries of light In innocence unclose,

In this garden of delight,
This pillared temple, pure and white,
We plant the seed of art,
With mystic power
To bring, or sudden or slow, the perfect flower,
That cheers and comforts the sad human heart;
That brings to man high thought
From starry regions caught,
And sweet, unconscious nobleness of deed;
So he may never lose his childhood's joyful creed,
Though years and sorrows to sorrows and years
succeed.

Though thick the cloud that hides the unseen life Before we were and after we shall be, Here in this fragment of eternity; And heavy is the burden and the strife— The universe, we know, in beauty had its birth; The day in beauty dawns, in beauty dies, With intense color of the sea and skies; And life, for all its rapine, with beauty floods the earth.

Lovely the birds, and their true song, Amid the murmurous leaves, the summer long. Whate'er the baffling power
Sent anger and earthquake and a thousand ills—It made the violet flower,
And the wide world with breathless beauty

thrills.

Who built the world made man
With power to build and plan,
A soul all loveliness to love,—
Blossom below and lucent blue above,—
And new unending beauty to contrive.
He, the creature, may not make
Beautiful beings all alive,—
Irised moth nor mottled snake,
The lily's splendor,
The light of glances infinitely tender,
Nor the day's dying glow nor flush of morn,—
And yet his handiwork the angels shall not scorn,
When he hath wrought in truth and by Heaven's

In lowliness and awe.

Bravely shall he labor, while from his pure hands
Spring fresh wonders, spread new lands.
Son of God; no longer child of fate,
Like God he shall create.

When, weary ages hence, the wrong world is set right;
When brotherhood is real
And all that justice can for man is done,
When the fair, fleeing, anguished-for ideal
Turns actual at last; and 'neath the sun
Man hath no human foe;
And even the brazen sky, and storms that blow,
And all the elements have friendlier proved,—
By human wit to human uses moved,—
Ah, still shall art endure,
And beauty's light and lure,
To keep man noble, and make life delight,
Though shadows backward fall from the engulfing
night.

In a world of little aims,
Sordid hopes and futile fames,
Spirit of Beauty! high thy place
In the fashioning of the race.
In this temple built to thee,
We, thy worshipers, would be
Lifting up, all undefiled
Hearts as lowly as a child;
Humble to be taught and led
And on celestial manna fed;
So to take into our lives
Something that from heaven derives.

To the Walt Whitman Fellowship Mr. Gilder contributes this year another fine poem, which the *Conservator* publishes:

# A Wondrous Song. By Richard Watson Gilder

A wondrous song,
Rank with sea smells, and the keen lust of life;
Echoing with battle trumpets' and the moan
Of dying men in reeking hospitals;
Thrilling all through with human pity and love,
And crying courage in the face of doom;
With all its love of life still praising death
Enchantingly, as death was never sung;
And with high anger and a godlike scorn
Passionately proclaiming life in death,
And the unquenched, immortal soul of man—
A wondrous song
Trembling with unshed tears and life's full joy
Burst the tense meshes of the critic's net
And sang itself into eternal day,

There is, in these days, quite a choir of newspaper poets who are singing a great deal of very clever nonsense and occasionally doing something that compels admiration for other qualities than mere cleverness. One of the best of the choir is James J. Montague. Other members are Wallace Irwin, "W. D. N.," who writes "A Line-o-type or Two" for the Chicago Tribune and S. W. Gillilan, not to mention Frank L. Stanton and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose work is much better known. Mr. Montague exhibits real poetical feeling in the following from The Cosmopolitan:

#### Rip's Last Sleep.

#### By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

The purple shadows lie along
The Catskills, as they did of old;
The robin sings his even-song;
The sky is rimmed with red and gold;
Past shining lake and somber hill
The sigent-footed twilight creeps;
The stars light one by one—and still
Old Rip Van Winkle sleeps.

It is no slumber of pretense
That wraps the wandering idler now;
No wonder-whispering audience
Waits on to see the silvered brow
And tottering form and vacant stare
When, with the dawning of the day,
The spell dissolved, old Rip shall rise
And take his homeward way.

Not one is left to jeer and flout,
Among the chattering village folk,
And greet his looks of fear and doubt
With many a jest and clumsy joke.
No friends, grown gray with time and trial,
No children, changed to wrinkled men,
Will tap their heads and slyly smile
When he halts home again.

For while he sleeps the stars will fade,
The earth will molder and decay,
And all the things that men have made
Will pass in crumbling dust away.
And when he wakes—ah! would we knew
Before that far-off morning breaks,
If kindlier friends he'll journey to
When Rip Van Winkle wakes!

Why is it that new poetry, in book-form, is a "drug on the market," as every publisher will tell you, while the editors of the most popular periodicals make much of their poetical contributions? Munsey's, for instance, is always well stocked with verse of a good quality, and the New York Evening Journal gives a conspicuous place to Ella Wheeler Wilcox's daily contributions, which are pretty evenly divided between prose and poetry. Here is one of Mrs. Wilcox's recent contributions. It is not a high flight, but one is at no loss to discern its popular qualities:

#### Love Is Enough.

#### By Ella WHEELER WILCOX.

Love is enough. Let us not ask for gold; Wealth breeds false aims, and pride and selfish-

In those serene arcadian days of old

Men gave no thought to princely homes or

dress

The gods who dwelt on fair Olympus' height Lived only for dear love and love's delight. Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we care for fame? Ambition is a most unpleasant guest. It lures us with the glory of a name
Far from the happy haunts of peace and rest.
Let us stay here in this secluded place,
Made beautiful by love's endearing grace!

Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we strive for power? It brings men only envy and distrust.

The poor world's homage pleases but an hour And earthly honors vanish in the dust.

The proudest kings are ofttimes desolate;

Let me be loved, and let who will be great.

Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we ask for more? What greater gift have gods vouchsafed to men? What better boon of all their precious store Than our fond hearts, that love and love again? Love is the only sweet that grows more sweet, Sweet love is ours, and life is all complete.

Love is enough.

In reprinting from The Century Magazine the poem below, The Evening Post remarks that an interesting collection might be made of poems suggested by the morituri salutamus of the gladiators. Far from the worst of the poems in such a collection would be this production of Mr. Burton's:

## The Salute. By Richard Burton

We, about to die, salute you kindly,—
We, the very old, hail you, the young,
Though the shows of earth we see but blindly,
And a leaden weight is on our tongue.

But our wan old hearts expand in pleasure, Watching how your spirits kindle bright; And we dream us back to springtime treasure, Old, dim ardors, ghosts of gone delight.

We relive in you the chances splendid,
All the buffetings and all the gains;
O the sense of time and time unended,
Ere the hope dies, ere the wonder wanes!

How you love and fight and taste of rapture, How your sleep restores you to the sun, How the sweet of every hour you capture Haughtily, as heroes e'er have done! We have lived and loved, as you are doing;
We are glad to see you run the race;
Half you seem ourselves,—your work, your
wooing,
Your high trakes of glazy or diagrace.

Your high stakes of glory or disgrace.

Hail! Farewell! nor blame us if a sadness Clutches at our throat the while we gaze Brokenly, through tears, upon that gladness Once was ours in exquisite old days.

Not one bliss nor belief would we dispute you:
Once for us as well the whole earth sung.
We, about to die, again salute you,—
We, the elders, hail our brothers young!

Florence Earle Coates is one of the poets of the gentler sex who can write and write well about something else than love. The following poem by her is also from *The Century*.

#### Helen Keller with a Rose.

#### By Florence Earle Coates

Others may see thee; I behold thee not;
Yet must I think thee, beauteous blossom mine;
For I, who walk in shade, like Proserpine—
Things once too briefly looked on, long forgot—
Seem by some tender miracle divine,
When breathing thee, apart,
To hold the rapturous summer warm within my

heart.

We understand each other, thou and I!

Thy velvet petals laid against my cheek,
Thou feelest all the voiceless things I speak,
And to my yearning makest mute reply:
Yet a more special good of thee I seek,
For God who made—oh, kind!—
Beauty for one and all, gave fragrance for the
blind!

Ernest Dowson's poems have recently been published in England, in a volume to which Arthur Symons contributes a memoir. The London Times Literary Supplement, in reviewing it, says that Dowson early caught the disease of Verlainitis, and died, a wreck, at the age of thirty-three. It says of him further: "We doubt if Mr. Dowson had any great future before him; but, with so fastidious a taste for words and a true poetical eye for beauty, he might, had he got into decent ways of thinking and living, have written a few exquisite lyrics with sweet air blowing in them, and have made perhaps perfect translations from the Greek Anthology." The following poem is reprinted as illustrating both his musical grave way and the destructive and unpoetical philosophy that he had acquired:

#### Saplentia Lunæ.

#### By Ernest Dowson

The wisdom of the world said unto me:
"Go forth and run, the race is to the brave;
Perchance some honor tarrieth for thee."

"As tarrieth," I said, "for sure, the grave."
For I had pondered on a rune of roses,
Which to her votaries the moon discloses.

The wisdom of the world said: "There are bays:
Go forth and run, for victory is good,
After the stress of the laborious days."
"Yet," said I, "shall I be the worms' sweet
food."

As I went musing on a rune of roses, Which in her hour the pale, soft moon dis-

Then said my voices: "Wherefore strive or run,
On dusty highways ever, a vain race?
The long night cometh, starless, void of sun,
What light shall serve thee like her golden face?"
For I had pondered on a rune of roses,
And knew some secrets which the moon discloses

"Yea," said I, "for her eyes are pure and sweet As lilies, and the fragrance of her hair Is many laurels; and it is not meet To run for shadows when the prize is here"; And I went reading in that rune of roses Which to her votaries the moon discloses.

The poetical output of John Hay was not large; it could all be printed in less than one-half of this magazine. The quality of most of itdespite the appreciative words that admiration for his achievement in other fields tempts us ali to use—is not of very great importance. It lacks poetical inspiration. It is commonplace in thought and expression, and seems to have been written not because there were visions of beauty in his mind demanding expression in verse, but simply because he had literary tastes and aspirations. There are, however, at least half a dozen poems which have a right to long life, and the popular taste has already selected most of them for preservation. The best that he has given us is without doubt his poem on "Liberty." It has distinction of thought, nobility of expression and the ring of genuine feeling. We reprint it in full:

#### Liberty.

#### By John Hay

What man is there so bold that he should say "Thus, and thus only, would I have the sea?" For whether lying cam and beautiful, Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst; Or whether, freshened by the busy winds, It bears the trade and navies of the world To ends of use or stern activity; Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way To elemental fury, howls and roars At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust Of ruin drinks the blood of living things, And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore,—

Always it is the sea, and men bow down Before its vast and varied majesty. So all in vain will timorous ones essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty.
For Freedom is its own eternal law;
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring Will.
Let us not then despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnat-like evils hover round its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry
Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson axe
Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering
kings.

Forever in thine eyes, O Liberty, Shines that high light whereby the world is saved, And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!

Mr. Hay's most earnest bid for literary fame is his long poem entitled "Guy of the Temple." It is a monologue of about 340 lines, written in blank verse, and is worthy of greater recognition than it seems to have received. It lacks elements that inspire popularity, but it is a serious, high-minded, well-sustained poem. "The Stirrup Cup" is another of the short poems that makes a successful appeal to the popular judgment and at the same time commends itself to the critic as a finely finished literary product. It has been quoted far and wide since Mr. Hay's death:

## The Stirrup Cup. By John Hay

My short and happy day is done, The long and dreary night comes on; And at my door the Pale Horse stands, To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof, Sound dreadful as a gathering storm; And I must leave this sheltering roof, And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life,— Good friends, the faithful and the true; My rosy children and my wife, So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view,—
The night comes down, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the Pale Horse stands,
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

As to the popular success of "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso," there can be, of course, no doubt. What recognition critics may give them as "literature" is uncertain. Their first appeal is to the sense of humor; but there is more than humor in them. There is an ethical truth in each, none the less vital for being rather obvious. When the poems were written it was a less obvious and

generally accepted truth than it is now. The last stanza of each poem contains it, and it is practically the same in both. In "Jim Bludso" the stanza is:

He were n't no saint,—but at jedgment I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That would n't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain t a going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

In "Little Breeches" the same thought is presented in still more fetching guise. One might almost say that the one word "loafing," because of its sheer audacity, makes the poem.

How did he git thar? Angels.

He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child
And fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

"Banty Tim" and "Golyer," two other of the "Pike County Ballads" (there are only six in all), are variations on the same theme. The report that Mr. Hay grew ashamed of these Pike County ballads is positively denied by George Cary Eggleston. He was proud of them, but he professed to be entirely unable to produce any more of them. The whole vein was worked out in a week's time.

Other poems that deserve special attention are "The Castle in Spain," "A Triumph of Order," and the "Distichs." We reprint a few of these last.

#### Selections from "Distichs"

#### By John Hay

There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going, When they seem going they come: Diplomats, women and crabs.

As the meek beasts in the garden came flocking for Adam to name them, Men for a title to-day crawl to the feet of a king.

Unto each man comes a day when his favorite sins all forsake him, And he complacently thinks he has forsaken his sins.

Try not to beat back the current, yet be not drowned in its waters;

Speak with the speech of the world, think with the thoughts of the few.

## The Crime of Old Blas. By Catulle Mendes\*

#### I. Old Blas and Little Blas

In the beautiful country of the Basques, between lofty rocky mountain slopes down which a cataract tumbles, roars and foams, there are rich luxurious valleys full of fat meadows and fruitladen trees. The tall mountains protect them against the wind, and the torrent which plunges down precipitously from the rugged declivity continues its course through the valley as a gentle river or spreads out into a serene lake. A whole Normandy with its profuse fruitage and luxurious prairies is crowded into one such valley.

A farm in a district thus favored by nature, even if it were no larger than two or three acres, is the pride and ambition of every Basque peasant—a farm surrounded by thick hedges with massive fruit trees, rich vegetable beds, and a poultry yard teeming with a variety of fowl.

Such was the husbandry of the Cadije, a young Basque wife of twenty and nine, beaming with good health, with ruddy cheeks hidden beneath a Basque hood of red cotton cloth. And she was happy in the midst of the bountiful nature around her, constantly on her feet from morning till night, contented, kind and familiar with the farm hands, but not always accommodating, for she held that an occasional show of strictness toward one's employees is necessary in order to preserve one's authority.

The Cadije had risen before daybreak and had been at work in the garden and around the outhouses; and now she returned into the house, and finding everybody asleep she walked up to the staircase, and putting her arms akimbo exclaimed:

"Ho! father! husband! child! Are you not ashamed to be sleeping so late after I have been up so long? Is it the fashion nowadays for the hen to cluck before the cock crows?"

Presently the steep white wooden stairway began to creak under heavy footsteps. Old Blas appeared holding little Blas by the hand.

One was the father, the other the son of Cadije. The grandfather was seventy-one years old, the grandchild six.

Old Blas was a powerfully built man, somewhat disposed to obesity; the hair of his head and beard, white as snow, his kind face browned by the sun and furrowed with wrinkles. He wore

the habiliment of the Basques, a short jacket of thick cloth and a brown cap with a long pendant point of a deep scarlet.

In his youth he had been the most dashing fellow in the entire valley, and as toreador, dancer and raconteur none was his equal.

Now he felt a certain heaviness and rigidity in his muscles and limbs, and his head, which was inclined toward his left shoulder, trembled slightly; but he still was able to regale his friends with a good story, particularly after he had had a jug of cider, and he still could make four leagues without the aid of a supporting cane.

He wanted only one support—his grandchild. It was a support to old Blas to support little Blas.

Little Blas was a beautiful child, a true child of the mountains, robust, healthy and vivacious, and the chief pleasure of old Blas consisted in taking the dark, curly-haired head of the little child between his hands, looking into his eyes, which were blue and deep like a mountain lake, and kissing him.

Antoine Perdigut, the father of the child, was a man of about thirty years of age, with a serious expression of countenance peculiar to almost all the mountaineers of that country. His step was measured but unhesitating.

The Cadije saluted all three, father, husband and child, with a hearty kiss, then they sat down at the table and ate their breakfast in silence.

The peasant does not talk much in the morning, he must conserve his energy for the labors of the day; not before evening, after he is through with his work, does he permit himself the luxury of conversation, jest and laughter. When one has paid his debts one feels entitled to a spell of prodigality.

This morning there was cause for especial hurry. They had risen late, and it being seed-time there was much to do; Antoine Perdigut had to hurry to the field with the sack of grain on his shoulders.

Grandfather, too, had to go to work; he was a watchman at the near-by railway, and it was now time for him to start out.

When he had emptied his bowl he rose from the table and said timidly:

"It would be real nice if you'd let me take the little fellow along with me. It would be great sport for him, and, to tell the truth, it would be

Translated from the French, for CURRENT LITERATURE, by Thomas Seltzer

sport for me, too. It is a dreary thing to watch one train after another passing the whole day long, and I get tired of looking at the even current of the stream. The young impart spirit to the old, they put gaiety into their old thoughts and bring light into their old eyes. The other day when it was raining all the time I scarcely noticed it because Blas was with me, and when I came home in the evening I exclaimed: 'What a fine sunny day it was!' Then it is very good for the child to breathe the fresh air at the edge of the water, and to play with the flowers around my hut in the forest."

"Is not the air on our farm good enough?" said the Cadije, rising, "and are not there flowers enough in our garden? The child will stay at home with me, and if he wants sport let him tend to the geese. He is very young, but that does not matter. He can begin to make himself useful already. No, I certainly won't let him go with you. I am afraid of the trains that pass, and I don't like to have him play near the water, and especially near that dangerous quicksand, and the treacherous ground which begins to roll as soon as you set your foot upon it."

The child raised no objection to his mother's decision, and continued to consume his breakfast with unabated appetite; but he had scarcely gulped down the last drop of milk from his cup when he broke out into a pitiful whimper, poking his finger into his eyes.

"Keep still!" said the mother. "You shall do as I tell you. I know why you are so anxious to go with grandpa. He tells you stories, lets you run around wherever you please, and spoils you. I do not want my boy to be spoiled. You came home in a fine condition the other day, perspiring all over, with thorns in your head, your clothes all torn. I had to spend a whole evening repairing them. No, you must stay home!"

But little Blas continued to cry so piteously that old Blas' eyes also began to grow humid.

Then the father interposed. "Once does not constitute a habit," he said. "Make an exception for to-day and let him go with grandfather."

The Cadije looked sullen, grumbled and set up a hundred objections, but ended by yielding with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Promise at least," she said, "that you will act like sensible people, both of you." And when they promised not to run across the track, not to go near the water, and to be particularly careful when the trains passed, the mother added:

"Yes, yes, I will let you go to-day, but this is the last time I let you do it, remember!"

Overjoyed, grandfather and grandson took

each other by the hand, and walked gravely across the yard to the gate and along the hedge in order to show the mother that they were going to carry out her orders and be "sensible." But they had no sooner passed out of the Cadije's sight than little Blas tore away from his grandfather and went careering across the field and back again, jumping ditches and hedges, clambering up the trees, shaking the branches, losing his cap and tearing his garments.

And the golden rays of the sun played over the boy's face, retreated again across the road, scurried through the branches and gamboled with the sprightly, frisky child.

And behind him old Blas came almost skipping, and muttered with satisfaction: "That's the way, my little son, that's the way!"

#### II. The Drawbridge

Thus young Blas running, old Blas laughing, they came to the shore of the river at the bridge.

The river, narrow but deep, down which glide rafts loaded with timber and small, tall-masted sail boats, flows rapidly onward between the sandy bluff and the black granite mountains. Here a small bridge connects the two shores, across which the trains rush by and vanish into the tunnel of the black mountains.

It is a solitary, desolate place, but the young day which was now beginning to shed its golden luster over the entire valley lent a beauty and a charm to even this dreary corner.

The bridge was open. Old Blas began to examine it to see whether everything was in order, whether the metal cordage had not become rusty during the night, and whether the crank readily obeyed the pressure of his hand; for it was his office to raise the bridge for the passage of rafts and sail boats, and to let it down again when the electric bell signaled the coming of a train.

In the meanwhile little Blas hurried into the little garden which old Blas had laid out for him, and which was situated in front of the little hut. The paths in this garden were so small that only little Blas could pass through them. Violets, tulips and carnations bloomed there in well-tended beds, so that little Blas could look proudly down upon them from his elevated height; but in the center towered a proud sunflower with a stalk of golden green, and it did not even deign a look at the small flowers beneath.

After he had put everything in order the grandfather returned, and slipping noiselessly up to the child seized his head between his two hands. The child turned around startled, but when he saw his grandfather he broke out into a loud cry of jubilation, and grandfather said: "Now I have got you, now I have got you! But I will let you go again. That's the way to catch little birds: hold them a while so that they may be the happier when you let them fly again.

"And now play, my dear little son, play with the gay-colored stones, with the flowers, and if you like you can destroy the flower beds altogether—— Yes, yes!" he muttered, smiling to himself. "That is the way I bring up children. But should not angels like these have the right to be devils?"

"See," he added, turning to the boy. "Over there, in the bush, I have discovered a nest; I will show it to you as soon as the train passes."

The child now began to pluck daisies, and threw them into the face of the kind old man. The stalks remained hanging in his white beard, so that to the infinite astonishment and delight of the child he saw that his grandfather had a beard of flowers.

Old Blas sat down on the bench in front of the hut, the child clambered up on his knees, and now there commenced a carousal of laughing, playing, twittering and teasing. Round about them flew the birds, the flowers blossomed and sent forth their fragrance, and clear and golden fell the rays of the sun upon grandfather and grandchild.

Suddenly little Blas grew serious and said: "We have played enough; now a story."

This was what old Blas wanted. The child never failed to kiss his grandfather after he had narrated to him a good story full of giants and fairies. The pleasure of a good kiss is well worth the trouble of telling a story.

But he had told him all the stories he knew long ago—Tom Thumb, Blue Beard, and Little Red Riding Hood. He had even bought a thick book from a peddler who told him that it contained many fine stories; but he found that the book was "A Treatise on the Establishment of French Factories on the Mississippi."

Thus, having emptied his mental treasury, and his library proving useless, grandfather was compelled to become a poet. He lost sleep nights in order to invent stories of adventures of princesses and of fairies which he told on the morrow to the boy near the hut in the woods.

"Yes," said he, "I will tell you a story, such a beautiful story that not even the city children have ever heard the like of it."

"What is it called?"

"It is 'The Story of a Little Boy who had no Ears, and of a Dog who Smoked a Pipe."

"Oh!" said the child.

"You will see," said the grandfather.

And little Blas, having seated himself upon the pebbly sand, raised his pretty, brown, curly head, and looked intently into his grandfather's face, while the latter commenced gravely to tell his story, a little uneasy at first for he was not quite certain that he knew the end.

#### III. The Little Boy Who Had no Ears and the Dog That Smoked a Pipe

"It happened once"\_\_\_\_

"Where?"

"In a country. It happened once that there was a man and a wife, peasants like us, but not so happy because they were so poor that they did not even have any bread to eat before they went to bed."

"Nor soup either?"

"Not even a soup bowl, because the cat broke it. So they were very, very poor, and what made them still more unhappy was that their only son had no ears."

"So he couldn't hear?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"With what?"

"With his nose, and, may be with his eyes. The story doesn't say which."

Little Blas reflected a while and said:

"This is not a nice story."

"This is only the beginning. You will see pretty soon. Now the child that had no ears, but that could hear very well, one day heard father tell mother that in a certain mountain there was a grotto where dwelt a magician who had an immense hidden treasure of silver and gold and that the magician had promised to give this treasure to that person who would have the courage to undergo a thousand dangers in the search for it.

"Guignonet—for that was the name of the boy—thought: 'I should like to go to the mountain to look for the silver and gold of the magician because if we were rich father and mother would not have to work as hard as they do and they would not have to go to bed without their supper.

"You see that he was a kind-hearted boy, the boy without ears; he resolved to go to the mountain all alone, without telling anybody, because he wished to surprise his parents when he returned with the treasure.

"What might have caused him to hesitate was the fact that ordinarily he did not meet with very good fortune in his enterprises. When he had done something very good, things turned out so that he appeared to have done something bad and he was punished for his best intentions. There are people like him in the world who never succeed in anything they undertake, and who are always accused of doing wrong.

"Thus, one day he saw a poor man at the roadside, and although he was so very poor himself he gave him a penny, which was all he had Think you that the mendicant said 'Thank you!' to him? Not at all! He threw the penny in his face, shook his fists angrily, and cried: 'It is a mean trick to try to deceive a poor man!'"

"Why did the beggar say it?"

"The penny was a counterfeit one, but that wasn't the fault of Guignonet for that penny had been given to him. Another time he heard a hen cry in the barn. She cried so that Guignonet pitied her and jumped out of his bed-it happened at night-to go to the help of the poor fowl. He found the hen sitting on a basket and he began to fondle and caress her, but that did not quiet her, so that the boy thought there must be some wicked animal in the basket that was biting the hen. Wishing to render her a service he shook the basket violently so as to make the hen leave the basket and thus deliver her from her enemy. The hen did jump out from the basket, frightened and flapping her wings; but do you know what fell out upon the ground from the basket? Twelve beautiful eggs. And all these eggs were broken. And you can imagine what a scolding Guignonet got from his father and mother who had put these eggs in the basket for the hen to hatch out. And yet the little boy without the ears had only intended to do a favor to the hen.

"Speaking of his ears, I must tell you how he came to lose them, for, you know, he was not born without ears.

"It happened out in the forest. Guignonet was then eight years old. And as he was strolling along he came upon a dog that was sitting on his hind legs and tranquilly smoking his pipe."

"The dog was smoking a pipe?"

"Yes; in the country where Guignonet lived one could often see dogs walking up and down the streets smoking their pipes; in our country they are much rarer. Well then, the dog that Guignonet met was tranquilly smoking his pipe; or rather he was not smoking it, for the fire had just gone out from his pipe. Guignonet approached the black dog and addressed him as follows: 'Mr. Dog, if you please, I will run down to the village and fetch some matches for you?' That was very accommodating and exceedingly polite, was it not? Well, the dog stood up on his hind paws, snarled viciously and, springing upon Guignonet, snapped off both his ears with

two strokes of his jaws. Whereupon he turned on his heels and disappeared in the woods."

"With Guignonet's ears?"

"With Guignonet's ears."

"Tell me, grandpa, does the story say whether he gets them back again?"

"That I cannot tell you yet. You must have patience. You can imagine that all these mishaps had rendered Guignonet somewhat timid, but nevertheless his devotion conquered all his fears, and one night when everybody was alseep in the house he rose noiselessly, his boots in his hands, and without fear, although the road was very dark and gloomy, he struck out toward the mountain.

"Now this mountain was quite black, just like our mountains; and there was no path to point out the way to him; moreover, Guignonet did not know where the grotto was located; so that he felt very much embarrassed and was on the point of returning home. But it so happened that a large crow came flying over the little boy's head, and in so doing it croaked in a manner which did not make the boy feel at all frightened. On the contrary this black bird inspired him with a sense of confidence, as though it had naught but good intentions for the child without ears.

"Guignonet looked at it. It seemed to him that he had already seen this bird before, with its large pointed head, holding a small branch of a fir tree in its beak.

"No, he had never seen it before, but the crow, with the branch in its mouth, reminded him of the black dog that smoked a pipe. By reason of this resemblance, the child wanted to run away, apprehensive of his eyes and nose, since he had no longer any ears.

"The crow continued its circular flight around the boy's head and then addressed him in the following manner:

"'Guignonet, you must not be discouraged. The mendicant to whom you have given your only penny has insulted you, you have been scolded for wishing to help the hen that was crying, and the black dog has taken away your ears because you offered to bring him matches to light his pipe; many other things have happened in which you fared exceedingly ill. But sooner or later the good which one has done must bring its reward even as the grain grows unto a blade, even as the acorn grows into an oak. Be always a good little boy, ready to sacrifice yourself for others, and do not trouble about the rest. Now seat yourself between my two wings and I shall carry you to the grotto where the magician holds his treasure.' Having said this, the crow

alighted upon the ground and spread out its pinions; it was such an immense bird that Guignonet, who was very small and lean, on account of his being half starved all the time, found ample room between the two large wings.

"The crow flew away. Guignonet was not afraid, but thought only of the happiness of his parents when he should bring them the treasure of the mountain.

"When it had flown up higher than the highest mountain, the crow descended in the midst of a pile of brushwood, in a kind of crevice which was very black and horrible, for all around him Guignonet saw screeck-owls and white barn owls that glared at him with their frightful eyes.

"Guignonet alighted on the ground, and, turning to the bird said: 'Thank you, Mr. Crow, I beg you will now show me the road which leads to the grotto.' But the bird was no more a bird! It had changed on the moment into an old black dwarf, who smoked a pipe and regarded Guignonet with a wicked smile. Guignonet thought again of the old dog that had stolen his ears, but, nothing daunted, he said: 'Mr. Dwarf, please tell me the way to the grotto of the magician.' Then something frightful happened. The dwarf with a large stick and the owls with their beaks began to beat and prod and maltreat the little fellow without ears in all sorts of fashions. 'Get out, you thief,' they cried. 'You have no right to take money which does not belong to you! And what are you going to do with the treasure of the mountain? You will buy marble taws to play with in the street instead of going to school.' Guignonet answered: 'The money may be taken, since it belongs to no one, and since the magician is reserving it for the bravest. And I assure you that it is not for buying marble taws that I want to get it, but that my father and mother may no longer have to go to bed without supper, and that they may be able to give alms to the mendicants who pass our house?' But these words were of no avail. The vile beasts and the dwarf continued to belabor the poor little boy, until, dazed by the blows of the stick and bleeding all over from the wounds inflicted by the owls' beaks, he tumbled down a precipice into a hollow which opened deep, deep underneath.

"Another one would have renounced his undertaking on account of the injustice that was done him; but not so Guignonet; he did not lose his courage a whit, and thought only of rendering a service to his father and mother.

"It was pitch dark in the hollow into which he had fallen and in this darkness there was a kind of beast that was blacker still, and had the ap-

pearance of a wolf; this wolf had a white bone between his teeth which he was chewing, so that it looked as though he had a big pipe in his mouth.

"Quoth the wolf: Get you gone, you miserable little scamp! I am the guardian of the treasure yonder underneath the stone and I am not going to let you take it.' But Guignonet jumped courageously upon the wolf, and found such strength in his desire to be useful that he overpowered the beast, raised the stone which hid the treasure, and then, instead of the gold and silver which he had expected to find there, he saw in a small open casket an infinite number of precious jewels so beautiful that a single one of them would have sufficed to make the fortune of several kings.

"While he was taking possession of this priceless box, so heavy that he had some difficulty in lifting it, the wolf arose and began to bite him; but Guignonet bore the pain like a brave little fellow, although the wolf's teeth were tearing away his skin, and thought only of his dear mother, who would now be able to dress like the finest ladies of the city and distribute soup every day to the mendicants who pass by.

"Yes, he was a remarkable little fellow, this Guignonet. His own suffering was a matter of indifference to him, provided he could make others happy thereby.

"Thus pursued and harassed by the wolf, which would not let go, he sought to find his way out of the cave, until he came to a very steep and very difficult cliff. But in the shadow all around him there was a crowd of creatures, men and beasts, which crowded around him and flew in the air shouting with all their might: 'Thief! thief! Here is a little boy who has committed a great crime.'

"He was very sad, Guignonet, because he feared that they would kill him; and it made him especially sad to see that everybody regarded him as bad. Recollecting, however, that he was now not far away from home, he thought with joy of how, on returning home, he would wake his parents: 'Father, mother! here is the treasure of the mountain which the magician kept in reserve for the bravest! I have found it, and I am bringing it to you; rejoice, eat and drink, and share with everybody the fortune that I have acquired at the peril of my life.'

"Alas! things were not to come to pass as well as the little boy without ears had hoped. Hishome was still far away, and now he saw distinctly by the light of the moon, which had just arisen, three big soldiers coming up the street.

and walking straight toward him. Their sabers and bayonets glistened in the moonlight; but what was most extraordinary about these three men was that they had under their helmets faces of dogs and that all three tranquilly smoked their pipes."

Old Blas had reached this point of his story when the sound of the electric bell arrested his attention; it was the signal for lowering the bridge.

He rose, but little Blas detained him.

"Were the soldiers real dogs, grandpa?"

"Yes, they were real dogs," answered old Blas. And knowing that it would be fifteen minutes before the train came, and as it took only a few minutes to lower the bridge, he continued:

"At least they looked like real dogs, but you know that in stories people are not always what they appear to be.

"As soon as the soldiers saw Guignonet they ran up to him and shouting: 'You are the fellow who robbed the traveller in the forest,' snatched away the casket from him. In vain the child without ears protested: 'You are mistaken, I am coming from the mountains; I am carrying this treasure which belongs to the bravest to my father and mother.' They paid no attention to his words, handcuffed him and dragged him to the town prison where he was put into a dark dungeon full of rats. The whole town was aroused. From the depth of his cell he heard them converse and say to each other: 'Ah! ah! they have got him, the little thief. Who could have believed it, that Guignonet, who always wore such an air of innocence, was a scamp of that description?' Guignonet wept, knowing well that he had no intention of doing any wrong, and that he was not guilty."

Old Blas rose. The shrill whistle of the locomotive pierced the air, while already at a distance were seen dark, curling clouds of smoke.

The old man ran up to the bridge, and, while the child remained behind playing with the pebbles, began hastily to turn the crank.

He heard behind him, still at a considerable distance, the heavy engine followed by a long train of cars puffing, panting and sputtering. It was an express train, and if old Blas had turned round he might have seen the heads of the passengers looking out through the windows to catch a glimpse of the mountains which they were about to traverse.

The bridge came down slowly and heavily and had already described about a third of its aerial descent.

Old Blas was not in a very great hurry; he had time; all was well.

Suddenly he heard a cry.

He recognized the voice; it was the voice of little Blas.

Playing at the edge of the river, on the sand and the pebbles, the child had slipped, rolled down and fallen into the water.

Heavens! He saw his grandchild, his darling, his joy, disappear in the current!

Old Blas was seventy-one years of age, but he was robust and a good swimmer. He released his hold of the crank and was about to jump into the river and save his grandchild whose head he now saw reappear further down the stream.

But the train was now very near, and was coming down at headlong speed. If old Blas did not let down the bridge completely the locomotive would dash against it there would be a terrible disaster—smashed cars, people wounded and dead.

The child reappeared again, still further down the river, calling for help and lifting his arms!

What was grandfather to do?

He seized the crank in the powerful grip of his two hands. Soon the bridge was down; and the locomotive and the cars rushed by with a thundering noise and disappeared into the tunnel, while the mountains in the distance reverberated with the din.

The train had passed; the child was dead.
Old Blas looked with the eyes of a madman at
the river which had taken away his little Blas.

#### IV. After the Accomplished Duty

He stood there dazed, regarding the deep water and the stream of the current.

His little Blas was drowned, his little Blas was dead!

Two things perplexed and tormented him: the impossibility of it and the reality of it!

What! Was he never to see again that pretty, merry face, those clear blue eyes in which smiled the sun? Was it possible that he should never again behold the beaming countenance, hear the cry of joy as the child chased the birds, or romped across the fields? Never more, never more! Poor old man!

Oh, he will run along the river, overtake the little body snatched away by the stream, leap in and seize it between his arms.

No, the river had too great a start of him; bodies are carried swiftly down the current, especially little bodies that are so light.

Then he had to remain here to watch the road and to give the signals; he had to remain at his post like a soldier; he had not even the consola-

tion of being able to see the pale corpse of his little grandson.

"Have I done well to put down the bridge? If I had left the crank and thrown myself at once into the river I could have saved the life of my poor dear child. The train would have been wrecked, a large number of the passengers would have perished; but what concern to me are the misfortune and distress of others? A grandfather should save his grandchild first. I was wrong in doing my duty."

He said this in his grief, but he thought, nevertheless, that he had done right. He had not hesitated between the life of his child and those of the men and women on the train.

Yes, but it was horrible none the less. He was in despair, and his heart grew faint.

He went to the little hut which was surrounded with flowers, looked at the narrow walks which he had laid out for the child to promenade in, and dropped down on the ground, touching with his old hands the still visible mark where the child had sat not long ago listening to his story. Then, as there still remained some daisies in his beard which the child had thrown, old Blas raised his beard, drew in their flavor, and kissed them with sobs which shook his whole body.

#### V. Old Blas' Courage Fails Him.

The setting sun reflected its red light upon the granite mountain; it was like a fire in the depth of a black mirror. Then the shadow mounted higher and higher, and a grand, dark silence ensued, in which old Blas heard only the sinister murmurs of the water.

It was the hour for him to return home. To return home without the child! Good God! what was he going to say to the mother?

He had taken a stick in the hut; he now had need of the support of a stick.

How cheerful had been the suppers before this, on his return home after a day's labor! Sometimes they emptied a bowl of cider, and the child, to whom the grandfather passed the best morsels from his plate, fell asleep in his high chair, contented, satiated, with cheeks plump and glistening.

Alas! What a supper was in store for them to-night!

The old man walked slowly, like one who did not wish to advance. He stopped occasionally leaning against a tree and wept bitter tears.

How was he to announce the catastrophe to the Cadijel to the father! How, with what words?

The cry of the mother on hearing him announce: "Little Blas is drowned!"—that pierc-

ing, terrible cry, it already echoed in his ears Antoine Perdigut would appear in the door and listen to the news. And not only would he see his daughter weep and his son-in-law pale, not only did he dread their poignant despair; what he dreaded above all were their reproaches which he foresaw he should have to meet.

He knew well that a father and a mother would not be able to understand him; they would not be able to enter into those considerations which had made him think of others before thinking of his own "You should have saved the child!" the Cadije will cry. "You should have let all those people whom we do not know die if need be!" Yes, that is what the Cadije would say, and the old man crushed in spirit by the catastrophe now thought that perhaps his daughter was right.

Heroic by instinct, and impelled on the impulse of the moment to do as duty dictated, he was not now certain that he had acted as he should have acted.

With drooping head and bent shoulders, as if carrying some heavy weight on them, he pushed along slowly, slowly. He wished that the farm were far away, ten miles, twenty miles, or that some high, impassable mountain intervened between him and his home.

No matter how slowly he proceeded, he reached the farm in the end after all, and although it was completely dark now, he doubled himself up, as he walked along the hedge, so as not to be seen. He remembered with what a cheerful spirit he had passed this place in the morning. He was so weak that he was scarcely able to push open the wooden gate; and he recoiled in fright at the noise of the chain of the startled dog.

He advanced to the other end of the yard. The door of the dining-room was wide open, and upon the bright table the soup was already steaming.

'The Cadije appeared in the doorway. "Hello, father!" she said with a good-natured smile. "What has become of your young legs? My man has already turned in. I have put the soup on the table, and you know it is good to eat only when it is hot. Hurry, father! I will have a bowl of cider brought up for you, to raise your spirits and stir your bright thoughts."

He approached timidly, hesitatingly, like a dog who expects to be whipped.

Antoine Perdigut was already seated at the table. "Have done with your talking!" he cried joyously. "Why, one can burst of hunger here."

This calm similar to that of all the other evenings, this return similar to all other returns, frightened old Blas. Ah, how all this will change, how they will cease to laugh, how they will cease to be hungry!

"But," said the mother, "tell me where is the little one?"

Now, at length, the dreaded moment had come; he could not hesitate any longer. He had to say: "The child is drowned!"

He raised his head, opened his mouth, and with a look of madness in his eyes gazed at the fresh, healthy, beaming Cadije as one might gaze at the face of death.

Finally he lowered his head and muttered through his beard:

"The child is over there, behind the hedges. He is looking for the bird's-nest there; he can't find it. That's the truth the honest truth. Wait a while, I am going to fetch him."

"Hello, little Blas!" called the mother.

"No, no, he will not hear you," said the old man, trembling all over. "He is afraid you will scold him because he is so late. I tell you that I am going to look for him myself. Wait a while, sit down at the table."

Then old Blas turned around, walked through the gate and closed it. When he was alone, he said to himself:

"No, really, I dare not, I cannot do it!"

And briskly, without any other thought than that he will not say the terrible word, that he will not see the mother's despair, not hear the father's malediction, he began to run through the plain, in the darkness, in the wind like a man who had committed a crime, or like a beast suddenly turned mad.

#### VI. The Cruelty of Men

The did not come back. He ran on and on through the plain, and slept that night on the stones a disturbed sleep full of horrible nightmares; and on rising he continued his flight again, thinking that he could never be far enough away. Far enough from the horrible river which had taken away his grandchild, and from the farm, his happy home, which was now turned into a home of sorrow.

Passing through a village he stopped he knew not where, and ate he knew not what which he bought with some of the few pennies he had in his pocket.

The people mistrusted him because he was very pale, and always kept looking behind him as though he was afraid of being pursued. One woman who was sowing lucern seeds, seeing him suddenly start on a run when he had passed the last house of the village, said to herself: "This

man must be carrying a heavy load on his conscience."

The next day he came to another valley where no one knew him—for the mountains of the Basque country form a sort of frontier which is rarely crossed—and as he had but a very few pennies left over, he asked of a laborer who was breaking stones on the road whether he also might not obtain the same kind of work and earn a living by it.

"An employment like mine," answered the workman, "cannot be obtained in a day. You must have some political pull for that. But if you are an honest man,—don't be offended for my saying this, there are many people who pass here who are not honest men—you may obtain work in the saw-mill, not far from here. They are looking for men there now, and although you do not seem to be very strong, you might get a job in the mill at something that does not require great strain of the muscles."

He followed this advice, inquired for the master of the establishment, asked for a position and was accepted; but he had some difficulties at first because he had no passport, and his appearance did not inspire confidence.

"I shall have to keep an eye on this old man," said the mill owner.

Days and weeks elapsed. The work of old Blas consisted in clearing away with a knife the sand and gravel which stuck to the paddles of the mill wheel. At first this work was extremely painful to him, on account of the roaring of the water all around him which filled him with horror. But gradually he grew reconciled to it. Old and doubled up, he would run his knife across the paddles with the air of a man who was thinking of something else, but who perhaps was thinking of nothing at all.

The death of his grandson had half killed him. He was scarcely aware that he was alive. He had few clear ideas, his mind was dim and obscure. His few thoughts all centered around little Blas: Little Blas was in the water, and that was the end of all; and now that they must have learned about it at the farm, his daughter and son-in-law were wailing and cursing him. It was as if his grief had deadened him with its own inertia.

Being in this condition he did not notice the looks that were cast at him by the other workmen. During the dinner hour no one spoke to him; but as he would doubtless not have heard them if they had addressed him, he took no note of this spiteful silence, and did not know the stories that were current about him.

They said of him that he was stone rich; that it happens often that a thief after having robbed the peasants goes to work as a common laborer for a time and tries to appear as a poor man in order to avoid suspicion. They suspected him of having committed a murder for the sake of robbery, because one evening, as he was sitting at the shore of the river and looking sadly at the flow of the current, he was heard to say: "Ah, my God! my God! my poor Blas, I have killed you!"

All these reports reached his master and he determined to make inquiries about him.

The peddlers who traveled from valley to valley knew many things, and they readily furnished him the desired information.

So that one fine day the mill owner summoned Blas, and as he was a stern man he said to him bluntly:

"You are discharged; you must go."

"Discharged?" cried the old man, dumb-founded. "Why?"

"Don't pretend that you do not understand. I know your story."

"Well, what then?" said Blas.

"Well," said his employer, "it is possible that you have not killed the little boy; I do not say that you have killed him. But then you went out with him, you were alone together, the child did not return home, and you escaped without saying anything to the parents."

Old Blas burst into tears.

Oh, God! So this is what they believed about him, that he had killed Blas, his little Blas, the child for whom he would have torn out one by one every hair from his beard, for whom he would have died twenty times in succession if it were only possible, who was all his life to him, all his joy, all his pleasure!

He wished to explain matters; but the story of the bridge did not appear very clear. That the child should have fallen into the river just at the moment when the train passed seemed improbable. Moreover, it seemed strange that a poor man, a peasant, who was scarcely able to read, should have been capable of such an act of heroism. It was simpler to regard him as culpable than to extol him to that pinnacle of virtue. He himself who had performed this sublime act naturally, without analyzing it, because it seemed to him that this was how he ought to act, did not render any account to himself of the sentiment that had impelled him; and he could not find words to explain himself. He grew confused, embarassed and almost ashamed.

"All this is possible," said the mill owner;

let us not discuss it. But it is not I who want to dismiss you. All the workingmen will leave if I retain you. There they are, speak to them yourself."

The workingmen entered, and their employer asked them whether they still insisted on his dismissal.

"Yes, yes," they all answered in one voice.
"We do not want him among us. We do not want to work with a man who has murdered a child. We do not want to sit with him at the table. The very sight of him makes us shudder. Go, go, old man, and never come acoss our way again or else, by heaven! you will have to settle with us."

Before this outbreak of indignation and threats old Blas stood with bent head as though he were a criminal indeed. With trembling hand he pushed the door open and walked away; and when he had walked some distance and turned round he saw all the workingmen standing at the door jeering at him and shaking their fists.

#### VII. The Cruelty of Things

He plunged into a mountain ravine, an old torrent bed that was dry at that season; the stones gave way under his heavy footsteps and made his progress difficult and painful.

Great God! How was this possible? He had lost little Blas, he had to abandon his comfortable home in his old age, and as if all this were not enough he was now regarded as a murderer!

Because he had fulfilled a terrible duty he was considered a criminal.

Oh, it was cruel, too cruel!

And he suffered the more, because he was in doubt himself as to whether he had acted well. Thus he wandered on with a heart torn with a thousand torments—without a halt, ever onward and onward.

Where should he turn? He was driven away from one place, he would be driven away everywhere. Should he return home? He dared not. How they must detest him, the Cadije and Antoine Perdigut, seeing that people who were neither the child's father nor mother hated him so cruelly. But is it not terrible, awful to walk one knows not wh'ther, with a heart full of pain, old, hungry, and without sleep? And without rebelling, humble and submissive, he nevertheless could not help finding that the world was cruel,—oh, how cruel!—to him, an old man.

Up, up he went. The stones rolled underneath his feet, the branches of the trees tore his face and became entangled in his hair. Maltreated by things as well as by men, he thought that he



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Edited by EDWARD J. WHEELER

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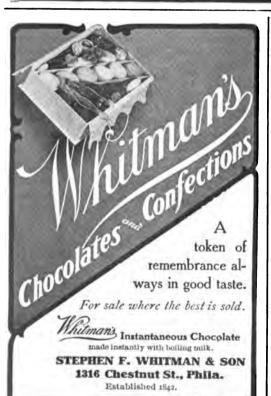
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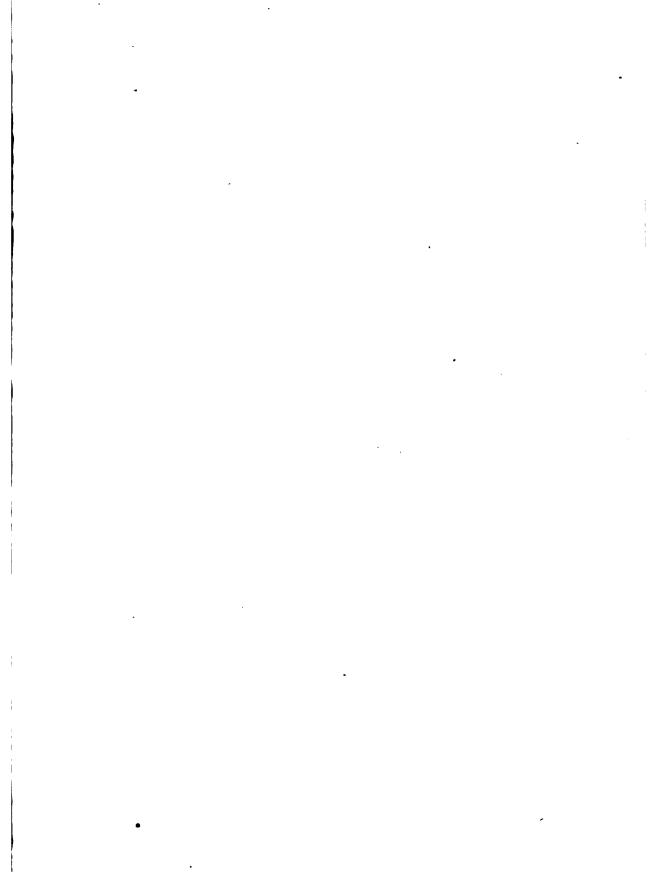
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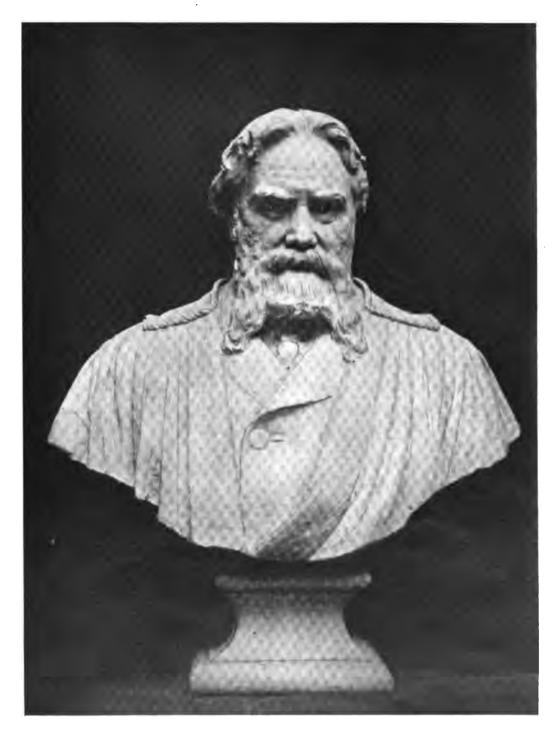
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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

This bust, still in the New York studio of the artist, Daniel C. French, has been executed in marble and is now being executed in bronze. It is to be placed in the front of Massachusetts Hall, Harvard University, by the class of 1883. The inscription, written by President Eliot, includes the following quotation from Lowell:

I, Freedom, dwell with knowledge. I abide With man by culture trained and fortified.

# **Current Literature**

VOL. XXXIX, No. 3

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor
Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey

SEPTEMBER, 1905

#### A Review of the World

THE peace conference in Portsmouth— "one of the most important international conferences within the last hundred years." as it has been termed—has reached no conclusive result at this writing. It has, however, lasted a fortnight, which is longer than many predicted it would last. The demands of Japan, submitted in writing, did not prove to be such as the Russian envoys were unwilling to discuss, and as we go to press an agreement is officially announced to have been reached on seven of the twelve articles in which those demands were couched. What these seven articles are or what the other five articles are is not officially revealed. but the conjectures of newspaper correspondents as to their nature are pretty close together. According to these, some of the subjects on which agreement has been reached are: the recognition of Japan's preponderating influence in Korea; the evacuation of Manchuria; the territorial integrity of China; the session to China of the Chinese Eastern Railway, from Harbin southward; the cession of Russian leases in the Liaotung Peninsula. On none of these questions, however, was any serious difficulty expected. The tug of war comes on other subjects. But no matter what the immediate outcome of the conference, says the Philadelphia Ledger, "the gathering will be one for historians to date from," for it "will mark in a peculiar way the advent of America in the field of world politics" and "it will be the first time in modern history that an Oriental nation has met one of the aggressive nations of the West on terms of equality."

All the bills of this momentous conference, if the correspondent of the New York *Press* is to be credited, are paid by a brewing establishment as an advertising investment! The envoys are the guests of the State of New Hampshire, which issued to them a formal invitation and which welcomed them

through its governor, but, according to *The Press* correspondent, "the State of New Hampshire has no funds to spend on the envoys, and so the Jones estate assumed the burden." We have seen no authoritative denial of this report. We hope one can be made.

NO vital interest of the United States is, of course, directly involved in the deliberations of the Peace Conference. That interest is for the most part humanitarian and sentimental; and the conference as a spectacle dwarfs all other events for the time being in American eyes. The sittings have been strictly secret; but each side has a considerable number of attachés, and these, together with the representatives of other nations, make up a picturesque and highly animated throng. We quote from the New York Sun:

"Surely never in this country, and never in the world since the close of the Dreyfus trial at Rheims, has there been such a convention of the lost legion, the wanderers of the world, as is going on now in the Hotel Wentworth. There is hardly a region on the face of the globe, except interior Tibet, where some one now quartered in this big white building has not been. East and West meet here. Nearly all the tongues of the world, even to the Pekinese dialect, are spoken in the big dining room.

There are the correspondents, first of all, and the hotel resounds with the babel of their languages. Energetic little Frenchmen talk over the tables on the back piazza with gray eyed calm faced Russians. Italians match their quick gestures with the lordly flourishes of Spaniards. At every other table some one is talking in deep, bubbling Russian. Most of these foreign journalists wear some decoration or other. The Frenchmen, almost to a man, sport the tiny red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. So do some of the Russians and Italians.

"The diplomatic corps in the staffs of the envoys have traveled almost as widely. Then there is a background of world wanderers attracted here by the convention. If you want to know the inside history of the Boer War, the Boxer Campaign, the English occupation of Samoa, the Dreyfus case or the Russian advance

on Afghanistan, you can find some one who can tell the story if he will only talk.

Add to the picture about one hundred American summer girls, full of interest in everything and not afraid to show it, and the spectacle is complete.

DRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S part in the conference and the way he has played it call forth many praises. The meeting of the envoys on board the Mayflower and their presentation to each other involved some delicate adjustments; but no misstep was noted. The conspicious part the navy was called on to perform is commended, as the navy, besides lending itself readily to a ceremonial affair of this sort, is the international arm of the nation, and therefore rightly conspicuous

in such an event. The personal bearing of the President himself was the subject of remark. "Never in his career," said the special correspondent of the Providence Journal, "did Mr. Roosevelt show to finer advantage" than at the meeting of the envoys. The Minneapolis Tribune says:

"He has been seen at his best all through these tedious and delicate negotiations for peace. The openness, sincerity and earnestness of his endeavor are too much a part of the man to sur-prise. The instinctive skill and native dignity of it surprise only those who have observed a few of the aspects of the many-sided man. No aristocratic heir of generations of public station, trained from youth in diplomatic courtesies, could have carried on the negotiations with more unfailing tact and impressive dignity. This is the spontaneous testimony of foreigners brought in contact with an American president in this new relation.

The Philadelphia Ledger says editorially of the Mayflower ceremonies that "not a single false note has been struck":

There was no lack of the spectacular in the arrangements for the arrival of the Japanese and Russia envoys, and the navy was wisely chosen for this duty; but in the essential part of the day's programme—the bringing of the peace plenipotentiaries face to face for the first time—the President's almost brusque cordiality and natural heartiness cut the Gordian knot of diplomatic reserve, and at once put the Russians and Japanese at their ease. Mr. Rcosevelt's unceremonious but hospitable Come, now, let's go to lunch, was characteristic not only of the man, but also of the people whose guests the envoys now are. In the whole delicate proceedings leading up to the conference not a single false note has been struck, and the events of Saturday were thoroughly in keeping with the record thus far, a record in which Americans may well take pride.'

The New York Tribune also speaks to the same purport: "There has been no false note. No office could have been more delicate than that of intervening between the two proud and sensitive belligerents, but on neither side has there been the slightest intimation of anything other than the perfect acceptability of the President's overtures."



"COME TO TERMS, YOU TWO! THE PEACE ANGEL IS LOOKING AT

-Kladderadatsch (Berlin)



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#### THE PEACEMAKERS AND THE MAN WHO BROUGHT THEM HERE

Observe that all the plenipotentiaries are without decorations and wear frock coats. Note that President Roosevelt has his hat off, although as chief of state he could keep it on, while etiquette would require the others to remain accovered until the President told them to put their hats on.

MR. WITTE'S cordial reception by the American people is said to have surprised and perplexed court circles in St. Petersburg. But there is little or nothing to show that this cordiality means anything more than a recognition of the fact that he is a big man in many senses. He is not a diplomat, it is said, but his course since landing in America has been diplomatic in the best sense. The Baltimore Sun says of him:

"M. Witte, by his conduct since landing in the

United States, has been increasing the good will and respect which our people have always entertained for him. He is courteous, affable and altogether sensible. He has been meeting the people, seeing the sights and, as told in The Sun on Friday, he made a trip through the East Side in New York city, going a good part of the way afoot and mixing with the throngs in the crowded streets. In this part of New York live thousands of Russians who have taken refuge in this country. It is likely that these people, while they love their country, hate its despotic methods with a bitter hatred, and it was, perhaps, an act



HENRY W. DENISON

An American who has been adviser in the Japanese Foreign Office for twenty-five years. He is with the Plenipotentiaries

requiring some courage for the Czar's respresentative to mingle with them."

But this regard for Witte does not extend to the government he represents, if the press of the country is a correct index of the popular feeling. Even on the question of maintaining the secrecy of the peace negotiations, which has been cleverly raised by Witte, the Japanese position is defended. The New York *Times* says on this subject:

"Russia is at present seeking sympathy and support from the other nations. She wishes naturally to get the best terms she possibly can, if she is to make peace. Her envoy thinks, not without reason, that the general desire throughout the world is so strong for peace that a running discussion of the negotiations would be in her favor. Any impediment to peace would arouse opposition, and M. Witte probably thinks he could present the harshness of the Japanese terms as such impediment. But the Japanese are only maintaining the position they assumed the moment peace began to be talked of—namely, that the

terms must be settled between the contestants without intervention or influence from the outside. They are conducting the negotiations at Portsmouth as they have conducted their campaigns, in their own way, and they exclude the correspondents from the conference as they shut them out from their camps."

The New York Evening Post also recognizes that Mr. Witte "is showing great perspicacity in his angling for American favor" by expressing his regret that he can not let the public know everything that is going on; but it adds, "secrecy is essential to success in such a delicate piece of diplomacy."

MERICAN public opinion has generally missed one fundamental feature of the peace conference. In form the conference is between the plenipotentiaries of the empire of Mutsuhito and the empire of Nicholas II only. In fact, there are many participants in the negotiations besides the representatives of Japan and of Russia. The British ambassador is profoundly influential in all that is taking place. The diplomatic representative of the French republic is consulted. many's, or rather Emperor William's, man in Washington is the busiest of mortals in his careful obedience to those detailed instructions which, unless well-informed European organs have conspired to deceive the world, the Berlin Foreign Office has transmitted to him. China has her envoy to "watch" the negotiators, and even Korea has played her feeble part in the transformation of what was nominally a bipartite confabulation into what is actually an international "deal." These things, as the Paris Journal des Débats



TICKLISH BUSINESS

—New York Herald

says, are happening "behind the scenes," but the world audience may rest assured that the mechanism of the piece is not the less elaborate for remaining unseen. The situation, aver London dailies, plays into the hands of the Russians. "The more the merrier." they are presumed to think. To Japan it is, on the contrary, excessively unpalatable. She had her taste of joint European action when three Continental powers "advised" her ten years ago to abandon Port Arthur. We are even told by an exceptionally well-informed writer in the Vienna Neue Freie Presse that ultimate failure in the negotiations, if it ensues, will have to be attributed to the practical refusal of a certain unnamed European potentate to accept a hint that the terms discussed at the daily meetings of Messrs. Witte, Rosen, Takahira and Komura were none of his business.

TWO questions—that of indemnity and that of cession of territory—have been the stumbling-blocks in negotiation from the first. There seems practical agreement on this head, although points of detail are disputed. Russia's aim is to throw responsibility for the presence of stumbling-blocks upon Japan. Japan retorts that Russia created the hugest stumbling-block by giving China some sort of standing in the conference—a standing which afforded a loophole for other powers to invade the conference. Peking at the outset formally "demanded" leave to send a representative to the New Hampshire meeting. There were one or two



ENLARGING THE BOUNDARIES

--Brooklyn Eagle



A. SATO

He is a member of the staff of the Japanese peace plenipotentiaries at Portsmouth, N, H., and to him has been assigned the task of talking to newspaper reporters.

Iapanese organs which thought this demand a reasonable one, in view of the necessity of safeguarding the interests of the Chinese inhabitants of Manchuria. official Japan curtly refused to entertain the demand. She would talk peace with Russia. and with no other power. Russia, who had received the Chinese demand, sent a reply which the Paris Figaro itself conceded to be "ominous." Peking had told St. Petersburg that the mandarins would refuse to recognize any arrangements regarding Chinese interests made at the peace conference unless China had herself been consulted beforehand. Russia replied that the negotiations would be conducted by her plenipotentiaries with the plenipotentiaries of Japan only, inasmuch as the war had been between Russia and Japan. "At the same time," ran the official communication, "Russia, who is in relations of friendship with China, recognizes that the Chinese government is interested in certain of the questions under discussion between the belligerents." When St. Petersburg sent those words to Peking-according to the Indépendance Belge (Brussels), expert in reading the Russian diplomatic mind—the first board had been planed for the coffin of peace.

N THE part allotted to China in the course of peace negotiations everything turned from the start, so asserts the London Times, and its judgment is confirmed by the Vienna Zeit, the Paris Temps and equally weighty organs of European opinion, although they reach the same conclusions by different routes. To the British daily it appeared plain that when Russia said she recognized how profoundly China was "interested" she opened a door through which all Europe might rush upon Portsmouth. Russia's statement to China was "in one sense a platitude," but "it is not the habit of Russian diplomatists to utter platitudes without a purpose." And it seemed to the London Times additionally strange that just at the moment when Mr. Witte started for Paris the St. Petersburg Novosti, "which is sometimes used to say what the Russian Foreign Office wishes to have said," should have become concerned on the subject of China as "the lawful owner of Manchuria." It predicted that the subjects of Manchuria and Korea would occasion complications innumerable in hilly New Hampshire. After all, urged the Novosti, neither Japan nor Russia had the right to dispose of either Manchuria or Korea. "It is a pity," retorts the London Times, "that the force of this reasoning did not appeal to Russia until now, when she is almost entirely expelled from Korea, when she is completely driven out of southern Manchuria and when her enforced retreat from the rest of that Chinese province appears to be only a matter of time." But the point to note, according to the Paris Humanité, weightiest of those French dailies which are anti-Russian in world politics, is that if China gains any standing in the conclusion of peace, Germany must have a standing, France must have a standing, everybody must have a standing. That. adds the Paris Gaulois, is one reason why President Roosevelt's position is so "delicate." He had guaranteed a conference exclusively confined to Russia and Japan. Has he kept his pledge?

STUMBLING-BLOCKS to peace are discerned in different directions by the organs of different nations. German organs of the official stamp declare that Japan is the stumbling-block because she insists upon an indemnity, because she wishes to inflict upon Russia "humiliation" in the form of territorial concessions, and because she rejects

proffers of an alliance between Tokyo and St. Petersburg. Japan's friends in the British press remind us that the obstacle to the world's peace is now "an autocracy where the gravest decisions hang upon the whims of an individual." Nicholas II's entire reign has demonstrated that his solution of "even the most serious problems is largely." swayed by his feelings of the moment," and we have to remember that ample as the powers of his plenipotentiaries may be, the final decision on crucial points must come from him. "Even if Mr. Witte is invested with plenipotentiary powers," declares the London Spectator, "the Czar must still ratify the treaty." The Paris Temps has been given to understand that Mr. Witte's instructions embrace only "foreseen contingencies," and it expects that days may be lost in referring to St. Petersburg for decisions on unexpected points which will inevitably arise. It remains to be seen how thoroughly the negotiators in New Hampshire will give the lie to such intimations by framing a treaty with despatch and then dispersing.

ILL peace ensue even if the "stumbling-blocks" and the "obstacles" of which so much is made in Europe turn out to be imaginary, and if a treaty is drawn up and signed in Portsmouth or in Washington? Not at all, we are assured by the pessimists in The Czar, they go on to foreign capitals. say, must ratify. But who can guarantee the mood of the grand ducal clique when the document presents itself? Yet, leaving aside the St. Petersburg part of the difficulty and the Tokyo end of the line, we have to consider the Berlin point of view. William II can prevent any peace which does not afford some sort of guarantee for his territorial acquisition in China. France may side with him, for she, too, wants "guarantees" for Indo-China. Now any arrangement recognizing Germany's position in a certain Chinese province—the recognition may be indirect or implied, probably would be-would be rejected out of hand by Tokyo. German official prints insist that the treaty between Japan and Russia must necessarily be submitted for approval to the London Foreign Office, a feature of the situation which no important English daily denies. Hence, as the Paris Matin tells us, the treaty would have to be ratified in five capitals, not one of them agreeing upon what the text of



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M. WITTE AND BARON ROSEN ON THE DECK OF THE MAYFLOWER



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BARON KOMURA COMES ABOARD

"Baron Komura and Minister Takahira led their suite, which consisted, in all, of fourteen persons. When they boarded the Mayflower the band struck up the national air of Nippon in their honor."

the document ought to be. "Even the optimists grow pale."

SSUMING that final ratification of a Russo-Japanese peace is permitted by these five discordant capitals, the possibility of a conference of the powers will continue imminent. That statement is made on high authority and repeated in the London Standard and the Berlin Post. What Messrs. Witte, Rosen, Takahira and Komura are to decide is simply whether the war shall continue. So declare Russian organs, and even London organs concede as much. Hence the conclusion of peace will leave a concatenation of international issues "in the air." There must be a conference of the powers William II is said to have accordingly. decided upon that. He forced a Morocco conference upon the world and, if his enemies in the press of western Europe interpret him justly, he has no doubt of his ability to bring about a world conference on the subject of the Far East. This may be made by Russia a condition precedent to termination of the war.

A N American adviser will be consulted by the Japanese plenipotentiaries on every point of importance before peace terms are arranged. His name is Henry W. Denison, and he is the most honored and the least known of those many Americans who have played so conspicuous a part in the transformation of Dai Nippon into modern Japan. He has been adviser on foreign affairs to the Tokyo Foreign Office for over twenty-five years. He went as United States vice-consul to Yokohama in 1860. Some years later, having mastered the intricacies of local clan law, he opened an office as a practising attorney in the Mikado's dominions. His period of practice was in the old days before the "extra-territoriality"



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MR. WITTE ARRIVES

"The Russians looked like giants in comparison with the little Japs. They were all of them fairly large men, but Mr. Witte loomed high above them all."



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PEACE CONFERENCE IN SESSION

Russians from left to right: C. Berg, M. Pokotiloff, M. Witte, Baron Rosen, and M. Nobokoff.

Japanese from left to right: M. Adatchi, Mr. Otchiai, Baron Komura, Minister Takihira, and A. Sato.

of Japan was made obsolete by the recognition of the powers that the Mikado's judges were civilized enough to administer law to foreigners as well as to natives. In 1880 Mr. Denison was offered and accepted his responsible post of diplomatic adviser to the statesmen of Japan.

This American has been trusted implicitly by the elder statesmen, as Japan's veteran group with Ito at their head is known. The elder statesmen made him, in a sense, one of their number. Last May, the twentyfifth anniversary of Mr. Denison's tenure of his advisory post was celebrated by Baron Komura with a banquet. The elder statesmen and Japanese diplomatists of renown were guests. Mr. Denison announced then that he wished to return to his native land and end his days there. His only near relatives are the family of a brother living in the United States. Conspicuous as Mr. Denison's services have been, he is known, even by name, only to those who have first-hand information regarding the inner history of Japan's rise as a great power. One looks for his name in vain through the pages of many a work on modern Japan.

THE fight against yellow fever in Louisiana and neighboring States has assumed serious proportions, such as, it was hoped, would never again be rendered necessary on soil of the United States. The number of cases passed the thousand mark in the middle of August, reaching a larger total than during the visitation in 1897 for the same length of time, though the death-rate is much smaller this year. The disease is supposed to have entered New Orleans from a Central American port, starting among the Italians in the old French quarter of the city, where it has always made its start, and at this writing has spread to Mississippi and Alabama. One of the first results was the establishment of shotgun quarantine in various towns of Louisiana. The laws of the State provide not only for a State health board, but for a multitude of local boards, and the effect of the first panicky feeling was both

tragic and grotesque. Judge Gaudel, after holding court in the Jefferson Parish, tried to return to his home in St. John. He had a certificate from the health board of Jefferson, but it was not recognized by the local authorities in St. John, and he "was brutally assaulted" by illiterate guards and taken to a detention station, where he found, entirely unprotected from the rain, his daughter-inlaw, in feeble health, and a child, both manacled! A despatch of August 4 reported that "probably one-fifth of Louisiana is to-day without mail service," owing to the quarantine, some of the parishes (Caddo Parish one of them, containing the second largest city of the State—Shreveport) refusing to allow any trains whatever to enter its limits. A car-load of disinfectants was sent to Wesson and the authorities refused to accept it until the disinfectants were disinfected! Patterson was found maintaining a shotgun quarantine against the rest of the parish of St. Mary, when it had nineteen cases itself and there was not a case in the rest of the parish. Some of the parishes (Calcasieu was one of them) prohibited even through trains from entering their limits and several railroads were compelled for a time to suspend operations. situation early in August was described by the New Orleans Times-Democrat as follows:

"The present trouble is largely due to the excessive number of Boards of Health in the Southwest. There are not only State Health Boards, but boards in every county, in every town and, indeed, in every ward. No two of them agree on any important point, and of the thousand or more quarantine orders issued during the past week, no two are the same in the time of detention, manner of disinfection or fumigation and in other particulars."

A CLASH between two States—Louisiana and Mississippi—occurred as a result of the latter's attempts to enforce quarantine regulations, and the clash assumed at one time very much the appearance of an actual war. The two governors, Blanchard and Vardaman, were sending rather fiery communications to each other, small ships with cannon mounted on their decks and militia on board were hunting each other in the waters near the boundary-lines, and though no blood was shed, prisoners of war were taken. Here is an instance related in a special to the New York Times:

"The Louisiana Naval Reserves to-day captured or drove from the Louisiana lakes the entire force of the Mississippi quarantine patrol.

The crews of the two boats captured—the Grace and the Tipsey—are in the parish prison of St. Bernard parish, below the city, under charges ranging from piracy to assault and battery. The capture of the Tipsey was a dramatic incident. At dawn the little gasoline launch Tom, with a squad of Naval Reserve men on board, slipped down to the mouth of Lake Borgne Canal, where a Mississippi boat was reported to be in hiding, on the watch for Italian fishermen. The Tipsey hailed the Tom, commanding her to stop. Some Mississippians entered a launch and boarded the Tom, where the Naval Reserves had concealed themselves under the rail. The Mississippians came on board and were promptly captured, and the guns on the launch were then trained on the Mississippi craft, which quickly surrendered."

The clash ended, before reaching the tragic stage, when the Federal authorities took charge of Louisiana's quarantine affairs; but reflections of a rather serious nature have been aroused as to the powers of the Federal Government to restore peace and order if two States should reach the point of actual warfare with each other.

CENSURE for New Orleans and for her inadequate preventive measures is quite general in the comment that is made on the situation by experts and in the press of other States. Dr. John Guiteras, "an eminent Cuban physician and yellow fever expert," is reported as saying early this month:

"It is too late now to fight yellow fever in New Orleans on the basis of mosquito conveyance. The time to begin it should have been in 1902, at the meeting of the American Public Health Association in New Orleans, when everything was done to persuade the health authorities of Louisiana to prepare to meet yellow fever on the mosquito basis. They were asked in vain to institute an educational campaign. Every year since then I have pleaded with them and I have repeatedly demonstrated to them that there was no way of transmission of the disease except through the mosquito."

The New Orleans Times-Democrat admits that New Orleans is paying a big price for its "unfortunate refusal to act as Havana, Vera Cruz, Galveston and other towns liable to the disease have done." It says further of the mosquito theory:

"It has been impossible in the past to interest our people in this petty, troublesome and dangerous insect. For nearly three years Dr. Kohnke has preached on this subject, but he proved a Cassandra. The Times-Democrate equally failed to arouse the popular interest by a dozen or more articles, and even the several women's clubs, which pledged their assistance to carry on a campaign of education and arouse the people to the importance of getting rid of this danger, met with comparatively little success. The great mass of the people refused to believe,

refused to investigate or even to listen to a discussion of the question. The council rejected an ordinance which proposed to protect New Orleans from its swarms of mosquitoes, as Galveston, San Antonio, Laredo and other mosquito-infested towns had protected themselves—in all of which places ordinances identical with that rejected in New Orleans were promptly passed on the suggestion of the health authorities that it was not only a convenience and comfort to the people, but necessary for the preservation of the public health."

The New York *Tribune*, which defends, the action of the authorities of other states, including Mississippi, in prompt and rigid quarantine against New Orleans, says:

"United States officials are said to have reported nearly two months ago to the health board of the Crescent City that there were cases of fever in Belize and Port Cortez. Prevention is infinitely better than cure, and if all vessels from those ports had been obliged to wait a few days before coming to their wharves New Orleans would probably have secured absolute immunity."

Again it says still more severely, referring more especially to the business losses of the city: "New Orleans has treated the rest of Louisiana outrageously in allowing yellow fever to get a foothold within her limits. She deserves all the punishment she is getting."

The Springfield Republican takes much the same view. It says:

"The present visitation of the disease in New Orleans constitutes a municipal crime, from one point of view, because the new knowledge that was available in effectively combating the fever and its spread in the earliest stages was indifferently regarded not only by the public but by the city government itself. The episode is another illustration of the shiftless character of municipal government in so many American cities. New Orleans has been very insistent in its demands that Havana should be subjected to the strictest sort of sanitary control by the Spanish and then by the Cuban government, but, as for itself, it has gone along in an easy style, neglectful of the very measures which Havana has had forced upon it. Only a death roll of victims could apparently arouse New Orleans to the performance of its own duty. The lesson is a bitter one, and not the least galling phase of it is that Havana, once the acknowledged pest hole of the western hemisphere, whose incessant yellow fever epidemics were considered by many of our citizens as good ground for American protest against Spanish rule, now presents a clean bill of health and maintains a strict quarantine against the leading American port of the gulf

The life of Archbishop Chapelle, probably the most distinguished resident of New Orleans, is part of the price the city has already paid for its alleged remissness of duty. His death is attributed to his "brave zeal in the performance of duty among the residents in the infected quarter." The loss of life is, however, but a part of the loss entailed by a disease of this kind. As the Baltimore *Herald* observes, "the economic aspect of an epidemic is hardly less serious than its mortuary. Horrible as is the death-list that is rolled up in indictment against the grim scavenger, the monetary loss assumes scarcely less grave proportions."

THE entrance of the Federal authorities upon the scene at New Orleans has been unattended by friction, except that arising locally from changes in quarantine regulations. Control of affairs was taken at the request of the people and the government of the city and the State, and hardly a protest has been raised on the score of "state sovereignty." The New Orleans *Picayune* is struck by this fact. Recalling the fight made some years ago to prevent the State sanitary service from being turned over to the national board of health, it says:

"Now we rush into the arms of Uncle Sam, and are only too happy if we can trade our out-of-date democratic state sovereignty trumpery for relief from the responsibility of a plain duty and for money enough for a temporary sanitation of the city. Truly times change."

The Cleveland Plain Dealer (a Democratic paper) refers to the Federal authority in quarantine matters as follows:



A CHANGE OF STEED

The medical profession of New Orleans has accepted the theory that yellow fever is transmitted by the mosquito.

—News Item

—Toledo Times-Bee

"The right of the United States to interfere is based on the quarantine law enacted by Congress in 1893, and which was passed under the influence of the great cholera scare in New York just previous. It provides for the establishment of quarantine rules and regulations, which are to be promulgated by the secretary of the treasury and enforced by the sanitary authorities of the states and municipalities, and if these fail or refuse to execute and enforce them it is provided that 'the President shall execute and enforce the same and adopt such measures as in his judgment shall be necessary to prevent the introduction or spread of such diseases, and may detail or appoint officers for that purpose.'"

The Chattanooga *Times* thinks that Congress should confer additional powers on the President, enabling him to take the initiative at any time when an epidemic prevails, "establish the necessary quarantine and in all things perform the functions of a public protector." The *Public Ledger* (Philadelphia) comments as follows:

"The extension of the Federal quarantine authority has been very gradual, and has been resisted by State jealousy, just as the jealousy of borough officialdom has resisted the sanitary authority of the State. It is a sign of progress that such a representative Southern State as Louisiana should be among the first to put its sanitary work under the direction of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, which is better equipped for this particular emergency than any individual State can be."

The New York Sun gives an editorial résumé of the progress made in the last thirty years in conferring greater and greater powers upon the Federal authorities in quarantine matters, and concludes its résumé by asking questions:

"Is there any doubt that the United States Government can, if it please, establish and maintain a complete system of quarantine at every port and at every point on every State frontier, duplicating, and if necessary superseding and overriding all State establishments for quarantine? And how soon will this be expedient or necessary?"

THE methods of combating yellow fever now employed are based upon the theory, very confidently maintained by experts, that the disease is due to mosquitoes. The Medical News (New York) describes the particular variety of mosquito to which the spread of the disease is due. It says:

"To be sure the identity of the specific organism is still a matter of dispute, but whatever it is the mosquito is an essential factor in its life history. The stegomyia fasciata is essentially a house mosquito and is seldom conveyed aerially more than a hundred yards, unless by strong currents of wind. It breeds in cisterns, water jars and pools. It will not feed in strong sunlight

nor in the dark. It will live for 154 days or longer unless deprived of water, when it succumbs within five or six days. The distribution is general from 36 degrees north to 35 degrees south latitude on the eastern coast of America. On the western coast it is present at Panama, Guayaquil and probably from the latter place to Acapulco. In the United States it is found all along the coast and the low plains of all the Southern States except Maryland."

Sir Patrick Manson, of England, who is physician and medical adviser to the British Colonial Office, and who came to this country a fortnight ago to deliver a series of lectures in Cooper Union on "tropical diseases," is quoted as saying, "Next to whisky, mosquitoes are the greatest curse to mankind." He is very positive that the only way of transmitting the disease is through the stegomyia, and he says of this and other varieties of the bothersome little insect:

"We are yet in the infancy of the discoveries of the transmission of such diseases by insects, but in the matter of yellow fever infection all credit should be given to the Yankees, who went ahead of our eminent men and demonstrated that the stegomyia was the vehicle that caused all the trouble. Therefore, I repeat, keep out the mosquitos—the stegomyia, the yellow fever carrier, the anopheles, the malaria breeder—and do not despise the health-destroying powers of the culex, the common fellow who is so plentiful and persistent in the majority of places. He can transmit disease readily, and there is no doubt that this common mosquito is the first cause of many serious and sometimes fatal illnesses. Take no chances, but keep them all out of your homes and business offices."

The methods now being employed in New Orleans, are in accordance with this mosquito theory. Dr. J. H. White, of the Marine Hospital Service, who now has charge in New Orleans, says, "We are fumigating only to kill mosquitoes," and adds that if any fumigation of freight is wanted, somebody else will have to attend to it, as he will not, considering it entirely needless.

THE election in New York City this fall has already had injected into it a principle that is attracting national attention. Mr. William Travers Jerome has been saying things that have been said time and again by other men; but he has said them in a way that compels attention, and hardly a man in the country, aside from the President and the peace plenipotentiaries, has been more amply editorialized, so to speak, during the last few weeks. Mr. Jerome, it is hardly necessary to say, is the district attorney of New York County. He was elected in 1901,



Toppright, 1888, by Vander Woydo, New York WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME "The only District Attorney in the country who is a national figure."

on the fusion ticket, and his "whirlwind campaign" in denunciation of Tammany Hall was thought to be the strongest single factor that insured the election of that ticket, with Seth Low at its head. The office of district attorney is a county office, the term being four years. The four years are up January 1 next. Mr. Jerome's recent moving talk is anent that fact. He wants to be re-elected and he says so; but he is particular as to the manner of his re-election. He speaks his mind as follows:

"It seems to me that the issues which divide the people in national political affairs have no real application to the questions which arise in state or local affairs. It seems to me that one of the greatest evils of the present time is that small groups of men have, and not infrequently a single man has, obtained control of the executive machinery of party organizations and nominating conventions and stand between the public servant and the voters. The public officer, as a consequence, frequently feels no responsibility to the people, but only to those who can secure for him a return to office or future promotion. In the exercise of their power such men and groups of men are wholly selfish, almost entirely irresponsible, and not infrequently corrupt. man who works with such a group and receives favors at their hands comes under implicit obligations which cannot honorably be disregarded. He cannot take office by their favor and still be free to deal with them and their demands as obedience to his oath of office requires.

Consequently Mr. Jerome announces that he wants a renomination by petition, not from party organizations. Again he sounds the same slogan:

"The big thing is to break down the evil solidarity of the political machines and to go over the heads of the groups of men who control these machines, or the bosses, directly to the people. To my mind, this is the appropriate time to make the test. In advocating this principle, I hope to create discussion all over the country, especially of local political affairs. What I want to bring out is whether the people are politically free or subservient to the one-man power."

THE reception given to this declaration is warm and enthusiastic as far as it goes, and it goes very far. The independent papers especially have spoken of it in terms of elation. "Politicians generally are aghast at Mr. Jerome's temerity," says the Pittsburg Dispatch. "It is almost comic, the way in which Mr. Jerome has frightened the bosses and reduced them to silence," says the New York Evening Post. "All shades of political opinion are merged in the growing chorus of approval," says the New York World, which has promptly set about the

task of securing the 2,000 petitions necessary to place his name on the ballot by petition. So far as the New York press is concerned, it is evident that Mr. Jerome will have plenty of support. In addition to *The Evening Post* and *The World*, already quoted, we find *The Herald* giving a guarded endorsement as follows:

"His conduct of the District Attorney's office has been dramatic and picturesque and the public is now familiar with his dominant characteristics. He has a great many good qualities and also many bad ones. Whatever may be his peculiarities and shortcomings the people are convinced that he has been an honest District Attorney and honesty in that office is of supreme importance."

The Times begins an editorial by saying: "District Attorney Jerome ought to be renominated this Fall by all the political parties. His renomination and re-election should be brought about as it were spontaneously by the general consent and will of all right-thinking men." But The Times proceeds to analyze the situation, and fears that as an independent nominee, running against both a Republican and a Tammany candidate, he "would make a very poor showing." The Journal of Commerce thinks Jerome "is aiming pointblank at the greatest evil in our local politics" and his experiment "will be awaited with keen interest by those who long for emancipation from the rule of 'graft."" Other opinions favorable to Jerome have been expressed by Edward M. Shepard (Tammany's candidate for mayor in 1901), W. D. Hornblower (chairman of the latest Democratic convention of New York State), Cornelius N. Bliss (ex-treasurer of the Republican National Committee), Bishop Potter, Dr. Abbott and others. Mr. S. S. McClure pronounces Jerome "the best public official the East has seen in twenty years." Robert Fulton Cutting, head of the Citizen's Union, hopes that Mr. Jerome will consent to accept the nomination for mayor.

BUT Mr. Jerome does not lack for critics. The Mail thinks the election of the right kind of mayor is even more important than the re-election of Mr. Jerome as District Attorney, and that what is needed from Mr. Jerome is "team play" that will insure victory for a fusion ticket, not for Mr. Jerome alone. It says:

"The District Attorney's attitude is magnificent, but it is not war; it is single combat. We know not which would more be deplored—the

success of Mr. Jerome in a tour de force that would make his name ring from Atlantic to Pacific, while the fusion cause, deprived of the loyal co-operation and subordination which it has a right to demand of all its friends, collapses and the Tammany enemy easily triumphs again; or the overwhelming defeat of Mr. Jerome, brought about by his impatience of organized support, with the reflection that he had wasted his great strength with the people and squandered his usefulness in the espousal of a picturesque off-side theory."

The Evening Journal, owned by Mr. Hearst, who is thought by some to be nursing a candidacy for the mayoralty this fall on an independent municipal ownership platform, has set itself earnestly to work to discredit Jerome. Its chief objection is to what it terms "the aerial Gulf Stream of his talk," and it says:

"Mr. Jerome is paid a salary to prosecute criminals in New York City. What does he do? Recently we heard of him out in Kansas, advertising himself in the West, and, incidentally, distressing Kansas City by displaying a decided lack of that 'good breeding' about which he talks so much. Next we find him talking again at Chautauqua. And following on that comes the announcement that he is going off 'to rest' for a month. We admit that this country is not blessed with the very highest class of office-holders that could be imagined. But do the people feel really in need of a public official who, instead of prosecuting criminals, alternately talks himself tired, then rests, then talks himself tired again?"

THE issue raised by Mr. Jerome is not, however, a merely local issue. It has been taken up all over the country as he hoped it would and is viewed by many important journals as fundamental. The Springfield Republican thinks his effort "cannot fail to be invigorating and inspiring to civic virtue." The Boston Herald says:

"His cause is the crying issue of the time, and is the cause of the people. If the people stand behind Mr. Jerome, his success will mean much more than his personal triumph, much more than the continuance in office of a faithful and effective district attorney. It will mean, among other things, the entrance eventually into public life of a large company of honest and able men who are now refused any participation whatever in the public business by as low, as unintelligent and as corrupt a company of public plunderers as ever disgraced a government by their presence in its places of influence and power."

The Cleveland Plain Dealer thinks his note a winning one:

"This may smack of Quixotism to the professional politician but the people are more than likely to see in it something rare and fine and strong. All that Jerome wants is to be his own master; to be free to do his duty to the public and at the same time not incur the reproach of

ingratitude toward a political creator. If this challenge to the bosses and appeal to the people is appreciated and sustained by the public a severe blow will be struck at the system responsible for most of the grafting and bad government in general of which the people complain."

Discussion of Jerome's personality is mixed up with that of his issue, and the speech which he made a few days ago at Chautauqua, assailing many public men by name—Senators Clark, Mitchell, Burton and Depew, and ex-Governors Odell and Hill—and criticizing Carnegie's library benefactions, has elicited even from friendly journals criticism of his disposition to pull a cat out of a barrel by the tail just to hear it squall.

SECRETARY TAFT'S visit to the Philippines seems from cabled reports to have been a social and a political success. The banquets were all that could have been desired, and the reception accorded the Secretary himself leads one New York paper to remark that "it is quite evident that Mr. Taft has quite replaced Don Emilio Aguinaldo as the Filipino demigod." More important still, it seems, is the political effect of the visit, not upon the Filipinos but upon the visiting American statesmen. The New York Evening Post refers to the results in this line as "absolutely dizzying." What some of



SECRETARY TAFT BEFORE THE GREAT BUDDHA

<sup>&</sup>quot;I remind myself of Napoleon before the sphinx. I wonder if he could tell me who is to be the next president of the United States of America."

—Chicago Tribune

these results are said to be is indicated in the following editorial comment from the New York Times:

"Next to the remarkable speech of Bourke Cockran in Manila, in which he accepted the policy of the Administration as the best practicable under the existing circumstances, the most noteworthy incident of Secretary Taft's visit is the declaration by Mr. Grosvenor, one of the Big Four in the management of the House of Representatives, that a bill for free trade with the Philippines will be introduced early in the next session, and will probably be enacted promptly. Mr. Grosvenor has been one of the most stubborn of the protectionist opponents of all concessions to the Filipinos in tariff taxation. His change of opinion—in the good old religious sense, it might be called a change of heart—is extremely significant. For one thing, it is a tribute to the patience, firmness, courage, and tact with which Mr. Taft has for so long pressed the cause of the Philippines."

Other political features of interest were the promise publicly made by Secretary Taft that the Filipinos should have a "popular assembly" in April, 1907, if no insurrection exists in the islands at that time, and his authoritative utterance of President Roosevelt's policy as to Filipino self-government. He said:

"He [the President] believes that it is the duty of the United States to prepare the Filipinos for self-government. This will require a generation and probably longer, and the form of self-government will be left to the individuals who will control the two nations at that time. It follows that the President, and he himself desires me to say this to the Filipinos, feels charged with the duty of proceeding on this policy and maintaining the sovereignty of the United States here as an instrument of the gradual education and elevation of the whole of the Filipino people to a self-governing community."

THE real Filipino question, however, is an industrial one, and if the Secretary's visit accomplishes nothing else, it has already succeeded in securing increased attention in America to the industrial problem presented in the islands. "It is a good sign," remarks the New York Mail, "that the Filipinos themselves are thinking and talking during the ceremonies at Manila, much more about economic than about political conditions." It is an equally good sign that the Americans are also laying stress on the same point. Secretary Taft himself put the matter strongly. He said:

"In a number of provinces the people with the greatest difficulty avoid starvation. Now this is not due to the soil or unfavorable agricultural conditions. All these are easily overcome by the industry which is manifest in Java and Japan. The foundation of a great nation

like Japan is in the industry, thrift, and intelligence of the people."

Writing a few months ago in *The Contemporary Review*, John Foreman asserted: "Nothing whatever has been done, under American auspices, in a wealth-producing direction." Mr. Alleyne Ireland, whom a writer in *The Sun* (New York) calls "perhaps the best qualified specialist on colonial affairs of the present time," says:

"Broadly speaking, the American policy in regard to the control and development of the Philippines is the exact opposite of that adopted by every other nation, in that political development has been taken as a standard of attainment instead of industrial development, in opposition to the universal experience of mankind that the latter has always preceded the former."

A REVIEW of the industrial situation in the Philippines, as shown by the latest report of our Bureau of Insular Affairs, is given in the New York Journal of Commerce. The figures do not indicate abounding prosperity. Summing up results, the correspondent says:

"It would seem that in some few lines there has been an increase and improvement in trade—those chiefly connected in some way with the hemp industry. Outside of this there seems to be a decadence in pretty nearly all lines of industrial enterprise. . . The opinion is growing stronger and stronger that immediate measures of rescue for insular trade must be devised if the whole situation is not to become absolutely desperate."

The Journal of Commerce comments on the situation editorially:

"The first duty of the guardian of the Philippines is to take from their incipient trade the burden of a tariff impost at its own ports and the threatened increase in the cost of reaching them. That will not do everything, but it will remove a bar that stands in the way of everything else. If the visiting statesmen are able to accomplish this, their long journey will have been worth while. Otherwise they might as well have stayed at home."

The Baltimore Sun takes the same view:

"If the visit of the Congressmen who are now in the islands with Judge Taft should result in opening the market of the United States to the products of the Philippines, carrying them there will be the best service he has ever performed for our little brown brethren."

The New York Times points out that something has been done, in Manila at least, for industrial progress. There are now, in that city, thirty-three miles of tramway; the Government is at work on a sewerage system and a system of water-works; and harbor improvements are going forward not only in Manila, but in Cebu and Iloilo. And "all



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SECRETARY TAFT, MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, AND THE PARTY THAT ACCOMPANIED THEM TO MANILA

First Row.—Miss Alice Roosevelt in centre. At Her Left.—Mrs. Newlands; Senator Warren of Wyoming; Captain William J. Kelly, U. S. Army; Honorable Herbert Parsons, N. Y.; Honorable Lafayette Young, Iowa. At Her Right.—Col. C. K. Edwards; Representative Nicholas Longworth, Ohio; Mr. H. F. Woods; Honorable Swager Sherley, Kentucky, Col. C. K. Edwards; Representative Nicholas Longworth, Ohio; Mr. H. F. Woods; Honorable Swager Sherley, Kentucky, Rentucky, Mrs. George School, Row.—Secretary Taft in centre. At His Left.—Mrs. Scott; Mrs. J. Allen Foster; Capt. J. K. Tompson; Hon. Wrn. M. McKinley, Ill.; Gen. Tansker H. Bliss, U. S. Army. At His Right.—Mrs. Dubois; Miss Mabel Boardman; Mrs. Payne.

the work is being done with native labor as the main reliance."

THE President has been discoursing on temperance, the Monroe doctrine, and the Federal regulation of corporations. One hundred thousand miners (more or less) saw him speak at Wilkesbarre at a joint meeting of the coal miners' union and the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, and ten thousand Chautauquans waved their handerchiefs to him when he rose to talk on the Monroe doc-

trine, with special reference to Santo Domingo, and on trusts, with special reference to the "beef trust." The first speech was not particularly notable, except for its failure to justify the apprehension that he was going to "take sides" in a conflict that is thought to be again impending between the coal miners and the operators. The address did not touch on the subject. was simply, as the Boston Herald describes it, "another of his easy homilies on virtue and self-improvement suitable to all times and places." The Chautauqua address, however, had special significance, and the comment of the Chicago Evening Post that "few persons will disagree with the ideas expressed" is not quite justified. His plea for the ratification of the treaty with San Domingo, whereby our officials administer the custom-house affairs of the little republic. turning over 45 per cent. to San Domingo and setting aside the remainder (less administrative expenses) to payment of San Domingo's debts, is generally commended, but the New York Herald takes exception "What obligation," it asks, "are we under to intervene and dry-nurse San Domingo or any of the other revolutionary republics that are in financial straits?"

THE utterance which the President made on the regulation of trusts is criticized rather for what he does not say than for what The World and some other journals think he ought to have said something on the relation of trusts to the tariff. His declaration for "adequate and effective supervisory and regulatory power over all corporations doing interstate business" is. The Journal of Commerce thinks, "something for the public to ruminate over," and something which "we will have with us a long time before it is brought into entire symmetry with our federal physiognomy." There is criticism also of the President's interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine in general, as something that must not be allowed to become "fossilized," but must be adapted to "meet the growing, changing needs of this hemisphere." "In other words," protests the New York Evening Post, "the Doctrine is a conjurer's hat out of which anything he pleases may be pulled." We note these criticisms because they are exceptional rather than typical. The speeches have, on the whole, elicited but little adverse comment here. The effect abroad is likely to be

more noteworthy when the conditions in South America are considered.

SOUTH AMERICAN crisis of which the American people have been afforded only vague ideas, may be on our hands even now. This South American crisis may be intimately connected, not only with the President's Chautauqua address, but also with those patriotic considerations which induced Mr. Root to abandon the most lucrative law practice in the world for a position bringing him something less than his official living expenses. When the new Secretary of State was in London, facilitating the settlement of the Alaska boundary dispute (so runs an uncontradicted story emanating from a usually well-informed source) he learned particulars of a Continental European project with reference to South America which he lost no time in communicating to the President. It is not generally known over here that a certain European power landed troops on a portion of this hemisphere for the preservation of order and maintained those troops in occupation of an important town until Washington ordered the landing of American marines and instituted pointed inquiry into the business. President Roosevelt may or may not have had this incident in mind when he referred at Chautaugua to a European intention to intervene which had been checked by "unofficial" assurances from his own administration. Incidentally, he also administers a rebuke to those European interests which for some years past have been energetic in a campaign of vilification of all things South American. He refers significantly to the "stability, order and prosperity" of more than one "stable and growing American republic" in a way little to the liking, presumably, of those official agents of European powers over here who have an obvious object in embittering the American mind toward our Southern neighbors. Most South American republics are at least as well governed as Russia, Macedonia and Poland. Peru. Bolivia. Chile, the Argentine and Brazil are constitutionally and stably governed in the sense in which civilized rule is officially interpreted.

THE collection of Venezuela's import duties by means of Belgian officials who shall take charge of Venezuelan customhouses, is something for which Germany is eager. It was even provided in the protocols



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, ONE OF THE TAFT PARTY, LOOKING AT THE VIEW FROM THE NUUANA PALI, SEVEN MILES FROM HONOLULU

to which former Minister Bowen assented that the Belgians were to be installed in a contingency that seemed at the time far from remote. Luckily, the Belgian clause in these protocols does not bind the United States, as the Senate did not confirm—was not invited to confirm—the pact. whole arrangement was calculated to inspire amazement in those who know the record of these Belgians in the customs service of Persia, and has evidently inspired the President's utterance to the effect that he does not wish to see any foreign power "take possession permanently or temporarily" of the custom-houses of an American republic. The Belgian customs collectors and their official superiors have been notoriously used as an instrument of Russian policy in the dominions of the Shah. The rulings of the Belgians have in some instances amounted to a practical reconstruction of the Persian tariff. The Belgians have been accused of arbitrary discrimination against non-Russian imports. "We are here to vex the English," a high Belgian customs official is quoted as having said of his mission in Persia. Belgians may be the victims of prejudice, but the fact remains that their proceedings as neutral customs collectors have been vehemently objected to by those who have a right to criticize. They have all along been Russian agents in practical territorial occupation of an Asiatic state. Our newspapers apply the President's words to Santo Domingo, but they are far more applicable to La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. His speech is likely to result in a reshaping of the present European scheme to get money out of Cipriano Castro.

THE "American peril" is a phrase that is becoming more and more common in Europe, and this "peril" seems to be personified in our strenuous President. Certain newspapers abroad persist in the production of pen-portraits which evoke terrific images in the mind, and seem likely to overwhelm an Austrian, a Hungarian, a German, and even a Scandinavian with the apprehension of ultimate ruin for his own native land if steps be not speedily taken to thwart the ambitions of Theodore Roosevelt. These ambitions, as explained in such organs as the Berlin Kreuz Zeitung, the Paris Gaulois and even the London Speaker, are naval mainly; but they embrace the land forces and the wealth of the

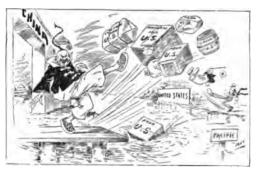
American people in a carefully planned scheme to render all nations subservient to the United States. Hence, much as they respect his personal character, there is a sense in which, as it seems to many of our contemporaries in Continental Europe, Mr. Roosevelt cannot be too much execrated by mankind. Some notion of the sort yet lingers in London, though, thanks largely to Mr. Sydney Brooks, English views of Mr. Roosevelt have passed what may be called the legendary stage that prevails elsewhere.

N American empire with Theodore I as A first Emperor, is something at which the Berlin Kreuz Zeitung hints. Nor is this hint uttered in mere jest. The United States has ceased to be a republic in fact, whatever it may be in theory, according to this daily. A writer on its staff assures Germans over and over again that the Roosevelt administration means to make the United States the first naval power among nations, to "defy Europe" in the settlement of international questions, and to annex all South America. The policy thus outlined is traced directly to the personal character of Theodore Roosevelt. He is pronounced "honorable," but "headstrong," "ambitous," "fired with a soldier-like zeal for the glory of the republic," and "aflame with the spirit of conquest." "His soul sighs for fleets." He is "miserable" because the United State Navy is "not large enough." In a word, the whole policy of this country is a sublimation of the personality of the President himself. That personality is conceded to be "fascinating," but at the same time to be "dangerous."

THE well-worn comparison of the President with Emperor William still does duty in Germany. "Both are impulsive," so thinks the Vienna Allgemeine Zeitung, "both are eager to fight, and each believes that his own nation is the first in the world. and that it is bound to show its strength." "Mr. Roosevelt understands what moves the American people," adds the Vienna Neue Freie Presse. "He constantly increases his popularity by displaying the power of the United States in all international questions and by adding to that power on land and sea." The "fascinating personality" attributed to the President by the Vienna Fremdenblatt asserts itself, we are told, in "a youthfulness that incites to

smiles" and imparts "an amateurish tone" to his speeches. "But he is a mighty man in action, and Europe may regret that he ever attained the Presidential chair." "He is a born hunter," remarks the Pester Lloyd (Budapest), "and a hunter instinctively looks for game. This man's game is Europe." "The notion of universal dominion haunts his dreams," chimes in the Paris Figaro. "Insatiable imperialism is the breath of his nostrils," declares the Paris Gaulois. And so on and so on

HERE did the Chinese boycott on American goods begin, and where is it going to end? Answers to both these questions, and especially to the first, are various enough to suit all kinds of people except those who insist on having facts instead of conjectures. The Overland China Mail says the boycott started with a Chinese organization entitled "Lovers of their Country"-a sort of home-market club. One of our secret service agents, J. E. Wilkie, asserts that it was started by British and German traders in Hongkong and Shanghai who want to get our trade in those ports. The Chefoo Daily News intimates that the trouble is caused by the Japanese, who are ambitious to steer China's ship of state in the future and are jealous of American prestige and American profits in the Flowery Kingdom, and who are also animated by a spirit of resentment because of a decision of the United States Immigration Bureau that the naturalization of Japanese in this country is illegal—a decision, by the way, which the courts and not the Immigration Bureau alone have authority to make. Mr. Wu Ting Fang, former Chinese minister at Washington, denies the allegation that he started the movement, and there is now an attempt to hold the present minister, Sir Chentung Liang Chang, personally responsible. other statement is to the effect that the American-Asiatic Association is the guilty party. Again we are told, on equally good authority, that the Chinese guilds are very powerful in China, far more powerful than our labor unions ever dared to be, and that the boycott is really their most effective weapon, and nearly as old as the firecracker. The Chicago Daily News discredits all these indictments and avers, on the authority of Chin Pah Sun, a wealthy merchant of that city, that the present boycott started in Chicago because three Chicago Chinamen of wealth



THE RETORT COURTEOUS

-The Detroit Fournal

were barred from bringing their wives into this country. Here are theories enough, but there is another one confidently set forth by the New York *Evening Journal* in large type and many paragraphs. It says:

"You remember the agitation about the exclusion of American goods from China. As we have already told you, that agitation was organized right here in the United States. A crowd of intelligent schemers that want Chinese coolie labor—looking around for an antidote to labor unionism—decided that they would scare the United States into admitting the Chinese. The idea was to get up an alleged Chinese movement against American commerce. The Chinese were to say that they would not buy any goods of us as long as we refused to let in the Chinaman. The American people were to be frightened into changing their exclusion laws by a threatened loss of business. American houses wrote to their agents in China, who started the agitation accordingly.

"This statement we make upon the authority of an employe of the United States government—one exceptionally well informed on Chinese

matters.'

'HE boycott has not been stopped even by all these theories as to its origin. Two months ago some of the despatches said that it was about to perish. But the latest reports are to the effect that Ambassador Conger is about to be sent to China to see if he can stop it; that the boycott has extended to Chinese merchants in Japan, where even the Chinese Government cannot, even if it desires to, reach it; that Wong Kai Kah, Chinese imperial trade commissioner, has come here presumably to confer on this subject; that one of the largest exporting and importing companies in San -Francisco has recently received from its correspondent in Shanghai the telegram: "Cancel all orders—boycott of American trade effective among the Chinese merchants -all business entirely suspended"; and



PRINCESS LOUISE OF BATTENBERG
Wife of the admiral commanding the British cruiser
squadron.

that all foreigners in snanghai are apprehensive that the boycott may result in a revival of the Boxer movement. The Chinese Government, it is reported, is trying to discourage the movement, but "over ten thousand of the leading merchants in Hongkong, Shanghai, Canton, Foo Chow, Amoy, Tien Tsin, and other principal cities had signed the boycott resolutions and pledged themselves to carry them out, according to a special despatch to the New York Tribune dated August 6, only five days after the date—the first day of the seventh moon—set for the boycott actually to begin. The main provisions of these resolutions are as follows:

(1) Chinese will not buy nor use any article of American production, machinery included.

(2) Chinese merchants, their agents and shippers will not ship goods in vessels owned by Americans.

(3) Chinese will not send their children to schools established and conducted by Americans.

(4) Chinese will not join any American firm

as salesman, agent or interpreter.

(5) Chinese employed in performing menial services for Americans are requested to resign such positions.

Mr. Wu Ting Fang, though disclaiming any responsibility for the boycott (in an Associated Press interview dated August 9) and reported as "greatly regretting it," asserts that it is "thoroughly organized by the best and most representative Chinese," and adds that such an expression of public sentiment means "extraordinary progress in the direction of the growth of a real nationality" in China. It is as unreasonable, he insisted, to expect the Chinese Government to stop such a movement and to compel Chinese merchants to buy American goods as to have expected the American Government to prevent the teamsters' strike in Chicago.

HE gravest question before the country to-day, the Baltimore American thinks, is this "Chinese question." The present trade between this country and China is not a very large fraction of our total foreign trade, but it has shown in the last year or two a striking increase; and the trade with China's 400,000,000 inhabitants in the future, when the awakening, of which many think they see the signs, shall have come, is likely to be of stupendous impor-The Chamber of Commerce of Portland, Oregon, is sufficiently impressed by the situation to propose the making of a new treaty that will throw every safeguard of protection around the Chinese merchants and students who desire to visit America. and will also let down the bars somewhat to Chinese laborers, providing for the admission of a limited number each year for ten years, say one-tenth of one per cent. of our present population. This proposal, coming from the Pacific coast, is deemed very significant; but an attempt to carry it out seems certain to arouse some vigorous opposition, to judge from the tone of many American journals. The San Francisco Chronicle, for instance, opposes even such modifications of the administrative rules now in force as are implied in the President's recent circular order to immigration officials. It says:

"The people on the Pacific coast, who have had a chance to observe the workings of the exclusion act, do not believe that there is any foundation for the sweeping charges made against the immigration officials, and think that if they have sinned it is in the direction of construing the law too leniently. That is to say, they have let in infinitely more coolies who have come in the guise of merchants, travelers, etc., than they have improperly excluded merchants and travelers. . . The people of the Pacific coast believe that it will be as impossible to enforce the exclusion act properly by turning over the business of certifying to the right of Chinese to

enter the United States to our Consuls as it would be to prevent smuggling if inspection in our ports was dispensed with on vise of our representatives abroad."

The New York Evening Journal, whose influence over an inflammable element of our population is well known, and which usually speaks for the whole string of Hearst papers on national topics, says:

"The Chinese had no idea of boycotting our goods, until the thing was suggested from America. But now that they have started they seem to find it pretty good fun. They are impressed by the President's ready response; they have discovered—being pretty intelligent slant-eyed gentlemen—that money rules this country, and they are going to work to boycott us in earnest. The merchants who started the row will be sorry that they had such a brilliant idea. They will find that the American people will not allow the Chinese to come in here—Roosevelt, or no Roosevelt. In such an issue Mr. Roosevelt and all his great popularity would be blown away like a feather in a gale. He would realize, with sickening suddenness, that when the people really care about a thing they forget their funny little fancies of the moment."

The Denver Republican is equally stiff on the subject. It opposes any concessions whatever. It says:

"Should we make any new concessions, they would simply stimulate the growing vanity and conceit of the Chinese, who immediately would conclude that the people of the United States were afraid of them. By transferring American trade to Japan, the Chinese may be taught a useful lesson in regard to the commercial independence of this country, while at the same time their eyes may be opened to the existence of Japan as a competitor which China will need to take into consideration."

The Indianapolis Sentinel expresses its opinion of public sentiment as follows:

"If the Chinese are really determined to maintain the boycott until the exclusion laws are repealed in this country and the bars let down for the entrance of her laborers, another generation will come and go before it is lifted. No party in this country will dare to open our doors wide to the tide of Chinese immigration."

THE admission of Chinese coolies does not, however, seem to be demanded by the Chinese themselves. Their grievance is thus stated by Wu Ting Fang in the interview already referred to:

"A superior Chinaman arriving at San Francisco, for example," said Mr. Wu, "is detained by the authorities while his credentials are being examined, and this detention frequently involves consorting with a low class of coolies in a common shed. He is unable to communicate with friends and is subjected to inconveniences and indignities to which Americans would refuse to submit. Moreover, he is not allowed to retain



He commands the British cruiser squadron that visite

He commands the British cruiser squadron that visits various America ports on its present cruise.

the services of anyone to protect his interests, and if the immigration authorities decide against him there is no possibility of appeal. That these grievances are well founded is demonstrated by the necessity for President Roosevelt's stringent order that courtesy be shown the Chinese by immigration officials under pain of dismissal. There have been numberless instances of harsh treatment which the Americans themselves have been forced to admit."

The application of the Exclusion Act to Hawaii and to the Philippines is also given as a cause of deep dissatisfaction and the admission of Chinese coolies to our colonial possessions is earnestly urged. The reality of these grievances is affirmed by influential American journals. The Washington Post calls attention to the fact that 75 per cent. of the class of Chinese exempt from the exclusion law are denied a landing at San Francisco though they all have a warranty from a United States consul. It says:

"It further appears that out of 300 Section

Six certificates offered at San Francisco, over 200 were rejected, mainly on the ground of physical characteristics which forbid the local inspectors to believe the guarantee of the consul that the bearer is really a merchant. The examination in each case extends to a minute scrutiny of the legs and feet to find sunburn, callouses, and marks indicative of labor in the fields or streets."

The Macon Telegraph comments on this: "We can imagine our own feelings if American workingmen were forbidden to enter Europe, and if 75 per cent. of our merchants and students who go there were not allowed to land even after a minute scrutiny of their legs, feet and hands."

The New York *Tribune* has this to say on the general subject of the boycott:

"After contending so vigorously all these years for the open door in China, it would be the crassest of folly for us to shut the door against ourselves by our own act. After pleading so earnestly for good faith and fair play, it would be deplorable for us to have to confess our inability to administer our own laws with a decent respect for courtesy and justice. What is needed is that the President's policy, in letter and in spirit, shall be made to prevail in our enforcement of the laws relating to the Chinese, and that Chinamen shall not be left helpless in the arbitrary hands of some minor port functionary, but shall have the common right of appeal to the courts for protection and for justice. In such circumstances there will be no boycott. Chinese merchants find as much profit in American trade as we do in Chinese trade, and they have no wish to sacrifice it without due cause.

IS Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenberg, who comes to American waters as rear-admiral of the much-heralded British second cruiser squadron, is certified by the London Mail as being "different from the normal nautical royalty in manner" because, when in uniform, he is "a naval officer first and a prince afterwards." It is always understood among his officers, adds our contemporary, that he is simply Admiral Battenberg "and the etiquette in all matters of duty is to pay him exactly the deference accorded to any other officer of his rank—nothing more." He is credited with regret that he was born a prince at The fact has had its regrettable features for him, since he shared the perils of his brother, that Prince Alexander of Battenberg who ruled Bulgaria for some exciting months only in the end to be awakened at dead of night and invited to give up his life or his throne. Prince Louis was with Prince Alexander at the time. Later on in Bulgaria's history Prince Louis

was invited to ascend her throne. He declined.

This prince was naturalized a British subject many years ago-he is now fifty-oneand entered the British navy as a cadet. He was at the bombardment of Alexandria in the capacity of lieutenant, and three years later he had attained commander's rank, becoming captain in 1891. He has not held his present high rank very long. The prince is over six feet high and is said to look at least ten years younger than his birth certificate indicates. The flagship aboard which he visits these shores is declared to be now the fastest large cruiser afloat. It makes twenty-three knots normally, but has gone at a far faster clip. The prince is thought in England to be diplomatic enough to promote that cordial understanding between the two great branches of the English-speaking race which had its origin when the war with Spain was raging.

FOUR canals, each of tremendous importance to the American people, and indeed to the whole world, have been claiming more or less attention during the month. Two of these canals, the Panama Canal and the to-be-enlarged Erie Canal, present problems vet to be solved and the solution of them is yet to be paid for. Another canal, the Truckee-Carson irrigation canal in Nevada, has recently been opened and is doing its work. The fourth canal, that at Sault Sainte Marie, has been celebrating its semicentennial anniversary. Nothing in the way of transcontinental railways can present figures and prospects so stupendous as these waterways present or promise to present.

The situation at Panama does not as yet call for any special exertion on the part of Americans in the way of "throwing bouquets" to themselves. Superintendent Shonts has announced that for the next few months all the energy will be concentrated, not on the digging of the canal itself, but on the sanitary and transportation arrangements that are essential and which have been left so far in very unsatisfactory shape —so unsatisfactory that the emigration companies of Japan have reported to their government against sending laborers to Panama. Hospital room for 600 persons is to be provided, swamps are to be dredged and mosquitoes exterminated, a water-supply system furnished, streets paved, and houses built for the workmen. The question of a sea-level canal or a lock canal is yet to be settled, and will probably come up for final decision at the next session of Congress..

S FOR the Erie Canal, the State Canal Board has decided, on the unanimous recommendation of the five engineers who constitute the advisory board, to increase the width of the locks to forty-five feet, and a strong intimation is given that the depth will be increased to fourteen instead of but eleven feet. In a statement explaining this increase of width, Alfred B. Fry, one of the advisory board, explains that "the increase in the width of locks will make it possible to use vessels carrying 2,000 tons or more, thus practically doubling the cargo capacity originally proposed for barges in these canals," and that the increase in cost will be but 5 per cent. and will be covered by the present appropriation. Commenting on this, the Rochester Post-Express remarks: "The barge canal, as originally planned, therefore, is not to be a finality, but only a steppingstone to something closely approaching a ship canal, which alone can be adequate to the real needs of the state."

FIFTY years ago the "Soo" Canal "opened its broken channel to the swelling tide of modern industry." To-day it "feeds Europe and is an integral factor in the American conquest of the world in the basic metal industries." The limit of its importance is far from being reached. Says the Minneapolis *Tribune*:

"Now it finds itself in the natural line of expanding world trade. The shortest line for traffic between Asia and Europe, from sea-going harbors of the Pacific to sea-going harbors of the Atlantic, crosses the stream of Great Lake commerce at the Sault."

No other canal in the world, not even the Suez Canal, now equals the "Soo" in the amount of traffic. The tonnage is over 35,000,000 tons a year, the money value being over \$340,000,000, and there has been an annual increase of twenty per cent. One of the locks in the Canadian side is 1,000 feet long, the largest lock on the American side being 800 feet long, 100 feet wide and 21 feet deep. The Cleveland Plain Dealer, commenting on the celebration held at the beginning of the month of August, says:

"New routes have been opened between the Sault and the entrance to Lake Huron, and still another is in course of construction to lessen the



THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE PANAMA CANAL

"The people on the Isthmus realise that there is one boss now, and are buckling down to real work. That Mr. Stevens is an outdoor man, and not an office engineer, has given him immense prestige on the canal workings."

delays and dangers of the congestion of traffic experienced at times every season. The work is endless, for the progress of American iron and steel manufacture goes on at an ever increasing ratio, and every year sees a new fleet of ore carriers on the lakes, each season's vessels dwarfing those of the preceding year in length and carrying capacity. The nominal twenty-one-foot waterway is now inadequate during the greater part of the season for a full loaded steamer of the largest type, and before many years further deepening of the waterway will become a necessity. Every dollar expended by the United States in improving the waterway between Lake Superior and the lower lake ports since the opening of the Sault canal fifty years ago has been returned a hundred-fold to the country by the development of its manufacturing and business interests, and every dollar hereafter spent for the same purpose will be money well invested.

A STILL more interesting event, and one appealing still more strongly to the imagination, was the opening a little over a month ago of the Truckee-Carson irrigation canal. Writing in Leslie's Weckly, Hamilton Wright, secretary of the California Promotion Committee, says of this event:

"It was more than a step in the upbuilding of Nevada; it was a move toward a reclamation of

the whole West. It was the consummation of the dream of years, and of men who have worked long and faithfully. I saw one old gentleman wiping the tears from his eyes. 'I was thinking of some of the "boys," now dead and gone, who used to hope for this, he said apologetically. For fifty years he had lived in Nevada, and, even at the beginning of that period, he had talked with his associates of the possibilities of the very problem which had just been worked out. million acres of arid land, totally unfit for agriculture, it is estimated, will be thrown open to the settler through the huge irrigation projects which the government has on hand under the national reclamation act; still more land incapable of intensive cultivation will be rendered highly productive through irrigation. In all, the area of arid and semi-arid lands to be reclaimed represents nearly two-fifths of the United States, including States and Territories. Some of the most enthusiastic experts claim that this work of the government will open up the way for the mightiest civilization the Anglo-Saxon world has ever known.'

One smiles a little at that last sentence, but the prospect warrants a little "big talk." The financial plan on which the Government's reclamation scheme is carried out is as follows. The fund from the sales of certain public lands is set aside to be applied to irrigation purposes. That fund now amounts to about \$28,000,000, and increases about \$4,000,000 annually. The land reclaimed is sold to settlers and the money spent by the Government is paid back by the settlers in ten equal instalments, and the money, as fast as paid back, is put into new reclamation projects.



CLEANING HOUSE

-The Indianapolis Sentinel

R USSIA has had a constitutional convention, or what we over here would call that. It consisted of some hundreds of elected delegates, it convened in the palace of a Liberal prince at Moscow, and it busied itself with discussions and resolutions that bring vividly before an American mind the scenes in the Philadelphia gathering of 1787, from which issued the organic law of our republic. But Moscow's gathering was rendered memorable by incidents which to the Alexander Hamiltons and James Madisons of our Constitution would have been unthinkable. The Russian authorities attempted to dissolve the Moscow gathering into its constituent elements by a show of force. The effort failed under circumstances indicating that if autocracy lacks administrative capacity it lacks still more the saving sense of humor. When the three hundred or more delegates had organized themselves by the election of a president and other officers, displaying in the process a ludicrous and significant ignorance of parliamentary procedure, the omnipresent photographer appeared with his camera. The ensuing stillness was interrupted by an uproar at one of the doors. A platoon of police burst in. Their first measure was a dash for the camera. The photographer evidently knew his Russia well. He fled with his negative by way of the window. The Moscow chief of police himself seems now to have arrived. according to one account. He told the delegates they were all traitors who would be sent to Siberia or flogged. He commanded everybody to disperse. The resultant excitement throughout the palace seems to have been sufficient to attract a crowd in the street below. Within was infinite hurrying to and fro of delegates, who, having come from some of the rural governments of the empire, saw no reason to suppose the police out of order. The convention came near to an early and inglorious death.

COUNT HEYDEN, president of the convention, now took the meeting and the chief of police in hand, Quite in the manner of Mirabeau during an analogous crisis preceding the French Revolution, he told the chief of police that bureaucracy had no power over the proceedings of the convention thus dramatically disturbed at the outset of its deliberations. There are innumerable versions of what was actually said by the count and the chief of police. It all ended in the



LEADERS OF THE RUSSIAN ZEMSTVOS

They have recently conferred with the Czar and urged a constitution upon him

transcribing of a list of those present and in the departure of the intruders with many threats of what would happen on the mor-Whereupon the delegates returned to The autocracy had constitution-making. evidently been in some agony at the prospect that the delegates would declare themselves a constituent assembly, upon the immortal French revolutionary model. Count Heyden managed to convince the Moscow chief of police that this was a chimera. The latter made a feeble effort or two on subsequent days to storm the Russian constitutional citadel, but on every occasion he retired in confusion and sent a long report to St. Petersburg.

The delegates decided that any impending national representative body convened by the Czar must control the finances and the foreign policy of the empire. It must not be based upon suffrage arbitrarily excluding the working classes. There must exist a genuine ministerial responsibility to the representatives of the nation. "The conditions of modern national life," declared one resolution, "require that the nation shall be represented upon a constitutional

basis." That basis was elaborated in documentary form with such explicitness as to impart special significance to the resolve of the delegates to appeal directly to the people of Russia for support in the crusade they pledged themselves to begin. When the body finally adjourned it was felt that something quite definite had at last happened to make an end of the Russia which the world now knows. A new Russia is felt in Europe to have given the first faint indications of its impending birth.

THE reformers want a limited monarchy for Russia, says the London Post, but they are not all in substantial agreement as to ways and means. Some there are who want limited monarchy in a hurry. "Others, more cautious, would be content to leave the Czar his autocracy and trust the rest to natural development of time and circumstance." There is lack of harmony regarding the bestowal of the right to vote. "It seems likely that the bureaucracy will succeed in postponing for long enough yet the practical inception of reforms on this one point alone." For while idealists clamor

for universal suffrage, there is "the painful fact" to be faced that about 90 per cent. of living Russians can neither read nor write. "Even after a generation of agitation, there must be something like 70 to 75 per cent. who could not by any known means be brought to understand what was required of them if called upon to vote for a member of a central advisory body of the emperor." The Zemstvos or provincial councils are packed in the landlord interest. What is called the monarchical party insists, however, upon the "rights" of the peasantry to own land. This may seem odd when we are told that this monarchical party is simply the bureaucracy masquerading under an alias. But the bureaucracy believes that in the very ignorance of the peasantry it will be afforded means of salvation for years to come. The question of peace or war is represented as an additional source of division among Russian liberals and reformers. While all want peace—and quickly—there is fundamental divergence of view regarding the terms upon which peace should be accepted or asked. Some would leave the decision in the hands of Nicholas II. The bureaucracy, in its disguise as



NERO
PHILIP II
IVAN THE TERRIBLE

(TO NICHOLAS II): "WE HAVE ELECTED YOU ONE OF US!"

-Wahre Facob (Stuttgart)

"the monarchical party," contends that "there must be no thought of peace until the insolent Japanese have been thrashed most thoroughly."

THE immediate outlook is that the Czar will be permitted, without the exertion of adequate domestic pressure from any source, to settle for himself the question of peace or If he can gain support from Berlin and from Paris, he need pay little heed to those elements at home which clamor for peace. "Russia sighs for peace, but Russia has her pride none the less," says the Vienna Neue Freie Presse. As for the Church, it seems from all reliable accounts to be ready for a continuance of the war, in evident unconcern at the menace that the treasures of the Church may be confiscated to defray the pressing expenses of hostilities. This the Church would apparently prefer to the prospect of a Russia founded upon any other basis than herself in unison with autocracy. As for the nobility, the members of that once splendid order have decayed into political insignificance. When they attain prominence as individuals in local provincial councils, when they attain office by allying themselves with a court clique, they count for what they may be personally. Otherwise they are as swords stabbing water. Submerged to the lowest deeps are the terrorists, now relatively of little account, but



HOW THE CZAR WOULD RECEIVE THE ZEMSTVOS CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION—IF HE RECEIVED IT AT ALL

-Simplicissimus (Munich)



AFTER TOGO'S DEPARTURE

This is how the Russian battleship Orel looked after the battle of Tsu-shima. The location of the "hits" and the multitude of holes speak volumes for the quality of the Japanese gunnery

—Illustrated London News

potentially formidable, for should the liberals be driven to despair they will, in the opinion of the closest students of the reign of the indecisive Nicholas, form an alliance with the hurlers of bombs. The bureaucracy, too, has the terrorists in its mind's eye. If liberal principles gain the upper hand, bureaucrats may incite to assassination and murder. That, at any rate, is the judgment of sane organs in western Europe. Then the circle immediate surrounding the Czar has threatened a palace revolution. It can execute its threat, say observers whose opinion commands respect. That would end the reign of the ruling Romanoff in a "Many things may happen," sums up the Paris Aurore, "and one thing must happen. But which one?"

WHEN the German Emperor and the Czar met some weeks ago, the event was one which, in the opinion of the Rome Tribuna, "must make the history of Europe for years to come." As that most spectacular of sovereigns, William II, threw his arms around the neck of that least commanding of autocrats, Nicholas II, and

kissed him loudly, the political telescopes of all the world's newspapers were focused upon the two most eccentric bodies in the whole political firmament. The Czar was manifestly in occultation—thrown into eclipse by the brilliance of the German Emperor's success in world politics. This most unexpected meeting occurred off the Finnish coast in the Bay of Bjoerkoe, not so very far from the historic spot where Nicholas II and certain of his predecessors have bound themselves by oath to respect the constitutional rights and liberties of Finland. Ninety-six hours before the potentates came together the world at large had not the least suspicion of what was coming. Then the German Emperor seems to have telegraphed the Czar. Nicholas II lost no time in hurrying to the tryst. It is deemed the more significant that these chiefs of state were accompanied only by men in their personal confidence. No Minister of Foreign Affairs. no official exercising purely official governmental functions, was in attendance. This means, thinks Europe, that secrecy regarding the subject of their conference was primarily aimed at by the sovereigns.

IT was not far from midnight when William II was rowed over the waters of the Finnish bay from his own vacht to that of the autocrat, who had been waiting two hours for him and had delayed dinner aboard until sundry of his suite paced the deck "dying for something to eat." The cabled descriptions of the Czar's personal appearance that night indicate that the burden of empire rests heavily upon him. He was "thin, sallow and haggard." He glanced through his glass at the sky-line for a whole hour before the Emperor's yacht hove into view. He paced the deck back and forth with no thought of the meal awaiting him below. The emaciation of his figure seemed to one witness to confirm the rumor that Nicholas II has lost appetite recently. "There is that about him suggestive of a fever patient." Far otherwise significant is the account we receive of the personal appearance of the German Emperor. He waved his hand over the water to the Czar, whom he descried on deck as the Hohenzollern's boat drew alongside. The band on the Emperor's yacht was playing the Russian national hymn. William II "leaped lightly" from the stairway to the Polar Star's deck. "opening a running commentary" in reply to the greetings of the Russian autocrat and the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch. These, however, were preliminaries. Czar and Emperor retired to the saloon on the main deck, sentinels were posted "at discreet distances," and for two hours the pair of potentates were alone. The Czar's voice



WILLIAM II: "NOW WHERE SHALL I BUTT IN NEXT?"

—Brooklyn Eagle

was at no time audible. But the tones of the Emperor "were at times audible on deck," and he seemed "to be talking at length."

THE personal influence of the Emperor over the Czar is very great, as is generally conceded in Europe even by those who have no great love for William II. The Czar, according to the Pester Lloyd (Budapest), has been led by his experience during the last year to regard the ruler of Germany as a "finished proficient" in the government of a country along militarist autocratic lines while remaining within "sundry constitutional limitations." The same high authority represents Nicholas II as desirous of following in the footsteps of William II with reference to the creation of a great navy and the rehabilitation of the Russian army. The correspondence between both is known to be constant. The Russian Czarina encourages, it is said, her husband's tendency to behold in William II a man whose advice ought to be heeded, notwithstanding the existence of a powerful anti-German party in St. Petersburg. For the natural tendency of official Russians in high position is to distrust the diplomacy of Berlin. Germany has so many schemes of expansion in Turkey just now, adds the Paris Temps, that she has brought down upon herself the antagonism of "the Moscow group," which still controls the foreign policy of the autocracy. Before William II and Nicholas II could confer, therefore, much influential court opposition had to be removed. The Czar, in all probability, was responsible for the atmosphere of mystery investing his unexpected encounter at dead of night with his fellow monarch off a secluded and unfamiliar coast.

THE topics reviewed by these chiefs of state during the twenty-four hours that elapsed before their yachts parted company are the theme of confident conjectures made by some of the least sensational and most reliable political organs in Europe. We may take it for granted, thinks the London Spectator, supported in this by the Indépendance Belge (Brussels), that the German Emperor met the Russian Czar with a resolve to urge such a peace as will, while terminating "actual war," "leave Russians and Japanese glaring at each other as potential foes who cannot afford great enterprises lest their rival take

advantage of the opportunity." That, the British weekly is confident—and many organs in Continental Europe are not less confident—was the sort of peace urged upon Nicholas II by William II during the long talks in the vacht's saloon. Should William II's plausibility and influence over Nicholas II lead to such a peace, the German Emperor will "enjoy all the credit of the peacemaker without exposing the security of his own territories, of which he is bound to think first, to any serious danger." Whatever else was said, we are bidden to rest assured that the Emperor used his great and growing influence with the Czar "to recommend a limited and temporary peace," with the indemnity, so unpalatable to St. Petersburg's pride, thrown in, but with the northern portion of Manchuria retained by the Romanoffs.

THER subjects which the two monarchs may have discussed are "so many and so obvious," as the London Speaker notes, that speculation is afforded the widest possible field. The Paris Aurore reminds us that both monarchs are practically absolute in foreign affairs, so far as their own foreign offices are concerned, and practically absolute so far as their internal administrative policies are concerned. The war and the internal condition of Russia "must" have been discussed. Other probable topics, according to the innumerable conjectures of the European press, are the aggravated crisis in Poland, the personality of Norway's coming King, the substitution of Germany as Russia's ally for France in the "tottering" dual alliance, the question of an alliance with Japan. The inspired press of Berlin, with the Kreuz Zeitung to the fore, tells us that the "initiative" of the meeting was in reality the Czar's. Statements to the contrary are "British calumnies." The "very friendly relations" between Germany's ruler and Russia's ruler led to the acceptance of the Czar's "invitation" to a meeting, especially as the monarchs had not met since the beginning of the war between the present belligerents. If the Berlin Post is well advised, William II did not "urge" peace upon Nicholas. "The Emperor has always held himself aloof from intermeddling with the internal affairs of another nation." It is hinted that the Czar did ask William questions regarding the constitutional issue in the Russian crisis. The Emperor "pointed out that the power and prestige of a nation, as well as its peace at home," must "be built upon a foundation of trust and mutual understanding" between ruler and ruled. So far as peace is concerned, add German semi-official and official organs, Emperor William "co-operated" with President Roosevelt in bringing the peace plenipotentiaries together. Hence it is "a fair inference" that the German Emperor "suggested considerations" of a nature to render his "co-operation" with the chief magistrate of the United States "additionally effective." Such utterances in the Berlin press, and many others, are accepted in London dailies as "inspired," and as indicating what the German Foreign Office wishes the world to believe; but the English press decline to believe more than a fraction of all these things. The London Times is convinced that one object kept in mind by William II was that of "causing annoyance in London and Paris." It sneers at the suggestion that his German Majesty cooperated with President Roosevelt in bringing the peace plenipotentiaries together. There are "fears," it says, that William may really have induced Nicholas "to



"THE ADMIRAL OF THE PACIFIC!"

-Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart)

harden his heart" and "to refuse the terms of his yellow foes until at last General Linevitch's army has shared the fate of Admiral Rozhdestvensky's fleet." It was this same William, adds the indignant British daily, "who did so much to egg Russia on to the war and to persuade her to make light of earlier defeats."

HE psychology of Nicholas II while in conference with William II harmonized thoroughly, if contemporary European newspaper studies be based on fact. with the wasted physique of the man. "That the Czar Nicholas II should gladly take an opportunity of pouring forth his woes into the bosom of a man of his own rank, who professes profound friendship for him and for his people," says the London Times on this head, "can cause little surprise to those who remember the character of the Czar. He is not a strong man, and for many months he has been practically isolated from the world." But the Paris Eclair, known for the accuracy of its per-



L'AMITIE OBLIGE

Madame La France.—"You'll come and see me through this rather dull function, won't you?" Mrs. Britannia.—"Well, it's not much in my line; but anything to please you, my dear."

-Punch (London)

sonal information, tells us that Nicholas II is at last weary of his own "fits of indecision." and that he wishes a line of action marked out for him. Ever since the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius the Czar has been without a chief councilor. Sergius gave him a consistent policy in internal administration. "He now has no policy. He lives in constant dread of the future." His "spiritual reliance" is pronounced by this and other authorities to be in large part prayer to that St. Seraphim to whose direct intercession he attributes the arrival of his son in the world. The nervousness of Nicholas is said to have attained an intensity prompting the concealment from him for days of such events as the recent assassination of his intimate friend and favorite, Count Shuvaloff. The count was one of the few remaining close confidants of Russia's autocrat. When complaint of Shuvaloff was loudest he and Nicholas were photographed playing chess together. When Nicholas heard that Shuvaloff had been shot five times and had died in lingering agony he wrung his hands, says one account, and shed tears.



GERMANY WINS THE MOROCCO STAKES FROM FRANCE-PRINCE VON BULOW BEING JOCKEY -Kladderadatsch (Berlin)

# Literature and Art

# What is to be the Coming Note in Fiction?

Two voices have lately been raised in this country to call attention to the changing aspect of the modern novel. The first is the voice of Henry M. Alden, the veteran editor of Harper's Magazine; the second that of Nathaniel Stephenson, a writer in The World To-day (August). Both agree that the changes which are taking place affect the treatment of "that crucial matter which will always be the pillar of fiction, the love affair," but the conclusions they reach in interpreting the nature of these changes are widely different.

Mr. Alden lays stress on the fact that the story of mature life is displacing the youthful love story in popular esteem. He says:

"Whatever change may have come over the good novel of our day, from a finer art and more realistic aim, it is slight as compared with that which distinguishes the magazine short stories set before us now from month to month from those of fifty years ago. We do not forget that the popular novel of that time was likely to be something extremely sentimental, like 'The Wide, Wide World' and 'The Lamplighter'; but there were then also, and running serially in this Magazine, novels of a very different character, the best examples of Victorian fiction. On the other hand the short story most in demand for American readers was the down-right love-story, appealing to a crude and half-awakened sensibility.

"Against this retrospect it is not strange that we should note a wide departure. It is especially noteworthy that where love happens still to be the story-writer's theme, it is in most cases the concern of people already married rather than of young lovers. The vast disproportion of marriage stories at the present time is maintained even if we exclude unhappy divorce stories, to which writers are strongly tempted, because the violation of solemn vows is more strikingly dramatic than the shifting of a fickle fancy in a free field. These stories, where marriage is pointedly the theme, are mostly written by married women. It is the world they live in. As one of these writers, who has been producing this kind of stories for a generation, and who began it before it was the fashion, writes us, "Marriage, like conduct, is three-fourths of life."

'Marriage, like conduct, is three-fourths of life.'
"There it is, the real reason. That period of life at which marriage is indicated is the dividing-line, physiologically, between youth and maturity, and from this point of view, we may say of maturity that it is three-fourths of the individual existence—the explicitly significant portion of it, whether viewed with reference to the relation between the sexes or as to those varied manifestations of

the human spirit which transcend physically elemental activities and survive them in historically memorable achievements, such as differentiate one generation from another. These manifestations, pre-eminently interesting in the individual and in society, must furnish the most important material to the masters of fiction, if their interpretations of life are to satisfy the demands of a highly cultivated sensibility."

Mr. Stephenson takes the view that the coming fiction will differ from that of the past in its portrayal of genuinely strong and balanced, as opposed to sentimental, traits. Thackeray's novels, he declares, contain the perfect expression of a "sentimentalism" which was "the characteristic vice of the nineteenth century" and which "permeated all the life of that century"; and he thinks it probable that "Henry Esmond" will go into the laboratory of the psychologist, to be classified as a document, as a final record of certain phases of human emotion. George Meredith and Maurice Hewlett, less commanding in their immediate influence than some of their contemporaries, but more significant as connecting links with the future, have taken up and carried forward the study of sentimentalism. Of the lastnamed writers Mr. Stephenson says:

"I would not seem to claim too much for Mr. Hewlett. I do not mean that he is the genius of the moment. I am at a loss to see how any one can hesitate to assign that eminence to Mr. Kipling. Mr. Barrie, likewise, has many talents which Mr. Hewlett lacks. But through neither of these flows the old stream of the strenuous thinking of the English novel. Mr. Hewlett, though in rather a slender conduit, has opened a channel out of that stream, and conducts a part of it into a new tract of time.

"His immediate source is 'Diana of the Crossways.' Beside Meredith's great book. 'The Forest Lovers' seems slight enough. The latter suggests the former written down to one syllable. But the connection is undeniable. In the relation of Percy Dacier to Diana Merion, when we have allowed for the prodigious, subtle, and defiant genius of their author, we have a strenuous original for the relation of Prosper and Iseult. In each we have the baffling, incommensurable woman, demanding faith from man; in each we have the shock in the man's mind of a preconception with fact; in each, both the woman and the experience prove other than he anticipated; in each the issue is a moral conflict

in the man's mind. The differences of the two books are due partly to the greater courage and deeper insight of the elder artist, partly to the fact that the younger is of a new generation. The boldness with which, in his artistic self-confidence, Meredith heaps up the difficulties of his situation, contrasts with the adroit timidity of Mr. Hewlett's systematic lightening of it. The fact that Meredith gives a tragic version and makes Dacier fail, while Mr. Hewlett takes the opposite course and makes Prosper succeed, may be accounted for, I think, by the varying tempers of the two generations."

The "relentless thinking" of the modern novel is to Mr. Stephenson "the most hopeful sign of the times." He adds:

"The conclusion of the whole matter is the contrast of motive of the sentimentalist and the man of genuinely strenuous nature. When we look close at the sentimentalists, whether in Thackeray, or Meredith, or Mr. Hewlett, we find that invariably the key to them is the same. We must touch their sensibilities in order to get a

motive for action. This is true of the sentimentalist in life. Sentimentalism is consistent with much apparent goodness, with generosity, with devotion, with sacrifice even. But always this goodness upon analysis turns out to have an insecure foundation. The sentimentalist is an epicure of feeling. He sides with the under dog. for example, because the spectacle touches his sensibilities, and if he resist their appeal he will be uncomfortable. This is a typical case of the motives of the sentimentalist. A situation in which no such appeal is made does not move him. One which outrages his sensibilities destroys entirely his capacity to think. He contrasts with the man of sympathy, the man who can escape from himself and find a motive for action without the appeal to his sensibilities or even in defiance of that appeal. He contrasts still more with the man of conviction—who may or may not be also a man of sympathy—who can find a motive in his own ideas of right and wrong, to whom appearances are nothing, who holds his own course in defiance of everything but conviction, who culminates in Job, and the words, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.

That note is the coming thing in fiction."

# The Personal Confessions of Byron

Most autobiographies suffer one common disadvantage; they omit much that is "really consequential and important, from deference to the dead, to the living, or to those who must be both." At least, this was the opinion expressed by Lord Byron after he had written his own memoirs. Even "Confessions" are not always free from this, or another fault, namely, self-consciousness. But a biography, or more truly an autobiography, made up from detached thoughts jotted in commonplace books and casual diaries or gleaned from the letters of intimate correspondence may more truly depict the man. Such a book is "The Confessions of Lord Byron,"\* arranged by W. A. Lewis Bettany. In his letters to Thomas Moore, to his sister Augusta, and, above all, to his publisher, John Murray, Byron is freest in the expression of his thought. In these we find what his present editor calls a "speaking likeness of his lordship," for in these "he reproduces his own lineaments on every page."

In the autumn of the year 1821 Byron evidently had a period of reflection and serious introspection, for we find in his journal of the time a searching self-analysis.

eThe Confessions of Lord Byron. Arranged by W. A. Lewis Bettany. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"My mother," he wrote, "before I was twenty would have it that I was like Rousseau, and Madame de Staël used to say so too, and the Edin\* Review has something of this sort in its critique on the 4th Canto of Ch. Had I can't see any point of resemblance: he wrote prose, I verse: he was a philosopher, I am none: he published his first work at forty, I mine at eighteen: his first essay brought him universal applause, mine the contrary: he married his housekeeper, I could not keep house with my wife: he thought all the world in a plot against him, my little world seems to think me in a plot against it." Cogitation always led Byron to melancholy. Being fond of most sports and having much spirit, this always puzzled him. He frankly admitted that he could not understand himself. "People have wondered at the melancholy which runs through my writings," he once wrote in a book of "Thoughts"; "others have wondered at my personal gaiety; but I recollect once, after an hour in which I had been sincerely and particularly gay, and rather brilliant, in company, my wife replying to me when I said (upon my remarking my high spirits): 'And yet, Bell, I have been called and miscalled Melancholy-you must have seen how falsely frequently.' 'No. B.'

(she answered) 'it is not so: at heart you are the most melancholy of mankind, and often when apparently gayest.'" On another occasion, when reflecting upon religion, he wrote: "I am always most religious upon a sun-shiny day." The nature of his religion he reveals in this passage:

"I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum: I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in pain for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument overset my maxims and my temper at the same moment: so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus. In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St. Paul (though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage). In religion, I favor the Catholic Emancipation, but do not acknowledge the Pope. . . . I hold virtue, in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a feeling, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiment of the wicked George, Lord Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed."



LORD BYRON

From a picture in the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Byron's method of writing would scarce be approved by modern editors, who continually teach and preach the "boil-itdown" theory. "I am like a tiger (in poesy)," he wrote to his publisher in 1820, "if I miss my first spring I go growling back to my Jungle. There is no second. I can't correct; I can't, and I won't. Nobody ever succeeded in it, great or small. Tasso remade the whole of his Jerusalem; but who ever reads that version? Pope added to the 'Rape of the Lock' but did not reduce it. You must take my things as they happen to be: if they are not likely to suit, reduce their estimate then accordingly. I would rather give them away than hack and hew them." The estimate placed by Byron upon his own work was singularly free from prejudice. When taken to task for certain false rhymes in "Don Juan" he made reply: "You might as well want a Midnight all stars as

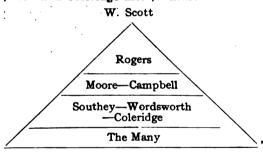
rhyme all perfect. . . . You are lucky to get a rhyme here and there."

The contemporaries of Byron who drew his lordship's fire, drew the withering blaze of no amateur. Keats fared very badly at the hands of Byron. "A young person learning to write poetry," he wrote of him, "and beginning by teaching the art, . . . a tadpole of the Lakes, a young disciple of the six or seven new schools, in which he has learnt to write." And to John Murray, in 1820, Byron wrote: "Here is Johnny Keats's poetry. . . . Pray send me no more poetry but what is rare and decidedly good. There is such a trash of Keats and the like upon my tables that I am ashamed to look at them. No more Keats, I entreat:—flay him alive: if some of you don't, I must skin him myself: there is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the Mankin."



THE CHAINED SOUL (By Antonio Rubino.)

Scott, on the other hand, was a great favorite with him. "Scott is the best," he once wrote; "the end of all scribblement is to amuse, and he certainly succeeds there." And again in a letter to John Murray, "He is undoubtedly the Monarch of Parnassus, and the most English of bards. I should place Rogers next in the living list—Moore and Campbell both third—Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge after,—thus:



There is a pretty anecdote recorded in Byron's Journal of 1813-14 which discloses a fine strain in both Byron and Sheridan, of whom the incident is recorded. A party of friends were exchanging opinions on various men of mark of the time. Byron said of Sheridan: "He has written the best comedy (School for Scandal), the best drama (The Rivals), the best farce (The Critic), and the best Address (Monologue on Garrick), and to crown all, delivered the very best Oration (the famous Begum speech) ever conceived or heard in this country." Lord Holland told Sheridan of this the next day, at which Sheridan burst into tears. "Poor Brinsley," exclaimed Byron upon hearing from Lord Holland the effect of his words of praise, "if they were tears of pleasure, I would rather have said these few, but most sincere, words than have

written the Iliad or made his own celebrated Philippic. Nay, his own comedy never gratified me more than to hear that he had derived a moment's gratification from any praise of mine, humble as it must appear to 'my elders and my betters.'"

Madame de Staël and Lord Bryon were in the same social orbit, and so it was given to both to see much of each other at certain periods. Byron, however, "did not love" Madame. "I admire her abilities," he wrote, "but really her society is overwhelming—an avalanche that buries one in glittering nonsense-all snow and sophistry." "But depend upon it," he wrote at another time, "she beats all your natives hollow as an authoress; and I would not say this if I could help it." In a copy of "Corinne" Byron made this note concerning its authoress: "She is sometimes right. and often wrong, about Italy and England: but almost always true in delineating the heart, which is of but one nation, and of no country,-or, rather of all."

Shelley held a high place in the regard and affection of Byron. At the time of Shel-



AMBITIOUS INNOCENCE
(By Antonio Rubino.)

ley's death Byron wrote to John Murray: "You are all brutally mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the best and least selfish man I ever knew. I never knew one who was not a beast in comparison."

There is something weirdly beautiful in a paragraph Byron wrote to Thomas Moore on August 27, 1822:

"We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the sea-shore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolated shore, with mountains in the background and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his hear!, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine.

It was not a Bible that was found in Shelley's pocket,



THOUGHT AND FOLLY
(By Antonio Rubino.)

but John Keats's poems. However, it would not have been strange, for he was a great admirer of Scripture as a composition."

#### A Fantastic Genius

Antonio Augusto Rubino is the name of a most eccentric artist and poet who is coming into prominence in Italy. He is only



SUPERSTITION
(By Antonio Rubino.)

twenty-five years of age, and until now none of his works have appeared in print, for the curious reason that hitherto he has systematically refused to allow their publication because he bears a grudge against the invention of printing. He prefers to recite his poems, which he does freely even to newly made acquaintances in the street, to friends on meeting them and to ladies on saluting them. His friend, Giuseppe Bevione, who has succeeded in obtaining some of his productions for La Lettura (Milan), writes:

"The art of Rubino is of disquieting novelty; he outdoes himself in originality. Not love, nor grief, are the themes of his poems. He discards the outworn imagery of lyrical poetry—the moon, the dew, the beautiful play of color. He gives no descriptions of Cretan landscapes with brooks; he writes not of nightingales nor of flocks in the fields. Instead he tells of marshes of tears, skies in conflagration, tortured trees, amphibians in love, mutilated hands, stony roads, grinning skulls, delirious brains—all painted and sculptured in verses as compact as a black diamond, as sonorous as the roar of the tempest."

"One day," continues Bevione, "Rubino said to himself: 'Suppose I illustrate my poems?' He took a pencil, tried a while and found that he was a great designer. A few days afterward he painted in water colors, with a free hand and an exceedingly fine, delicate eye, and his work evoked the amazement of visitors. He wanted no master; no one gave him any points as to the processes and rules of art. He developed an intense love for his art, and conquered its

technique with surprising facility. Within a few days the colors served him obediently. He distinguished them with loving perception, and did with them what he wanted." Bevione goes on to say:

"Pass in review all the artists of dreams, ecstasies, nightmares and hallucinations, and you will not find one so bold, novel, versatile and forceful. His delineation is nervous, sure and complete; no particular, not the least, is omitted. The picture is represented by the line and intensified in an extraordinary manner; with a rare economy he obtains stupendous results. His colors are luminous, warm, showing a brilliant, exact sense of values, a breadth and profound appreciation of harmonies and oppositions. The most abstract subjects—fraud, stupidity, superstition, luxury, folly—appear in these paintings,

invested with the colors which they would undoubtedly be found to possess if it pleased God some time to bring them down upon earth, in flesh and blood, from the unknown regions of their abode.

"When I told Rubino," concludes Bevione, "that I wanted to write an article about him, he answered; 'You are my friend; I entrust to you my verses and paintings; say what you please about me and my creations. One thing only I want you to promise me, that you will print clearly, and that although my art is bizarre, you will remember that I am normal, that I have my head in the right place, and that when I want to I can speak, reason and act as everyone else."

### Advantages of a Literary Career

When Thoreau's publisher returned to him 706 copies out of an edition of 1000 of his book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," the New England philosopher was so far from being crushed by this depressing circumstance that he entered in his journal: "I believe that this result is more inspiring and better for me than if a thousand had bought my wares. It affects my privacy less, and leaves me freer." The incident is cited by Thomas Wentworth Higginson at the outset of a recent address, delivered before the Harvard Ethical Society and printed in the August Critic, as an extreme illustration of the disadvantages of literature as a pursuit; and it serves as an antithesis to the very real benefits of the literary profession of which Colonel Higginson goes on to speak. These benefits he enumerates under four heads: Firstly, at its best the literary vocation "puts a man on higher ground as to pursuits and gives him at least the chance of being remembered longer, than any other vocation supplies. 'A book,' said the great lawver, Rufus Choate, 'is the only immortality." Secondly, "it lasts a man into later life than other pursuits." Thirdly, "it keeps him in a much higher vein of thought, even where, as often happens, it involves a constant revision of his own work." Fourthly, "it perhaps adds on the whole to the fascination of literature that no author knows which book of his will Goethe wrote to Schiller, 'We make money by our poor books."

The greatest of all the advantages of a literary career—the joy of creative work—is



A QUARRYMAN (By Constantin Meunier.)

indicated in Colonel Higginson's closing words:

"Shelley says that a man cannot say, 'I will compose poetry.' He goes on to add: 'The greatest poet even cannot say it, for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness; this power arises from within, like the color of a flower which fades and changes as it is developed, and the conscious portions of our nature are unprophetic either of its approach or its departure.' In the same way Schiller wrote to Körner that what impressed him when he sat down to write was usually some single impulse or harmonious tone, and not any clear notion of what he proposed writing. 'These clear notion of what he proposed writing. 'These observations,' he says, 'arise from an "Ode to Light," with which I am now busy. I have as yet no idea what the poem will be, but a presentiment; and yet I can promise beforehand that it will be successful.'

"The world's greatest literature, we may assume, was like unto this. Science can be duplicated or gone over again, or it can be dropped and taken up again at the same point. It can be renewed. The highest forms of literature come we know not whence and go we know not whither; and this accounts for instances in such work where even one verse remains in the memory of mankind while all the rest is lost."

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, in an article on "Modern Journalism as a Profession" in *The Pall Mall Magazine* (August), writes eloquently of the attractions of a newspaper career:

"To him who is called, the opportunity is beyond estimate. To him are given the keys of every study, the entry to every family, the ear of every citizen when at ease and in his most receptive moods—powers of approach and of persuasion beyond those of the Protestant pastor or the



CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

"We loved you, Meunier," said his friend Stacquet, "for your glorious eyes, which were full of goodness; we loved you for your great heart, which was full of sympathy; we loved you for your fine hands, which were full of service."

Catholic confessor. He is by no means a prophet; but, reverently be it said, he is a voice in the wilderness preparing the way. He is by no means a priest, but his words carry wider and farther than the priest's, and he preaches the gospel of humanity. He is not a king, but he nurtures and trains the king, and the land is ruled by the public opinion he evokes and shapes."

### The Proletarian Art of Constantin Meunier

Constantin Meunier, the Belgian sculptor, who died in Brussels recently, has done for the industrial worker something of what Jean François Millet, as a painter, did for the peasant. In contemplating his producductions, we feel, as his friend and biographer,\* Camille Lemonnier, has said, that "the workingman has received the baptism of art." Another well-known critic, M. Dumont-Wilden, writing in the *Petit-Bleu*, characterizes his work thus:

"This is an exact picture of laboring humanity, the splendid presentment of the eternal struggle of man against natural fatalities—that great dolorous drama which is of all time, but that our times, with their huge industries and "Constantin Meunier. By Camille Lemonnier. H. Floury, Paris.

congested, overheated centres of work, see, perhaps, under a grander and more terrible aspect than did bygone ages. To find an element of beauty in the factory; to discover the harmonious rhythm of a body beneath the miner's workingjacket; to conjure up the artistic emotion which lurks beneath the rough exterior of a coron, or in the dismal oppressiveness of an industrial town; what a singular and gigantic task is this, when one comes to think of it! What marvellous intuition in an artist whom destiny seems to have formed expressly for this task! And, indeed, the life of Constantin Meunier, harmonious, sad and simple, like one of his works, was but a slow preparation for the splendid fruition of his later years."

Of the sense in which Meunier qualified for his work by *living* that which he was to depict, Mr. Samuel Howe, a writer in *The Craftsman* (Syracuse, July), says:



THE PUDDLER (By Constantin Meunier.)

"He visited and worked with the coal-diggers in the mines, often spending hours, prone on his

back, picking coal in a narrow seam or pushing small barrows through the low galleries. Men who lead the dark and rough life of the coal-pit present many peculiarities and transmit from one to another certain strongly-marked features which all come to have in common. The spine and legs often become crooked, owing to the constrained and awkward position in which they are compelled to work. The eyes assume a diminutive appearance, and the eyelids become swollen. They work almost without clothes, in air close and hot, and their faces are deadly pale and plowed with deep furrows. These are the coal-diggers depicted by Meunier, and the reason for every characteristic feature or peculiarity that marks them, was derived from the closest personal association and from actual experience as well.

"He visited the small cutlery industries where the workers possess their own little holding, obtaining their motive power from the small rivers that intersect the country, or from gas motors when the water is low. Here Meunier saw something of the fierce competition between the large manufacturers and the individual workers, and realized the skill with which the latter keep to the fore by dint of keen industry in some very high specialization of labor, even though hampered in their producing power by certain old-fashioned, although essential, methods of their own. The economic value of the use of water power, for instance, necessitates the building of their sheds on a level with the river, and there the grinders often lie all day, stretched out face down on boards, patiently grinding the knives and scissors for which they are famed. Under these con-



MINERS RETURNING FROM WORK From a bas-relief by Meunier.

ditions, ague and rheumatism are the constantly-dreaded foes of the workers, and to counteract the chill and dampness each man has a large dog, trained to lie quietly for hours at a time on the loins of the worker, and waking only when the master quits work. These primitive conditions of industry will pass into history in Meunier's

clay.

"A picture carver, having lost his situation, took up the making or turning of handles for umbrellas, tools and parts of chairs. Meunier turned the lathe when he could get away from his class for drawing at Louvain University, for very much the same reason that Horace Greeley, at Marcellus, turned the 'picker' to get linen threads from the native flax. He visited the shops and worked with the 'hammerman' at the anvil, taking his turn with the sledge; he worked with the brown-armed 'puddler' before the furnace which first reduces and then liquefies the metal; he worked with the quarryman, noting the manner in which he adjusts his body to carry huge stones after prying them loose with the crowbar, and with the dock-laborers, until he made his own the proud attribute of strength victorious."

Camille Lemonnier interprets Meunier in these terms:

"Constantin Meunier was one of the first, if not the first, to give personality to the crowd. Until his time the common people were obscure, expressed in passive density, with a dark and gloomy massiveness that had no soul. . . Meunier, loving spirit, helpful dreamer, poor artist, evangelist in a sense, turned even to the



THE OLD MINER (By Constantin Meunier.)



From a bas-relief by Meunier.

reprobate, pouring forth upon him a great pity. The workingman has received the baptism of art. The faceless, nameless army acquired the rights of citizenship in the republic of the intellect. All that was necessary was the conscience and sensibility of a master. In his works Meunier fraternized with Man. In his simple fashion he announced the coming of a new time."

Meunier's work has made a deep impression on the socialistic world, and is being discussed in the radical press of many countries. Emil Vandervelde, the Belgian Socialist Deputy, has an article in the Neue Gesellschaft (Berlin), from which we quote:

"Did Meunier follow the socialistic tendency when he evoked these figures from the clay? We believe not. As was the case with Millet, he had no political purpose, and it would not be in accord with the truth to attribute motives to him which he evidently never possessed. This is the very sign of genius, that it is much more the manifestation of an instinct than the expression of a conscious, reasoning will.

"But in spite of this it is difficult not to see, in his chef d'œuvre, on which he worked to the very end, and which he had scarcely completed before his heart ceased to beat, the symbol of a great hope. In his 'Monument of Labor,' Meunier does not so much represent work as it is, as forecast the proletariat of the future."

Odon Por writes in The International Socialist Review (Chicago, July):

"In the works of Jean François Millet the fragrant and smiling spring, clad in luxurious colors, intoxicates the worker. The fertile earth, overflowing with force, overwhelms him. The characteristic of Millet is: "Le cri de la Terre'—'The Cry of the Earth.' The superiority of the earth and nature over man. The work of man does not harmonize with the work of nature. The earth is the commanding power. Man must obey, he must surrender to this power.

obey, he must surrender to this power.

"The cry of force," The Voice of Consciousness," is the master spirit in Meunier's work.

Man and nature are not subordinated but co-ordinated to each other. They are harmonizing and co-operative forces. The wonderful touch of nature makes man a higher being, conscious of his faculties. Nature and work do not overpower him, but elevate him and multiply his forces and abilities, set a broader scope to his work and show him that his force and labor is just as creative a power as is nature itself.

"Thus Meunier expresses his philosophy, which recognizes in force and work the animating and supporting elements of society. He discarded the old way of attracting people's interest; the agitator's voice, speaking from the pictures of the 'poor people,' disappeared. Cheap inartistic effects were avoided and the eternal truth brought forth by purely artistic forms, by the rhythm of beauty found when force and action work consciously with man. The beauty of Meunier's art is in its originality and sublime simplicity; his art is unlimited, is eternal because it embraces the eternal verities.

"Meunier died in March, 1905, accompanied by the love and sorrow of all who love art and all who love a noble man and who struggle for the

salvation of mankind.

"At the grave his friend Stacquet said: 'We loved you, Meunier, for your glorious eyes, which were full of goodness; we loved you for your great heart, which was full of sympathy; we loved you, Meunier, for your fine hands, which were full of service. Farewell, Meunier, farewell, my poor Meunier!'"

# The Literary Anarchism of Anatole France

An effort is made by Alvan Francis Sanborn in a recent work\* to determine the social views of the most eminent French literary men, and he declares that, in a majority of instances, their attitude toward society can only be termed "revolutionary." The opinion of the well-known critic, M. Augustin Filon, is quoted to the effect that "it is impossible to-day for a great mind not to be somewhat anarchistic." Taking the case of the Frenchman who is generally regarded as the "greatest man of letters," the selection has a relation to the dictum of M. Filon which seems to be highly typical. Mr. Sanborn says:

"If you ask intellectual Frenchmen, without distinction of social position or political faith,

\*PARIS AND THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION. By Alvan Francis Sanborn. Small, Maynard & Company.

who is the foremost living Frenchman of letters, five out of six will answer, without an instant's hesitation, Anatole France. Less pictorial, less colossal and less epic than Zola, but more penetrating and more profound; æsthetic and erudite (in the good old-fashioned sense of the latter word), subtle, suave, and refined; abundantly endowed with the humor and the wit in which Zola was deficient; as impeccable in point of language and style as Zola was careless, as measured as Zola was violent, as gentle as Zola was brutal, as finished as Zola was crude; as perfect an embodiment of the Greek spirit as Zola, if he had only had a keener sense of the grotesque, would have been of the Gothic-Anatole France is none the less a redoubtable iconoclast,—the most redoubtable iconoclast of his generation perhaps. Afplayful pessimist, a piquant anarchist, a mischievous nihilist, if you will, but a pessimist, an anarchist, a nihilist, for all that. 'Prejudices,' he says, are unmade and remade without ceasing; they have the eternal mobility of the clouds. It is in

their nature to be august before appearing to be odious; and the men are rare who have not the superstition of their time, and who look straight in the eye what the crowd does not dare to look at. M. France is one of these rare men. He combines the amiable doubt of Montaigne with the mocking irreverence of Voltaire and the subversive grace of Renan. 'The end which M. France seems to pursue persistently,' says one of his literary brethren, 'is the demolition of the social edifice by the force of a logic tinctured with irony, without anger, and without phrases. By as much as Zola, Tailhade, and Mirbeau are

ardent and passionate when they attack society, by so much is M. France calm and feline; but he is not on that account the less to be feared."

M. France is further described as "the idol of the lettered youth of France," and from being their master in questions of style there is but a step to becoming their leader in questions of the substance underlying the form. Ranked as the subtlest and gentlest ironist of his time, his "ideas insinuate themselves into the very penetralia of culture—t h a t quisite culture which brooks the presence of nothing common or unclean-and they act as a disintegrating force in circles where downright revolution-

ary propaganda cannot enter." Mr. Sanborn avers him to be the precise intellectual counterpart—at every point save that of Catholicism—of his own "adorable creation," the Abbé Coignard (in "Les Opinions de M. Jerôme Coignard"), "the delicious Catholic révolté, who juggles with principles and human institutions as if they were a Merry Andrew's painted spheres; the railing anarchist who lashes with jests and whose only bombs are bon mots."

Anatole France's latest book, "Sur la Pierre Blanche," admirably illustrates Mr. Sanborn's characterization. In this work the French author puts in the mouths of several Frenchmen, who spend a spring in Rome and meet at the Forum to indulge in

retrospective reflections and speculations concerning the future, his views and feelings regarding modern society—its institutions, principles, beliefs, policies and problems. The work is a savage arraignment of our civilization, though couched in M. France's graceful style. He spares no one, not even himself. Here is how he refers to society as a whole:

"Animal societies result naturally and neces-

sarily from animal nature. The earth is a planet where one eats, the planet of hunger. Its animals are naturally greedy and ferocious. Man alone, the most intelligent of all animals, is avaricious.

"Avarice, so far, is the primary virtue of human societies and the chefd'œuvre of nature in the moral sphere. If I could write, I should write in praise of avarice. In truth, though, such a book would not be very original. The moralists and the economists have written it a hundred times. Human societies have for their august foundations avarice and cruelty.

The distinctive characteristic of modern civilization is commercial warfare, industrial competition which begets colonialism and war for territories and markets. America, according to M. France, is worse than Europe

in this respect; indeed, she is merely a new Europe, but more aggressive, less experienced and therefore more dangerous today to the best interests of humanity. To translate further:

"Colonialism is the most recent form of barbarism, or if you prefer, the most recent term of civilization. I recognize no difference between the two expressions; they are identical. What men call civilization is the present state of their morals, and by barbarism they mean anterior moral states. The present moral state will be called barbarous when it shall have passed away."

A race may spring up, perhaps unrelated to ours, concludes M. France, which will ignore or even despise us, to whom our proudest monuments, should they discover vestiges of them, will have no meaning.



ANATOLE FRANCE
"The foremost living Frenchman of letters."

# G. F. Watts: A Character Study

Mrs. Russell Barrington, an English lady who for thirty years was the pupil and intimate friend of George Frederick Watts, has written a book\* on Watts as she knew him. The volume is in the nature of a series of reminiscences, interpretative and appreciative, and is distinguished by a spirit of unconventional freshness and enthusiasm. may be summed up as a fascinating study in the temperament of genius. Watts, himself. it is true, always denied that he had genius. "I have not a scrap of genius," he would write to Mrs. Barrington; "you have genius-I have none," an announcement which she says that she received "with amused, though perhaps with patient, incredulity." She continues:



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Prom a hitherto unpublished drawing by Watts.

"The wealth of genius which Watts possessed was so innate, so part of himself, that he was, I think, unconscious of the existence of his riches. Feeling himself unlike others in many respects, feeling also a want of the kind of everyday facility which many inferior artists possess, and having a distrustful, self-depreciating attitude of mind regarding all he was and all he did, he viewed the dissimilarity between himself and others as proving his own inferiority. His taste and aspirations leading him to dwell on the very best things that have been produced in the world's history of art and literature, any comparison with these and his own work depressed

him greatly, and led to belittlements of self. Moreover, as is often the case with those gifted with rare instincts of imagination which are outside and beyond the conscious working of their minds, Watts had a certain curiosity about himself. In conversing he would often try to unravel the inconsistencies in his nature, and he would, I think, speak of the consciousness of his deficiencies in order to challenge a discussion of them."

In his art, Watts was dominated by the Greek and Italian schools. Pheidias, Orgagna, and Titian were the three masters who inspired his greatest admiration. But behind all Greek and Italian influence his instinct was Celtic. He had the Celtic imagination and the Celtic temperament. His was the nature of a recluse. "I should like to go into a monastery," he exclaims in a letter bemoaning his nervous condition. Speaking of the frame of mind in which he did his best work, Mrs. Barrington says: "Some feeling of great indignation, some intense enthusiasm, or other excitement produced from the mesmeric influence attached to the presence of another personality, were needed to stir the psychic forces of his Celtic nature from its state of normal lethargic melancholy." To quote further:

"There is much in common between the genius of the Slav and of the Celt. Nietzsche went so far as to trace a similarity in the origin of their, languages. I feel much of the finest Slav music, which arouses such enthusiasm in our modern music-loving natures, to be in the same strain as that of Watts's genius. Tchaikovsky's tragic symphony and Watts's 'Sic Transit Gloria Mundi' touch the same chord of profound impersonal melancholy, the intense and deep interest of both works lying beyond the circumstances of the human lot alone, touching those vaguer mysteries which float between the spiritual and the earthly conditions of the soul, recognized by the word psychic."

"Sic Transit," a gloomy picture representing a shrouded corpse lying beside the discarded trifles that symbolize the vanity of earthly existence, is regarded by Mrs. Barrington as Watts's masterpiece. Next to it she sets the small canvases of "The Court of Death" and the "Riders" on the White, Red, Black and Pale Horses. All of these paintings, she declares, were "spontaneous and unlabored"; while such pictures as "Love and Death" and "Time, Death and Judgment" were commenced before Watts had acquired ease and experience in his latest method. Of the portraits she prefers those of Walter Crane and Joachim, characterizing

<sup>\*</sup>G. F. WATTS: REMINISCENCES. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. The Macmillan Company.

the former as "superb" and writing of the latter: "Its value lies in the fact that in the painting is an embodiment of Joachim's feeling for music. By some subtle sense the painter has entered into and seized the genius of his sitter, and has translated through the medium of line and color the essence of the deep feeling which inspired the master's interpretations of Beethoven, Bach and Brahms." She goes on to say:

"Behind the sensuous glory of color, the richness of texture and quality, and the serenity of Pheidian form, we find a weird, melancholy note. In his greatest pictures, that note belongs to the theme as well as to the feeling. In the 'Sic Transit' we have the triumph of his art. Here there is no rift rent in the sky—nothing to lift off the brooding melancholy of the theme, no hint to lead the thought upwards from the transitory to the eternal. After the first 'Love and Death' was painted I often pleaded for the further theme, 'Love Triumphant.' It came at last, but compared to 'Love and Death,' 'Love Triumphant' was a failure. The Love who was defeated, overpowered by the stride of Death, was a glorious, passionate, pathetic Love; and Death, the inevitable, was solemn and grand. The unanswered question, the mystery of existence, had more power to stimulate the imagination of the Celt than had the glory and the joy of a fixed faith."



G. F. WATTS From a photograph taken in 1854.

Watts's personal character was one of singular purity. He cared little or nothing about fame and money. and said that he would like to have signed his paintings"Pictor Ignotus." so that they might be judged for themselves and impersonally. He twice refused a baronetcy. He gave away his most valuable pictures to the nation. One of his favorite sayings was the motto inscribed on his "Sic Transit": "What I spent I had, what I saved I lost, what I gave I have."



ASPIRATION
From a chalk drawing by Watts.

He made the remark to Mrs. Barrington:

"One thing alone I possess, and I never remember the time I was without it—an aim toward the highest, the best, and a burning desire to reach it. If I were asked to choose whether I would like to do something good, as the world judges popular art, and receive personally great credit for it, or, as an alternative, to produce something which should rank as the very best, taking a place with the art of Pheidias or Titian, with the highest poetry and the most elevating music, and remain unknown as the perpetrator of the work, I should choose the latter."

Mrs. Barrington writes interestingly of Watts's religion. He was always inclined to be pessimistic, but he said there were two things that his experience proved to be worth living for-one to do as much for humanity as possible, and the other to have friends. He did not feel so definitely the sense of the reality of a spiritual life, we are told, as he did the sense of moral obligations, particularly those moral obligations which different classes of society are under one to another. His deep sympathy with human suffering found expression in such paintings as "Mammon," "The Song of the Shirt," "Under a Dry Archway," "Found Drowned," and "Irish Peasants during the Famine." Watts was attracted to Prince Kropotkin and to Mazzini, and greatly admired the writings of Tolstoy. These "extreme people," he once said, might be the

regenerators of art. But his art was in itself a religion. To quote again:

"When his gifts as an artist gradually developed and he realized the deep joy he felt in beauty and the intense interest and excitement which the endeavor to express it aroused in him, his scrupulous conscience, backed by the early strict religious training, was inspired with a sense that it was his duty to give back some gift to the world in return, it might almost be said in his case in expiation, for the sensuous enjoyment that he as a born artist experienced in working at his art. Notwithstanding the labor it cost him, nothing in life could compare in joy to the delight of revelling in beauty. Those alone who have known the passionate love, the engrossing entrancement which art can inspire, the intense interest a born artist feels in his work—even in the actual manipulation of the brush—can gauge truly the amount of merit to be allotted to one who sacrifices much that the world esteems as most enviable to the uninterrupted pursuance of it. To work is a necessity; it is a craving in the nature which demands to be satisfied, or life be-comes disjointed—a failure—unlived! 'Va! your human talks and doings are a tame jest; the only

passionate life is in form and color,' says Cosimo in 'Romola.' No one ever realized this state of feeling more than did Watts. He would tell me that often at the sight of an exquisite scene in nature, or even of some passage of color in a blue distance (blue was the color which gave him most delight), or the pathetic loveliness in a baby, or any very young thing, his eyes would fill with tears from the emotion he felt."

In the spring of 1004 Mrs. Barrington saw Watts for the last time.

"He was working in his garden on the figure of his equestrian statue, 'Vital Energy.' Very old he looked, but the light in the eye was kindled afresh with the fire of aspiration as he labored on. He was right when he wrote but a few weeks before, 'I think aspiration will remain as long as there is consciousness.' Ever struggling to improve—the hope, the effort seemed to impart new life. Working away in the peasant's smock, he was eager as ever to reach a something which he aspired to as the best, but which seemed to elude him as the mountain summit eludes the traveller-that farthest summit which rises ever beyond the height attained!'

He often insists on the cardinal truth that life is

above art, that art is a service, not a dominion;

that art must minister to life, not life to art.

There is a sort of priestly mood which falls upon

those in whom the need for creating what is beautiful is very imperious. FitzGerald had none of

this; he would have laughed at it as a species of

pretentiousness. In this he was not necessarily

right, but we are endeavoring to present his view of the case. The solemnity of Wordsworth, the

affectation of Tennyson, were not only mistaken in FitzGerald's view, but slightly grotesque; and thus we have the pathetic spectacle of a man

choosing to hold aloof from life in a way that

could only have been justified if it had been the result of deliberate theory, a constraining voca-

tion. We see him regretting his own indecision,

and urging on his friends the imperative duty of

taking a hand in the game; and yet unable to

put his theories into practice, and trifling with life in a melancholy rather than in a cynical spirit,

FitzGerald is thus, as I have said, a Hamlet of

literature, clear-sighted, full of the sense of mys-

stery and wonder and beauty; yet unable to dedicate himself to the creative life, from lack

#### FitzGerald as "A Hamlet of Literature"

The life of Edward FitzGerald which A. C. Benson has just added to the English Men of Letters Series\* presents an interesting but more or less saddening picture of the literary recluse, a man whose "spectatorial interest in life" was acute, but whose ability to enter into its activities, always weak, diminished almost to the point of helpless-"Though a man of great intellectual power, much nobleness and tenderness of character, he was not cast quite enough in the ordinary mould for his own convenience." In judging this attitude, his biographer accuses him of a certain lack of moral courage, for at the outset FitzGerald did not deliberately adopt the unconventional mode of life that he mainly followed, but allowed himself to drift into it, and the picture he presents is described as "melancholy." Says the writer:

"Not without loss can a man withdraw himself from the world and shun the primal inheritance of labor. Our admiration of the man and of his best work cannot blind us to the fact that this irresolution, this languid lingering upon the skirts of life, is not a beautiful or an admirable thing. If the sacrifice had been made in the interests of art, it would have been different; but FitzGerald had no illusions on this point either.

of a certain vitality, and from an unhappy capacity of seeing both sides of a question; and yet from indolence and irresolution unable to throw in his lot with the humdrum cares and duties that, after all, bring peace and content into the majority of lives. A character and temperament such as is here set forth serve to explain the nature and quality of FitzGerald's literary product. His mind was deficient in imaginative qual-

<sup>\*</sup>Edward FitzGerald. By A. C. Benson. The Macmillan Company.

ity, says Mr. Benson. "His timid, fastidious imagination shrank from the strain of constructing, originating, creating"; and while he was too restless to be wholly inactive, he took refuge in translations and in making selections. "His literary occupations were planned more to deaden than to quicken thought." His one haunting thought was regret,—"an impersonal regret for all the beauty and charm of the world that flowered only to die, and a more

personal regret that he had not been able to put out his powers to do and to be." The biographer continues:

"He was overshadowed by a constant sense of the brevity, the fleeting swiftness, of time, the steady, irrevocable lapsing of life to death. Melancholy takes many forms; in some it seems to find its materials in anxious and gloomy forebodings of what the future may bring or take away; with some the present seems irremediably dreary. But FitzGerald lived in a wistful regret for the beautiful hours that were gone, the days that are no more. Tennyson called this feeling 'the passion of the past,' but said that in his own case it was not a sadness born of experience, but rather the luxurious melancholy of youth; and that with him it tended to diminish as the years went on. But with FitzGerald, it was, it seems, an ever-present sense. Beneath and behind the sweet sounds and sights of the earth that he loved so well,

he heard the sullen echo of a voice that warned him that all was passing away. 'It gives me,' he wrote, 'a strange sort of Pleasure to walk about the old Places among the falling leaves once more.' And as the golden light of evening crept over the pastures, touching tree and field with strange and sweet tranquility of bright outline and lengthened shadow, he said within his heart that it was all exquisitely and profoundly beautiful, but that the sweet hour was numbered with the past even as he gazed. All present enjoyment was darkened for PitzGerald by the pressure of this insistent thought."

FitzGerald was a man to whom friendship

was an intimate need, though his communication with friends was largely maintained by correspondence. No inconsiderable part of his literary fame rests upon the letters, which, in Mr. Benson's phrase, "have a high value, both for their beautiful and original literary form, for the careless picture they give of a certain type of retired and refined country life, for their unconsidered glimpses of great personalities, and for the fact that they present a very peculiar

and interesting point of view, a delicate criticism of life from highly original standpoint." It was indeed on the critical side that he possessed "extraordinary delicacy of perception." This revealed in letters addressed to William Bodham Donne and presented in a recent volume of that man's literary memorials.\* Citations from those that bear upon literary topics are given below:

"My ½ yearly inquiry about Carlyle has resulted in hearing from his Niece that he is quite well; walking the Thames Embankment before Breakfast and going on in his old way, only driving, instead of walking; out of an afternoon; reads incessantly; just now his eternal old Goethe, whom, she says, he never seems to tire of—and I, poor wretch, never can read at all."

Courtesy of Book News, Phila., Pa.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

The translator of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.

The following is apropos of his brief "Calendar of the Life of Charles Lamb":

"I did it for myself who often felt at a loss for some Data while reading the dear Fellow's Letters. . . . I hesitated at expatiating so on the terrible year 1796 or even mentioning the Drink in 1804: but the first is necessary to show what a Saint and Hero the man was; and only a Noodle could fail to understand the Drink, etc., which never affected Lamb's conduct to those he loved. Bless him! 'Saint Charles!' said Thackeray one day taking up one of his Letters, and putting it to his Forehead."

\*WILLIAM BORHAM DONNE AND HIS FRIENDS. Edited by Catharine B. Johnson. E. P. Dutton & Co.

### Henry James's Apologia

The lecture on "The Lesson of Balzac." which Mr. Henry James has been delivering in many parts of the United States has now been printed in The Atlantic Monthly (August). In it he acknowledges himself "an emulous fellow-worker, who has learned from him [Balzac] more of the lessons of the engaging mystery of fiction than from any one else," and declares himself "conscious of so large a debt to repay that it had positively to be discharged in installments; as if one could never have at once all the required cash in hand." The lesson of Balzac, in the lecturer's view, is one especially necessary to be learned at the present hour, when conditions are such as to warrant an indictment like the following: "I do not propose for a moment to invite you to blink the fact that our huge Anglo-Saxon array of producers and readers—and especially our vast cis-Atlantic multitudepresents production uncontrolled by criticism, unguided, unlighted, uninstructed, unashamed, on a scale that is really a new thing in the world." Coupled with this indictment is the declaration of what, in his opinion, are the fundamental requirements of the novelist's art, requirements in which Balzac showed himself "the master of us all." The first of these is the novelist's "saturation with his idea." the failure of which, he declares, is "that fault in the artist, in the novelist, that amounts most completely to a failure of dignity." "When saturation fails," says Mr. James, "no other presence really avails; as when, on the other hand, it operates, no failure of method fatally interferes." Saturation implies sympathy, and the truth is pointed by the contrasted cases of Thackeray and Balzac. "The English writer wants to make sure, first of all, of your moral judgment; the French is willing, while it waits a little, to risk, for the sake of his subject, your spiritual salvation." To quote further:

"It all comes back, in fine, to that respect for the liberty of the subject which I should be willing to name as the great sign of the painter of the first order. Such a witness to the human comedy fairly holds his breath for fear of arresting or diverting that natural license; the witness who begins to breathe so uneasily in presence of it that his respiration not only warns off the little prowling or playing creature he is supposed to be studying, but drowns, for our ears, the ingenuous sounds of the animal, as well as the general, truthful hum of the human scene at large—this

demonstrator has no sufficient warrant for his task. And if such an induction as this is largely the moral of our renewed glance at Balzac, there is a lesson, of a more essential sort, I think, folded still deeper within—the lesson that there is no convincing art that is not ruinously expensive. I am unwilling to say, in the presence of such of his successors as George Eliot and Tolstoi and Zola (to name, for convenience, only three of them), that he was the last of the novelists to do the thing handsomely; but I will say that we get the impression at least of his having had more to spend. Many of those who have followed him affect us as doing it, in the vulgar phrase, 'on the cheap; by reason mainly, no doubt, of their having been, all helplessly, foredoomed to cheapness. Nothing counts, of course, in art, but the excellent; nothing exists, however briefly, for estimation, for appreciation, but the superlative-always in its kind; and who shall declare that the severe economy of the vast majority of those apparently emulous of the attempt to 'render' the human subject and the human scene proceeds from anything worse than the consciousness of a limited capital? This flourishing frugality operates happily, no doubt—given all the circumstances—for the novelist; but it has had terrible results for the novel, so far as the novel is a form with which criticism may be moved to concern itself. Its misfortune, its discredit, what I have called its bankrupt state among us, is the not unnatural consequence of its having ceased, for the most part, to be artistically interesting. It has become an object of easy manufacture, showing on every side the stamp of the machine; it has become the article of commerce, produced in quantity, and as we so see it we inevitably turn from it, under the rare visitations of the critical impulse, to compare it with those more precious products of the same general nature that we used to think of as belonging to the class of the hand-made."

Turning to that part of the lecture which constitutes most definitely Mr. James's apologia for his own art, we find him declaring that there are two elements of the art of the novelist which present the greatest difficulty:

"In the first place there is that mystery of the foreshortened procession of facts and figures, of appearances of whatever sort, which is in some lights but another name for the picture governed by the principle of composition, and which has at any rate as little as possible in common with the method now usual among us, the juxtaposition of items emulating the column of numbers of a schoolboy's sum in addition. It is the art of the brush, I know, as opposed to the art of the slate-pencil; but to the art of the brush the novel must return, I hold, to recover whatever may be still recoverable of its sacrificed honor.

"The second difficulty that I commend for its fascination, at all events, the most attaching when met and the most rewarding when triumphantly met,—though I hasten to add that it

also strikes me as not only the least 'met' in eneral, but the least suspected,—this second difficulty is that of representing, to put it simply, the lapse of time, the duration of the subject: representing it, that is, more subtly than by a blank space, or a row of stars, on the historic page. With the blank space and the row of stars Balzac's genius had no affinity, and he is therefore as unlike as possible those narrators— so numerous, all round us, it would appear, today in especial—the succession of whose steps and stages, the development of whose action, in the given case, affects us as occupying but a week or two. No one begins, to my sense, to handle the time-element and produce the timeeffect with the authority of Balzac in his amplest sweeps-by which I am far from meaning in his longest passages. That study of the foreshortened image, of the neglect of which I suggest the ill consequence, is precisely the enemy of the tiresome procession of would-be narrative items, seen all in profile, like the rail-heads of a fence; a substitute for the baser device of accounting for the time-quantity by mere quantity of statement. Quality and manner of statement account for it in a finer way-always assuming, as I say, that unless it is accounted for nothing else really is. The fashion of our day is to account for it almost exclusively by an inordinate abuse of the colloquial resource, of the report, from page to page, from chapter to chapter, from beginning to end, of the talk, between the persons involved, in which situation and action may be conceived as registered. Talk between persons is perhaps, of all the parts of the novelist's plan, the part that Balzac most scrupulously weighed and measured and kept in its place; judging it, I think,though he perhaps even had an undue suspicion of its possible cheapness, as feeling it the thing that can least afford to be cheap.—a precious and supreme resource, the very flower of illustration of the subject, and thereby not to be inconsiderately discounted. It was his view, discernibly, that the flower must keep its bloom, or in other words not be too much handled, in order to have a fragrance when nothing but its fragrance will serve.

# The Alleged Decline in American Poetry

A discussion on the alleged "slump" in modern poetry, started in England more than a year ago and vigorously continued in this country, has received a fresh impetus during the past few weeks. The immediate occasion of this stimulus is found in the publication of two notable American poems, Richard Watson Gilder's "A Temple of Art" (printed in CURRENT LITERATURE for August) and Edwin Markham's "Virgilia" (noted in the Department of Current Poetry in this issue). Judging from the comment evoked by these poems, it would appear that popular interest in American poetry is certainly not declining, whatever may be said of the poetry itself.

Arthur Stringer, who initiated the present phase of the discussion, is himself a poet of distinction. He was so far moved by the "sturdy beauty" of many of the lines of Mr. Gilder's dedicatory ode, and by the fact that one of our living poets, and "one of our most dignified and scholarly living poets," should actually be asked to participate in any such public service as the opening of an art gallery, that he wrote to the New York Times Saturday Review as follows:

"Even this momentary identification of what was once held the divinest of the arts with actual affairs and actual life carries with it some poignantly muffled touch of promise. It has a microscopic tinge of something Homeric about it, recalling older and nobler traditions. It shows

that poetry, after all, is not as obsolete as antima-cassars. It also serves to 'democratize' an art which, at first sight, appears to have been usurped and carried off (and well-nigh strangled) by idle-handled æsthetes and self-immured dilettantes. It wrests this art, hallowed by timeless traditions, from the hands of febrile erotomaniacs and verbal crochet-workers. It tends to give a wider meaning and a stamp of national dignity to a sadly unremunerative calling that has, of late, seemed emasculated with pink-teaed preciosity and tainted with studio-life attitudinizing. And poetry, in this æstheti-phobiac land and century of ours, sadly needs something like this. England—rich to-day in her younger generation of poets of no mean promise and accomplishment, while we, alas, can count our Thomas Bailey Aldriches and our William Vaughn Moodys on our finger tips—has her academically recognized Newdigate and her officially sanctioned Laureate-ship. But on this continent, where the queen bee of the hive of beauty must 'grub for herself,' any latter-day recognition of the maker of songs is to be hungrily welcomed, in the hope that some day it will be more openly commended. It is, on the other hand, equally to the advantage of the poet, now that the commercialized magazine is no longer an outlet for anything but his shallowest and most fragmentary aspirations, to identify himself, in no matter how desperate a manner, with some scattered few of the wider issues of life.

This letter drew the following rejoinder from Stephen G. Clow, of New York:

"Why, oh, why will persons, many of them acute observers and decent verse-makers themselves, continue to write like this on the subject of poets and poetry? Why will they shut their eyes and stub their pens to the fact that, as a

matter of circumstance, we are through having poets? Could any demonstration in Euclid be clearer than that there is no longer, and will never be again, the conditions that breed poets? Certain favorable, simpler past ages produced poets; our business to-day is to produce trolley cars and breakfast foods. The man in this age who perfects a corn plaster or an automobile is much more important to us than Sophocles. Why mix—or mince—matters? The poet is as extinct as the dodo. The dear public doesn't want poets, and wouldn't acknowledge them if by a miracle it could have them. Verse we will see, yea, and mighty good verse-some of it such as Mr. Stringer himself doth many a time and oft produce, but poetry!—please spare us the conjecture. Yet vastly surprising it is what good imitations of the real article as produced by Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Milton, et al., can be contrived by some of our poetasters whom it might be truest lèse majesté to name, though the naming would give envied relief to discerning ones who are forced to behold the shameless counterfeits. It is these good imitations that perpetuate the innocent aberration that we are able to-day to produce real poets and poetry. Poets? No! Mr. Arthur Stringer doth protest too needlessly."

"Modern poetry has been wounded, but not fatally," says a third correspondent, "by the too malevolent modern microbes of superficiality and artificiality. Let Mr. Clow or some other literary chemist supply us with a concoction that will destroy these two terrible microbes, and perfect, profound poetry will become the order of the day." A fourth writer advances the theory that American poets are too comfortable—that "peaceful tranquillity and the blessings of freedom . . . lack the requisites for the creation and development of the exceptional, supreme and towering genius." Elsa Barker, a frequent poetical contributor to the magazines, thinks that poetry is produced too much as a commodity. She says:

"I believe the reason why so little good poetry is written is because the magazines offer so ready a market for verse; because it is possible for a poet or writer of verse, if he is successful with the magazines, to acquire ready money for his work. The tendency at the present time in verse is not toward real self-expression (which is the only poetry worthy the name); it is toward conformity with the standard of technical excellence and innocuous content which necessarily governs the editorial policy of magazines whose publishers believe that they must cater to the popular average of intelligence and taste.

"If the magazines should all stop using verse to-morrow, I believe it would be a good thing for the future of American poetry. In other words, poetry should never be produced as a commodity, and real poetry cannot be written with one eye on the market. Under present economic conditions it is necessary and desirable that poetry, if it is used in periodicals, should be paid for, but the poet who writes a poem with the idea of a market

in his mind has signed his own artistic death warrant."

Anna Blanche McGill seconds a suggestion of Raymond Underwood Johnson's that much could be done "institutionally" to encourage American poetry:

"The recent account of the excursions into the book world made by the scholar who now occupies the White House proves that Mr. Roosevelt sometimes canters up the Heliconian Mountwith as much pleasure, we fancy, as he galloped up San Juan Hill. It will be matter for surprise if such a lover of letters does not grasp his golden opportunity to institute some perennial National honor to literature. What more distinguished service could he render? It is time for America to be known otherwise than through her commercial and mechanical achievements. Some public recognition of the singing robes, not by establishment of any servile laureateship, but in some magnanimous, sagacious way, would give the poets a chance to prove their mettle, would surely vitalize their art, ennoble it, draw it away from what Mr. Stringer calls 'fragmentary aspirations,' and put it in touch with life's wider issues, ideality's higher phases."

Many correspondents deny that there is a decline in poetry, in any real sense. An "optimist," hailing from Montclair, N. J., predicts that future generations will look back on this as "the age of the sublimest poetry;" and a lady resident in Philadelphia says: "The public does want poetry as eagerly as it ever did. It has outgrown the habit of superlative. It says less and feels more about everything. woods are full of poets. You can't pick up a magazine of high class without being gladdened by the thought that they are still with us. True, some wear petticoats, but petticoated or trousered, sing they their individual songs or chant they their soul-stirring requiems thrice tunefully as of yore." A correspondent from Indiana writes:

"The complaint that great Pan is dead is as untrue as ever. Never burned his altar fires more brightly. On Saturday afternoons and Sundays, for whole Summers and on Winter holidays, do not all who can desert commercial centres to attend his rites? For this, mainly, the trolley cars exist, and the long, green blur that crosses the vision of the occupants of the auto doubtless receives what reverence they are free to bestow. None but the initiated know whither these wild things go, yet they may be able to halt (or break down) in some verdant spot for worship. The telephone is often used to convey tidings of new moons, sunsets, and wondrous rainbows. In all this wide-spread busying with birds, bees, butterflies, and flowers, surely there is concealed a large proportion of poetic yearning, which is none the less deeply felt that it may not be expressed in meter,

> To make us heirs Of truth and pure delight in endless lays."

# Religion and Ethics

### Is the Age of Faith Returning?

Mr. Balfour, the English Premier, not long ago observed that the great movements which history records have in every case been "irrational." They have come to life, he maintained, not as the result of intellectual statement or appeal, but always in obedience to forces at first so obscure and in the day of their power so complicated and diverse that it is impossible to isolate or name them or to relate them to man's average behavior. A writer in The Hibbert Journal (the Rev. John A. Hutton, of Newcastle-on-Tyne) invites us to consider some signs that a very great change of a similar character is beginning to take place in the public mind—"one of those changes so obscure in its beginnings, so diverse in its fruits, so contemptuous of maxims which until yesterday appeared to be incontrovertible, that it may yet come to be included amongst movements which have that quality of 'irrationality' which is the proof of a certain inevitableness and authenticity." These signs are discernible in politics, education and sociology, but most of all in religion. The writer declares:

"The feeling that there is something awanting, something which in better days we and our fathers knew, something without which we are at a disadvantage, has become a real discovery in the church. In the various denominations, a consciousness of inability, a sense at the same time of a completeness which nevertheless is possible, manifests itself in various ways. Ultimately there are only two attitudes which are possible to men in real distress—the Roman Catholic and the Reformed; the one to give up the world, the other to call upon God. Every church just now is living too much by its wits. Never did men in office in the church work harder. Never were they more willing to learn. Never were church buildings so constantly in use. Never were appeals more insistent. Yet use. Never were appeals more insistent. Yet at the best, 'having done all, we stand.' Such success as the churches may claim is not of the highest possible quality; it is too much fretted with anxiety and labor. It wants certain notes of peace, of fulness, of that confidence in God which has the victory over the world. It is not pregnant, overflowing. It has a basis of worry and strain. It has enough to do with itself."

These symptoms are interpreted as showing a condition of unstable equilibrium, of

discord and uneasiness—a condition which will not continue. "It is a condition of things out of which an entirely new attitude and settlement may very suddenly take place." As definite indications of the coming change, the writer notes, first of all, the growth of the Christian Science movement:

"That the Christian Science propaganda should begin and should find such a welcome in an age and amongst habits of thought diametrically opposed to its ideas, is a shining illustra-tion of how extremes meet. Sympathetically considered, also, it gives the rationale, the inner reasonableness, of that long established maxim. Extremes meet for the same reason as tyrannies are overthrown. The latter extreme is the passionate reaction, often unjust and disastrous but inevitable, against the former. To the ipse dixit of materialism, becoming more and more strident and cock-sure, that there is nothing but matter in the world, Christian Science with equal self-confidence replies that there is nothing but spirit. Now, it is not the purpose of this paper to enter into proofs, or to justify the general movement, signs of which are here alleged. My purpose is simply to name some signs, as they seem to me, that, whether rightly or wrongly in an absolute sense, the general mind to-day is steadily inclining towards a certain considerateness and attitude of attention with regard to the spiritual view of man and the world."

The "remarkable revival of the 'occult' in our time" is next considered. "It is the sign," we are told, "of a kind of wild revenge which the spiritual side of our human nature is celebrating as a protest against its long neglect. As such, it gives an insight into the necessities of human nature; that in the absence of the prophet from the soul, in the absence of some honorable faith, which will control the fluid and haunting faculties of man, there may take place, even in the most enlightened society, a kind of stampede into dark and dubious and imbecile things." A change of temper is also noted in the scientific writing of our day. "Science has become sober and judicial," affirms the writer, "not in deference to the advice of those who were alarmed by her recklessness, but by her own discoveries as she proceeded. . It has become evident that when science leaves her sphere of criticism and observation, and presumes to unveil the last source or final purpose of things, she can only guess or talk nonsense." In philosophical writing, too, significant developments are taking place:

"To a philosophy which had come to regard man as a mere article in the Inventory of the Universe, there has arisen amongst us a philosophy prepared to wait upon man, hoping to attain to wisdom by observing patiently and with reverence man's habitual and instinctive life. 'Pragmatism, 'soft determinism,' 'personal idealism' are but names for a new mood, a new point of view; the one thing about which I desire at this time to note being that it puts the accent and emphasis upon man. When one contrasts the idealistic philosophy of even twenty years ago with the writing which to-day on the whole occupies the same place in the intellectual field, one notes, I think above all other differences, a new robustness, a spirit of confidence, a certain glow and intoxication even, a zest for the battle, which were wanting from the earlier phase. Idealists today are very cheery persons. Rightly or wrongly, they feel that they have the ball at their foot. They are not ashamed at times to reply to an argument with a laugh or by telling a good story. When a controversialist on the other side has circumstantially demonstrated the intellectual impossibility of 'believing,' they will answer, as one did the other day, by protesting that, at the time of writing, he is simply prancing with belief. In short, able men to-day have the hardihood to appeal from the sophistry of pure reason to the generous intimations of a healthy temperament. It may be very Philistine; but it is very human. It is the true and only useful positivism. One thing is certain, it is there, cheerful and unashamed. It is one of those 'irrational' movements, one of those 'offences' against the pure reason 'which must needs come,' in which some elementary instinct or function, long denied, finds at length its voice, and utters its uncontrollable joy."

#### The writer concludes:

"The faith to which, as it seems to me, we are about to return, will not be the same in many particulars as that of any previous time; but it will have the same background, the same fundamental attitude. It will be a newly recovered confidence in life, in that body of personal facts, of moral misgivings, flashes of the ideal and the holy, reminiscences of some previous condition of private integrity and peace, with the corroborations of these which, to the hearing ear and the understanding heart, seem to rise up so fit-tingly out of life's ordinary events. The new faith will be a return, a kind of homecoming, to a sufficiently solid confidence, that in trusting those elements of our nature which urge us and help us on towards what seems best, we are not deceived; that rather, in those so personal intimations and contacts, we are dealing with Reality and with that kind of reality which, for beings such as we are, and placed as we are, is our proper and abiding concern."



Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly, N. Y.

GREAT STATUE OF CHRIST ERECTED ON THE MOUNTAIN BOUNDARY, 16,000 FEBT HIGH, BETWEEN CHILE AND ARGENTINA, AS AN EMBLEM OF PEACE

"Chile and Argentina have not only created a symbol," says Carolina Huidobro, in *The Christian Herald* (New York), "they have inculcated into the minds of men for all ages an idea of greater significance than any other in our contemporary age, by erecting that colossal monument to the Christ, with the inscription on its granite pedestal; 'Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chileans break the Peace which, at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain.' On the opposite side of the base are the words of the angels' song over Bethlehem: 'Peace or earth, good-will to all men!' The statue cost about \$100,000, and was paid for by popular subscription, the working-classes contributing liberally."

### Agnosticism and National Decay

That modern civilization is "exposed to a great danger" and "may, during the twentieth century, enter on a period of decline" is the opinion of Dr. William Barry, the English priest and man-of-letters. The danger to which he refers is that of agnosticism, and the reasons for so alarmist a view are set forth in an article in *The National Review* (London). After pointing to the prevalence of Malthusian practices in France and to the rising tide of divorce in America, Dr. Barry goes on to say:

Look at the facts and figures. Social misery is always with us in the shape of a residuum, to be counted by millions, who are on the brink of destitution. Degeneracy has become so menacing that Royal Commissions make it the subject of their inquiries. Crime does not diminish, though it changes its character from violence to cunning and robs where it used to commit murder. Outrages due to the animal passions are everywhere greatly on the increase. Low birth-rates, as we have seen, bear witness to the number of fraudulent marriages, never so frequent or so largely approved at any previous time in our national history, which from this point of view is now comparable to that of the declining Roman Empire. Divorces have grown to be familiar among the wealthy classes; desertion of wife or husband, and separation by the magistrate's fiat, among the working people. Speculation, betting, games of hazard, form the business or the amusement of women no less than men to a degree which would have struck a generation not so bent on gain dumb with surprise and amazement. The drinkproblem baffles legislation, confounds the preacher, and is explained by the physician as arising from nervous demands made by an overwrought temperament, by the high pressure at which every one lives, and the consequent feeble reaction to normal stimulus. Cynicism, pessimism, and other less describable tones, may be heard at dinner-tables, color conversation, have their schools in literature, and form no significant chapter in current politics and philosophy. There can be no question that, as a materialized civilization spreads in towns and even in villages, the rate of mental disturbance rises and asylums mark its growth. Last of all, suicide, laying its dreadful grasp on children as well as their elders, closes the tragic record. Suicide is the most appalling result of a social order from beneath which the moral and religious supports have been, to an incredible extent, withdrawn.

We find ourselves in a crisis of morality and civilization, continues Dr. Barry, because the religion once acknowledged has "suffered severely at the hands of men—themselves often superior to their unbelief—who make it out to be a delusion, a sort of mirage or cali miracula vana, while the present world alone was real and worthy to be taken into account." The writer adds:

"The evidence is abundant, and is accumulating, that the agnostic negation is not simply negative. Under its influence precepts most positive, shaping the creed of no small number, have risen from the deeps. When we look at the ways of business, fashion, literature and at social statistics, a new decalogue appears in view. What are its commandments? I seem to read among them these: "Thou shalt make money, have no children, commit adultery, plead in the divorce court, and, such duties done, commit suicide.' the individual only, but the nation, if it loses its old Christian prejudices, will enter on this journey toward Hades. The test and proof that a mistake has been made by our agnostic philosophers are to be found in the national decay which follows on their teaching, as darkness follows on eclipse. And by national decay nothing else is



Rector of St. Birinus, Dorchester, England. Author of biographies of Renan and Cardinal Newman.

meant than the suicide of the race, consequent on frauds in marriage, a dwindling birth-rate, unlimited divorce, degeneracy in offspring, the abuse of stimulants and of pleasure, the clouding of intellect, all which are fated to terminate in

one disease—the denial of the will to live.'

Dr. Barry's article has provoked a number of indignant rejoinders. Robert Blatchford, the editor of the London Clarion, thinks that the agnostic reply to Dr. Barry's main contention can be stated of the content of th

and Christian; Japan is un-Christian and largely agnostic." Mr. G. G. Coulton, a writer in *The Independent Review* (London), concedes one point in Dr. Barry's argument—namely, that Neo-Malthusianism is "gaining ground alarmingly in most civilized countries" and is "contrary both to natural and to Christian morality"—but pronounces the article as a whole "hopelessly reactionary." He writes further:

"I claim the right of speaking here as plainly about the 'Age of Faith,' as Dr. Barry has spoken about the 'Age of Agnosticism.' For if, during the 600 years in which the civilized world has adopted an increasingly critical attitude, first towards the Romanist creed, and finally towards all creeds that would confine human enquiry within too narrow dogmatic limits—if, during those 600 years, morality has not actually gone far backwards, then it is evident at once that something halts in Dr. Barry's theory. If, on the other hand, with all our faults we stand as high above thirteenth century morality as that age, with all its faults, stood above the ages of Socrates or Marcus Antoninus, then we shall only wonder how a professed student of history can claim historical authority for so strangely unhistorical a theory."

Mr. Coulton proceeds to review briefly the crimes of which Dr. Barry complains:

"By two independent calculations, from coroners' rolls of Oxford and Bedfordshire, I get at the same result—that the percentage of murders and homicides to the total population of those days was more than twenty times greater than at present. With rape, the disproportion is greater still; for it was a habitual practice in warfare, and when was Europe without war? Even nowadays it is in Romanist countries that gambling is especially rampant; in the Middle Ages it was far worse, and rendered even chess a disreputable

game. St. Bernardino complains of the horrible blasphemies and mutilations of saints' images to which the gambling mania led—far worse than anything known to modern Protestantism. Drunkenness, even without the worst modern temptation of distilled liquors, was also rampant in the past; at Oxford, as Dr. Rashdall points out, it was not even an offence recognised by the University authorities. As to obscenity, I dare not even summarise the testimony of Thomas of Celano and Gerson, which points to something far beyond modern France and Italy. One of St. Catherine of Siena's worst trials lay in the impossibility of escaping from foul talk in respectable middle-class circles. There is scarcely a book of medieval history or fiction, even including the collections of anecdotes for preachers' use, which could conveniently be published in an unexpurgated translation. Dozens of songs and parodies written by medieval clerics, and preserved to modern times in monastic or cathedral libraries, are far too licentious to be translated and published in any modern community."

The future belongs, says Mr. Coulton, "not indeed to the dummy agnostic whom Dr. Barry sets up to knock down again, but to the steadily growing majority of thoughtful men who claim the Pauline right of proving all things, and holding fast that which is good. Such men cling to all that is best in the past, as St. Augustine clung to his Virgil and Plato; but they look forward to a far more exceeding weight of glory in the future. For their faces are turned resolutely away from the old Egyptian bondage; and, through all failures and punishments for failure, through fears without and fightings within, they have a steady vision of the City of God."

# The Machine as a Symbol of Deity

A poetic rhapsody on "The Language of the Machines," recently penned by the Rev. Gerald Stanley Lee, of Northampton, Mass., yields the thought that God is the Great Machinist. "There seem to be two ways," writes Mr. Lee, "to worship Him. One way is to gaze upon the great Machine that He has made, to watch it running softly above us all, moonlight and starlight, and winter and summer, rain and snowflakes and growing things. Another way is to worship Him not only because he has made the vast and still Machine of Creation, in the beating of whose days and nights we live our lives, but

because He has made a Machine that can make machines—because out of the dust of the earth He has made a Machine that shall take more of the dust of the earth, and of the vapor of heaven, crowd it into steel and iron and say, 'Go thou now, depths of the earth—heights of heaven—Serve thou me.'" The writer says further (in *The Reader Magazine*, July):

"The Corliss engine of Machinery Hall in '76, under its sky of iron and glass, is remembered by many people the day they saw it first as one of the great experiences of life. Like some vast Titanic spirit, soul of a thousand, thousand wheels, it stood to some of us, in its mighty

silence there, and wrought miracles. To one twelve-year old boy, at least, the thought of the hour he spent with that engine first is a thought he sings and prays with to this day. His lips trembled before it. He sought to hide himself in its presence. Why had no one ever taught him anything before? As he looks back through his life there is one experience that stands out by itself in all those boyhood years—the choking in his throat—the strange grip upon him—upon his body and upon his soul—as of some awful unseen Hand reaching down Space to him, drawing him up to Its might. He was like a dazed child being held up before It—held up to an infinite Fact, that he might look again and again.

"The first conception of what the life of man was like, of what it might be like, came to at least one immortal soul not from lips that he loved, or from a face behind a pulpit, or a voice behind a desk, but from a Machine. To this day that Corliss engine is the engine of dreams, the appeal to destiny, to the imagination and to the soul. It rebuilds the universe. It is the opportunity of

beauty throughout life, the symbol of freedom, the freedom of men, and of the unity of nations, and of the worship of God. In silence—like the soft far running of the sky it wrought upon him there—like some heroic human spirit, its finger on a thousand wheels, through miles of aisles and crowds of gazers it wrought. The beat and rhythm of it was as the beat and rhythm of the heart of man mastering matter, of the Clay conquering God.

"Like some wonder-crowded chorus its voices surrounded me. It was the first hearing of the psalm of life. The hum and murmur of it was like the spell of ages upon me—and the vision that floated in it—nay, the vision that was builded in it, was the vision of the age to be—the vision of Man, My Brother, after the singsong and dance and drone of his sad four thousand years, lifting himself to the stature of his soul at last, lifting himself with the sun, and with the rain, and with the wind, and the heat and the light, into comradeship with Creation morning, and into something (in our far-off, wistful fashion) of the might and gentleness of God."

# The Negro's Undeveloped Sense of Sin

In the opinion of Booker T. Washington, the supreme need of the negro church in America to-day is "a more definite connection with the social and moral life of the negro people." The negroes, as he points out, came to America with the pagan ideas of their African ancestors; they acquired under slavery a number of Christian ideas, and at the present time they are slowly learning what those ideas mean in practical life. He says further (in *The North American Review*):

"In the religion of the native African there was, generally speaking, no place of future reward or punishment, no heaven and no hell, as we are accustomed to conceive them. For this reason, the negro had little sense of sin. He was not tortured by doubts and fears, which are so common and, we sometimes feel, so necessary a part of the religious experiences of Christians. The evils he knew were present and physical. . . .

"The slave, to whom on this side of the grave the door of hope seemed closed, learned from Christianity to lift his face from earth to heaven, and that made his burden lighter. In the end, the hope and aspiration of the race in slavery fixed themselves on the vision of the resurrection, with its 'long white robes and golden slippers'.

its 'long white robes and golden slippers.'

"This hope and this aspiration, which are the theme of so many of the old negro hymns, found expression in the one institution that slavery permitted to the negro people—the negro church. It was natural and inevitable that the negro church, coming into existence as it did under slavery, should permit the religious life of the

negro to express itself in ways almost wholly detached from morality. There was little in slavery to encourage the sense of personal responsibility."

If a connection between religion and moral life could be effected in a large degree, continues Mr. Washington, it would give to the movement for the upbuilding of the negro race the force and inspiration of a religious motive. He adds:

"A large element of the negro church must be recalled from its apocalyptic vision back to the earth; the members of the negro race must be taught that mere religious emotion that is guided by no definite idea and is devoted to no purpose is vain

purpose is vain.

"It is encouraging to notice that the leaders of the different denominations of the negro church are beginning to recognize the force of the criticism made against it, and that, under their leadership, conditions are changing. In one of these denominations, the A. M. E. Zion Church alone, \$2,000,000 was raised, from 1900 to 1904, for the general educational, moral and material improvement of the race. Of this sum, \$1,000,000 was contributed for educational purposes alone. The A. M. E. Church and the Baptists did proportionally as well.

"The mere fact that this amount of money has been raised for general educational purposes, in addition to the sum expended in each local community for teachers, for building schoolhouses and supplementing the State appropriations for schools, shows that the colored people have spent less money in saloons and dispensaries; that less has been squandered on toys and gimeracks that

are of no use. It shows that there has been more saving, more thought for the future, more appre-

ciation of the real value of life.

"At Tuskegee Institute, we insist upon the importance of service. Every student in this department is expected to do, in connection with his other work either as a teacher or preacher, some part of the social and religious work that is

carried on under the direction of the Bible Training School in the surrounding country. We are seeking to imbue these young men who are going forth as leaders of their people with the feeling that the great task of uplifting the race, though it may be for others merely a work of humanity, for them, and every other member of the negro race, is a work of religion."

# Are Women Morally Superior to Men?

The tacit assumption in the modern Anglo-Saxon mind that women are better than men—our "better halves"—is rudely challenged by Charlotte Perkins Gilman,

the well-known lecturer and writer on sociological problems. "On many lines of research," she says, "we are proving that the mother sex is the stronger: but is it therefore more virtuous? Is it true that. measured by the moral standards of a civilized Christian world, women stand higher than men?" She continues (in The Grand Magazine, August):

"Patent superiority in one virtue we may readily grant them—that of chastity. This is genuinely theirs by nature as well as being carefully fostered artificially by man. Man did not invent it. He found it in a state of nature; because in the original relation of the two it is he who is created to pursue and to go through the ordeal of combat for her favor; she, calm creature, feeds placidly the

while, enjoys the fighting and accepts the victor. This, by the way, is one reason why women love to watch a fight to this day—it is a habit older than humanity.

"Admitting that they are thus 'morally' superior by nature, there remains a damaging qualification—that it is to their interest to be so.

"Where a certain virtue is demanded as the one condition to a decent livelihood and all higher rewards of love and honor, the 'moral' quality of this virtue is somewhat impaired.

"To fairly show the moral superiority of women they should be measured on equal terms



CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

She asks: "Is not the 'unselfishness' we talk about in women two-thirds mere maternal instinct, and the other third the subservience expected of a wife?"

with men; and no student of sociology can believe that such measurement would result in the same standard now upheld among us. If happy marriage and honorable fatherhood were open only to the virtuous men, and all decent society, ad-

vancement, and means of a livelihood closed to the vicious, an astonishing number of men would find it possible to be as moral as they wish women to be."

Mrs. Gilman goes on to consider the second great virtue commonly allotted to women unselfishness:

"How often we hear it-'Women are more unselfish than men! Then they turn on the encroaching other half and dub him a 'selfish brute!' There are many kinds of animals in the world; and selfishness is common to all-including the human. As the human animal progresses in social development he becomes less selfish; he learns to love and serve his fellows, and we find every shade of higher feeling, from simple neighborliness to the glorious consecration of life to the service of humanity. This higher feeling is given a final test in the well-known verse: 'Greater love

hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.

"This sentiment of fellowship, amounting at times to heroism, is quite common among men. Every trade has its heroes; the more dangerous the work the greater the mutual devotion of the workers. Sailors and miners and railroad men risk their lives for each other as quite a common occurrence; not only for a friend, but often for a strafger—sometimes even an enemy.

"From the natural selfishness of the individual animal to the as natural mutual devotion of the social animal, man has moved a long way.

"Has woman gone so far? Is the average woman more unselfish in her relations with other women than men are with men? The trouble is here that we cannot tell. The average woman has no relations with other women except as servants, or in what is called 'Society.' Are women more unselfish with servants than are men? Are women more unselfish in Society than are men? Is not the 'unselfishness' we talk about in women two-thirds mere maternal instinct, and the other third the subservience expected of a wife?"

But, it will be said, at least women are far more religious than men. Yet even this frequently repeated and generally accepted belief is disputed by Mrs. Gilman. She writes:

"Now, really, are women better Christians than men?

"They go to church more, visibly; but then Christ said very little about going to church.

"Do they love their neighbor more, forgive their enemies more, steadily give their lives to help one another more than men? Do they not stop rather short at a submissive acceptance of doctrine—any doctrine which they have been taught—and a diligent practice of such virtues as are most convenient in their special limitations?

"For a woman to turn the other cheek and give soft answers is decidedly easier than for a man, both by temperament and position in life. She is almost always a dependent, a servant, under or upper; and to such a station in life these virtues are almost inevitable. Where women are wholly free of this pressure of condition; where they deal with their equals, as among sisters, classmates, fellow-employees, they are by no means so markedly submissive."

There are more virtues needed in modern life, concludes Mrs. Gilman, than these of "passive Christianity"; there is the active Christianity that lifts the world along, to which must be added many practical business virtues, not yet called cardinal, but most essential in the conduct of life.

"Such little ones as punctuality, accuracy, and that modest but useful quality called 'business honor'—how do women stand in these? But we may pass lightly over these minor details and look at the greatest virtues of all—courage, truth, and justice. Some would put love higher than these; but surely justice without love is safer to depend on than love without justice. Still, taking them all together, we have already seen that in human love—the large love of the neighbor enjoined by our religion—women have no advantage. And for the other three-alas! for our comparison. Courage? Submission, endurance, patience—these often maintain most evil conditions where brave resistance would free the world. Conservative, bowing to tradition, bearing deprivation, inconvenience, and absolute injury, women hinder progress materially by lack of courage. It is not a natural lack eitherpurely educational. As a piece of artificially added sex-attraction girls are taught to be timid, because men like them so; and their timidity becomes a habit, weakens and stunts their lives and the lives of their children. The world always needs courage, and never more than now-courage to think and to act on one's own thinking. In this great human virtue women are by no means better than men."

Mrs. Gilman does not spare man in her indictment of woman:

"To him we owe also this huge blind evil thing—that he, the brave, the honourable, the just, the true, continually keeps woman in her antiquated restrictions; keeps her in a life aborted and distorted for lack of human freedom and exercise; keeps her inferior—and then deludes himself and her by calling her superior and bowing down to the crippled idol he has made! And he marvels, does this misguided world-maker, that the character of humanity makes so little progress, that we seem to be continually reinforced, generation after generation, by the same old primitive traits we ought, by every law of social evolution, to have long since outgrown. Look to your idol, brother!"

# A Workingman's Reasons for Not Attending Church

The failure of the churches to reach workingmen has been discussed from many points of view. It has been assumed that the counter-attractions offered by the saloon, the theater, the races, the secret societies, the excursions and the Sunday papers have more than offset the influence of religion. That many workingmen, however, are induced to stay at home by attractions of an entirely different order would seem to be indicated by a letter from a workingman which appears in *Collier's Weekly* and is

characterized by that paper as typical and interesting. He writes:

"I am a married man, have a loving wife, and a bright little boy of three who is ever so thankful if I will play with him, or take him on my lap and tell him stories. I am fond of gardening, and try to help my wife to keep our small garden in order. It gives me great pleasure to watch the trees and bushes which we have planted, and see the progress they make as time rolls by. It was my good fortune in my younger days to acquire enough knowledge of history, political economy, to enable me—to some small stand what is going on in the ard it as a necessity to read

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daily paper and some magazine to keep me posted. I am very fond of music and song, and can play the violin fairly well. Are these bad qualities? Do they make for better or worse citizenship? From economic necessity I do practically all the repair work around home myself. If the teakettle happens to leak, or its handle comes off on one side, I can solder the old thing up and make it right. If the sewing machine or the washing machine, or the baby cab, pump, or gasolene stove go on strike and refuse to work smoothly, I am usually able to adjust matters and put them to work again."

In a later letter he says:

"I work ten hours a day in a machine shop. Dressing in the morning, eating breakfast, farewells to wife and baby, walking some distance to the shop in good time to get ready before the whistle blows, require at least one hour and a quarter. One hour is consumed at noon going home for dinner and back to work. When I quit work at six in the evening, my hands, often my face, are oil and grease soaked, my whole personnel in such shape, after ten hours' rushing work amid dust, oil and noise, that neither I nor anybody else under the same circumstances can walk home, clean up, change clothes, and eat supper in anything less than one and a half hours, and hardly that. I must sleep eight hours in order to recuperate and get my nerves together sufficiently to withstand another ten hours of the same strain and rush. Now this makes altogether twenty-one and three-quarter hours, and since the cycle is complete in twenty-four hours, it follows that I have every day not more than two and a quarter hours in which to associate with my family, help my wife with some of her work (as washing, etc.,) read the papers, shave, play the violin, keep the lawn mowed and the garden in shape, do little repair jobs, saw the wood, go to an occasional meeting or shopping expedition or visit, keep track of the inventions and the general progress of my trade, so that I may not be forced to take a back seat, entertain an occasional caller, etc. Don't you see that it is impossible for me to do all these things in two and a quarter hours, when the dust, heat, oil, gas and noise of the shop have got the best of me while I was bending over my work during the long day, and made me unfit for anything but rest? Don't you see that it is somewhat difficult for me to do justice to that boy of mine, when he comes to me and wants me to tell him some-thing while I am hurriedly glancing over the headings of the paper in the evening? There are always a number of small jobs left over for Sunday, which is the only time at home when I am not tired and longing for rest. And what a joy it is to be home, untired, chatting with my wife, and playing with the boy! The whole Sunday is not long enough for a man to stay home to work and rest and read, and get acquainted with his family.'

These letters have aroused unusual interest in church circles, and a number of ministers have responded to an invitation extended by *Collier's Weekly* to set forth the religious side of the argument. Their replies are summarized as follows:

"Some merely contend that there is time enough, and thus avoid the real difficulty, but many meet the issue squarely. The most generally enforced point is that our workingman assumed that going to church meant listening to a minister talk, whereas the sermon is an incident, and worship is the purpose. The minister does not pretend to be an extraordinary force alone. He only co-operates with the spiritual forces which he finds. A number of our reverend correspondents challenge with pith and directness the idea that a clergyman is to be judged by the success with which he meets the competition of other interests. Their arguments are not for their own personal contributions, but for co-operation in the religious spiritual life. 'The question,' as one minister puts it, 'hinges entirely on the truth and importance of religion. If the church is a mere society for promotion of social and moral ends in life—if it is no more than a place for pastime, entertainment, education, and culture—then your friend is right. If, on the other hand, God is God, Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Bible is the true revelation of God, who has reserved one day out of seven for worship and not for odds and ends at home—if man has an immortal soul, and there is a future abode where only those who have spiritual life in this world can go—then your friend is wrong. In other words, if he is losing his soul eternally in order that he may temporarily mend the teapot, play the 'fiddle,' and nurse the baby, he is making a bad bargain.

"Another minister quotes Pope's lines:"
Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

He then proceeds: 'If one wishes to catch the train he must start in time. If he trusts in his own watch, and that is slow, he will "get left." And that because there is a standard of time, and it is not his watch, nor yours, nor mine, but the clock of the stars, which is never fast or slow. So there is a standard of truth; it is not your mind or mine, but God's Word—the Bible. And as the telegraph announces the hour of noon (at Washington) all over the land, and the clocks and watches in every office are set to agree with the standard, so we ministers preach the Word of God and bid men regulate their thinking by that, and not by us.' There is much censure for the worldliness of our times, the eager chase for wealth, and neglect of the spiritual side. One minister draws an analogy to an illiterate person who should persistently refuse to learn to read because of many duties and pleasures at home, to which he was more devoted than attending a night-school. 'Evidently he would be cutting himself off from a line of intellectual development, difficult and meaningless to him at first. but fraught with immense advantages if persistently followed.' Another aspect is brought out in the argument that the very existence of the church is involved. 'Those who are prepared to say that pagan is better than Christian civilization act consistently when they neglect the institution that confessedly underlies the best civilization of Christendom, but if our Christian civilization is to be maintained every man who stands for the best things must give his support to the institution upon which that civilization is founded.'"

# Christ as Our Contemporary

During recent years there has been a marked disposition on the part of serious minds to treat Christ in the modern spirit. If Jesus were living to-day, what would he say and do? is a question that has been asked and answered by a multitude of authors, artists and theologians. In England and America the vogue of the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's "In His Steps" is still fresh in the public memory. In Germany the paintings of Von Uhde, who has produced fully a dozen pictures showing Christ surrounded by modern men and women and laboring and teaching under modern conditions, have taken a firm hold on the religious thought of the age.

Three of the latest portrayals of a modern Christ are embodied in works by German authors. The first is H. S. Chamberlain's "Die Worte Christi"—an attempt to reproduce the teachings of Jesus in their exact historical meanings. The second is a remarkable production of the poet Rosegger, who, though himself a Roman Catholic, warmly advocates evangelical principles. His work bears the singular "INRI" [i. e., Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum]. It presents a picture of Christ and his teachings, as conceived by a Roman Catholic prisoner who has been condemned to death and turns from the mechanical consolations of the priest to become acquainted for the first time with the Christ of the Gospel. Protestant theologians are vigorously discussing the merits and demerits of this book, some declaring it to be "epoch-making," others pronouncing it unworthy of so great a religious poet as Rosegger.

The latest and most notable work of this sort is by Walther Classen, entitled "Christus heute als unser Zeitgenosse" (Christ To-day as our Contemporary). The way in which this author seeks to transfer and apply to the conditions and needs of our times the teaching of Jesus can best be illustrated by extracts. Here, for example, is his rendering of the narrative of Mark 1: 16-20:

"He returned to the city in the evening and saw the people lounging at the wharf and before their doors. In the crowd were a couple of men, two brothers, machinists by trade, whom he knew. He stepped up to them and said: 'Come along with me, I have much to say to you.' Thereupon they went with him. As they passed on further they saw a young man who made a good impression on him and who was with his people at the door. He said to the young man: 'Come with me, I have much to say to you.' Thereupon the young man left his parents and went with him. And in this way he called a number of men into his circle of followers."

The Beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v: 8-10) are put into the following shape:

"I praise those who have a great longing (Schnsucht) in their hearts. God rules their souls.

"I praise those who have experienced sufferings; for they are able to win peace of heart.
"I praise those who are active in helping others;

or everybody will be glad to help them.

"I praise those who have pure minds; for they can see God in the world.

"I praise those who maintain true peace; for people will call them the friends of God.

"I praise you if men hate and scold you and reject you on my account. This is what their fathers did to those who sought to do them good."

In a chapter headed "How He Began to Struggle," Classen reproduces the section dealing with the sin against the Holy Ghost as follows:

"He was present one evening at the meeting of a labor union (Arbeiterverein), and there sat near him a number of men from the capital city, who tried to be particularly smart and declared: He is the worst religious fraud (Pfaffe) and is paid for his speeches. Thereupon he suddenly stepped up to them and said: 'If a man opens a new business in order to compete with an old business, of course he must be in collusion with the old firm! Just to that extent am I a religious fraud.'

"Then anger seized him, and he cried out: 'If you say, There is no God, then the God of the world only laughs at you. And even if you commit all kinds of sin, you nevertheless can again become human beings. But he who flings mud upon the pure motives of enthusiasm has a mean soul. You have severed yourselves from God who dwells in every soul, and you will never again experience blessedness of heart.' Thereupon he turned away from them and all were silenced when he had departed, such was the terror produced by his wrath."

Under the heading, "Parables," the author gives the following modern conception of the good Samaritan (Luke x: 30-37):

"A man was walking in the dusk near a great city. In a deserted place two rowdies came forth, struck him over the head and robbed him of his watch and his pocketbook and left him there in a stupor.

stupor.

"A business man who was in a hurry happened to come by the same way. He was hastening to a meeting of an association of which he was the chairman. He passed by with the thought: He is only drunk.

"A little later a city official passed by. He

stood still and looked at the man and said: 'Here some drunken laboring men have been fighting. This is terrible.' Then he thought of the fact that he had his new overcoat with him. In addition he did not want to have anything to do with the police, and accordingly he hastened away. At the supper table he told his wife and children: 'Just think how wicked some people are.'

'Then two Polish laborers came along. They were very tired and were anxious to get their supper. They stopped and examined the man, and finally lifted him up and put cold cloths upon his head and rubbed him with whisky. Then one of them went to call a physician and the other

took the street-car to call a cab.

"Who among these was the neighbor of the unfortunate man ?

The concluding chapter, entitled "The

Way of Suffering," gives a rather disappointing account of the last days of the innocent Jesus, ending with an extraordinary story of his escape to England, with the assistance of his friends, and his death there in a hospital.

Probably the most noteworthy discussion of this strange work is found in the scientific "Supplement" of the Munich Allgemeine Zeitung, from the pen of the editor, Dr. Otto Bulle. He concedes the interest of the book, but thinks that it will not permanently satisfy the religious needs of readers. And yet, he adds, as a type of religious ideas and ideals in the modern world, it deserves attention and perusal.

# A Theological "Declaration of Rights" in Germany

Have radical thinkers who accept views contrary to the creeds of the churches any right to claim the privileges of church membership? This is the burning question of the day in German religious circles. At an immense convention of conservatives called the "Landeskirchliche Versammlung," held recently in Berlin, the demand was made, with practical unanimity, that those who deny the fundamentals of evangelical Christianity, such as the doctrines of the divinity of Christ, the Atonement and the Trinity, should sever their connection with the historic churches. The influential excourt preacher, Dr. Stöcker, who took a prominent part in the discussion, outlined a plan which contemplates the division of the church properties and a peaceable separation between the conservatives and advanced thinkers. The liberal element has now given its official answer to this demand in a set of resolutions adopted at a general meeting held in Goslar. The substance of this "declaration of rights" is the following:

We protest emphatically against the demand, made by orthodox conventions and papers, that the adherents of a more liberal theology voluntarily withdraw from existing church organizations and form churches of their own, because they no longer are in agreement with the standards of the churches. This demand is a gross injustice because in nearly all cases it is made by those who themselves are not in perfect agreement with the confessions. We accordingly urge all whose hearts find satisfaction in proclaiming the redemption that came through Jesus Christ not to permit themselves to be disturbed by any

appeal to a formal confession. They may be called upon to yield to external force, but not to the arrogance of those who claim higher spiritual ideals and set themselves up as guardians of orthodoxy in the presence of church people who do not know any better.

The leading scientific representatives of orthodox theology are themselves untrue to the con-fessions, as can readily be proved. We refer only

to the following points:

1. The confessions of the Lutheran church do not sanction altar fellowship with the Reformed; yet all the orthodox parties of the Prussian state

permit such communion.

2. The confessions of the Lutheran church reveal an attitude of outspoken antagonism to Roman Catholicism; yet many of the orthodox church leaders of the present day in faith and service approach very nearly the practice of the Roman Catholic church.

3. The church confessions all presuppose the old view of miracles, yet this is universally dis-

carded by modern orthodoxy.

4. The confessions teach the existence of two distinct natures in Christ;] but this is taught by very few to-day. Only a handful of the ortho-dox still maintain the central doctrine of justification by faith in its confessional form.

5. The confessions demand that every word of the Scriptures be regarded as binding; yet modern

orthodoxy has seriously modified this old view of verbal inspiration. To illustrate; a. Nearly all orthodox theologians deny that the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are binding in their entirety.

b. They all reject the New Testament prophecies concerning the speedy approach of the last

day and the beginning of the millennium.

c. They all reject the position taken in the New Testament in regard to the mistrust of earthly

wealth and honor.

We close this reply with the conviction that the representatives of orthodoxy are themselves not bound by the Scriptures and the confessions; and their own literature shows this.

This reply, which is published in the official organ of the advanced theologians, the Christliche Welt of Marburg, is supplemented by the editor, Dr. Rade, who appends an imaginary conversation between an orthodox and an advanced theologian, in which the charges against the latter are virtually all denied. The conversation is brief, but very clear, and reads as follows:

Orthodox: We are Christians, but you are not. Advanced: You are Christians, and so are we.

O. You deny the facts of the Redemption.
A. We do not.

O. You deny the revelation of God.

A. We do not.

O. You withhold all religious importance from Jesus and put him in the same category with the average human being.

A. We do not.

O. You deny Christianity in toto.

A. We do not.

O. You deny the actual relation of God to man.

A. We do not.

O. You do not really know God; you only have a conception of God as the product of human development, back of which there is no life and no self-consciousness. In your eyes God is only

A. This is not true.

O. How then does it come to pass that you father all kinds of radicalism and rationalism?

A. This is something that it would be hard to make you understand.

Dozens of interesting side-issues have come up in this debate. For instance, a charge has been made against Professor Bousset, of Göttingen, a leading protagonist of the new theology, that he has consistently taught his pupils that Jesus is not a divine person, as is claimed by the older theology, and can no longer be regarded as an object of worship or prayer or service. And now the question is being asked and discussed: Can modern theology countenance prayer to Christ?

# Music as a Rival of Religion

It is well known that in certain exceptional natures the love of music is so deeply implanted and so fervently cherished as almost to rise to the dignity of religious emotion; but the idea that music and religion are naturally akin and that both "find their psychological origin in that part of human nature which we denominate the mystical" is seldom recognized. Mr. J. W. Slaughter, of Clark University, who propounds this theory in a recent issue of The International Iournal of Ethics (Philadelphia), quotes a statement of Brandes to the effect that many of the most important romanticistsfor example, the Abbé Liszt-"found their ultimate end in the Catholic Church"; but he points out that an absorbing affection for music often has the opposite effect. Music tends to become a rival of religion and a substitute for it, and it is suggested that a realization of this fact lies behind the papal effort to suppress all but Gregorian music in The writer the Roman Catholic churches. says further:

"The large majority of people will readily admit that they attend church primarily for the purpose of hearing music, and that without this feature the service would offer little attraction. church, for its part, recognizes the situation in the popular mind, and, always desirous of securing churchgoers, makes the attempt, as to the legitimacy of which it must be its own best judge, to give the public what is wanted. Witness the extensive provisions made in all churches in the way of musical committees and trained choirs, the large proportion of the ordinary service given over to music, and the immense number of purely musical programmes of the vespers order, which differ from ordinary dignified musical entertainments only in the fact that they are given in churches, and that the words deal with re-ligious themes. The public readily sees that this is highly entertaining, and, to a certain extent edifying, but not altogether religious."

The craving for a state of mind which "becomes a source of satisfaction and therefore an object of realization in itself" is probably, continues the writer, the origin of both artistic and religious mysticism. Music is "that form of art in which the conditions are so arranged as to place the emotional attitude at its best, with a minimum of the thinking process." It is "the most mystical of all the arts because its limitations are the least." The principal difference between music and religion lies in the fact that "while the religious consciousness involves the same mystical attitude, and the same creation of ideal situations, as we find in the artistic consciousness, it goes a step further and requires assent to some body of doctrine." It is this extra step which, in the opinion of the writer, handicaps religion in its rivalry with music. He goes on to say:

"Why is there little probability of a religious revival at present? We are in a position to answer the question at least partially, if we put together some of the results of our analysis. We have seen that there are two chief factors in the religious consciousness, the personal, mystical attitude coupled with the element of belief. In spite of the fact that so many believe that faith must be supported by doctrine, the history of religion shows exactly the opposite. Just as artistic feeling inspires the imagination to create appropriate situations in the various forms of art, so the religious feeling is the one necessary motive in the creation of religious systems. Given a sufficiently strong faith, intellectual diffi-culties fall into the background, and assent to doctrine comes as a matter of course. Logical proof of the existence of God is for the intensely religious nature a needless procedure. If, however, the religious feeling fails to reach the proper degree of intensity, a body of doctrine must justify itself as a philosophy. This is just the difficulty at present. Rationalistic investigation makes belief at the best a difficult matter, and the necessary element of faith is lacking. Why? Because music, the great modern art, can satisfy the mystical need, and indulge the cosmic emotion without asking assent to anything or putting the slightest strain upon purely thinking

"The reaction against rationalism is now on. All kinds of small mystical 'isms' arise, make for a time absurd exhibitions of themselves, and then die out. Even the more respectable ones like Christian science, Spiritualism and Theosophy are not remarkable for the educated intelligence of their adherents. The scientifically trained mind which is unable to play its mystical inclinations out in any kind of crude occultism, is willing enough to be religious, but its faith is not sufficiently strong to overcome the difficulties, so it follows the line of least resistance and listens to music, and this still more dulls the edge of faith.

## Bushido: the Ethical Code of Japan

William Elliot Griffis, in his introduction to a little volume\* named "Bushido," by Inazo Nitobe, characterizes it as "more than a weighty message to the Anglo-Saxon nations." and further declares it to be "a notable contribution to the solution of this century's grandest problem—the reconciliation and unity of the East and the West." The volume grew out of an attempt on the part of the writer to show the source whence moral training is derived by the Japanese, since instruction in religion forms no part of their school system. That source is Bushido, a body of unwritten moral precepts conveyed from generation to generation since the immemorial days of Japanese feudalism. Bushido conforms in some degree to Western notions of chivalry. The word "means literally 'Military-Knight-Ways'-the ways which fighting nobles should observe in their daily life as well as in their vocation; in a word, the 'Precepts of Knighthood,' the noblesse oblige of the warrior class."

The elements of Bushido belong mainly to lence, politeness, veracity and sincerity, honor, loyalty, self-control, suicide and re-

the realm of practical ethics, and comprise such subjects as justice, courage, benevodress, the ethics of the sword, the training and position of women. Among its precepts are some which, in their conception and ap-

plication show interesting differences from the views entertained in Western lands. Concerning politeness, for instance, the author insists upon "the moral training involved in the strict observance of propriety." He savs:

"I have heard slighting remarks made by Europeans upon our elaborate discipline of politeness. It has been criticised as absorbing too much of our thought and in so far a folly to observe strict obedience to it. I admit that there may be unnecessary niceties in ceremonious etiquette, but whether it partakes as much of folly as the adherence to ever-changing fashions of the West is a question not very clear to my mind. Even fashions I do not consider solely as freaks of vanity; on the contrary I look upon these as a ceaseless search of the human mind for the beautiful. Much less do I consider elaborate ceremony as altogether trivial, for it denotes the result of long observation as to the most appropriate method of achieving a certain result. If there is anything to do, there is certainly a best way to do it, and the best way is both the most economical and the most graceful. Mr. Spencer defines grace as the most economical manner of motion. The tea ceremony presents certain definite ways of manipulating a bowl, a spoon, a napkin, etc. To a novice it looks tedious. But one soon discovers that the way prescribed is, after all, the most saving of time and labor; in other words, the most economical use of force,-hence, according to Spencer's dictum, the most graceful."

Homage and fealty to a superior are a distinctive feature of Japanese feudal morality. says the author. "Life being regarded as the means whereby to serve his master, and its ideal being set upon honor, the whole

<sup>\*</sup>Bushido: The Soul of Japan. Ey Inazo Nitobe, A. M., Ph. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

education and training of a samurai were conducted accordingly." He writes further on this point:

"The individualism of the West, which recognizes separate interests for father and son, husband and wife, necessarily brings into strong relief the duties owed by one to the other; but Bushido held that the interest of the family and of the members thereof is intact,—one and inseparable. This interest is bound up with affection—natural, instructive, irresistible, hence, if we die for one another with natural love (which animals themselves possess), what is that?"

Concerning the Japanese means of selfimmolation by disembowelment known as seppuku, or hara-kiri, he writes:

"Now my readers will understand that seppuku was not a mere suicidal process. It was an institution, legal and cere-monial. An invention of the middle ages, it was a process by which warriors could expiate their crimes, apologise for errors, escape from disgrace, redeem their friends, or prove their sincerity. When enforced as a legal punishment, it was practised with due ceremony. It was a refinement of self-destruction, and none could perform it without the utmost coolness of temper and composure of demeanor, and for these reasons it was particularly benefiting the profession of the bushs."

As to the position of women, he writes:

"Woman's surrender to the good of her husband, home, and family was as willing and honorable as the man's self-surrender to the good of his lord and country. Self-renunciation, without which no

life-enigma can be solved, was the key-note of the loyalty of man as well as of the domesticity of woman. She was no more the slave of man than was her husband of his liege lord, and the part she played was recognized as naijo, 'the inner help.' In the ascending scale of service stood woman, who annihilated herself for man, that he might annihilate himself for the master, that he in turn might obey Heaven. I know the weakness of this teaching and that the superiority of Christianity is nowhere more manifested than here, in that it requires of each and every living soul direct responsibility to its Creator. Nevertheless, as far as the doctrine of service—the serving of a cause higher than one's own self, even at the sacrifice of one's individuality; I say the doctrine of service, which is the greatest that

Christ preached and was the sacred key-note of his mission—so far as that is concerned, Bushido was based on eternal truth."

The author of this interesting little treatise sounds a note of wistful regret over the apparent decay of the system of Bushido in the Japan of the present day. The edict formally abolishing feudalism in 1870, he says, was the signal to toll the knell of Bushido. "The edict issued five years later, prohibiting the wearing of swords, rang out the old, 'the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise'; it rang in the new age of sophisters, economists and calculators."

He writes further:

One remarkable difference between the experience of Europe and of Japan is, that whereas in Europe when chivalry was weaned from feudalism and was adopted by the church, it obtained a fresh lease of life, in Japan no religion was large enough to nourish it; hence, when the mother institution, feudalism, was gone, Bushido, left an orphan, had to shift for it-self. The present elaborate military organization might take it under its patronage, but we know that modern warfare can afford little room for its continuous growth. Shin-toism, which fostered it in its infancy, is itself super-annuated. The hoary sages of ancient China are being supplanted by the intellectual parvenu of the type of Bentham and Mill. Moral theories of a comfortable kind, flattering to the Chauvinistic tendencies of the time, and therefore thought well adapted to the need



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of this day, have been invented and propounded; but as yet we hear only their shrill voices echoing through the columns of yellow journalism. . . .

"Christianity and materialism (including utilitarianism)—or will the future reduce them to the still more archaic forms of Hebraism and Hellensm:—will divide the world between them. Lesser systems of morals will ally themselves to either side for their preservation. On which side will Bushido enlist? Having no set dogma or formula to defend, it can afford to disappear as an entity; like the cherry blossom, it is willing to die at the first gust of the morning breeze. But a total extinction will never be its lot.

Bushido as an independent code of ethics may vanish, but its power will not perish from the earth."

## The Universality of the Psalms

The unique position held by the Psalms in their relation to human experience is strikingly brought out in a recent work\* by Rowland E. Prothero. They are at once, he says, "the breviary and the viaticum of humanity. Here are gathered not only pregnant statements of the principles of religion, and condensed maxims of spiritual life, but a promptuary of effort, a summary of devotion, a manual of prayer and praise—and all this is clothed in language which is as rich in poetic beauty as it is universal and enduring in poetic truth." He continues:

"The Psalms, then, are a mirror in which each man sees the motions of his own soul. They express in exquisite words the kinship which every thoughtful human heart craves to find with a supreme, unchanging, loving God, who will be to him a protector, guardian, and friend. utter the ordinary experiences, the familiar thoughts of men; but they give to these a width of range, an intensity, a depth, and an elevation, which transcend the capacity of the most gifted. They translate into speech the spiritual passion of the loftiest genius; they also utter, with the beauty born of truth and simplicity, and with the exact agreement between the feeling and the expression, the inarticulate and humble longings of the unlettered peasant. So it is that, in every country, the language of the Psalms has become part of the daily life of nations, passing into their proverbs, mingling with their conversation, and used at every critical stage of existence.

Aside from the fact that the Psalms have been the source of inspiration for some of "the noblest hymns of our language," they have, as the writer points out, stirred the ingenuity of many of the great minds of the past in giving to them an English rendering:

"Their rendering into verse has occupied many of the most gifted men in the history of our nation—knights of chivalry, like Sir Philip Sidney, aided by his sister, Margaret, Countess of Pembroke; men of science, like Lord Bacon, in whose version the philosopher overmasters the poet; classical scholars, like George Sandys, one of the most successful of early versifiers; courtiers, like Sir Thomas Wyatt; ambassadors, like Sir Thomas Smith, Sir Henry Wotton, or Hookham Frere; distinguished prelates, such as Archbishop Parker, or Bishop Ken, or Bishop Hall, or Bishop King; queens and kings, like Elizabeth or James I; sturdy Puritans, such as Francis Rous; Cromwellian captains, like Thomas, Lord Fairfax, or George Wither, whose sweet vein of early poetry was soured by the vinegar of politics and polemics; poets like Crashaw, Phineas Fletcher, Henry Vaughan, Burns, Cowper, or

Milton, whose versions, with one exception, fall below the standard which we should have expected his lyric genius and devotional fervor to attain; parish priests, like George Herbert and John Keble; heroes of the Dunciad, like Sir Richard Blackmore and Luke Milbourne; masters of prose, like Addison; Methodists, like Charles Wesley; Nonconformists, such as Isaac Watts, whose version of Ps. XC., 'O God, our help in ages past,' is perhaps the finest hymn in the English language."

In addition to the indirect influence which the Psalms have exerted upon literature, the writer declares that they have created a literature of their own. They are the precursors and the pattern of that "mass of writings in which is recorded the inner life of Christians." They are "the parents of those religious autobiographies which, even in literary and psychological interest, rival, if they do not surpass, the 'Confessions' of Rousseau, or the 'Truth and Fiction' of Goethe." Further:

"In the pages of such works the tone and spirit of the Psalms are faithfully represented: whether in devotional exercises, in guides to the spiritual life, in meditations and counsels on holy living and holy dying, or in the unconscious records of the personal history of religious minds, their influence is everywhere present. They are the inspiration of that soliloguy at the throne of God, in which Augustine revealed his soul before a world which is yet listening, as for fifteen centuries it has listened, to the absolute truthfulness of his 'Confessions.' They are the wings which lifted Thomas à Kempis out of his white-washed cell, bore him above the flat meadows of St. Agnes, and floated heavenward those mystic musings of the 'Imitation' which thrilled with mingled awe and hope the heart of Maggie Tulliver. They lent their height and depth to the religion of Bishop Andrews, whose private prayers, in their elevation above doctrinal controversies, in their manliness and reality, and in the comprehensiveness of their horizon, seem to translate, for individual use in the closet, the public worship of the Anglican Church. They were the live coal which touched the lips of John Bunyan, and transformed the unlettered tinker into a genius and a poet, as, with a pen of iron and in letters of fire, he wrote the record of his passage from death to life. They sharpened the keen sight with which Pascal pierced the heart of truth, and nerved the courage with which he confronted the mysteries of the vision that his lucid intellect conjured up before his eyes. Thus the Psalms, apart from their own transcendent beauty and universal truth, have enriched the world by the creation of a literature which, century after century, has not only commanded the admiration of sceptics, but elevated the characters of innumerable believers, encouraged their weariness, consoled their sorrows, lifted their doubts, and guided their wavering footsteps.'

<sup>\*</sup>THE PSALMS IN HUMAN LIFE. By Rowland E. Prothero. B. P Dutton & Co.

## Science and Discovery

## Mr. Balfour on the New Theory of Matter

Although a full year has elapsed since the Prime Minister of England delivered his now famous address on the new theory of matter before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, it is only quite recently that his words, in authoritative form, have been made accessible to the American lay reader. There have been innumerable reports of Mr. Balfour's utterance in English newspapers and much complaint of the alleged "garbling" to which it has been subjected. The address has quite recently received the distinction of translation in full in the columns of the Revue Scientifique (Paris), and the Temps pronounces it the most lucid "comprehensive survey of the present state of physical science" now accessible. Mr. Balfour's disclaimer of any proficiency in physical science is not in harmony with the importance attached to his studies by various scientific periodicals abroad. But whether Mr. Balfour be a scientist or not, this address of his has been quoted not only in scientific organs as a masterpiece, but extracts from it have even found their way into text-books of science published in this country.

The attention of scientists has been most attracted to that portion of Mr. Balfour's address in which he said that if we jump over the century which separates 1804 from 1904 and attempt to give in outline the world picture as it now presents itself to some leaders of contemporary speculation, we shall find that in the interval it has been modified not merely by such far-reaching discoveries as the atomic and molecular composition of ordinary matter, the kinetic theory of gases, and the laws of the conservation and dissipation of energy, but by the more and more important parts which electricity and ether occupy in any representation of ultimate physical reality. Mr. Balfour's next words, which are said to have been sadly garbled in many reports, are here quoted from the official report of the British Association:

"Electricity was no more to the natural philosophers in the year 1700 than the hidden cause of an insignificant phenomenon. It was known,

and had long been known, that such things as amber and glass could be made to attract light objects brought into their neighborhood, yet it was about 50 years before the effects of electricity were perceived in the thunderstorm. It was about 100 years before it was detected in the form of a current. It was about 120 years before it was connected with magnetism, about 170 years before it was connected with light and ethereal radiation. But to-day there are those who regard gross matter, the matter of everyday experience, as the mere appearance of which electricity is the physical basis; who think that the element-ary atom of the chemist, itself far beyond the limits of direct perception, is but a connected system of monads or sub-atoms which are not electrified matter, but are electricity itself; that these systems differ in the number of monads which they contain, in their arrangements and in their motion relative to each other and to the ether; that on these differences, and on these differences alone, depend the various qualities of what have hitherto been regarded as indivisible and elementary atoms; and that while in most cases these atomic systems may maintain their equilibrium for periods which, compared with such astronomical processes as the cooling of a sun, may seem almost eternal, they are not less obedient to the law of change than the everlasting heavens themselves.

"But if gross matter be a grouping of atoms, and if atoms be systems of electrical monads, what are these electrical monads? It may be that, as Professor Larmor has suggested, they are but a modification of the universal ether, a modification roughly comparable to a knot in a medium which is inextensible, incompressible, and continuous. But whether this final unification be accepted or not, it is certain that these monads cannot be considered apart from the ether. It is on their interaction with the ether that their qualities depend; and without the ether an electric

theory of matter is impossible.

"Surely we have here a very extraordinary rev-Two centuries ago electricity seemed olution. but a scientific toy. It is now thought by many to constitute the reality of which matter is but the sensible expression. It is but a century ago that the title of an ether to a place among the constituents of the universe was authentically estab-lished. It seems possible now that it may be the stuff out of which that universe is wholly built. Nor are the collateral inferences associated with this view of the physical world less surprising. It used, for example, to be thought that mass was an original property of matter, neither capa-ble of explanation nor requiring it; in its nature essentially unchangeable, suffering neither augmentation nor diminution under the stress of any forces to which it could be subjected; unalterably attached to, or identified with, each material fragment, howsoever much that fragment might vary in its appearance, its bulk, its chemical or its physical condition."

Perhaps, however, the most impressive alteration in our picture of the universe required by these new theories is to be sought in a different direction, thinks Mr. Belfour. We quote again the prime minister's exact words (which have been revised by himself) as follows:

"We have all, I suppose, been interested in the generally accepted views as to the origin and development of suns with their dependent planetary systems; and the gradual dissipation of the energy which during this process of concentration has largely taken the form of light and radiant heat. Follow out the theory to its obvious conclusions, and it becomes plain that the stars now visibly incandescent are those in mid-journey between the nebulæ from which they sprang and the frozen darkness to which they are predestined. What, then, are we to think of the invisible multitude of the heavenly bodies in which this process has been already completed? According to the ordinary view, we should suppose them to be in a state where all possibilities of internal move-ment were exhausted. At the temperature of interstellar space their constituent elements would be solid and inert; chemical action and molecular movement would be alike impossible, and their exhausted energy could obtain no replenishment unless they were suddenly rejuvenated by some celestial collision, or traveled into other regions warmed by newer suns. This view must, however be profoundly modified if we accept the electric theory of matter. We can then no longer hold that if the internal energy of a sun were, as far as possible, converted into heat, either by its contraction under the stress of gravitation or by chemical reactions between its elements, or by any other interatomic force; and that, were the heat so generated to be dissipated, as in time it must be, through infinite space, its whole energy would be exhausted. On the contrary, the amount thus lost would be absolutely insignificant compared with what remained stored up within the separate atoms. The system in its corporate capacity would become bankrupt—the wealth of its individual constituents would be scarcely diminished. They would lie side by side, without movement, without chemical affinity; yet each one, howsoever inert in its external relations, the theatre of violent motions and of powerful internal forces."

Mr. Balfour puts the same thought in another form, thus:

"When the sudden appearance of some new star in the telescopic field gives notice to the astronomer that he—and, perhaps, in the whole universe, he alone—is witnessing the conflagration of a world, the tremendous forces by which this far-off tragedy is being accomplished must surely move his awe. Yet not only would the members of each separate atomic system pursue their relative course unchanged, while the atoms themselves were thus riven violently apart in flaming vapour, but the forces by which such a world is

shattered are really negligible compared with those by which each atom of it is held together."

In common, therefore, with all other living things, we seem to be practically concerned with the feebler forces of nature and with energy in its least powerful manifestations. Chemical affinity and cohesion are, on this theory, no more than the slight residual effects of the internal electric forces which keep the atom in being. Mr. Balfour proceeds to remind us of another fundamental fact:

"Gravitation, though it be the shaping force which concentrates nebulæ into organized systems of suns and satellites, is trifling compared with the attractions and repulsions with which we are familiar between electrically-charged bodies; while these again sink into insignificance beside the attractions and repulsions between the electric monads themselves. The irregular molecular movements which constitute heat, on which the very possibility of organic life seems absolutely to hang, and in whose transformations applied science is at present so largely concerned, cannot rival the kinetic energy stored within the molecules themselves."

But this "prodigious mechanism" appears "outside the range of our immediate interests":

"We live, so to speak, merely on its fringe. It has for us no promise of utilitarian value. It will not drive our mills; we cannot harness it to our trains. Yet not less on that account does it stir the intellectual imagination. The starry heavens have from time immemorial moved the worship or the wonder of mankind. But if the dust beneath our feet be indeed compounded of innumerable systems, whose elements are ever in the most rapid motion, yet retain through uncounted ages their equilibrium unshaken, we can hardly deny that the marvels we directly see are not more worthy of admiration than those which recent discoveries have enabled us dimly to surmise."

Mr. Balfour's summing up of this branch of his subject has been very much admired. It has been held to prove his ability to obtain a firm grasp of the modern scientific problem as a whole, instead of a mere aspect or fraction of it. We have space for the most salient paragraph:

"Now, whether the main outlines of the worldpicture which I have just imperfectly presented
to you be destined to survive, or whether in their
turn they are to be obliterated by some new drawing on the scientific palimpsest, all will, I think,
admit that so bold an attempt to unify physical
nature excites feelings of the most acute intellectual gratification. The satisfaction it gives is
almost æsthetic in its intensity and quality. We
feel the same sort of pleasurable shock as when,
from the crest of some melancholy pass, we first
see, far below us, the sudden glories of plain, river,
and mountain."

## The Present Boundaries of Human Ignorance

Vast as is that portion of the domain of knowledge which has yet to be explored, it is just now possible for the scientist to indicate at least the boundaries of human ignorance, and Prof. A. E. Dolbear, of Tufts College, has effectively done so in an article on the science problems of the twentieth century which appears in The Popular Science Monthly. The sciences included in his comprehensive survey of the subject are astronomy, geology, chemistry, physics and biology. Professor Dolbear shows that man's ignorance to-day, so far as the sciences are concerned, is a very different kind of ignorance from that of the ancients. They were not only ignorant of the western hemisphere, but they were not even in a position to conceive that they were ignorant of it. To-day, man can at least survey his own ignorance and map out, in a sense, its depth, width and extent. Thus, beginning with astronomy, Professor Dolbear notes:

"Now that we know so much of the past history of the solar system, and in addition that our nearest neighbor is more than 200,000 times the distance to the sun, also that the whole system is itself moving in space at the rate of about 400 millions of miles a year in the direction of the star Yega, we yet need to know whether this motion is a drift or part of an orbit. At present no one The directions and rates of motion of a number of stars have been very well determined, but such measures are not numerous enough to enable us to say whether there is more order in the movements of stars than there is among the molecules of gas, where molecular collisions are constantly taking place. Such phenomena as that of the new star which suddenly blazed out in Perseus are now explained only by assuming stellar collisions wherein the masses are so large and have such velocity that impact at once reduces them to incandescent gas. This means the possibility of such disaster to the solar system, but it is a present comfort to know that if we were to collide with our nearest neighbor at the present rate, 12 miles a second, it will take nearly 50,000 years to reach it.'

In the field of geology, again, "the mineralogical relations and precedents among basalts, granites and other rocks, as well as the physical conditions that determined composition, arrangement and distribution, remain to be determined. Volcanic phenomena are not at all well understood. The composition of the interior of the earth is quite unknown." More definitely outlined still is the domain of our ignorance of chemistry:

"As knowledge grew on the basis of experiment,

generalization of course was attempted, and as physical phenomena were inextricably interwoven with the chemical, constant modifications were required. Not a few propositions found their way into books and general use which had to be abandoned. Thus, it was assumed that when molecules of salt, NaCl, were dissolved in water, each molecule retained its identity and moved as a whole in the liquid. We now know this is not true, but each atom becomes practically independent and moves like a gaseous particle in the air, producing pressure in the same way and for the same reason. The new knowledge has made it needful to revise again some of the notions that were held, and so profound is the change required that some years will be needful to bring chemistry as a science into satisfactory relations with physics. That is not all. We have all been taught and have probably had no misgivings in saying that matter is indestructible. Much philosophy is founded on that proposition. But we are now confronted with the well vouched for phenomenon from two independent workers that under certain conditions a certain mass of matter loses weight, not by mechanical removal of some of its molecules, but by the physical changes which take place in it. This is a piece of news that is almost enough to paralyze a scientifically minded man, for stability of atoms, unchanging quantity and quality, seems to be at the basis of logical thinking on almost all matters. In the 'Arabian Nights' one may expect that the unexpected will happen—genii may be summoned to do this or that, matter may be created or annihilated at will—and the conception gives one pleasure though one knows it to be impossible, and one thinks it impossible because one has never known such changes in matter, and because one has been taught that matter is indestructible. The amount of change is slight in the experiments related, yet well within the possibility of measuring, and one may be sure that from now on the most expert and careful and patient experimen-ters will attack this question and verify or disprove it. If it be disproved, we shall be philosophically where we have so long been. If it be proved, it will be the most stunning fact that has come into science for a hundred years. The nebula theory, the doctrine of evolution, and the antiquity of man will be trifles compared with its significance."

In physics "the old ideas of the nature of matter or of atoms have all been abandoned and we have come to the conclusion that matter is not inert but loaded with energy, that indeed the ether is saturated with it." The limitations of human ignorance in physics suggest themselves in another important respect:

"The nature of gravitation is as unknown as the nature of life itself. We know how it acts, and that this action is millions of times quicker than light, but that is all, and the one who unravels the mystery will deserve to rank with the greatest of discoverers.

"In like degree are we ignorant of electrical and magnetic phenomena which depend upon the ether. When the ether is understood we shall be able to understand in a mechanical sense how moving a magnet disturbs every other magnet wherever it may be, why chemical compounds are possible, why crystals assume geometric forms, and why cellular structure in plants and animals can embody what we call life. To discover the nature and mode of operation of this ether is the work of the twentieth century, and we may be sure that he who accomplishes this will deserve to rank with the highest; indeed it may fairly be said that in importance it is not secondary to anything known, for it is apparently concerned in all phenomena from atoms to masses as big as the sun."

In biology the nineteenth century made it apparent that "all the forms of vegetable and animal life of to-day are the product of slow changes in form and functions of living things reaching back millions of years." This we call evolution. "But how these changes occur and what necessitates them remain as mysterious as ever." And we get this glimpse of yet another department in the same science:

"Another piece of work, bringing great surprise among biologists as well as the rest of the thinking world, has been given to us within a year or two, namely, that unfertilized eggs have been made to develop in a normal way by subjecting them to certain inorganic chemical substances, such as magnesium chloride. It has been repeated by so many there is no doubt about it now, but its significance is that life itself is a chemical process and does not necessarily depend upon antecedent life any farther than such struc-

ture contains chemical combinations of proper sort, and that if these be provided in other ways life and growth will result. This research has no more than begun and we may be on the lookout for surprises. A French biologist reports that if an egg be properly cut into as many as sixteen pieces it will develop into sixteen individuals, differing only in size from the normal individual. This opens out a new field, the philosophical importance of which exceeds its biological importance, as can be seen in a minute's thinking. What the outcome will be no one can tell now, but we may envy the biologists who devote their time to such investigations.

"A few years ago two German scientific men discovered that a minute drop of a mixture of oil and a salt of potash acted like a microscopic living thing in several ways. It would move about spontaneously, change its form, had a circulation in itself, would gather to itself particles of other matter in its neighborhood, and was sensitive to stimulus from the outside. It comported itself like a thing of life in all ways but one, it could not reproduce its like. The material itself was called artificial protoplasm. The work is still being investigated, both abroad and at home, with the hypothesis that if the proper chemical constituents can be found and added it will then be a real artificial living thing. As it already possesses four of the five distinguishing characteristics of a living thing, ingenuity and persistence will enable some one to find and endow it with the fifth. It will not be safe for one to predict that this can not be done, for it may be done to-morrow, and the twentieth century starts with a pretty problem considered as a physico-chemi-

cal problem; but the one who solves it, if it should

be done, will have reason to be thankful he is not

living in any preceding century, for his life wouldbe made a burden to him, if he were not made a

## The Anatomical Mystery of a Great Mind

martyr.'

The anatomical difference between corresponding areas in the brain of a great thinker and in the brain of an unintelligent servant presents, in many ways, a mystery to which science should address itself at once, thinks Dr. C. W. Saleeby, who deals with the topic in Harper's Monthly Magazine (New York). The question is very interesting, he declares, and it has never really been raised. "Physiology and anatomy tell me, for instance," he writes, "that the intense musical appreciation of a friend lies in a certain spot upon his cortex, just above his left ear-my friend being right-handed. But I have another friend who does not know Isolde's Liebestod from the 'Old Hundredth,' let us say. He is tone-deaf. Now what I want to know is the anatomical difference between these

corresponding areas in the two brains in question." Dr. Saleeby asks if his musical friend be possessed of more cells in this area than the other has, or are they bigger, or are they more closely connected with each other by their processes, or are they more numerously related with cells in other areas of the brain, or have they bigger blood vessels supplying them? The writer illustrates thus:

"The brains of certain famous people have been weighed: that is as far as we have gone. Cuvier and Sir James Simpson had very large brains—but many an imbecile has a brain much heavier still: so that we are hardly at the root of the matter in this rude observation. What we need is knowledge as to the minute cell-differences between the brain of a Beethoven and that of a luckless tone-deaf wight. I should like to be able to go to the British Museum and not merely look

at the autograph of Keats and Shakespeare and the others, but peer down long rows of microscopes showing me, side by side, a section of Beethoven's music area and that of an ordinary person's music area, Turner's visual area side by side with Ruskin's and an ordinary art-critic's and a philistine's, Wren's space-perceiving area and Phidias's and a jerry builder's. Sandow, as I have heard, once promised his body to the anatomical museum of the University of Edinburgh. Madame Patti, they say, has bequeathed her larynx to the incomparable museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. But no one who knows anything about singing needs telling that Madame Patti's larynx would look very much the same as a street-singer's. What the College of Surgeons should really get is a series of sections of Madame Patti's music centre and compare that with a street-singer's. I am told that Professor Goldwin Smith has bequeathed his brain for dissection by an American professor of anatomy.

But we do not want to know—when at length its powers are no longer vouchsafed us-what is the mere brute weight of Professor Goldwin Smith's brain. Nor do we want to see sections through the motor area of that brain. For sections of motor areas we will go to billiard-players, baseball-players, violinists, painters, surgeons, and others, whose motor powers are of a high order. But we want to see what are the peculiarities of the cell-structure of what are called the silent areas of a great writer's brain—those large areas which subserve no special sense, no motor function, nothing that can be objectively identified. Let those who desire to serve science, and who possess any special capacity, from mechanical drawing or chess to musical creation or philosophic thought, follow the example set by those I have named, and permit the psychologist to say whether and what anatomical differences are to be distinguished between the noteworthy and the mediocre brain.

## Burke's Experiments and the Production of Life in Dead Matter

Sensational as have been the accounts of the possible artificial production of life in dead matter by Mr. J. B. Burke, whose experiments at Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, have been recorded in innumerable newspapers, there remains considerable difficulty for one not a specialist in deriving definite ideas from all that has yet been published. Technical training on the part of his readers is taken for granted in much of Mr. Burke's own account of what he has accomplished, for he has evidently written for his fellow-workers in scientific fields. His exposition in Nature (London) of the results he has aimed at, or rather achieved, deals, nevertheless, with a comparatively simple matter—the action of radium on beef In the influence of salts of radium on bouillon the mystery resides. Before quoting Mr. Burke, we reproduce a brief extract from a paper in Public Opinion (New York), in which Dr. S. S. Maxwell, instructor in physiology at Harvard Medical School, sets forth the fundamental problem of biology with which Mr. Burke's experiments have been coupled in the cabled accounts. Says Mr. Maxwell:

"The most fundamental problem of physiology, of all science in fact, is the origin of living matter. It was anciently believed that under certain conditions "spontaneous generation" occurred, that is to say, that living organisms sprang de novo, from not living matter. It was taught for centuries that eels came into existence spontaneously in mud and slime, and the teaching was believed

because nobody had seen eel's eggs. Not until the time of Spallanzani was the notion dispelled that maggots are formed from decaying meat, and the fact proved that these organisms are developed from the eggs which flies have deposited in the putrefying substance. Still later, in fact in years comparatively recent, it was commonly thought that bacteria and other microscopic organisms came into existence in substances into which none of their germs could have secured entrance.

"The most careful observation and experiment, however, have failed to show a single case of origin of life by any other means than from pre-existing life. Thus it comes about that in present-day biological teaching stress is laid upon biogenesis, i. e., the origin of life from life. The facts of biogenesis do not, however, necessarily exclude the possibility of abiogenesis, the origin-of living from not living matter. Indeed, to many minds abiogenesis is an a priori necessity. It is argued that our present knowledge of life processes is too inadequate and the period under which biological facts have been a matter of record is too short to justify the conclusion that not living matter may not under suitable conditions have given rise to living matter. In fact, the transformation of dead to living matter goes on continually under our eyes in the processes of nutrition and growth of plants and animals; but so far as we are yet able to discover, only under the influence of life. To determine the conditions of this transformation, then, is the fundamental problem of biology."

Mr. Burke's experiment originated in a physical laboratory, but the results seemed to concern biology, and the young scientist accordingly handed his "growths" over to a biologist for some expression of opinion. These growths, as has been said, resulted

from the action of salts of radium upon a mixture of beef extract and gelatin. "As is well known," observes a scientific correspondent of the London Speaker, "if a tube containing such a medium [that is, boullion made by a mixture of beef extract and gelatin] be plugged with cotton wool to exclude the germs floating in the atmosphere, and be sterilized by heating for a short time to a temperature somewhat above the boiling point of water, it will remain indefinitely without a sign of life and without decomposition." Into such a tube Mr. Burke put his tiny glass bulb, containing "radium bromide," and, after sterilization, broke the bulb by means of a special wire contrivance. Down fell the radium salt into the mixture of beef extract and gelatin. By the end of the ensuing day "a culture-like growth appeared on the surface and gradually spread downwards." This growth, when placed under the microscope, was ascertained to comprise "minute rounded bodies" which "ceased to grow after a certain size and then subdivided." The growth disappeared when heated or exposed to the light. When left standing for several hours the growth came into sight again. In hot water the growths were soluble and when transferred to fresh bouillon they showed "very slight signs of further increase." At this stage of his observations Mr. Burke showed the growths to Dr. Sims Woodhead, who concluded that they were not bacteria, but might be "crystals." Mr. Burke himself speaks of them simply as "highly organized bodies, although not bacteria." Mr. Burke writes in Nature:

"An extract of meat of 1 pound of beef to 1 liter of water, together with 1 per cent of Witter peptone, 1 per cent of sodium chloride, and 10 per cent of gold-labeled gelatin, was slowly heated in the usual way, sterilized, and then cooled. The gelatin culture medium thus prepared, and commonly known as bouillon, is acted upon by radium salts and some other slightly radio-active bodies in a most remarkable manner. In one experiment the salt was placed in a small hermetically-sealed tube, one end of which was drawn out to a fine point, so that it could be easily This was inserted in a test-tube containing the gelatin medium. The latter was stopped up with cotton wool in the usual way with such experiments, and then sterilized at a temperature of about 130 deg. C. under pressure for about 30 minutes. Cultures without radium were also at various times thus similarly sterilized. When the gelatin had stood for some time and become settled, the fine end of the tube containing the radium salt was broken, from outside, without opening the test-tube, by means of a wire hook in a side tube. The salt, which in this particular experiment consisted of 21/2 milligrammes of radium bromide, was thus allowed to drop upon the surface of the gelatin.

After 24 hours or so in the case of the bromide, and about three or four days in that of the chloride, a peculiar culture-like growth appeared on the surface, and gradually made its way downward, until after a fortnight, in some cases, it had grown fully a centimeter beneath the surface. If the medium was sterilized several times before the radium was dropped on it, so that its color was altered, probably by the inversion of the sugar, the growth was greatly retarded, and was confined chiefly to the surface. It was found that plane polarized light, when transmitted through the tube at right angles to its axis, was rotated left-handedly in that part of the gelatin containing the growth, and in that part alone.

'The controls showed no contamination whatever and no rotation. The test-tubes were opened and microscopic slides examined under a twelfth power. Objects were observed which at first sight seemed to be microbes, but as they did not give sub-cultures when inoculated in fresh media they could scarcely be bacteria. The progress of any of the sub-cultures after a month was extremely small, and certainly too small for a bacterial growth. It was not at all obvious how bacteria could have remained in one set of tubes and not in the other, unless the radium salt itself acted as a shield, so to speak, for any spores which may originally have become mixed with the salt, perhaps during its manufacture, and when imbedded in it could resist even the severe process of sterilization to which it was submitted. On heating the culture and re-sterilizing the medium, the bacteria-like forms completely disappeared; but only temporarily, for after some days they were again visible when examined in a microscopic slide. Nay, more, they disappeared in the slides when these were exposed to diffused daylight for some hours, but re-appeared again after a few days when kept in the dark. Thus it seems quite conclusive that whatever they may be, their presence is at any rate due to the spontaneous action of the radium salt upon the culture medium, and not alone to the influence of anything which previously existed therein. When washed they are found to be soluble in warm water, and however much they may resemble microbes, they cannot for this reason be identified with them, as also for the fact that they do not give sub-cultures as bacteria should.

"Prof. Sims Woodhead has very kindly opened some of the test-tubes and examined them from the bacteriological point of view. His observations fully confirm my own. He assures me that they are not bacteria, and suggests that they might possibly be crystals. They are, at any rate, not contaminations. I have tried to identify them with many crystalline bodies, and the nearest approximation to this form appears to be that of the crystals of calcium carbonate, but these are many times larger, and, in fact, of a different order of magnitude altogether, being visible under comparatively low powers; and are, moreover, insoluble in water. A careful and prolonged examination of their structure, behavior, and development leaves little doubt in my mind that they are highly organized bodies, although not bacteria."

## Surgery's Invasion of the Vital Organs

Modern surgery's greatest achievements have evidently been in the abdominal region, in the heart and in the intestines and kidneys, as is made manifest from a study which Dr. A. C. Seely and Leroy Scott contribute to Leslie's Monthly Magazine (New York). As recently as a generation ago, we read, fear of blood poisoning kept the surgeon out of the abdominal region; "but now the surgeon intrepidly enters disease's former stronghold, routs it and in so doing performs life-saving feats with the organs that seem absolute miracles to the onlooking world." In illustration of all this, we are thus invited to consider the case of the stomach:

'If it is too large, the surgeon enfolds a portion of the wall and sutures the edges; if a part of it is diseased, say with cancer, he cuts it out, sutures the edges, and if necessary cuts a new opening for the head of the small intestine and sutures (stitches) it into place; if the esophagus is obstructed so that food cannot be taken naturally. a tube is inserted through the abdominal wall into the stomach, and when the man is hungry he merely drops a pre-masticated meal into the tube; or in case a cancerous area be so large as to demand such a severe operation, the surgeon may remove the entire stomach and suture the esophagus to the duodenum. Contrast this last operation with the working principle of the seventies, that to enter the stomach is death, and you see how far surgery has traveled in a genera-tion. This last operation is, of course, rarely performed even now, but there are to-day a few stomachless persons in the world (one returned to work within two months after the operation), attending to their regular duties, taking a special diet, and apparently just as happy as though their stomachs were not in jars on laboratory shelves.

Surgery now "does about as it pleases" with the intestines, we are likewise told by our authorities—"treats them almost as though they were coils of rope." Here is what took place when a surgeon in the South was lately called to a case in which a gunshot wound had made no less than eighteen intestinal perforations: "He removed between five and six feet of the small intestine, did some other tinkering and now the patient seems as good as new." Other wonders are referred to:

"Sections of the small intestine, eight, ten and, in one case, thirteen feet long have been successfully taken out. Surgery has been of especial value in removing obstructions that close the intestines. Two or three decades ago it was considered no discredit to stand by, a do-nothing, while a patient died of internal strangulation. As a significant comment on the state of intestinal surgery in the early eighties, take this instance: An eminent British surgeon seriously proposed as treatment for obstruction of the intes-

tines that the nearest policeman be summoned, the patient be suspended head downward, with his shanks hooked over the policeman's shoulders, and the officer then be ordered to jump up and down several times. The theory was that this jolting treatment would displace the hernia or undo the twist. And this was comparatively modern surgery! Now the abdomen is opened and the intestine put into its normal position—and a great number of lives are saved that two or three years ago would have been inevitably lost.

"The kidneys, too, are almost under the surgeon's control, with the result of a great decrease in mortality from kidney diseases. Portions of the kidney are cut away without danger to the patient, and it has been found that an entire kidney can be safely removed, its mate being capable of doing double duty. Kidneys are not always of steady habits; occasionally one breaks its home ties and wanders about the abdominal cavity. Recently a patient in a New York hospital was operated on for a tumor located in the pelvis. On opening the patient the surgeon discovered that the supposed tumor was a kidney—about ten or twelve inches from where it belonged. The kidney was brought back to its place and sutured to the abdominal wall, the regular method used to fix home-keeping habits upon floating kidneys.

It has been but a short time since surgery believed, with the rest of the world, that the slightest wound to the heart meant death. Now surgery holds that every heart wound should be immediately operated upon:

"In recent years over fifty bullet and knife wounds have been repaired, and between a third and a half of the patients fully recovered. One recent case was a negro with a knife wound threefourths of an inch in length in the left ventricle. Six continuous silk sutures were required to close it, but at the end of two months the negro was in the street again, ready for more trouble. One successfully repaired wound was two and eighttenths inches in length—the longest on record; and in another case that recovered there were eight knife wounds requiring eleven stitches to close them. In yet another case a pistol ball entered the left ventricle, perforating both anterior and posterior walls. Both holes were sutured and the man recovered. The reader, to appreciate fully these wonderful achievements, must bear in mind that while the surgeon works the heart is beating from sixty to one hundred times a minute, that the surgeon dare not interrupt this throbbing, that a very slight mishandling and the flickering life he is trying to save will

be snuffed out.

"The restoration of life after the heart has actually stopped beating is another miracle of modern surgery, though the claim cannot be made that this accomplishment is of much general value. In cases where the patient has collapsed while under an anæsthetic, the chest has been hastily opened, a hand thrust in, the still heart grasped and manipulated, and circulation thus artificially kept up till life flutters slowly back."

## The Meteorological Factor in Human Conduct

It cannot for an instant be doubted that certain phases of the weather have a marked effect upon the emotional states of many people. The statement is made, after exhaustive study of statistics, by Dr. Edwin Grant Dexter, Professor of Education at the University of Illinois, in his volume on the subject.\* Fiction bases many of its tragic climaxes upon a belief of the kind indicated and not a few of the world's greatest thinkers. have left a record of such recognized effects upon their own mental states. "Weather wisdom" is, much of it, based upon such an influence upon the members of the lower animal kingdom. The newspapers not infrequently touch upon it in attempting to account for an epidemic of suicide, and the literature of insanity is full of allusions to it. Dr. Dexter adds:

"School teachers, almost without exception, and all those who are in charge of individuals in great numbers—as wardens of prisons—are firm believers in such an influence. Yet most of us do not need the evidence of others to be convinced of its existence; we feel it and make it the scapegoat for all sorts of sins of omission and commission when no other seems conveniently near. . . . Given, then, the facts bearing upon the deportment of the people of a great city for every day for so long a period of time, and exact meteorological condition for each day, by means of a somewhat laborious process of tabulation, it is possible to determine with exactness the weather conditions under which deportment is at its best or worst. . .

"We find marked fluctuations in the daily occurrence of immoral acts in a given community, and must believe these fluctuations to be the effects of some cause or causes, since the time is past when the scientific mind can relegate them to the category of chance. The community is large, and the immoral acts are distributed throughout its length and breadth, so, in searching for possible causes, all those which are narrowly local, in affecting but a few individuals, fail to meet the requirements. A's bad breakfast and B's financial failure and C's love affair, then, though all potent in determining the behavior of these individuals on given days, bear but accidental relations to one another in point of time, and in considering 1,500,000 A's and B's and C's for a series of years would fail to be cumulative in effect. There is, in fact, but one condition in the environment which changes simultaneously for all the individuals considered, and that is the weather."

Applying the deductions warranted by the figures he has studied, Dr. Dexter declares that arrests for drunkenness are far more prevalent during the colder months of the year than during the warmer, varying inversely as the temperature; are slightly affected by varying atmospheric pressure, being somewhat above the normal for conditions of high barometer; increase as both the humidity and the wind increase, and are somewhat excessive for clear, dry days. On the subject of weather effects in relation to children we are told:

"The deportment of pupils is at its best during cold, calm and clear weather—at its worst during that characterized as hot and muggy. The opinion is also that boys are affected more than girls. As shown by empirical study, school attendance—and we have argued that this is a measure of health—is at its best during the spring and autumn months, upon days of moderate temperature, when the barometrical readings are at neither extreme; when the humidity and wind are moderate and upon 'fair,' dry days. Deportment is at its best during the winter months and at the beginning and end of the school year; when the temperature is either very low or very high; when the barometer is high; when the humidity is great; during conditions of calm and upon cloudy, wet days."

Regarding suicide and the weather, there are a few generalizations which seem to Dr. Dexter to be worth noting, especially, he says, as they are based in part upon findings which are entirely contradictory to popular opinion with regard to the time chosen by the suicide for the final act:

"The first is that suicide is excessive under those conditions of weather which are generally considered most exhilarating and delightful, that is, the later spring months and upon clear, dry days. . . . It was noted that there were the greatest numerical excesses for the most agreeable temperatures. Barometrical conditions can hardly be referred to the categories agreeable and disagreeable, but for humidity and wind the relation will hardly hold, since we have the greatest excesses during high humidities and great wind velocities, both of which are unpleasant. Yet these facts would not invalidate our first statement, for neither high winds nor great humidities bring a scowl upon the face of nature that can be compared with that of a wet, drizzling day. In fact, a day may be bright and be both windy and humid. Yet these latter conditions have effects peculiarly their own. They are, for wind, the production of a neurotic condition in which self control is in a marked degree lessened; and, for high humidities, the production of a minimum of vital energy. The former is shown especially in the study of the school children, and the latter of the death rate. These facts make it possible for us to amend our statement that suicides are excessive during the most noticeably delightful conditions by adding: coupled with especially devitalizing ones.

<sup>\*</sup>Weather Influences. By Edwin Grant Dexter. The Macmillan Co.

"But this does not in any way account for the seemingly anomalous effect of bright weather. To me the only plausible hypothesis is that of contrast. Investigation has seemed to prove that very few suicides are committed on the 'spur of the moment.' The act is generally premeditated, and its consummation deferred, sometimes again and again. We can hardly doubt, either, that it is dreaded, and the hope entertained, even to the end, that it may not need to be. During the winter months that hope must be centered on the belief that when Nature smiles with the spring sunshine all will be well; on the gloomy day, when the morrow comes with its exhilarating brightness, the present cloud of unhappiness will be gone. The love of life is still strong, and the grave can not be sought while there is still hope for better things. Spring comes with all its excess of life, and the morrow with its brightness, but do not bring to the poor unfortunate, unable to react to these forces as of yore, the hoped for relief. . . .

"Suicide is most prevalent in the late spring and summer months; is excessive at both extremes of temperature, and somewhat above the normal for days of moderate heat; is excessive in medium pressure of the air and deficient for the extreme of pressure; increases with regularity as humidity and wind increase from a deficiency for low readings of both; is excessive for

clear dry days."

With the exception of sickness, death and

drunkenness, the year begins in every case with deficiencies in occurrence of those antimoral activities which have been made the basis of Dr.Dexter's investigations. Suicide, insanity and the misconduct of persons in the penitentiary reach the maximum in the late spring or early summer, declining somewhat during the heated period. The greatest excess for the hot months is shown for arrests for assault and battery, which, in the case of males, vary almost exactly with the mean temperature of the months:

"For all the other classes of data, occurrence is plainly below the normal for the lower temperatures, either gradually increasing with the temperature (assault), or seemingly unaffected by it for a considerable space (insane), then showing a very rapid increase beginning at from 70 to 80 degrees, which is again followed in the case of assault by a drop for the very highest temperatures. With the deportment in the public schools this drop comes at a lower temperature. The relation between the curves for the different sexes, where they are studied separately (as in the case of assault and insane) leads to the conclusion that the effect of heat upon females is greater than upon males. This is shown both in an increased pugnacity and in a greater mental unbalancing."

#### The World's Debt to Its Old Men

In one of his most terribly realistic poems, Kipling represents the old men as sitting in the chimney-corner sucking their gums and thinking well of everything they do. But there is something far different from this rôle for the world's elderly men. John F. Cargill thinks that the important uses to society of the period of old age have been convincingly demonstrated by Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard. Professor Shaler, we are assured, has shown how the presence of three or four generations in a single social edifice gives to it far more value than is afforded by one or two. While the elders may contribute little or nothing to the direct profit of the association, they serve to unite the life of the community and bridge the gap between the successive generations. We quote further from Mr. Cargill's article in The Popular Science Monthly:

Professor Shaler shows that the average man up to the age of perhaps fifty has little or no time for calm reflection; that the necessities of existence demand that he pursue the gainful life, which is always more or less strenuous. Whatever possible period there may be for the individual to pursue the intellectual life must come afterward. And it does come. Is it necessary to argue that the world needs the assistance of the calm reflective mind? Remove this possibility, and mankind may never be able to learn whether life has either meaning or value—in the larger sense.

"Recurring wars, he says, repetitions of political follies and the successions of commercial disasters, all show the need of adding in every possible way to the strength of the bond between generations, so that the life of society may gain a larger unit of action than is afforded by the experience of most of its active members. If the deeds of any single period could be the result of the experience of three or four generations of experienced men, rather than that of one, civilization would be an immense gainer. There would be fewer recitals of failure, fewer reversions toward savagery. This necessity is made evident, he says, because, notwithstanding the resources of our printed records, they convey only imperfectly the quality of one time to that which succeeds it. The real presence of the generations is necessary to the greatest extent that can be had.

He says that the idea of the apparent uselessness of man in advanced years is a survival from the time when a man's value in warfare was the paramount consideration; and he adds, 'The

generation which has seen an aged Gladstone guide an empire; a von Moltke at the three score limit beat down France; and a Bismarck at more than three score readjust the Powers of Europe, has naturally enough given up the notion that a seat by the chimneyside is the only place for the elders."

But it is in the indebtedness of science to men of advanced years that the truth of the whole proposition as to the value of old age is most strikingly demonstrated. One can specify no field in all the domain of science, Mr. Cargill contends, including astronomy, geology, biology, psychology, sociology, electro-magnetism, electricity, engineering, invention, mathematics or medicine, that does not owe much to men of advanced years. This statement holds good, we are told, of the fields of mechanics, philosophy, statesmanship and many others. We quote again:

"A noteworthy beginning may be made with the five great savants who, within the hundred years just passed, have given to mankind entirely new concepts, new understandings of the universe and of life; have revolutionized the greater sciences and made it necessary to build anew from the beginning. We will take them in chronological order. Immanuel Kant died in 1804 at the age of seventy-six. His Kritik [Critique of Pure Reason] was written or appeared after he had reached fifty-seven: a work of such vast comprehensiveness, such subtle, active and far-reaching intellectual resourcefulness that the world has produced but a handful of men since his day who could fully appreciate or appraise him. His 'Contest of the Faculties' appeared when he had passed seventy. His primary formulation of the nebular hypothesis was when he was in the thirties; but much of its elaboration was concluded many years afterward. Pierre de Laplace, his coadjutor in the hypothesis which shook the world, died in 1827 at the age of seventy-eight. Laplace issued the earlier portion of his great Exposition du systeme du monde' at about the age of fifty; and the completion of this monumental work containing the nebular hypothesis was not published until he was past seventy years."

The next great step forward in enlightenment, Mr. Cargill now notes, is from the field of astronomy to that of geology, and here we come to Sir Charles Lyell, who died in 1875 at the age of seventy-eight:

"The most important portions of Lyell's work were done after he had passed forty years; complete and sweeping revisions and enlargements of his earlier work were done late in life, and even down to within three days before his death, at the age of seventy-eight years, he finished a revision of his 'Principles of Geology,' a work which amazed and electrified scientists of all nations, and remains to-day the unchallenged great text-book in that field. Lyell's is the broadest and best-balanced mind which has dealt with

deep-lying geological problems. In effect, he may be said to have created the science of geology. His work marked the second epoch in the thought of mankind, supplying the needed second link in the chain of evidence of planetary evolution. He applied in geology the principle of gradual development to the earth's crust, which Laplace and Kant had previously wrought in astronomy concerning sun systems and planets; which Darwin accomplished afterward in biology for living forms and organic life, and Spencer achieved for psychology in human consciousness and thought, and for sociology in human society and government."

The "fuller amplification" of Lyell's work, Mr. Cargill significantly notes, in addition, was achieved after the famed scientist had passed the age of sixty:

"With Lyell's work planetary evolution came to be a recognized and definite truth; and then came Charles Darwin. Darwin was born in 1809, and lived until the age of seventy-three. His lifelong habits of thought, and his methods of research are too well known to be repeated, but it may be said that up to the age of forty-nine years he devoted himself almost wholly to accumulating stores of experience and observation, and to the planning of the great work which was to come afterward. 'The Origin of Species,' written at the age of fifty, sounded the farthest depth of biological knowledge and created such a whirlwind of controversy as no other book has done. His 'Descent of Man,' written at the age of sixty-two, was not less remarkable, and had an effect almost as widespread and profound. No manthen living, either young or old, had the preparation, patience in the working out of details, breadth of mind, modesty or the honest simplicity of character, necessary to the carrying out of his tremendous task. Darwin may not have created the science of biology, but unmistakably he brought it out of a vague, confusing and conflicting state, reduced the mass of evidence and details to concrete form, and made it into an orderly and perfect system.'

We now come to "the latest of this remarkable group of investigators," Herbert Spencer, who was eighty-three when he died:

"Spencer's mind did not begin its functions until he was well on into the forties. He was storing up until then—his mind was incubating, as it were. At forty he had made merely a rough outline or program of his 'Synthetic Philosophy,' which massive work he was to carry out triumphantly in his riper and broader years. 'First Principles,' the first work in the series, was finished when he was forty-two years old; 'Principles of Psychology' when he was fifty-six and one of the greatest in his ethics series, 'Justice,' came at the age of seventy-one. He was close upon eighty when his monumental 'Synthetic Philosophy' was completed, and the person had not yet appeared who has discovered any diminution of his powers from the earlier work to the last page of the final volume."

## Music and the Drama

#### Ibsen as Revealed in His Letters

Ibsen's letters, already published in German\* and soon to appear in an English translation, come with the full force of a revelation. Despite the fact that for more than three decades the attention of the world has been turned toward Ibsen as the greatest dramatist of the day, as a man who has created a new era in letters, and around whom are grouped the most vital elements, the most representative figures of European

literature, his personal life and character have in the main remained unknown. Pilgrimages have been made to the places which the wandering dramatist has frequented at various times, but his outwardly cold and reserved temperament has, as a rule, vielded but a scanty harvest to his devotees. In this respect Ibsen stands out in marked contrast to that other prophet of our time, Tolstoy, whose open nature has so far revealed itself that there is now scarcely a mood. a habit of thought or a relation in his life, however intimate, that has not become known to the public.

This failure to obtain a more thorough knowledge of the man Ibsen has been the

more tantalizing because of the close connection that has been known to exist between his works and his life. Ibsen himself was by no means averse to rendering an account of his inner self. He had for a long time cherished the plan of writing his autobiography, but was prevented by ill health.

\*BRIEFE VON HENRIK IBSEN. S. Fischer, Berlin.

He was painfully aware of his inability to reveal his complete individuality even to his most intimate friends by personal contact and conversation. Thus he writes to Björnson in the year 1864, at a time when no serious break had yet occurred in their close friendship:

"I know that it is my fault that I cannot come complete and with my whole heart before people to whom I ought to give myself with

every fibre of my being. I have something of the scald in 'The Pretenders to the Crown' in me. I can never make up my mind to reveal myself entirely. I have a feeling that in my personal relations I have at my disposal but a false expression for that which I carry in my inmost self and which constitutes my real ego. Hence I prefer to lock myself up, and for this reason it sometimes happens that we keep at a distance, mutually observing each other, so to speak. But this, or something like it. you must have noticed yourself; it cannot be otherwise. Else you could not have preserved such a warm friendship for me."

This passage proves how well Ibsen was able, in his correspondence, to do what he bemoans his inability to do in his personal relations, namely, reveal his "real ego." It is this which gives his

letters their greatest interest. Now, for the first time, we are enabled to see his soul through and through, as he himself saw it when not embarrassed by the presence of a friend. In this sense the editors of his letters are perfectly right in saying that Ibsen's "traditional reserve is proven to be not at all a fundamental trait of his character."



HENRIK IBSEN

'My book is poetry, and if it is not it shall be poetry. The conception of poetry in our country shall adjust itself to my book"

The letters cover a period of more than half a century, from the year 1840 to 1000. They are addressed to the King, to the Norwegian Storthing, to editors, translators, publishers and friends. It cost the editors long and arduous labor to collect them, and Ibsen himself was not aware that they were still extant. It is therefore hardly necessary to state that they were not written with any idea of ultimate publication. these circumstances it is most interesting to note how Ibsen emerges from a trying ordeal which has proved so disastrous to many a great author before him. He not only emerges unscathed, but gains in stature. His is a figure as imposing as Goethe's. His life is all one with his work; the man measures up to the full size of the author. Comparatively early in his career, writing to Björnson in reference to an estimate of "Peer Gynt," by Clemens Petersen, the most prominent critic of the day, who, applying to Ibsen's work the old standards of art. pronounced "Peer Gynt" to be no poetry at all, Ibsen, with a true Olympian audacity that savors of the Nietzschian phrase, "I am the foremost of the Germans," declares, "My book is poetry, and if it is not it shall be poetry. The conception of poetry in our country shall adjust itself to my book."

In a man who from the very beginning had so lofty an idea of his mission in life, it is not strange to find a disposition to ride rough-shod over every obstacle and to permit nothing to come between him and what he called the "perfecting" of himself. Thus, if it is difficult to excuse, it is easy to explain, his conduct to his poor parents. When, after many years of poverty, he had struggled up to a comfortable position and was able to help them, he abandoned them entirely in their old age, and never wrote to them. He had become "half a stranger" to his people. He knew that he would not be understood by his strictly orthodox parents, and to his independent temperament a relation of this kind was intolerable. "Do you know," he writes to Björnson, "that I have separated myself forever from my own father and mother, from my entire family, because I did not want to place myself in a position where I should be only half understood?" And again, prescribing a medicine for Brandes' spiritual ailment, he says:

"An energetic productivity is an excellent specific. What I wish you above all things is a downright full-blooded egoism which might compel you for a time to regard as of value and importance only yourself and that which pertains to yourself. Do not regard this as a sign of brutality in my nature. You cannot serve humanity better than by turning the metal you have in you into circulating coin. I have never had a strong sense of solidarity. I have only adopted it as a sort of traditional article of faith; and if one had the courage to ignore it entirely one would perhaps be freed from the worst ballast that encumbers one's personality. There are times when the whole world's history appears to me like one great shipwreck. The thing to do is to save yourself."

And again:

"Friends are an expensive luxury, and when one stakes his capital on a mission and calling in life one cannot afford to keep friends. The expensive thing about keeping friends lies not in what you do for them but in what you leave undone out of consideration for them. In that way many spiritual sprouts are dwarfed in one. I have been through it myself, and on this account I have many years behind me in which I have not succeeded in becoming myself."

The letters throw a flood of light on the political and religious ideas of Ibsen. We see that he had strong political convictions, although he steadily kept aloof from active participation in politics; that he followed with intense interest political developments in the Scandinavian countries; and that he was stirred to enthusiasm by the short-lived triumph of the Paris Commune, the defeat of which, however, he accepted with philosophical resignation and with an expression of confidence that the principles it represented would prevail in the end.

"I began by feeling myself a Norwegian, I developed into a Scandinavian, and I have ended by becoming a Pan-German," is the way in which he once summed up his political creed to Brandes. But this utterance must not be construed as arguing any sympathy on the part of Ibsen for the state, however extensive its boundaries may be. On this subject he expresses himself very clearly in a communication to Brandes:

"The state must be abolished! In this revolution I will also take part. Abolish the conception of state; make voluntary association and spiritual kinship the only bond of union. This would be the beginning of a freedom that is worth something. A change of governmental forms is nothing more than a trifling with degrees—a little more or a little less—nonsense all from top to bottom. Yes, dear friend, it is simply this; you must not allow yourself to be frightened by respect for property. The state has its root in time; it will have its culmination in time. Greater things than the state will fall; all religions will fall Neither the concepts of morality nor the conventions of art will last forever. How much, after all, are we in duty bound

to preserve? Who will vouch that two and two are not five on the planet Jupiter?"

With a similarly bold iconoclasm he expresses himself, in the same letter to Brandes, on the bourgeois conception of liberty:

"You can never get me to regard liberty as synonymous with political liberty. What you call liberty I call license; and what I call the struggle for liberty is nothing else than the constant, living acquisition of the idea of liberty. He who possesses liberty as something other than that to be striven for possesses it dead and soulless, for the concept of freedom has the quality of extending itself in its acquisition, and therefore if during the struggle one stops and says: 'Now I have it,' he shows by this very fact that he has lost it. But it is just this dead way of having a certain, well-defined standpoint of liberty that is characteristic of the body politic; and it was this that I meant when I said it was of no good. To be sure, there may be some good in freedom of the ballot, freedom from taxation; but for whom is it good? For the citizen, not for the individual. But there is absolutely no rational necessity for the individual to be a citizen. On the contrary, the state is the curse of the individual. What is the price that Prussia paid for its power as a state? Why, the sinking of the individuals into the political and geographical concept! The waiter is the best soldier."

As a commentary on Ibsen's plays, this collection constitutes an invaluable docu-Mr. William Archer, the English translator of the plays, commenting on the style of Ibsen's letters, says that Ibsen is not a born letter-writer, that his letters are as labored as his plays, and that he remains always a "dramatist to the marrow"; but he seems to miss the evident significance of the point he is making. Ibsen does not write his letters as a great many others do. He is as original in this respect as he is as a dramatist. He repeatedly tells us that in his writings he had striven for nothing else than to give expression to himself in as complete and in as simple a manner as he was capable of. He found that the literature of his country was written in a style that seemed to him unnatural, and he transformed that style into what he conceived to be the natural mode of human expression. When Edmund Gosse wrote to him that he should have written his play "Emperor and Galilean" in verse, Ibsen replied: "In this I must contradict you, for the drama was put in as realistic a form as was possible. What I aimed at was to produce the illusion of reality. I want to give the reader the impression that what he reads is a real event." "Everything which I have created as a poet had its origin in a mood and a situation in life; I never created anything because,

as they say, I had 'hit a good subject,'" he writes in another letter. What is more natural, therefore, than that an author who had striven for the utmost realism in his dramas should have written his letters as he wrote his dramas? In a nature constituted like that of Ibsen's, had he written his letters differently we should have expected him also to write his dramas differently.

The following passage from a letter to Prof. P. Hansen, dated Oct. 28, 1870, gives the "inner story" of the origin of his plays:

"'Cataline' was written in a little provincial town where it was impossible for me to give expression to all that fermented in me except by mad pranks and all sorts of excesses, which drew upon me the displeasure of the respectable society that could not enter into a world in which I wandered about alone.

"'Mrs. Inger of Osteraad' is based on a hastily

"'Mrs. Inger of Osteraad' is based on a hastily entered into and violently broken off love affair.

. . 'The Heroes of Helgeland' I wrote

after my engagement.

"After I had married, my life for the first time grew into something weighty and serious. The first fruits of this was the poem 'On the Heights.' The longing for freedom which runs through this poem first found its full expression, however, in the 'Comedy of Love.' The book gave occasion to a great deal of talk in Norway; my personal relations were dragged into the discussion, and I lost a great deal in the public estimation. The only one who could appreciate my book at that time was my wife. She is just the character I need—illogical, but endowed with a strong poetic instinct, large and broad in her views and almost excessive in her hatred of all kinds of pettiness. All this, my countrymen did not understand, and it never occurred to me to make any confession to them. Hence I was placed under the ban and even ostracized; everybody was against me.

"The fact that everybody was against me, that I had no one in the world of whom I could say, 'He believes in me,' was bound, as you can well imagine, to produce in me the state of mind which found its outlet in the 'Pretenders to the Crown.' Enough of this.

"Just as this play appeared, Frederick the Seventh died, and the war commenced. I wrote the poem 'A Brother in Need.' Of course it became ineffectual when pitted against the spirit of Norwegian Yankeedom that beat me at every point. So I went into voluntary exile.

"When I came to Copenhagen, Dybbol fell. I saw King Wilhelm enter with trophies and spoils of war. In those days 'Brand' began to grow in me like an embryo. In Italy the unification of the work was completed at a boundless sacrifice, while at home——!

"Think of Rome, moreover, with its ideal peace, and the intercourse with the care-free world of artists, an existence that can only be compared to the atmosphere in Shakespeare's 'As You Like It,' and you have the environment in which 'Brand' was produced. The belief that I intended to depict the life and career of Soren Kierkegaard is altogether based on a mis-

conception. That Brand is a priest is really immaterial. The demand, 'All or Nothing,' manifests itself in every relation of life, in love, art, etc. Brand is myself in my best moments, just as by self-analysis I have brought to light many traits in 'Peer Gynt' as well as in 'Stensgaard.'
"At the time when I wrote 'Brand,' I had be-

fore me a scorpion in a glass upon my table. Now and then the animal grew sick. Then I would throw a piece of soft fruit to it, whereupon it would attack the food greedily and spit its venom into it. Then it got well.

"Is it not the same with the poet? The law of nature holds true also in the spiritual domain. "'Peer Gynt' followed 'Brand' as though of itself. It was written in southern Italy, on Ischia and in Sorrento. At such a distance from one's future readers one becomes indifferent. The poem contains much pertaining to my own experiences in youth. My own mother was the model for 'Aase,' with the necessary exaggerations, as well as for 'Inga,' in the 'Pretenders to the Crown.

In the same way are elucidated in different parts of the volume many of his later dramas. The gloom that comes over the artist Oswald in "The Ghosts," when he returns from Paris to his Norwegian home where the sky is always clouded, where lack of sunshine robs him of the joy of life, and where the people themselves seem to him dreary and lifeless, finds its counterpart in Ibsen's mood on his return home from a long stay in Italy and in Germany, which he describes to Björnson. "When I went up the fiord I felt my heart literally contorted with pain and anguish. I had the same feeling all the time I stayed up there. I was no longer myself under the gaze of all these cold Norwegian uncomprehending eyes that looked out from the windows and the sidewalks." The main idea of "The Enemy of the People" is contained in the following lines to Brandes: "I hear that you have organized a society. How far your position is strengthened thereby I do not know; it seems to me that he is strongest who stands alone." And "Rosmersholm" had evidently developed from the germinal thought contained in advice given to Brandes many years prior to the appearance of the play, when the Danish critic was engaged in a controversy: "Be dignified! Dignity is the only weapon in such conflicts.'

Ibsen's correspondence reaches out to almost every part of the civilized globe save America. England is represented by Edmund Gosse and William Archer.

## Björnson's Dramatic Portrayal of the Old and New Generations

"Dagland," the latest play of Björnstjerne Björnson, deals with a subject of world-wide significance that has already been treated in Turgueneff's "Fathers and Sons" and Sudermann's "Magda"—the conflict between the older and the younger generations. It is a drama of family life. It depicts the gulf existing between a father and a son; it shows the mother as a mediator; it tells how the chasm is finally bridged.

Dag, a landed proprietor, in his advanced age has retired high up into the mountains, in the solitude where the snow remains for months after it has left the lower regions. He cannot tolerate the air down below, where the fiord cuts deep into the vast acres of his land. He feels especially the atmospheric pressure when the fermenting and struggling elements of spring assert themselves. He sits alone, introspective, with thoughts of himself and the period that belonged to him and his ancestors.

And because his belief is retrogressive in its intent, because his whole concern is with

the past, his exasperation at youth's exuberance becomes with him well-nigh a passion. Dag's severe bringing up of his children has contributed toward making him feel as he does. One thing they had to learn—obedience to traditions, For the sake of inspiring them with dread, punish them. Rather than have the young idea raise the banner of rebellion against tradition it were better, if necessary, to break the youthful stem. The injury thus inflicted would be the lesser of the two.

The youthful opposition that Dag encounters is embodied in his own son, Stener. The young man is of a fiery disposition, clever, progressive, ambitious. Since the days of his boyhood the waterfalls of Dagland had drawn him as if with a magnet. His constant companionship with the majestic, rushing power made an engineer of Stener. He went to Australia and returned to his beloved Dagland rich in experience and with a knowledge of the very newest inventions pertaining to his



Courtesy of Public Opinion, N. Y.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

"The only living author who has created a national literature."

calling. And now he desires to utilize the power of the mountain river for the purpose of manufacturing on a large scale. Norway is a land of waste, is what Stener's lawyer tells him. Millions on millions of money pour into the sea; it had been this way even before the discovery of America.

Stener exemplifies the new era, and to shut the gate in its face is the aim of the elder Dag. In fact, he carries his opposition to such an extent that, relying on what he considers his indisputable privilege, he would deprive his son of the very ground that by right of heritage should fall to him and none other. The tension between the two has reached the breaking point. But it is now that the playwright infuses into the plot that subtle substance which is love -love of home and kindred. It is here that his Scandinavian conservatism comes to the fore. It is exceedingly difficult for Biornson to give up the balming influence that rests in love, in the ties of home. And while many of the greatest writers of the day seem to doubt the fact that the home is to remain an institution of the future, with him there never been the slightest

question as to the sacredness of the word Society—"the thousand homes."

For this reason it is the home that saves the situation in "Dagland." All that happens is in reality that the old and lonely man is induced to return to the family circle—to once more mingle with his human kind. The artistic contrasts that Björnson here makes use of are of a special Norwegian character. That they assume the form they do may be due to the characteristics of the country. "Those mountains are too dangerous," we are told in the play, "they are too immense for us." To be possessed of the "mountain fever" is like drifting away from human society.

Dag does come down to the valley, to his home, "beneath the roof of his house where the wife of his bosom stands clarified in the midst of children's laughter." He meets the good fairy of his family in the form of his helpmate—at first glance a somewhat strange figure in the gallery of Björnsonian characters. Mrs. Dag is a Frenchwoman by birth, but exactly because of her French liveliness, her lovable "spirit of rebellion," does she form the most living, the most hearty

contrast to the mountain chill and inflexibility exhibited in her husband. While he has chastised the children and inspired them with fear in order to teach them respect, the mother has become their companion and their ally. In the scene where the mother with girlish curiosity questions the youngest daughter about her suitor, Björnson introduces a bit of delicious comedy that belongs to the finest writings of the Norwegian dramatist.

It is a living and a cozy home to which

Dag returns, and it conquers him. As he views it all at close range, notices how the children not only have the strength of their fathers, but in an even higher degree retain their love for their parent, then the old man no longer resists. When his daughter Ragna takes on herself the dangers of the mountain climb, the fearful peril of the steep ascent through snow and ice in order to show him reverence, the heart of her father melts and everything ends in a light of joy.

#### Are We to have an American School of Music?

Within the memory of the present generation Russia and Norway have both developed a distinctively national school of music. America is also struggling toward adequate musical expression; but can it be said that she has yet realized it? Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of Chicago, who raises this interesting question in the Boston Musician, is inclined to answer it in the negative. "I do not say that no one of our American composers has as yet produced music of world currency yet of American flavor," he declares; "all I say is that I have not heard of any in the larger sense. While we have distinguished talents here and there, it stands 'not proven' whether we have also a genius." He continues:

"I wish to enter my protest against the effort to impart Americanism to music through the use of half-barbarous themes, whether Indian or negro. Neither method can lead to anything of more than temporary value, for two reasons,— both important, even vital: First of all, neither the Indian nor the negro is American in the sense of which we are speaking; second, half-bar-barous themes are merely striking themes which are only 'half-baked,' not yet musical in the sense of being plastic. Such themes can indeed be worked by composers with good enough tech-nique, but at best they do not lead to good results. It is the same thing over again as the story of Bach, who gladly improvised upon themes given him by Frederick the Great; but when he was asked to improvise a fugue in six voices, he had to take an original theme, because not every theme is capable of the necessary transformations. Hence, while I cheerfully admit that the Indian with his mystic liturgies in traditional poetry and song, is seeking the same thing that the white man is seeking after when he tries to be his own Beethoven or Palestrina, the Indian is after all but in the rudiments of tonal development, and the significant and attractive thing about his best melodies is their inner striving to realize something which the tonal environment did not permit."

Passing on to a definite consideration of the question whether we are really making progress toward a great American school of music, Mr. Mathews says:

"Wonderful progress has been made since the Germania musical society, in 1851, played the 'Tannhauser' overture in Boston with twenty-four men, Carl Bergmann at the head. We have four or five great symphony orchestras and as many superior directors; but this sort of thing will never develop an American art. It furnishes a part of the tonal stimulus, but under limitations. All our orchestral players are German or foreign; German is the language in which all orchestral rehearsals are conducted and managed. 'No American need apply.' What we need is many lesser orchestras, not mortgaged to symphonies and grand overtures, but capable of lesser flights, mortgaged to single movements and popular support. If we had one such orchestra playing nightly, even in beer gardens, in every city, there would be occasions where a young composer. having perpetrated a grand symphony, might take the trouble to copy his parts, proof-read them, and by good luck hear a movement played now and then. This for a long time would not appreciably affect the public, although there would always be the chance of a really fine movement's making friends at first hearing. But at all events the composer would learn much. He would see his painting hung upon the wall in a fair light, and could stand off and reflect whether his working out of ideas had accomplished what he meant, and whether his colors had been discreetly chosen.

Our musical needs are further set forth as follows:

"It is a pity that we do not have student orchestras in our leading conservatories. There are almost insuperable difficulties. The woodwind instruments are not studied; the players do not wish to teach, because any good pupil might become a professional rival; yet the violinist teaches gladly, and there are hosts of violinists, some of them good. At Oberlin they have a student orchestra which accompanies concertos successfully, also choral works. The wood wind has to be brought in from outside or supplied upon the organ,—an indifferent makeshift at best. No other conservatory except, perhaps, the Cincinnati College of Music, has anything so advanced and complete. Such orchestras will in time supply opportunities for informal productions of promising movements, and by their aid our young composers may learn something of

"As yet very few young American musicians have betaken themselves to conducting theatre orchestras and light operas; yet this is a school of experience only less thorough than conducting

opera.

"And in those departments where there is opportunity to hear how things sound,—the pianoforte, violin and piano and song—we do have al-ready very promising results. Our best song writers are nearly or quite on the level with the best contemporary artists in that line. But we still wait for an American as fluent and spontaneous as the Russian, Glazounow, for instance. Wait—how long?"

The musical critic of the New York Evening Post echoes Mr. Mathews's protest against the effort to impart Americanism to music through the use of Indian and negro themes, but thinks he is too derogatory in his estimate of American composition. "We have several composers" he says, "whose works are quite un-European, notably Kelley, H. W. Loomis, and MacDowell. Americanism of MacDowell's 'Eight Songs' or the 'Four Songs,' opus 56, or the 'Woodland Sketches' for piano, is as unmistakable as the Americanism of the books of Howells or Mark Twain. They certainly do not suggest the music of Germany, France Italy, or any other country."

Victor Herbert, the well-known composer, 'cellist and conductor, is convinced that this country will not evolve great operas and symphonies until the munificent musical patron espouses the cause of the American composer. He writes (in The Broadway Magazine):

"The pressure of actual living in this country is formidable and complex. The cost of musical environment means a residence in New York and a well-filled exchequer in order to enjoy the luxury of attending our concerts and operas. A composer must create a dozen symphonies before the great symphony descends upon him in tongues of fire. Wagner, Liszt, Tschaikowski and a dozen others owe their great creativeness and a dozen others owe their great creativeness to the munificence of great musical souls, who fostered and sheltered their genius from the sordid struggle of the material things of life.

"The musical patron is not the product of the young country. When musical America reaches maturity, the American composer will rise tri-

umphant from this new and fuller life."

## The Music of the Future

Realism is to be the note of the music of the future, says Ernest Newman in his volume of "Musical Studies."\* Romanticism, he declares, "has done its work, and the future is with the men who live not in that old and somewhat artificial world of gloomy forests, enchanted castles, men that are like gods, and gods that are like men, impossible maidens and superannuated professors of magic, but in a world recognizably similar to that in which we ourselves move from day to day." The highest exponent of the new spirit so far, he remarks, is Richard Strauss, whom he dubs "realist" and "humanist" and calls "an epochmaking man not only in virtue of his expression and his technique, but in virtue of the range and quality of his subjects." He sees in Strauss a sign of the death of the romantic spirit, in that he has "thrown over almost all the old erotic tags of the musician -though he can be passionate enough upon \*MUBICAL STUDIES By Ernest Newman. John Lane.

occasion—in order to tell the story, in the true modern spirit, of other elements in human life that also have their poetry and their pathos." Mr. Newman says:

"We like our art to have a rather more acrid taste, and to come to closer quarters with reality. Even the apparatus of the Wagnerian opera seems to us a trifle vieux-jeu in these days. Strauss has wisely recognized that the operatic form, at its worst a ludicrous parody on life, is at its best only a compromise limited in its choice of subjects no less than in its structure. Much greater freedom is to be had in the symphonic poem or in other purely instrumental modern forms, because here we have at once a wider range of subjects open to us and a medium of expression into which the voice, with its limiting associations, does not enter. Nothing but the freest, most expansive of forms could be suited to the peculiar temperament of a realist like Strauss."

Accepting the tone poem as the form in which he expresses his musical ideas, Strauss, according to Mr. Newman, has inaugurated the period of the novel in music, and his work is characterized as "the cleanest,

most sexless, and most athletic" known to the writer. He continues:

"We have had our immortal lyrists, our sculptors, our dramatists, our builders of exquisite temples; we now come to the writers of fiction, to our Flaubert and Tourgeniev and Dostoievski. And here we see the subtle fitness of things that has deprived Strauss of those purely lyrical qualities whose absence . . . makes it impossible for him to be an absolute creator of shapes of pure self-sustained beauty. His type of melody is now seen to be not a failing but a magnificent gift. It is the prose of music—a grave, flexible, eloquent prose, the one instrument in the world that is suitable for the prose fiction in music that it is Strauss's destiny to

develop. His style is nervous, compact, sinuous, as good prose should be, which, as it is related, through its subject-matter, more responsibly to life than is poetry, must relinquish some of the fine abandonment of song, and find its compensation in a perfect blend, a perfect compromise, of logic and rapture truth and ideality.

logic and rapture, truth and ideality. . . . . "His qualities are homogeneous: he is not a Wagner manqué nor an illegitimate son of Liszt, but the creator of a new order of things in music, the founder of a new type of art. The only test of a literature being alive is, as Dr. George Brandes says, whether it gives rise to new problems, new questionings. Judged by this test, the art of Strauss is the main sign of new and independent life in music since Wagner; for it perpetually spurs us on to fresh problems of æsthetics, of psychology, and of form."

## New Plays by Conrad and Stephen Phillips

Two one-act plays presented on the London stage during July have considerable literary, as well as dramatic, interest. They are the work of Joseph Conrad and Stephen Phillips, and deal with widely differing phases of life. Mr. Conrad's play, "One Day More," made over from a short story, is concerned with a tragedy among humble, seafaring folk; while Mr. Phillips's "Aylmer's Secret" is the tale of a new "Frankenstein," inevitably recalling Mary Shelley's novel of that name.

"One Day More" is generally regarded as a notable achievement. It is a characteristically grim commentary on the vanity of human wishes, telling of frustrate hopes and the mocking irony of fate. Its plot is sketched by the London Times Literary Supplement as follows:

"Years before the curtain went up Captain Hagberd's son Harry ran away to sea, and the old man has been half-crazy ever since. His idee fixe is that his lost son will return 'to-morrow, and he is always preparing for that morrow, starving himself that he may furnish a home for the boy. The neighbors jeer at the old man—all except Bessie Carril, who humors his fancy and saves him from utter breakdown. His wife had broken down and died; died, as he says, of 'impatience.' But, with Bessie's help, he is 'patient,' and, in gratitude, he destines her for the boy's bride 'to-morrow.' The girl herself, though she feels this to be only a crazy man's dream, finds some comfort in it. For she is wasting her youth as the drudge of her blind old father, a querulous tyrant, who will never let her out of his reach. And so these two unhappy ones, poor distraught Captain Hagberd and the down-trodden Bessie, console each other with that desperate hope of Harry's return 'to-morrow.' . Harry, stranded

with a mate in port, has seen the old man's advertisement for his lost son, and has been persuaded by his mate to run down home on the chance of getting at least a 'fiver.' He is not recognized by his father, who takes him for one of the mocking village lads and drives him from the door. (It is a relief to have a 'wanderer's return' play in which the voix du sang is for once dumb). Bessie finds out who he is, and shyly tells him the plans that have been made for him on his return. But the lad, a born rover, turns with disgust from the thought of house and wife. Not for him the landsman's 'rabbit-hutch'! Not for him the marriage tie, when all the girls in all the ports will give him their kisses and then let him go free! Poor Bessie tries her little artless wiles on him, but the fellow is heart-He half-coaxes, half-bullies her into giving him money to take back to his mate, rudely kisses her, and makes off singing a sailor's chanty. And so old Hagberd never knows that his son came back, and Bessie returns to her servitude, without the solace of her old dream. It is a heart-breaking little piece, and, for our part, we should prefer Mr. Conrad if he would let 'cheerfulness break in' now and then. But, while we may make a wry face over so bitter a morsel, we cannot but admire the rugged strength and unflinching sincerity of Mr. Con-

"Aylmer's Secert," which is said to have been written many years ago, but is new so far as the public is concerned, evokes much less favorable comment. Aylmer is a scientist; his secret is the human being he has fashioned in his laboratory. Mr. Max Beerbohm, of the Saturday Review, who refers to the play as "a fantasy misbegotten," analyzes its shortcomings thus:

"If Aylmer, on the stage, were presented as a mediæval alchemist, with a long white beard, square-shaped spectacles, and a furred mantle, and if the whole of the play's sitting were in accord to him, I should be susceptible enough to Mr. Phillips' intent. I should be able to believe. Also, I should be able to control my features. But I defy myself not to be utterly sceptical, and not to smile, when Aylmer is standing all the while before me in dark-grey trousers, a brown velveteen coat, and an uprand-down collar with a neat black cravat. . . . There you have the exact measure of Mr. Phillips' blunder. Having tied us firmly down to actuality, he expects us to take his miracles reverently. Wriggle as we may in our bonds, there is no escape for us; and so we cannot rise to reverence. The trousered alchemist trem-

ulously plucks aside a curtain, and gazes at the lifeless youth who is his handiwork. The youth is not naked. But, we object, he surely would be. The notion of dressing him up before he comes to life strikes us as rather genteel. . . . I have no patience with persons who, witnessing such fantasies as Maeterlinck used to write, have so little imagination that they can take the incidents only in reference to actual life. Still less patience have I with them if they titter, for lack of the good manners that would make their mistake inoffensive. I should blame anyone for tittering in the course of 'Aylmer's Secret.' But I should marvel at any one who were not, throughout, sorely tempted to guffaw."

## The Coming Dramatic Season

During recent years we have heard a great deal about the European invasion of the American stage; but, judging from the announcements of plays to be given in this country next season, the home-made drama is in no danger of extinction. Charles Klein and C. M. S. McLellan, the authors, respectively of "The Music Master" and "Leah Kleschna"—two of last season's greatest successes—both promise new plays. Clyde Fitch has written "Her Great Match" for Maxine Elliott and "The Comedy Mask" for Viola Allen, and has rewritten "His Grace De Grammont" for Otis Skinner. William Gillette will appear in a new play of his own-"Clarice." Augustus Thomas has finished a play in which John Drew will take a leading part. George Ade has written "Just Out of College" and "A Bad Samaritan." David Belasco's plans contemplate a dramatization of Robert Hichens's novel, "The Garden of Allah," for Mrs. Leslie Carter. Mrs. Fiske stands sponsor for new plays by Rupert Hughes and Langdon Mitchell. And, finally, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searle are collaborating on a poetical drama called "Mizpah."

English drama will be represented by Henry Arthur Jones, H. V. Esmond, J. M. Barrie and George Bernard Shaw. The enthusiasm evoked by Shaw's plays seems to be on the increase. Arnold Daly promises productions of "John Bull's Other Island" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession"; Robert Lorraine will take the leading rôle in "Man and Superman"; and Ada Rehan will appear in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Mr. Barrie's charming fairy plays, "Peter Pan" and "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," which

have already been warmly greeted in London, have been apportioned respectively to Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore.

Robert Mantell will appear in Shakespearean rôles, and Sothern and Marlowe are returning from England for rehearsals of "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night" and "The Merchant of Venice." For the first time in seven years James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering will appear as co-stars, in Alfred Sutro's London success, "The Walls of Jericho." Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin will also be associated in a varied repertoire.

From a literary and intellectual point of view, the two most interesting events of the season will probably be Richard Mansfield's revival of Schiller's "Don Carlos" and the appearance of Madame Bertha Kalisch, under Mr. Fiske's management, in Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." Sarah Bernhardt is to visit us, and Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will also return for a fifteen weeks' tour. Olga Nethersole will be seen in Hervieu's "The Labyrinth"; and another Paris success, Henri Lavedan's "The Duel," will be given. A company has been formed by Oakleigh Thorne, William H. Chesebrough and other wellknown New Yorkers interested in the drama which will conduct a theater in New York to be devoted to exploiting exclusively the contemporary French dramatists. The performances will be given in English.

Not the least interesting announcement is that of the Russian players who came to on shores last spring under the leadership. Paul Orleneff and Madame Nasimoff. who have been summering on an island in Long Island Sound. An ambitious repertoire is planned, and Madame Nasimoff has been to Russia to get new actors and new plays. The performances are to be given in a remodeled theater on the East Side of New

York. Among the plays promised are: "The Children of the Sun," Gorky's latest drama; Herman Baer's "The Apostle"; and plays by Chekhoff, the two Tolstoys, Dostyevsky, Andreyev, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Hauptmann.

## An Italian Opera With A Japanese-American Theme

Signor Puccini, the composer of "La Bohème" and "La Tosca," has been occupied for some time on a new opera, con-

ceived in the modern spirit. It was suggested by a visit to London, in 1900, during which the composer saw David Belasco's dramatic version of John Luther Long's story of "Madame Butterfly" and was impressed by its possibilities from an operatic point of view. His friends, Signori Illica and Giacosa, the authors of "La Bohème," collaborated on a "Madame Butterfly" libretto, and the result of their joint efforts was first given to the public last year in Milan. The opera was unfavorably received, and Puccini withdrew and revised it. The new version was produced at Covent Garden, London, a few

weeks ago, with Signor Caruso and Mlle. Destinn in the leading parts, and scored a pronounced success. It tells the story of an American naval lieutenant who contracts a false marriage with a pretty Japanese girl, and then deserts her. The little "Butterfly" has relinquished all for her false hero. She is overcome with anguish, and when the lieutenant finally appears with an American wife, she kills herself by the side of her child.

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GIACOMO PUCCINI

Whose new opera, "Madame Butterfly," is warmly praised by the London critics

Times refers to the opera as one of "very remarkable beauty, pathos and charm"; and The Athenaum says: "There are fine out-

bursts of impassioned melody of Italian type; there are telling dramatic moments, skilful writing, and most finished and picturesque orchestration." The Illustrated London News comments:

"Puccini's new opera, entirely remodelled since it was first produced and condemned at La Scala, more than a year ago, is a tragedy, as complete a tragedy as our operatic stage knows. By its side works like 'Faust,' 'Romeo and Juliet, 'Rigoletto' seem almost tawdry in their dramatic aspect, for while they leave us conscious of beauty that is merely sensual at their most dramatic moments, 'Madame Butterfly' has something of the de-liberate movement and inevitable dénouement of a Greek tragedy. In saying this, we do not write of the libretto only,

although it is a work of more than common merit, as might, indeed, be expected from Signori Illica and Giacosa, and a long way in advance of the books that Verdi had to set to music. Puccini's music conveys the tragedy as surely as the printed word, and conveys it in manner that we have not hitherto associated with the composer, even while recognising that his achievements have been many and notable, and that he stands for what is best in modern Italian music. Now he seems to discover new paths, to express himself after his own convention, but with an utter absence of conventionality. . . Some of the music has a beauty of its own that few operas written in the nine eenth century can improve upon."

## A New Play that has "Just Missed Greatness"

A touch of modernity, so Alfred Capus, the successful playwright, has remarked, would have made "Scarron," Catulle Mendès's new play, a true masterpiece. Other critics likewise say that it "has just missed greatness." It has been compared with "Cyrano de Bergerac" and placed above that notable success.

"Scarron" is praised in the dramatic columns of the Parisian press as a striking, exuberant, fascinating and splendid work. It is written in Alexandrine verse, of which Mendès is a master, and its five acts are full of stirring action, impressive contrasts and astonishing imaginative flights. The plot is historical, but Mendès, in the exercise of poetic freedom, has given the characters traits which the strict biographer might not have found them to have possessed. Its rare effectiveness on the stage, especially with Coquelin as the hero, Scarron, is sure to give it a permanent place in the dramatic repertory. It was produced in Paris toward the end of the season with the intention of "introducing" it preliminarily to a long run in the autumn.

Scarron, a scoffer, skeptic, erratic poet and unbalanced philosopher of the seventeenth century, a victim of physical disease and popular fickleness, an unfortunate lover and jealousy-tormented husband, is the hero of the tragi-comedy. In brief, the bewilderingly complex plot is as follows:

In the first act we see Scarron as a young The scene is laid at Mans at carnival time. Scarron appears in a religious procession, though there is nothing ecclesiastical about him except his robes. Scarron is gay, ready for mischief, and full of life and vigor. A merry throng of masqueraders fills the street, and strolling players on a carnival car recite amorous verses and impersonate Pagan deities. Scarron leaves the procession for the masquerade, climbs into the carnival car and begins to recite blasphemous lines. Then he disguises himself as an ape and mocks everything that humanity reveres and cherishes. The crowd is greatly amused at the grotesque spectacle, and Scarron is the hero of the hour. of the hour. However, in his wild and irresponsible intoxication he overpasses the limits of all decency and a little girl, who crosses the place with her mother, shrinks from him in horror and disgust and so effectually rebukes him in her innocence that the populace experiences a revulsion of feeling. Not only is he shamed into silence, but the mob, as indignant now at his blasphemy and obscenity as it was delighted at first, turns upon, seizes him and throws him into the river. Not until nightfall does he emerge from the water. Trying to sneak into safety, he

again meets the little girl. He presents a sorry and wretched appearance, and he falls on the street in a swoon.

We meet him again ten years later. As the result of his carnival adventure and compulsory bath he has become a hopeless invalid. His limbs are paralyzed and he has to be wheeled about in a chair. But he has become a popular and famous poet, and Parisian society is at his feet. He is the same scoffer and literary libertine; he is, however, in love with Française d'Aubigné, the little girl of ten years ago, now a charming young lady of sixteen. Her mother had died, leaving her friendless and penniless. [This Française later becomes the Marquise de Maintenon.]

Scarron has proposed marriage to Française, and she, in her piety, simplicity and poverty, has consented to become his—nominal—wife. She pities Scarron, the physical wreck, and is willing to give him her companionship and devotion for the protection and material comforts of wedded life.

On the very wedding day a handsome cavalier, Ninon de l'Enclos, the famous beauty, and others, guests at the feast, embarrass Française by their ironical references to the unnatural union. The cavalier, de Villarceaux, goes so far as to make love to her. Scarron's cynicisms aggravate the painful situation, and Française impulsively promises to receive the cavalier clandestinely.

But Française is pure at heart and her inclination toward the cavalier is romantic and platonic. Scarron worships her; her influence changes his literary course. He no longer writes profane, audacious, risqué verses; his poetry is noble, inspiring, lofty, and he loses the favor of the mob.

His publisher, resentful and malicious, excites his suspicion against the virgin wife by repeating the gossip of the boudoirs about her relations with de Villarceaux. He refuses to believe anything, demands proof, and what seems like proof is offered him. He finds Française in Ninon's house with the cavalier. He rushes upon them sword in hand, having in a frenzy of jealousy and passion managed to leave his chair, but after the supreme effort he falls, exhausted and more helpless than ever, at their feet.

In the last act he has returned to his ribald, scoffing, blasphemous mood. He believes Française guilty, and his rage and brutality are boundless. He curses everything human and divine and dies in physical and moral agony at the end of a scene full of horror and sickening realistic details.

Infinite pity for the unhappy Scarron, says the critic of the Mercure de France, is the emotion Mendès would arouse in us. Deformed in body and in mind, Scarron's life was terribly, wretchedly ugly. Peace of mind was impossible for him—trust, affection, human sympathy equally impossible. Death alone could bring him relief, and yet even his death could not be serene, human.

## Scene from Gerhart Hauptmann's Latest Play

"Hauptmann is in the fashion," notes the dramatic critic of the London Times. That he is "in the fashion" in Great Britain may or may not be indicated by the bestowal upon him recently of the degree of LL. D. by Oxford-an honor not yet conferred by that university upon any British dramatist -but that he is both honored and popular in Berlin was demonstrated by the comments of the leading organs of that city after the first performance of the still young dramatist's latest play, "Elga." It is founded upon a story by Grillparzer, and the action is in the form of a dream. This dream comes to a knight-errant who with his servant is afforded hospitality for a night in a monastery in Poland. He has assigned to him in the tower a vaulted chamber with a blackcurtained four-poster bed that looks like a catafalque. The nameless knight is in marked contrast with the cowled and black bearded Polish monk who ministers to his wants, we read in the London Times, the excellent summary of whose dramatic critic is here followed. The joyousness of the nameless knight is explained by his domestic felicity, on which he enlarges, while he shows the monk a miniature portrait of his wife and child. The monk warns his guest not to rely upon earthly felicity, and goes off to the midnight mass.

Now the guest dreams, and we witness the It opens with a bright domestic scene in the castle of Count Starschenski, who is in reality none other than the grim monk who has just gone to midnight mass. The count is expatiating to his mother, the aged Countess Marina, on the happiness of his wedded life with Elga Laschek, whom he had discovered and wedded three years earlier in Warsaw, when her father's fortunes were at a low ebb and her family had been Countess Marina reduced to beggary. warns her son against this excess of felicitation, but all these remonstrances are overborne by the entrance of Elga and her child, in whose society the husband and father yields to still more intense delight. character of Elga is sketched so as to show us that she values her husband only as the source of her prosperity, while she carries on a secret amour with her cousin Oginski, with whom she had been brought up in Warsaw. The lover's stolen interview and the irruption of the husband follow in the play, and

Oginski makes his escape through a window-This lover is depicted in a somewhat sympathetic light as a recluse and dreamer and perhaps as more sinned against than sinning. It is on the attitude of the woman that the play is ultimately made to hinge, the theme being fully developed in the two closing scenes. At last Count Starschenski's suspicions have been fully aroused and confirmed by the accidental discovery of a miniature and by the resemblance of Elga's child to Oginski, whom the picture represents. He determines to ascertain the whole truth by direct methods. He drives off to Warsaw in his sleigh and ferrets out Oginski in accordance with a carefully matured plan. Then follow the two closing scenes, which aroused such enthusiasm in Berlin that Hauptmann was called many times before the curtain, while the Berlin press proclaims them, almost without exception, the finest work of his career. The critics even compare this latest play of his with Maeterlinck at his best. Here are these two closing scenes:

A hall in the castle. It is evening. Marina sits knitting beside the light. Elga paces the room slowly.

Elga: I do not understand what he can be doing in Warsaw—he is now three days gone.

Marina: I don't either.

Elga: And that he should have taken the steward with him, too!

Marina: Yes, that is not well, either. The peasants come and ask about their work. One does not know what to say to them.

Elga: It is so fearfully monotonous, too. You know, mother, I am so easily bored. I dread monotony as though it were some great ugly beast with blinking eyes and dripping jaws. Pah!

Marina: I do not feel the monotony, my child.

Elga: I don't understand it.

Marina: You see, things were not with us as they were with you. My father was stern. At home I always did what I ought, not what I wanted. I would scale three hedges to run after the down blown in the wind. The days were always too short for me. But in your home you did what you pleased—and you were pleased mostly to do nothing. That is why you know what monotony is.

Elga: But what should we wish, mother? Marina: We should because we should.

Elga: I don't understand that. I have myself climbed steep mountains several times with great toil. Something drew me upward. I wanted to be nearer to the sun, to the sky, to God—I know not. But if I had not wanted to do it, mother, I should have certainly remained below. I don't climb a mountain because I ought—boredom would overcome me then.

Marina: You Lascheks are another race from

ours. Self-willed, light-hearted, ever ready to risk all on a single throw—that is why you lost all you had.

Elga: And won it back again.

Marina: You perhaps. Elga: To be sure—I.

Marina: And you may lose it again.

Elga: Yes indeed. Up and down, always up and down runs the road, and it turns in and out. That is better than to be always living on a straight line and a level surface. The beast monotony is rigid, like a crocodile. It can not readily go up hill and down hill. It even turns poorly.

Marina: Have you then no taste for peaceful

happiness

Elga: Very little.

Marina: Who lives in such a mood lives in

constantly growing peril.

Elga: That's it precisely. That is what makes life worth living to me. Death goes at one's side, almost visibly, and drives one ever deeper into life—here cold, there hot, here horror, there happiness.

Marina: Don't talk so. Heavens! How can

anyone talk so of death?

Elga: I am on very good terms with death, better terms than you think. It does not dash my spirits half as much as do you people. stood beside my father's sick bed in those by-gone days, without bread, without money, in a hovel in Warsaw, I called to death and recognized it. And do you know what death taught me, mother? It taught me to smile. It taught me to smile in a right special way at many of the grim things in life. But la! la! I am still glad to live. If only Starschenski would come

Marina: Here is Timoska. (The steward enters.)

Steward: Good evening, my lady.

Marina: Where is your master?

Steward: He sent me on ahead, my lady. I

was to give his orders, my lady.

Marina: What orders were you to give? Get

your breath and speak.

Steward: There is a guest coming with the mas-They are hungry and thirsty. I was to give orders that the table be laid.

Marina: God be praised, if it be nothing worse. Must you startle one for such a matter as that?

Elga: Who is the guest?

Steward: (guardedly): I do not know him.

Elga: Who can it be, mother?

Marina: What I was about to ask you. It has never been his custom. But the guest will be welcome if only he be cheerful. Let us hope he will lighten the hours for every one of us

(The steward departs.) Marina: A carriage is coming. They are here

already. I recognize my son's step.

Elga (growing pale): Do you recognize your

Marina: Go and meet him. I'll stay here.

Elga: No, mother, you go.

(Marina goes to meet her son. By another entrance, Dortka, the maid, rushes hastily in.)

Dortka (with suppressed demonstrations of joy): Who is coming with my Lord the Count up the stairs?

Elga: Hush! I know.

Starschenski (his voice is heard, he being still on the steps): Elga, my dove!

Elga: Go! Let him not see you here.

(Dortka goes. – Starschenski enters.) Starschenski (his appearance changed, drink and passion having visibly roused him): Good evening, my dove.

Elga: You have been away a long time.

Starschenski: Yes. But don't chide me now. I have brought you something.

Elga: What did you bring me?

Starschenski: Guess

Elga: The silk shirts I asked you for? Starschenski: Yes. The silk shirts are in the carriage. I got the costliest I could buy. But I brought you something besides. Guess.

Elga: I did not ask you for anything else. I don't know what it can be.

Starschenski: I brought your cousin Oginski

Elga (smiling in apparent incredulity, gives him a light tap on the cheek): Oh, fool that you are!
Starschenski: Are you not pleased?
Elga: What should I be pleased at? Am I to

be pleased by cousin Oginski?

Starschenski: By cousin Oginski?

Elga: Have I not given you my opinion? But now that he is here—unless you are jesting—what is to be done about it? He may be there or he may not-I cannot alter the fact

Starschenski: Come in, dear cousin. Don't be (Oginski enters.) You are pleased hanging back there by the wall. Oginski: When did I do that?

to jest, Count. Your servant, Countess.

Elga: Good evening, cousin.

Starschenski: Pardon me, Oginski. I scarcely know what I was thinking of. This is an old baronial seat. The walls on each side of the stairway are always damp, mouldy and poisonous. I was anxious regarding your costly new cloak. Come, sit down, be my guest and my friend,—And what has happened, my dove, since I left? Have you longed for me? She does yearn for me, Oginski. As the child clings to its little pet bird, she holds me fast to herself. If I go but a mile or so into the fields, she begins to long for me again. Is it not so, my dove?

Elga: You talk nonsense, Starschenski. Starschenski: Indeed? I talk nonsense? We were both a little wild in Warmay well be. saw, we two. Is it not so, Oginski? But we have become friends.

Elga: Just listen! You must not drink any more wine this evening.

Starschenski: Why not?

Elga: You should not drink any more this evening, believe me.

Starschenski (placing his arm about Elga): Is she not beautiful, Oginski?

Elga: Let me go!

Starschenski: Is not her mouth sweet and tender like that of a nursing child?

Elga: You must release me!

Starschenski: —And pure, not yet weaned from the mother's breast? It is a dangerous mouth. See how this dangerous mouth quivers, Oginski. Travel through Poland and Russia, through all places—the deserts and forests of Asia, and you will find no mouth like this—and so seductive

Elga: Let me go! Forgive him, cousin.—You are drunk. (She goes out.)

Oginski: You are not good to your wife

Starschenski: No.

Oginski: You should be better to your wife. Starschenski: I should tame my wife with a

Oginski: Hem!—Why am I here?—People have told me many things about you. At times even Elga's brothers have spoken of you. I thought you were a gentleman.

Starschenski: And what have I thought of you?

What, indeed, are you?—I do not know.

Oginski: Stop, Starschenski. I did very wrong in following you. What am I doing here? I have never loved men. What would you now drag forth from my past? Now, farewell!

Starschenski: No, Oginski, I will not let you go.

Oginski: What do you want of me? Starschenski: Your friendship.

Oginski: That is not true.

Starschenski: So help me God! Sit down, friend. Drink this wine. It is very good. Now I am another man. Forgive me. Forgive me, if I acted ill. Drink and forgive.

Oginski: I have nothing to forgive.

Starschenski: Now tell me-drink and tell me you knew Elga from childhood?

Oginski: Yes

Starschenski: You played with one another as children?

Oginski: She played with me. Starschenski: She liked you? Oginski: Perhaps. Starschenski: You liked her?

Oginski: Not I, for she was not lovable. Starschenski: You did not like Elga?

Oginski: I am telling the truth. Starschenski: She was not beautiful?

Oginski: No.

Starschenski: You lie there.

Oginski (rises).

Starschenski: Stay-sit down.

Oginski: Enough!

Starschenski: Elga is beautiful. Say that she is beautiful

Oginski: Enough!

Starschenski: I could kill you—and embrace you if you did not lie. Give me your hand. Brother, give me your hand.

Oginski: What do you want with it? Starschenski: I called you a liar. Forgive me. Oginski: We all lie.

Starschenski: Then you lied just now?

Oginski: I did not say that.

Starschenski: Take care!—Or rather, have

(He lets his head fall upon the table and gasps.) Oginski (rising and speaking with cruel coolness) What good is mercy to you? Pity is tenfold pain. I have felt that tenfold pain. Were God to show compassion for a man who gives up, he would not be a God of mercy and grace. Ask for no com-

passion. Starschenski (mastering himself): I ask for (Elga returns, richly attired.)

Elga: Are you sober again, my friend?

Starschenski: I think so. Come and talk to us. Elga: Good. The table will soon be set and we shall be summoned to it. What kind of wine is there?

Starschenski: Light.

Elga: How have you been, Oginski, since we

Starschenski (suddenly): How long is it since you have met?

Elga (to Oginski): How long is it?

Oginski: I do not count the days. They come

and they go—it is all the same to me.

Elga: Ah! Have you not longed in the least for your old-time little playmate? Do you still remember, Oginski? I ran faster than you. I jumped farther than you. In your battles I commanded. I was your leader. You boys had to follow me, and do as I commanded, every one. Oh, how merry that was!

Oginski (repelled): I beg you, say no more. I can not smile and be gay.

Starschenski: What good is it? I can not do so either. She does it for us. I will tell vou what I dreamed. I dreamed of a young woman. It is so. Yes. The woman was nude and she danced the whole night. She danced, danced, danced, in a way fearful to me. Now pay attention—what did the woman dance on? Imagine a chalky white moon. The chalky white, ghostly pale moon shone as if it were livid with terror over an immense, boundlessly immense, mountainous land. In this vast mountain region, which seemed as if it were a sea frozen in storm, nothing grew, neither stalk, nor tree, nor bush. It seemed in my dream as though the mountain tops were crowned and the valleys filled with human bones and skulls. On these danced the woman.

Elga: You have strange dreams. But stop-

it terrifies me.

Opinski: But the dream has not all been told. Starschenski: Then bring it to an end. You tell it.

Oginski: I cannot tell things.

Elga: He asks you and I ask you. Do it. Oginski: Good. Listen. I saw the woman as you did, dancing upon the skulls. She was beautiful-

Starschenski: Beautiful, like Elga.

Oginski: She was beautiful and nude-Starschenski: And her figure was like Elga's

Oginski: But the strangest thing was her eyes. From them at times a light that dimmed the moon. Then there streamed out of them death and

night. She had eyes— Starschenski: Like Elga's eyes.

Elga: Stop!

Oginski: They were able, in my dream, to make the valleys and the mountains green with a look-I mean the eyes of which I spoke. Then the streams began to flow and the trees to bud-

Starschenski: Yes, that was how it was. Oginski: Then the same look penetrated to

one's heart, like poison.

Elga (rises and goes slowly forth): Your tales

freeze me. Good night!

Starschenski (alone with Oginski, rises frowningly yet with a joyous manner): Oginski, I think we will now make an end of this.

Oginski: Yes—to-day or to-morrow, it is all the same.

Starschenski: To-day, I think (significantly). So good night!
 Oginski (in the same tone): Good night!

Starschenski: You will not see the to-morrow's

Oginski (with bitter irony): Nor you either. Starschenski: It may be so. But you will die a shameful death.

Oginski: You live a shameful life.

Starschenski: It may be so. I might not make away with you upon a mere suspicion-

Oginski: Don t be uneasy.

Starschenski: She has rested in your arms? Oginski (with unconcealed triumph): I have

lived! Starschenski: Very well. (He strikes the table thrice with his sword. The steward and some armed men rush in.) Do your work! (He goes. The armed men bind and gag Oginski with haste and drag him off. The room remains empty and there ensues a long pause of silence. Then Dortka in great anxiety hurries in.)

Dortka: My lady! My lady! Countess Elga! (Elga enters.)

Elga: Dortka, why do you shriek so?

Dortka: It is lucky, Countess Elga, that I have found you.

Elga: Why is it lucky?

Dortka: Back in the garden where the old watch tower stands—see, there is light there.

Elga: Well?

Dortka: Men are going about with night torches.

Elga: What are they doing there?

Dortka: They are men with weapons.

Elga. You are dreaming.

(Starchenski appears at a door and fixes his gaze rigidly upon Elga. His face is the hue of a corpse.) Elga: Starschenski, what does this mean?

Starschenski: It means nothing.

Elga: Then good night and more to-morrow. Starschenski: You can not sleep now, Elga. You must take your cloak and go with me.

Elga: You are drunk to the point of madness. Starschenski: Drunk to madness, not worse. Go, Dortka. Look for the steward and ask him if he has obeyed the master's order. Then bring me word. Elga, rise and come. (Dortka goes.) Follow me.

Elga: I will not. I will not follow you.

Starschenski: You will not?

Elga: No.

Starschenski: Then stay and tell me-

Elga: You have been roused to madness—by what I know not.

Starschenski: Perhaps by you.

Elga: Then let me go free and keep what is yours, Starschenski. Better to live in poverty and bitter want than like this.

Starschenski: I am to keep what is mine? What

will you leave me?

Elga: As much as you want. You are weary of me. I feel it. I am distasteful to you. Let

Starschenski: To cousin Oginski. It is to him

you wish to go.

Elga: Well—wherever I go, that—— (She

rises and walks back and forth.)
Starschenski: Lie if you can. Listen and answer me: You and Oginski were betrothed

when you first knew me?

Elga: You listen now, too. I am tired of this. If Oginski has babbled in his drink, very well. We were children together, he and I. To you I now say: we are too old to be children still. So don't plague me with things that are past. Don't plague me with cousin Oginski. Or let me

Starschenski: So you do not love Oginski any more? Tell me that: You do not love him any

more?

Elga: Would I have taken up with you? Would I have become your wife? Your sphere has not always seemed home-like to me. A common childhood makes a common world.

Starschenski: A common paradise, perhaps. Elga: That, too, as far as I am concerned. Well, I became your wife. What else?

Starschenski: Then do you love me?

Elga: No. I do not love you now. Because you torment me and torture me, I do not love you any longer. But once I was happy with you. Blithe and happy was I in your society—and where I can be gay and happy, there I love. Starschenski: Then come.

Elga: Where am I to go with you now? I shall stay here,—or go alone. You are ill and should go to the doctor. I speak in all candor—I am anxious. I am afraid to go with you now.

Starschenski: Then say only this: do you love

Oginski no longer?

Elga: I say no.

Starschenski: Living or dead, is he all the same

Elga: He does not live for me. He does not die for me.

Starschenski: Come. (With iron grasp he seizes

her wrist and takes her with him.)

The scene now changes to a gloomy room in the lonely watch tower. To right and left of a canopied bed stand great, golden candlesticks with unlighted candles in them. It is night and the moon is shining. The steward stands before the bed holding a long, unsheathed sword. Dortka enters.

Dortka: What a night! Are you here, Ti-

moska?

Steward: Yes. What do you want?

Dortka: Our master sent me. I was to ask if

you have obeyed his orders.

Steward: I should say so. Go and say to the master that the the dead wolf devours no living There is nothing more for you to seek Why do you remain.? here.

Dortka: Steward, what are you doing?

Steward: Ask the master.

Dortka: I am filled with dread when I look at you-why I can not tell.

Steward: Yes, you have reason to feel dread.

Dortka: 1?

Steward: Yes, you.

Dortka: What have I done? Steward: You know, wench?

Dortka: Timoska, have pity on me. I do not know.

Steward: Did you have pity upon my master? Dortka: Upon your master, Timoska?

Steward: What have you done to him? Rich, young and amiable a few days ago, he is to-day old, poor and full of hate.

Dortka: And I? Do you hold me responsible? Steward: Not you alone. You and the whole brood. I hate the Lascheks. There is a curse upon them.

Dortka: What have I in common with the Lascheks? I served the young lady, that is all. Steward: She is no lady. She is a wench, like

Dortka: It is false. People lie if they talk so.

You are deceived. It is not so.

Steward: We know it. She is no lady. No. She is a devil. She was a wench when he first found the beggar in the streets of Warsaw. She

was a bit of vermin that he saw and brought home. I and Madame Marina knew it. She stuck her hand in his pockets. Her brothers stuck their hands in his pockets. She is a vampire and she drank the blood out of his breast. Now get out. Someone is coming. Save your life. (Dortka goes. Starschenski appears in the doorway.

Starschenski (speaking to one behind him): It is nothing. Come along. It is all over a trifle I

admit, but come along.

lmit, but come along.

Elga's voice: I will go no farther.

Starschenski: You can not go back. There
armed men at the door. You can not go are armed men at the door. back. You risk your life if you turn back without me. Come along and don't be afraid. Or are you afraid?

(Elga appears attired in a cloak.)

Elga: No. Starschenski: It is cold down there. It is all right now. It is warmer here. Did you see? We trod There was a severe frost last night. upon a whitened carpet of leaves through the whole garden from the castle to this place. Have you ever gone this way before?

Elga (to Timoska): Who are you? Who is

the man standing there?
Starschenski: Come, I will take your cloak. It is old Timoska. Sit down. Yes, indeed, it is a strange, gloomy room. I can readily understand how uncanny it must be to one who enters it for the first time. It is as if from the creation of the world ghosts and only ghosts had crowded Have you never been up here before? here.

Elga: You know I have been up here.

do you ask me?

Starschenski: I did not know it. How many times have you been up here in this accursed

Elga (sullenly and defiantly): Many times. Starschenski: And do you know also what is behind the curtain?

Elga: If I were up here I know what is behind

the curtain.

Starschenski: Then tell me what it is. I have good reason to ask and I await an answer. You mean that there is a bed behind this curtain?

Elga: Well, and what then?

Starschenski: There is something more. Do you know the tale that is told in the peasants' huts and in the neighboring castles and in the highways about the old room and the bed?

Elga: I don't know it and I don't want to know Now I have had enough. I am going

Starschenski: Don't run into danger, you know Stay. 1 imoska will tell the story. The old man knows it.

Steward (begins to read from a parchment in a slow and loud tone): In olden times there lived a true man and rich count. He lived alone in peace with his gracious mother. At last he fixed his heart upon a woman.

Starschenski: Have you arranged everything as

Steward: Exactly as you ordered.

Starschenski: So that there is nothing left to be done?

Steward: No. Everything is done and there is nothing left to be done.

Starschenski: Go on.

Steward: But she was a cave of serpents and no woman at all. She lied to him, and deceived him, who was honest and without falsehood. trayed him and covered him with shame.

Starschenski: Where did she do that?

Steward (pointing to the bed): Here, Count Starschenski.

Starschenski: In this bed, you mean?

Steward: Yes.

Elga: You are mad. Help! Help! (She takes refuge, like a hunted thing, close against the

Starschenski: Elga, be quiet. Nothing will

happen to you. Light the candles.

Steward: Yes, Count, at once. (He lights the candles.)

Elga (gazes at the lights like one mad): Dortkal Oginski! A nightmare oppresses me. Wake me, Dortka! The curtain is black. Why did I not see it? I have already had this dream of the lights. Why do you not wake me? I do not want to dream.

Starschenski: Be quiet, madame, be quiet. No harm shall befall you. You are not dreaming. You are awake. But do not lie. Do not lie in this terrible hour. You are stained. You are not pure. Now-do you love Oginski no longer? Speak one word.

Elga (almost weeping in maddened anxiety): have spoken it. You do not believe me. I have spoken it.

Starschenski: By the love of God, if it be the truth, you are pure to me. Then step over to

me and be my wife!

At this moment, the candles being all alight, the curtain, upon a sign from Starschenski, parts and Oginski is discovered lying on the bed strangled. Elga, on the very point of obeying the behest of Starschenski by crossing over to him, is seized with a sudden rigidity upon beholding the dead man. It seems as if she were deprived of all will and were drawn by the dead man to himself. Gasping, she throws herself upon the corpse. After a long silence, Starschenski resumes, with altered tones):

Starschenski: Elga.

Elga (she makes no reply).

Starschenski (more urgently and drawing nearer her): Elga.

Elga (she turns filled with hatred, like a she wolf defending her young): Do not touch him!

Starschenski (soothingly, almost beseechingly):

Elga (rises slowly and retreats before him with hatred, horror and loathing): I hate you! I spit upon you!

Here the play ends, except for a very brief dialogue between the nameless knight, who has dreamed all this, and the servant who comes to tell him that day is dawning and that it is time to depart. Once more the knight gazes on his miniature, but his lightness of heart is no more and he vows that he will never forget the moral to be drawn from this vision of the slumbering hours.

# Persons in the Foreground

## The Personality of John Hay

For twenty years Walter Wellman has been a "Washington correspondent" for important daily papers, which fact implies a wide observation of public men, a quick eye to discern personal weaknesses, and sagacity in distinguishing between the genuine and the theatric in human nature. After the discussion of John Hay the diplomat and John Hay the writer, it is pleasant to get the intimate glimpses of John Hay the man which are afforded us by Mr. Wellman in the August Review of Reviews. One of the most interesting bits in the article is this tribute which, he says, President McKinley, shortly before his death, paid to John Hay in a conversation with Mr. Wellman. "To my mind," said President McKinley, "John Hay is the fairest flower of our civilization. Cultured, wealthy, with a love of travel, of leisure, of scholarly pursuits, with money enough to go where he likes and do what he likes, he is yet patriotic enough to give his great talents to his country."

That refers to Hay as patriot; here is what Mr. Wellman says of Hay the man, as manifested in daily intercourse:

"Perhaps the best and truest thing that can be said of John Hay the man is that every one who had the good fortune to get really close to him loved him. His was one of those rare natures that win, without conscious effort, the deep and abiding affection of all who draw near. John Hay's 'sweetness and light,' of which Secretary Taft spoke so feelingly and fittingly the day after the death of the great Secretary of State, were not reserved for his family, nor for his equals in station, but were shed generously and habitu-ually upon all, high or low, who came in con-tact with him. Three Presidents of the United States basked in their warm rays and felt spiritually refreshed; most of the notable Americans of the last fifteen years fell under their charm; scores of eminent diplomatists have been lured by them into passing forgetfulness of professional thrust and parry and have lingered within the spell of delight. But so it was also with the humblest. Mr. Hay's official subordinates loved the man even more than they respected and admired the superior. His household servants gave him, not only their service, but their hearts.



She was Miss Clara Stone, daughter of Amasa Stone of Cleveland, O.



This daughter of the late John Hay inherited much of his poetic ability, as her verses show

Doubtless it is true that few men are heroes to their valets, but John Hay's skillful Swedish masseur, after years of attention to the high and mighty of this and other national capitals, declared, 'Mr. Hay is the finest gentleman I ever knew.' Newspaper men, at Hay's elbow night and day, in hours of stress, of trial, of disappointment, of the most delicate relations and situations, of triumph and success,—catching all the moods and reactions of a highly sensitive nature amid the vicissitudes of a strenuous career,—are profound in their admiration for his serenity, his dignity, his kindly helpfulness, his courtesy, his wit and humor. Often they were conscious that they tried his patience to the full, but the 'sweetness and light' never failed.

Mr. Wellman speaks interestingly of the personal relations between President Roosevelt and Mr. Hay, between whom there was, we are told, "a close and intimate friendship" that grew out of their official relations. Says Mr. Wellman:

"Mr. Roosevelt may have depended more upon the judgment of a Root or a Taft or a Knox in all matters not of international bearing, but no other member of his cabinet enjoyed more of the President's personal affection than Mr. Hay. Each was the complement of the other, each a constant source of delight to his friend. Roosevelt's buoyant, almost boyish, high spirits and rapid-fire comment upon men and matters and Hay's quiet, incisive, dry humor and facility for making pertinent quotations from the whole range of literature and anecdote formed a combination which gave unalloyed pleasure to both. It was President Roosevelt's habit to walk to church every Sunday afternoon, in Washington, and on his way home to stop at the house of Secretary Hay, on Lafayette Square, just opposite the White House, for a chat of an hour or two. He rarely went to the houses of other cabinet officers, but to miss the Sunday afternoon visit with John Hay, the President has confessed, was a distinct deprivation. 'Mr. Hay was the most charming man and delightful companion I have ever known, said the President, a day or two ago, to a friend. 'Those Sunday talks of ours nearly always ended in a discussion of Abraham Lincoln!"

Mr. Wellman once made bold to ask Mr. Hay for his comparative estimate of the three Presidents under whom he served—Lincoln, McKinley, Roosevelt. "Experience has taught me the unwisdom of personal comparisons," was the diplomatic reply. Then after a pause: "But Abraham Lincoln was the greatest man I have ever known or shall ever know."

One is interested to know that when Mr. Hay had an engagement to speak he "spent weeks of fretful nervous apprehension and preparation." Like many another successful public speaker, he showed no trace of this nervous apprehension when on his feet before an audience. "When he did speak it was

with the confidence and poise of the man who is his own master."

Apropos Mr. Hay's detestation of falsehood even in diplomatic intercourse, Mr. Wellman repeats one of the Secretary's sayings that "is famous in the diplomatic world." "When the Count comes to talk to me," said he, referring to a European diplomat not now a member of the diplomatic corps at Washington, "I do not use my wits trying to ascertain whether or not the man is lying. I know he is lying. What I try to find out is why he is telling that particular lie." As this seems to indicate, he could be caustic when he wished to be, and at times, we are told, he was fierce in his denunciations, especially of Senators who juggled with important international interests for personal political purposes.

Mr. Wellman gives us this view of Mr. Hay out of business hours:

"Of late years he spent only the mornings at his desk in the State Department. At I o'clock he walked across the park to his home, carrying a well-stuffed portfolio of dispatches and memoranda. His best work he did at home, in the afternoons. Before dinner, he almost invariably took a stroll with his chum of a lifetime, Henry Adams, the historian, whose house stands next to Mr. Hay's, the two being so alike and so well blended, like the natures and tastes of their owners, that they appear the same structure. On these walks Mr. Hay invariably wore a top hat and a frock coat. was punctilious in all matters of dress and deportment. Returning from his walk, which till recently was that of a man in robust health, with the swing of strength in the stride, he donned evening clothes for dinner. He cared little for society, and since the death of his elder and exceedingly promising son Adelbert, through an accident at New Haven, Mr. and Mrs. Hay eschewed society almost entirely, save for the formal functions incident to Mr. Hay's official station. Callers at Mr. Hay's home in the evenings usually found him ensconced in a snug corner of his library, book in hand. He read much, and marveled somewhat enviously because President Roosevelt, with more work to do, ten times as many people to see, and much more time spent in the open air, could read twice as much as he.'

He not only read but quoted Kipling, and one effective quotation was made at the time of the excitement over the destruction of North Sea trawlers by Rozhdestvensky's fleet. Wellman asked him what he thought of it. He replied by asking if his questioner remembered Kipling's lines in "The Destroyers," at once repeating them:

"Panic that shells the drifting spar— Loud waste with none to check; Mad fear that rakes a scornful star Or sweeps a consort's deck." And when Mr. Wellman asked about the future of the Russian fleet, the answer was, "The true poet is also a prophet."

The notion that Mr. Hay was aristocratic and exclusive in his bearing was, Mr. Wellman assures us, the reverse of true; he was "distinctively democratic," in fact, one of the most accessible of Secretaries of State. "It was easier to get audience with him than with many of his subordinates," and the simple code that governed his office was a source of constant astonishment to foreign visitors.

## Ito, the Pioneer of the New Nippon

More than to any other of her sons, Japan stands indebted to Hirobumi Ito for the progress that made Rozhdestvensky's destruction possible in the straits off her southern isles. At a time when it was a capital offense for a Japanese subject to leave the dominions of the Mikado, he led four youths of his own mettle to the Western world in quest of modern knowledge. Every member of this pioneer quintet subsequently rose to renown in the history of modern Japan, but Ito became the most famous of them all. He is to the land of his birth what Peter the Great was to Russia. In the diplomatic history of Japan he is what Richelieu was to the France of Louis XIII. This means that he is no liberal in the sense that he would transform his sovereign's realm into a parliamentary England. political ideal is said on high authority to be Bismarckian Germany, with its personally supreme over-lord, its "legality" unaffected by representative enactment. Progress, to be sure, he wants always, but the will of the people has no apparent place in his Utopia.

Of all the wonderful personalities who adorn the Nippon name he has been most "written up" while remaining in many senses the least known. Only a rare mortal here and there can presume to say what he really is and stands for. Dr. William Elliot Griffis is one of these. Dr. Griffis has known Japanese men and boys for thirty-seven years and more. "I have heard them," he can truly affirm, "from forty distant and different parts of the island empire tell me their life story, and during four years, in town and country, by the seashore and on the mountians, I have seen them live it." In The Craftsman (New York), Dr. Griffis tells what he knows of Ito. He writes, in part, as follows:

"Ito, boy of destiny, or 'self-made' lad, as we may elect to call him, was born in 1841, in Choshiu, the province lying between the Sea of Japan and the beautiful inland sea. At its tip end is the historic Shimonoseki. Ito was twelve years old when, in 1853, Commodore Perry sailed into Japanese history. It was a peaceful armada that mirrored the flag of stars on the waters of Yedo Bay. Very clearly now do we see that when the American frigates reached port, Ito's ship came in. For him they revealed a golden opportunity, of which he made strenuous improvement. What feelings must have been his when, in 1902, he wrote in colossal letters the inscription, now glittering golden and seaward in 'Perry Park,' at Uraga! A monolith of Sendai granite, incised and gilded, rises augustly to commemorate the visit of the American squadron and the delivery of President Fillmore's letter. This document proved to be the 'open sesame' to a sealed treasure-house, even while it swung wide the doors of opportunity to a whole nation. No country on earth to-day is more emphatically the land of promise to her sons and daughters than is the country of Brave Warriors.

"Ito's fame abroad, as that of the best known of the Mikado's subjects, arises chiefly from his shining political abilities. Yet in reality he is the creator of industrial Japan. In his boyhood's days the merchant had no chance of rising. He was on the lowest round of the social ladder. However diligent in business, he was spurned by gentlemen and society. Now, on the contrary, he stands before kings. He sits with fifty or more of his fellows, not only in the lower branch of the Imperial Diet, but in the House of Peers. With her new nervous system of electric wires that thrill and flash and speak, the quest of wealth in Japan is no longer a disgrace. Feudalism was responsible for the low estate of the trader. It was Ito who led the assault and dealt the fatal blow to the system that nourished drones."

Ito's education was not markedly different from that of Japanese youths of his not very exalted social class. Then came the dark night, in 1853, when he stood on the deck of Perry's flagship imploring that he be taken to the United States. In vain! So he shipped before the mast for London, where he stayed a brief while. "It was mighty England that impressed." "What a race, to have built such bridges, launched and sailed such ships!" Yet, even while ravished with the drafts of the new knowl-



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MARQUIS ITO, "FATHER OF THE CONSTITUTION" OF JAPAN, WITH HIS WIFE, THEIR SON AND TWO GRANDCHILDREN

edge, Ito found he must leave England. Arrived in the land of his fathers, disguised as a Portugese for the sake of his personal freedom—"in faultless frock coat, silk hat, kid gloves and patent leathers"—he essayed, but fruitlessly, to persuade his infatuated countrymen that it was useless to resist the squadrons of the great powers, "assembling for chastisement." "But the Japanese 'sick man's' medicine of brimstone, saltpetre and iron wrought purge of pride and brought clearer vision." The foundation of modern Japan was laid at last and Ito began the construction of the edifice itself. We quote Dr. Griffis further:

"On January 3, 1868, fifty-five young men, of the average age of thirty, of whom Ito was not least, secured possession of the Imperial Palace in Kioto, and the new Japan began. Having foreign experience and a knowledge of English, Ito was made governor of the new treaty port of Kobe, soon bringing order out of chaos.

"Here Ito saw clearly the need which both natives had felt from the first. There was no real national currency. With a constantly fluctuating medium of exchange in a country having nearly eleven hundred known sorts of 'shinplasters,' how could business be done? Good Queen Bess, when throne and people were united in England, gave her people honest and uniform money. Ito became Japan's Gresham. Sent to the United States, he found a welcome at Washington so warm that he has never ceased to admire the American people and government. He read our classic political literature. He found 'The Federalist' as fascinating as a novel. Indeed, at many points, the careers of Hirobumi Ito and Alexander Hamilton, both with constructive minds in eras of unique opportunity for the exercise of their genius, are wonderfully alike. Each

one was 'The Conqueror' of his time and circumstances. To each the problems of finance presented themselves and were mastered. Each was the father of a nation's written constitution. Both were famous for their versatility and their powers of work and ability to provide resources. Both honored the men in business and the toilers who with intelligence loved their craft. In the end of their lives, may there never be a parallel!

"After a thorough study of our financial system and coinage—both the creations of Hamilton—Ito presented his report to the statesmen of Tokio, and his recommendations were

adopted.

"To tell how he reorganized the cabinet, codified the laws, wrote the constitution of 1889, and the wonderful 'commentaries' on that superb instrument, how he was repeatedly called to the premiership, or sent by the Emperor as envoy to Korea, China, Europe, and how in council, whether in or out of office, every word of his weighs a ton, is beyond the scope of our present article. Ito is a man of all around vision and his mind recalls a sphere, rather than a cone or rhomboid, or indeed anything with angles or projections. His political measures are always based on the resources on hand or possible. Of infinite patience, he inspires others to like toil

and tact. Personally he is one of the most genial of men, as the writer can testify, not only from seeing him often in Japan in the days of mutual strength of youth and hope, but from personal letters breathing the warmest sentiments towards Americans. From the first, Ito, in the face of conservative tradition that overestimated the sword, treated the engineers, advisers, professors and men of technical skill, called out from Europe and America, as gentlemen worthy of the highest regard. They were the favored guests of the Emperor and nation. Four times in audience of the Mikado, the writer bears glad personal testimony to the honors bestowed upon the for-eign servants of the new Japan. Not a few of them have been decorated by His Majesty. When this wholesome example of Tokio is followed in all Asia, there will be an awakening from weakness and darkness into strength and light.

"Happily amid all changes Ito remains, while a cosmopolitan, a lover of things eternally beautiful in his beloved land. At Oiso, between ever-glorious Fuji mountain and the sparkling ocean, in a house one-half of foreign and the other of native architecture—the one better for winter, the other excelling in comfort during the summer—and amid gardens rich in indigenous flora and evergreens, Ito finds his home."

## Lawson's Pen Pictures of Henry H. Rogers

Thomas W. Lawson's narrative of "Frenzied Finance" is in no point more interesting. at least for the general public, than in the pen pictures which he gives of various eminent men, such as Addicks, Morgan, Rogers, Lewisohn and others. He has an eye for illuminating details and he has unquestionably had opportunities for intimate knowledge such as enables him at times to give descriptions as clear-edged as a photograph. Through his entire series of articles against the "System" (as he calls the Standard Oil combination and its methods in financing operations in general), the figure of Henry H. Rogers looms large and dominates operations of vast moment. Lawson has, apparently, had little or nothing to do directly with John D. Rockefeller, who remains in the obscure background; but Rogers appears again and again and there are repeated illustrations of the way in which his personality dominated not only over Lawson but over all others with whom he came in contact.

It seems worth while to extract from the long series of "Frenzied Finance" articles appearing in *Everybody's Magazine* and soon, we understand, to appear in book form, those passages which cast the clearest light

upon the personality of Mr. Rogers, who is the executive officer of the Standard Oil, and, in Mr. Lawson's judgment, "the master of all frenzied financiers," having, indeed, with Mr. William Rockefeller, "actually supplanted John D. Rockefeller in the kingship of finance."

Mr. Lawson's first meeting with Mr. Rogers was narrated in the fourth instalment of Mr. Lawson's articles, in November of last year. Lawson had joined with Addicks, who controlled the Bay State Gas Company, and who had been fought nearly to a finish by Rogers, who controlled the rival Brookline Company. Lawson had come on to see Rogers and, if possible, make arrangements to end the fighting. Here is his account of that first meeting, eliminating the narrator's reflections and inferences, interesting but not important for the purpose of this article:

"At last I turned the corner of 57th Street, and when I looked down Mr. Rogers's home-like hall and grasped his outstretched hand and heard his 'Lawson, I'm glad to see you!' I would have sworn it was hours and hours since I left the little table in the corner of Delmonico's.

"The chief impression I recall of my experience that night is gratitude for Henry H. Rogers's unexpected kindness, and admiration for his

When this manliness, ability, and firmness. memory rises in my mind I regret 'Frenzied Finance' and all the consequences with which it is

rooms are full of young people. In here we can have our talk and our smoke undisturbed.' led me into the big, empty dining-room and closed the door.

"'Mr. Rogers,' I began, 'it is kind of you to be so nice after the mean things we have said of each other. Am I to understand you don't lay any

of all that has passed up against me?

"Lay it up against you, my boy? Drop that all out of your mind. You probably know I talk to the point and mean what I say. If you had hit below the belt as that—Addicks has, I would lay it up against you and a hundred years would not make me forget it. I know what you've done and why you've done it, and it was as much your right as mine to do what I have done. I have nothing against you, and, if it comes so that I can do anything to make your job easier without hurting my own interestsmind that, without hurting my own interests—
I will do it. You have my word for it.'
"We sat within a few feet of each other, and I

looked squarely into his eyes as he said: 'You have my word for it,' and they were honest eyes
—honest as the ten-year-old boy's who with legs apart and hands in pockets throws his head back and says: 'Wait until I am a man, and I will do it if I die for it!' I looked into them and I knew 'My word for it' was all gold and a hundred cents to the dollar. For a minute we looked steadily into-through each other, and I knew he was reading away into the back of my head. Inwardly I said: 'If I do business with this man for a day or for a lifetime, I will never face him and say one thing and mean another,' and in the years after when we did millions upon millions of business, with only each other's word for a bond of fair treatment, not once did I depart from the letter of my resolution.'

Lawson proceeded to speak his piece. Unless one of three things was agreed on he purposed to place Bay State Gas at once in the hands of a receiver, and the resulting crash would, he argued, disastrously affect Mr. Rogers's company also. The interview resulted in an agreement by Rogers to sell out to the Bay State provided a forfeit bond was given him covering any possible damage his company might suffer while in Addicks's hands and prior to its being paid for in full.

"He [Rogers] arose from his chair and stood directly in front of me and straightened up for what I could see was to be an unusual effort. Then with the force and the fire which in all his supreme moments make Henry H. Rogers wellnigh irresistible he said:

"Lawson, I have listened to you. Now listen I have taken you at your word, and have to me. talked frankly and shown you my hand as I have seldom shown it to a stranger. To do the business I want to do, I see I must talk even more frankly than I already have, and I want you to weigh carefully what I shall say to you, for it may have a great bearing on your after life. How old are you?

"Thirty-seven,' I replied.

"I thought you were about thirty-seven,' he id. 'Well, I am fifty-six, and am old enough said. to be your father, so you can afford to give weight to what I am about to say, especially as I give you my word that I speak for your benefit first and my own afterward. I watched you before you hitched up with Addicks, and always thought that, if the opportunity arose, we might do business together. We, or as you and others like to call us, "Standard Oil," have money enough to carry through whatever business we embark on and we know where there is all the business to be had that we care to engage in. We have everything, in fact, but men. We are always short of men to do the things we want to doyoung men, who are honest, therefore loyal, men to whom work is a pleasure; above all, men who have no price but our price. To such men we can afford to give the only things they have not got, or, if they have already got them, to give them in greater quantities—I mean power and monev.'

Lawson refused the overture on the ground that he could not wear a collar such as Standard Oil required a man to wear. The narrative continues:

"I stopped; I was not excited: I could not be with that calm figure, apparently cut from crystal ice, so near me, but I was very much in earnest. I stopped; I didn't know what he would do-he raised his hand and held it out to me, mine grasped it, and without a word thus we stood long enough to put that seal on our friendship which none of the many financial hells we jointly passed through in the after nine

years was hot enough to melt.
"But that is ended. Henry H. Rogers's evidence in the Boston 'Gas Trial' was the spark that kindled the dead leaves of the past into the conflagration which, now spreading beyond the control of man, has brought to light the hidden skeletons of past misdeeds and exposed them for

all the world to see.

"He at last broke the spell. 'Lawson, you're a queer chap, but we are all queer, for that matter, and we must work along those lines we each think best. I once stood, just as you do now, in front of a man whom I looked up to as all that was wisest and best. He made an earnest effort to induce me to choose the ministry for my life work, but I chose dollars instead, and I sometimes wonder if I chose wisely; but, as I said, we all must select our pack and, as we are the ones who must carry it, I suppose no one else should

complain.'
"There was a tinge of disappointment in his words, but I shot ahead into the business as

though we had not left it.'

The operations concerning the Amalgamated Copper Company involved numerous meetings between the two men. The reports are, of course, made from memory, and each reader will decide for himself just what degree of faith should be attached to them. But they evidently convey very accurately the impressions that Mr. Lawson carried away and, as such, furnish a sort of evidence that is well worth consideration.

Before taking up the story of Amalgamated, however, we will quote Lawson's description of Rogers in a rage. The

scene was a sequel to the foregoing interview. Lawson took the train at once to get from Addicks the million and a half of Bay State bonds which he had promised to deliver to Rogers to hold as a forfeit. He was astounded to find that these bonds were no longer in Addicks's possession and were not available. He was informed that only \$904,000 of the bonds were left. He was forced to return to Rogers humiliated, to tell him so. There was a brief explosion, and then Rogers peremptorily demanded that Lawson secure the \$904,000 of bonds. But it transpired later that, in fact, Addicks did not have a single bond, and Lawson had to face the "most humiliating ordeal" of his life. His account runs as follows:

"As I entered, and before a word of greeting passed, he Rogers gave me one of those keen, appraising glances that seemed to pierce into the innermost interstices of my soul.

"'Well?' was all he said.
"'Your estimate of Addicks was correct. He

has no bonds,' I said, giving him the worst of it at once. I was desperate and certainly in no mood for apology. Rogers looked at me. I thought he gasped. He rushed—whether he pushed or pulled me, or we both slid, or how we got there I don't know, but in an instant after I had said, 'he has no bonds,' we were in one of a number of 8 x 12 glass-sided pens he calls waitingrooms, but which the clerks have dubbed 'visitors' sweat-boxes.' He put both hands on my



Courtesy of Everybody's Magazine

HENRY H. ROGERS

The master brain of the greatest and most successful commercial enterprise in the world"

shoulders and he yelled—fairly yelled: 'Say that again! I did not get it.'

"That which followed had all the power of

the unexpected for me. . . . Just what was going to happen I could not imagine. I remembered afterward that the preponderance of the impressions that chased each other through my mind was that Henry H. Rogers would surely have a stroke of apoplexy. Then that he would 'bust.' However, I pulled myself together and began:
"'Mr. Rogers, what's the use of getting ex-

cited?

"I got no further. He jumped backward. The next second I was in the storm-centre. The room was small. Suddenly it became full of arms and legs and hands waving and gesticulating, and fists banging and brandished; gnashing teeth and a convulsed face in which eyes actually burned and rained fire; and the language-such a torrent of vilification and denunciation I had never heard, mingled with oaths so intense, so picturesque, so varied, that the assortment would have driven an old-time East Indiaman skipper green with jealousy."

The outburst ended, however, in Rogers expressing regret for the predicament in which Lawson had been placed and assurance that no suspicion was ascertained of his good faith in the negotiations.

In one of the interviews about Amalgamated, Mr. Rogers is represented as laying down certain business rules for a monopoly to follow:

"'Lawson,' said the master brain of the greatest and most successful commercial enterprise in the world, 'you know the stock market, but you don't know the first principle of working to advantage a great business in which you absolutely control the production. The novice assumes that consumption when it is greater than production makes the price, but this is one of the many time-worn sophistries of business. suppose "Standard Oil" has built itself up to where it is and made the money it has, simply because there were always more lamps than we had oil? If you do, you are in dense ignorance of the foundation requisite for great success. As the world goes to-day, the prices of necessities and luxuries are fixed and should be fixed by the man who controls both the selling and the producing end, for there is a greater profit to be had by supply to regulated demand and demand to regulated supply than from a charge made and regulated by supply and demand. "Standard Oil" gets to-day and has always since its birth got its enormous profit from its "regulation" department. Production yields it a proper profit and by supplying legitimate demands it earns other fair profits, but its big gains come from so adjusting one to the other that there can be no

such thing as competition. Do you see?'
"'I agree that is not my end, Mr. Rogers,
though in a general way I know about railroad rebates, steamship come-backs, and such things; but I don't see how they are required in our copper business, where the demand is of such proportions that the producer sets the price and makes a profit away above what may be gained in other business enterprises. Surely no one would ask larger gains than are naturally made

out of copper.

"'Lawson,' responded Mr. Rogers with oracular emphasis, 'that is where your business education is flawed. No man has done his business properly who has missed a single dollar he could have secured in the doing of it. I do not think a fair judge would find me guilty of avarice, either in business or in the manner of my living, and yet I am made fairly miserable if I discover that, in any business I do, I have not extracted every dollar possible. It is one of the first principles Mr. Rockefeller taught me; it is one he has inculcated in every "Standard Oil" man, until to-day it is a religion with us all."

The arrangement as Rogers planned it (which comprised control not only of the copper productions but of the Lewisohn companies that had sales contracts which enabled them to control the copper market and its selling prices) went through, but struck a snag when it was submitted to the law department of the Standard Oil for examination as to its legal soundness. result is told as follows:

"We arranged that night that next morning Mr. Rogers should himself go over the matter with Mr. Sterling. I was waiting in his office when he returned from this consultation, and the expression of his face as he entered indicated plainly that a real snag had been struck. His aw and the droop of the upper corners of his eye-

lids gave a curiously sinister aspect to his face.

"Well,' said he, 'Sterling says if we carry out that plan there may be h—I to pay some day.'

"Wherein does he say it is wrong?' I asked,

not over surprised. "'Everywhere. He says if there is any slipup in the future Mr. Rockefeller and myself may have to pay back a lot of money.'
"Well, what are you going to do?' I said.

"'Just what we started to do.' No lawyer's warnings could hold him back from the bursting

barrels now in sight. He went on:

"I told Sterling to forget I had asked him to pass on the matter, and that I would have my own counsel take the responsibility. So we go right ahead, and nothing is to be said to any one, not even to William Rockefeller. I have always argued that it is fool business to go to a lawyer with a scheme that depends entirely on how it is carried through as to whether it is perilous or not. I could have told Sterling there is apt to be more danger in a deal in which one makes thirty-five to forty million dollars without turning a hair, than in furnishing staid advice from an office-chair for a fixed per diem.

"The concentrated incisiveness of these sentences!—Opposition, the mere suggestion of danger, had stimulated his determination to proceed rather than enjoined caution. Himself convinced of the expedience of our deal, no power in heaven or on earth could make him deviate or face about. Truly a man of blood and iron, as Bismarck or Moltke was, his erected will is a sword and a vise. To gain a predetermined goal Henry H. Rogers will go through hell, fire, and water, swing about and make the return trip, and then repeat, until death interferes, or his object is attained. Such men as he in other

days subjugated kingdoms or made deserts where they operated; in religion they became St. Pauls or Savonarolas.

There were various stormy interviews between the two men before the final break came. Here is the termination of one of the stormiest, in which Lawson had threatened to go to the newspapers and into the courts to upset everything relating to Amalgamated:

"I proved to him that I would have injunctions against Stillman, the National City Bank, and every one in interest, before the allotment could be made. Gradually his rage subsided and he broke down-not as other men break down, but as much as it is possible for his stern nature We remained there until seven to give way. The building was as still as a set o'clock. mouse-trap, and he strove with me. Such action. he demonstrated, would precipitate a panic.

His argument was perfect in its logic.

"Not one man in a million, Lawson, will agree with you that you are justified in bringing about all this disaster simply because you think that we are taking too much of the cash that has been voluntarily paid in by people well able to attend to their own affairs. You must remember once this scandal and trouble are public they never can be smothered. There can be no more consolidation, no more copper boom in your lifetime and mine, and as soon as the collapse comes every one will look for the victim, and it will be you. Even your best friend will say if you were going to turn reformer you should have been smart enough to have discovered your mare's nest before you let it grow so big. at it, Lawson, look at it, and in the name of everything that is reasonable get back your senses.

"My readers must remember that the Henry H. Rogers I am portraying here is no ordinary man, but the strongest, most acute, and most persuasive human being that in the thirty-five active years of my life I have encountered. And on me all the magic of his wonderful individuality, all the resources of his fertile mind, all the histrionic power of his dramatic personality were concentrated. His logic was resistless. As he spun the web of his argument my position seemed hopeless, but more forcible against my resistance than his reasoning was the graphic recital of how both increases had been made. His eyes watered as he spoke. They were not his ideas, but Stillman's and the others' who had been let in on the several floors, but to whom he had never explained my rights nor my position

in the enterprise.
"The truth is, Lawson,' he said—'and I'll not mince matters further: From the beginning I have done business with you on a basis absolutely different from what our rule is in dealing with agents or associates. At the start I expected that you would, as all others have done, fall into our ways. Instead, you have grown more stubborn, and the result is, I have been forced into all kinds of holes, some of which I have not even let Mr. Rockefeller know about. Here at last I am in between the grinders. I can not go to such men as Stillman and Morgan

and admit that you are the one who has been doing this copper business that I have had them think I was doing myself. You would not ask me to put myself in so ridiculously humiliating a position. Think what John D. Rockefeller would say of such a confession. It's impossible. And when these associates of mine get down to this matter and all agree upon the way it should be closed up, what can I do but go with them? If they knew the facts it would be easy to run you in between us, and then you would either have to convince them or agree yourself, but this is not the condition here."

As usual, Rogers's persuasive logic prevailed.

The most damaging story Lawson tells of Rogers appears in last month's (August) number of Everybody's. It is a case of alleged treachery that cannot be excused by any of the "rules of the game" as played even by frenzied financiers, and consists, in brief, of persuading Lawson, on personal grounds, to suspend hostilities against a gas combination in which Rogers was interested, and then going to his associates in the combination and representing that Lawson would quit fighting for a million dollars in stock, receiving the stock, pocketing it himself, and afterward selling it through Lawson as his stockbroker. We reproduce here simply a part of the interview in which Rogers succeeded in calling Lawson off.

"After hours of wrestling he saw it was useless to argue further. I would not be moved; and then he changed: Rogers the steely financier melted, and Rogers the man took his place. All the stern dominance and crushing force of the master of 'Standard Oil' gave way, and in their stead I listened to a heart-square, fair, manly ap-

peal to my good nature and friendship.
"'Lawson,' he said, 'I have been carrying this load so long now that I am sick and tired of it. I don't care so much for my own pocket, because I can stand carrying it longer, but William Rockefeller has relied upon me to get him out of it, and it hurts me more with him and the building [26 Broadway] than I can tell you, that I am stuck in and cannot get out. I suppose all this Boston scandal has injured William Rockefeller and myself more with John D. than anything that ever happened before, and I have made up my mind to expect scandal as long as we stay in Boston Gas. There are lots of things in the early history of this business that I won't rest easy until I get buried, and I know this is the only chance. That is what more than anything thing else made us go to Whitney. Now if you come out against us publicly when Rockefeller and, in fact, all the others, think we are very close on copper, I shall be humiliated beyond words. What you do to Whitney, after I am free from this affair, Lawson, I don't care, but it does seem as though you might find a way to get at him without grinding William Rockefeller and myself.

"What is the use of denying that this plea from

the master of 'Standard Oil' affected me on the sentimental side?—for it did. How specious and insincere his arguments seem after all these years! Yet I allowed myself to be overcome by them. The flattery of the appeal, I suppose, did affect me, but it was more the pleasure of doing Henry H. Rogers, the man, a favor that softened me."

Nevertheless, Lawson tried to persuade him to pull out of the gas combination because of the injury it would do to many innocent people. The only effect of his appeal is thus described:

'I had warmed to the subject and spoke with all the emphasis and fire that were in me. At once I saw I had irritated him and that he was restraining himself with difficulty:
"'All right Lawson, I have heard what you

say, and if you are through we will call the matter

closed.' He said this with an effort and almost between clenched teeth. He paced the room once or twice and then squared himself in front of

"'Lawson, every man is his own judge in such matters. I have always taken the responsibility for my decisions, and no man ever heard me whimper if I found I had made a mistake, and no man ever will. These men, Whitney, Mcmillan, Widener, Elkins, and the rest, are all in the game for dollars, and they have to take the same chance I take. You know I have tried to do all in my power to make the thing a success. If you would come in, there would surely be success and profit for every one, but you won't, so I must do the next best thing, and I am going You may think I should do something to do it. different, but I will do as I always do, and as I believe all successful men do-the best thing they can for their own interests.'

"He said this bitterly."

#### An American of Many Careers

To this country returned, not long ago, an American who has been for fifteen years a resident of Italy, and who in that time has achieved distinction of several kinds. For his services to Italian literature he is soon to be made an Italian noble. His books, written in Italian, were recently luxuriously bound by Barbera, in Rome, for the Royal Library, and his latest work on Italian romance, soon to be published in this country by Brentano, has been extensively reviewed by the best critics of Italy.

But literary distinction is only one of the forms of distinction that have attended his career. He is an artist of note, an explorer, a successful lawyer, and an archeologist.

The name of this versatile gentleman is Joseph Spencer Kennard. His father and grandfather have been well known for years as prominent Baptist preachers, and his earliest ancestors came to America before the days of William Penn. Young Joseph started out to earn his own living at the age of fifteen. To make his way through Columbia College law school he worked as a clerk in the New York post-office by night, and acted as "emergency man" on the reportorial force of the daily press. Prior to going to Columbia he had graduated from Colgate University, and after graduation at Columbia he soon acquired in practice as a corporation lawyer in Washington and Chicago a modest competence. Before he was thirty, having in the meantime been married,

he packed up his household goods and with his family departed for Italy.

In Italy he studied art, graduating as a painter from the Royal Academy at Florence. His pictures, chiefly studio paintings of the nude, found a place in important exhibitions and brought him medals and other honors. He served for a time as legal adviser to the Bey of Tunis. Last year he was invited to deliver lectures at the Sorbonne, in Paris—an honor extended to no other American since the days of Benjamin Franklin. The degree of Litt. D. was conferred upon him by the French Academy, and he was admitted to the debate, being able, together with but four or five Frenchmen, to carry on a discussion about Satan— "De Deo Lapso"—in the Latin tongue.

He has been an indefatigable tourist, a mountain-climber and an explorer of sacred places forbidden to travelers. In the costume of a Turk, he attended services in a Turkish mosque where none but Mohammedans were allowed to enter on pain of death. He was not suspected until, by some little slip in the genuflexions, it was seen that he was not a true son of Allah. About two thousand persons set upon him in fury, and the only explanation he is able to give of his escape in the terrible confusion which followed is that there were two thousand. If there had been many less, he insists, he could never have got off with his life.

His principal achievement, as has been

indicated, is as a writer in the Italian language. Two of his more recent works have gone into several editions. One is a novel entitled "Il Paura del Ridicolo," the other is a two-volume quarto on Italian romance, from the time of Manzoni to that of D'Annunzio. Other of his Italian writings are: "Entro un Cerchio di Ferro," a psychological study of marriage; "The Fanfara of the Bersiglieri," a volume of short stories;

"Studi-Danteschi," studies in the Divine Comedy; "Memmo, one of the People," a novel of Italian Socialism and the Florentine bread riots. He has also written a volume in Latin, "De Deo Lapso Commentarius," which is a study of Satan; and several volumes in English, namely, "Alaska Legends and Totems," "The Friar in Fiction," and "Some Early Printers and Their Colophons."

Writing in the Gironale d'Italia (Rome) recently, Guido Mazzoni, reviewing Mr. Kennard's work on Italian romance, said:

"Mr. Kennard is of the opinion that Italy is in great need of moral regeneration and he thinks

that prose fiction—romance, the novel—will conduce greatly as a means to this end. To the woman question, the educational question, the question of family training, the religious question and many others will be brought by the Italian novel of the future, powerful auxiliary facilities for solution. And possibly even more than this is to be expected from the Italian novel of the future, which, to speak candidly, seems to-day unconscious, so far as its authors are concerned, of any mission in this respect, or which fails to attach importance to it. . . Will the work of Mr. Kennard accomplish good in the sense he has defined for himself? It may be doubted. Much muddy and foul water will have to pass under the bridges spanning the Tevere before there will be any desire for a flow of fresh and clear waves. The mere suggestion is indicative of a certain simplicity. But Mr. Kennard has certainly done well and done much through his diligent and loving study of his theme, through his measured and sane observation and the tem-

perance of his judgment. Few foreign works on our literature possess the fullness and the merits of his."

With even more enthusiasm, the Florence *Marzocco* assures its readers that Mr. Kennard's judgment on every point involved in his elaborate study may be trusted implicitly. His appreciations of the great works in Italian fiction are pronounced by this authority illuminating and true. His sense of propor-

tion never leads him astray.

In a sketch of Dr. Kennard recently written, Dr. Matthew Woods, of Philadelphia, searches for the clue of such brilliant and many-sided success attained by a man still in the forties. Dr. Woods writes:

"Just the clue for a comprehension of so many sided a success it is impossible to supply. It is a practical genius which brings a man back from his heights or his depths to the plains of industry. This personality includes an organization which would be sleepless, or at least restless, in one of less balance. But every mood of restlessness is, by such a science of practical liv-ing, turned into work, accomplishment. What would beamood, vague or devouring in a different nature, is here, through

a peculiar energy, the material for manufacture. Delight is not voiceless. a Have the senses taken delight in color, delicate contour, deep contrast? The painter hastens to his canvas. Has he heard music, drowned himself in its flood? The basic psychologist has learned why and knows how to count the very vibrations which awaken his ardor. Had he scaled the peaks of the world dumbly, it would still be something; but, his analytical faculty awake, we hear of the various characters of their skyward beauty, we receive a discriminating comparison, we can see the sheer wall of that ice-bound Alaskan height, the finest of the earth, shedding its frozen flowers into the green icy sea. And instead of a restless being, in this temperament is rather a man who never rests. The only rest worth having, says Dr. Kennard, is a change of occupation. In such a manner is life to be lived at its fullest. In such a manner may many careers be crowded into one lifetime. The man of action is the man of reflection almost simultaneously."



JOSEPH SPENCER KENNARD

"Last year he was invited to deliver lectures at the Sorbonne, Paris—an honor extended to no other American since the days of Benjamin Franklin"

#### Why The Czar Dislikes Mr. Witte

Nicholas II's dislike of Mr. Witte is as much of an established fact as the practically unanimous evidence of the most reliable newspapers in Europe can make it. dislike is declared to be abiding and profound. The Czar is alleged to have manifested traces of an emotion so joyous when he got rid—or thought he had got rid—of Mr. Witte some two years ago that it can only be compared with the delight credited to Louis XIV when he was told that Cardinal Mazarin lay dying. Exactly why the Czar detests his most illustrious living subject is not made clear by those dailies which in Europe vouch for the genuineness of the antipathy. But there are theories. The Paris Action says Mr. Witte is allied with no clique. The Vienna Neue Freie Presse asserts that the whole weight of orthodoxy is thrown in the scale against Mr. Witte because he is out of sympathy with the principle of religious intolerance. The religious emotionalism of Nicholas II has been "worked upon," according to the Paris Aurore, and he has been made to believe that the work of Witte is essentially anti-religious. But the London News and the London Standard analyze somewhat more profoundly. They tell us that the dislike of the Czar for Witte is a plant which owes some of its hardiness to the slowness of its growth. Mr. Witte westernized his native land to the utmost extent possible. In so doing he laid the whole fabric of Romanoff autocracy in ruins on the ground.

The theory fits so well into the facts that it gains more and more acceptance among students of Russian affairs. The Czar has been assured by his reactionary advisers that it was Mr. Witte who built up the factories in Russia. The building of factories drew the peasants from the rural districts to congregate in large towns. Hence a labor problem, which portends gloomy things for the next few years of the reign of Nicholas II. Mr. Witte is held up to the Czar as "the enemy of the national life," and that, in the court of St. Petersburg, is the most serious charge that can be brought against anyone.

But the most damning fact regarding Mr. Witte would seem, as the Paris Gaulois notes, to be the circumstance that he is most enthusiastically praised by every non-kussian foe of all that the Romanoff dynasty

stands for. The reactionaries who rise so numerously to power and wealth in St. Petersburg are believed to be heavily indebted to those eulogies of Mr. Witte that fall so naturally from lips that are loudest in acclaiming the triumphs of Japan in the war which the world does not yet dare hope is at an end. The immense prestige of Mr. Witte outside of Russia has thus entailed the immense loss of prestige sustained by Mr. Witte in the land of his birth. notion that an overbearing and masterful manner has hurt him with Nicholas II receives little credence from those foreign observers who understand the capacity of the man in dealing with an autocrat. He knows when to be brusque, when to speak plainly, when to present an argument. His "bad manners" have nothing to do with his failure to gain the lasting favor of Nicholas.

Even should peace be concluded through his efforts, Mr. Witte, say those who prophesy, will not vanquish the inveteracy of the Czar's aversion. The war party would hugely rejoice if a Witte peace proved unworkable, if the Czar rejected it. The last triumph of Witte—his attainment of something like religious tolerance in Russia—made many grand ducal enemies and many ecclesiastical foes for him. The achievement is one of the most colossal of Witte's career, thinks Dr. E. J. Dillon, the expert on world politics, who writes thus in The Contemporary Review (London):

"Pobiedonostseff, the Ober Procurator of the Most Holy Synod, was the chief opponent of Witte's system of toleration. According to him there was quite enough toleration in the Tsardom already. Greater firmness was really what was needed. And for a time the Emperor appeared to share his belief. But even from afar M. Witte was watching over the offspring of his heart and brain, and by circuitous ways he piloted it through dangers, until finally on Easter Sunday the Ukase, announcing to all Russia that Witte's mildness had received the Imperial sanction, was promulgated, and Nonconformists and sectarians were free. That is the first fruit of the revolution."

All of which may be true, yet it is notice of a kind calculated, according to recent observations of the Paris press, further to injure Mr. Witte at home. American newspapers, we are assured, have helped to disgrace Mr. Witte in autocratic eyes by their incessant praise of him. His popularity since his arrival as peace commissioner has awakened signs of discontent in St. Petersburg.

#### Various Topics of General Interest

#### With Commodore Perry in Japan

The American expedition which effected the "opening of Japan" started only fiftytwo years ago, and at least one survivor of it is still living in this country. Mr. John S. Sewall, a young man just out of college and with college debts hanging over him, had two years before secured a place as the captain's clerk on board the Saratoga. This ship had, during these two years, been cruising in the China seas chasing pirates and protecting American commerce. When Commodore Perry's expedition reached Hongkong the Saratoga was added to the fleet, and Mr. Sewall now gives us, in the Century, his personal recollections of the event that was destined to have such momentous consequences.

Perry's fleet of four ships—two steam frigates and two sloops-of-war—was for the purpose of carrying a letter to the Mikado. This letter was splendidly engrossed, one copy in English, one in Dutch, one in Chinese. It was enclosed in a sumptuous gold case, and the case enshrined in a rosewood coffer. The letter had originally been written by Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, and was refashioned by his successor, Edward Everett. It asked the Mikado for friendship and trade.

When the little fleet reached Japan, its appearance created a commotion that has been thus described by a Japanese writer, Nitobe:

"The popular commotion in Yeddo . . . was beyond description. The whole city was in an uproar. In all directions were seen mothers flying with children in their arms, and men with mothers on their backs. Rumors of an immediate action, exaggerated each time they were communicated from mouth to mouth, added horror to the horror-stricken. The tramp of war-horses, the clatter of armed warriors, the noise of carts, the parade of firemen, the incessant tolling of bells, the shrieks of women, the cries of children, dinning all the streets of a city of more than a million souls, made confusion worse confounded."

Despite all the terror, officials came out to the fleet, and the usual cordon of guardboats was drawn around it. Perry objected, and ended the argument that ensued by

promising to sink all the guard-boats that did not vanish within fifteen minutes. Here is an extract from Mr. Sewall's narrative:

"I well remember that still, starlit night which closed our first day in Yeddo Bay. Nothing disturbed its peaceful beauty. The towering ships slept motionless on the water, and the twinkling lights of the towns along the shore went out one by one. A few beacon-fires blazing on the hill-tops, the rattling cordage of an occasional passing junk, the musical tones of a distant temple-bell, that came rippling over the bay at intervals through the night—these were to us the only tokens of life in the sleeping empire.

"A sleeping empire, truly; aloof from the world, shut in within itself, utterly severed from the general world-consciousness, not awake to the opportunities and privileges it was later so suddenly and so brilliantly to achieve as one of the world-powers, not even aware that there was

any such high position to be attained.

"A more vigilant watch has rarely been kept than was kept that night on board that fleet. Nothing happened, however, except a brilliant display of meteoric light in the sky during the mid-watch, an omen which terribly alarmed the Japanese on shore, as portending that the very heavens themselves were enlisted on the side of the foreign barbarians. The commodore refers to the phenomenon in his narrative, and adds the devout wish: 'The ancients would have construed this remarkable appearance of the heavens as a favorable omen for any enterprise they had undertaken; it may be so construed by us, as we pray God that our present attempt to bring a singular and isolated people into the family of civilized nations may succeed without resort to bloodshed.'"

The Japanese visitors that were admitted on board the next day proved to be a great surprise. They asked about the then recent Mexican war; about General Taylor and Santa Ana; whether a certain big gun was a Paixhans—which it was; whether the ship had come from New York or Philadelphia or Boston. All this for a "hermit nation" was doing pretty well, and showed that the Japanese intelligence department was already in working order. The American officers afterward found out that the Japanese printers were in the habit of republishing in their own language such textbooks as Bridgman's "History of the United States," which American missionaries in China used in their schools.

We quote again at this point from Mr. Sewall:

"In their official dealings with us, it was interesting to see how the authorities clung to their time-honored policy of exclusion. It was a curious contest of steady nerve on one side, met by the most nimble parrying on the other. First they directed the commodore to go home; they wanted no letter from an American president, nor any treaty. But the commodore would not go home. Then they ordered him to Nagasaki, where foreign business could be properly transacted through the Dutch. But the commodore declined to go to Nagasaki.

"If, then, this preposterous barbarian would not budge, and his letter must be received, they would receive it without ceremony on board ship. But his Western mightiness would not

deliver it on board ship.

"Then they asked for time to consult the court at Yeddo, and the commodore gave them three days—days big with fate; but exactly what happened at court we may never know. This much is certain, that our reluctant friends yielded at last; that pestilent letter would be received, and commissioners of suitable rank would come from court for the purpose."

Commodore Perry played his part with consummate diplomacy. In all the preliminary negotiations he kept himself veiled in mystery, in accord with Oriental ideas and customs. Until he landed for the actual ceremonial presentation of the letter, no Japanese eye had been allowed to behold him. He was a man, Mr. Sewall says, "of splendid physique and commanding presence," and his insight into Oriental character, his dignity, firmness, poise, and stately courtesy were prime factors in his success. The ceremony of the presentation was very brief:

"A few words between the interpreters, and then, at a signal, entered two boys in blue followed by two stalwart negroes. In slow and impressive fashion they brought in two rosewood boxes which contained the mysterious papers. These were opened in silence and laid on the scarlet coffer. Prince Iwami handed to the interpreters a formal receipt for the documents. The commodore announced that he would return the next spring for the reply. A brief conversation in answer to a question about the progress of the Taiping Rebellion in China, and the conference closed, having lasted not more than twenty minutes. It was a short ceremony, witnessed by not more than fifty or sixty persons; but it was the opening of Japan!"

Years afterwards it transpired that, in a room adjoining that in which this ceremony took place, was a young Japanese by the name of Nakahama Maujiro, who acted as interpreter and informant for the Japanese commissioners. Fifteen years before, Nakahama, with two other boys, while out fishing in a boat, had been carried out to sea and wrecked on a desert island. After living a Swiss-Family-Robinson sort of life for a year and a half, they had been picked up by an American whaler and carried to Honolulu. They afterward reached the United States and received an education. Later, growing homesick, they took a ship for Shanghai, and when a few miles from Loochoo cut adrift in a whaleboat and pulled for shore. On reaching shore they were arrested, forwarded to Japan, and there imprisoned for three years, while the officials debated what to do with Perry's arrival made their knowledge of America peculiary valuable to the Japanese, and Nakahama, after the negotiations, was transformed into a noble and decorated with two swords.

In February of the next year, 1854, Perry with nine ships went to get an answer to his letter. His demands "were contested inch by inch," but the Japanese commissioners "almost invariably yielded," and the treaty was signed on Friday, March 31, 1854.

#### "Frivolous" Influence of American Women in England

"Colonial influence in England is masculine, vigorous and wholesome; American influence is feminine, frivolous and fleeting." Such is the conclusion set forth by an anonymous writer in *The Contemporary Review*, who signs himself "Colonial," and whose paper, as might be inferred from this pseudonym, is an *ex parte* presentation rather than an attempt to be judicial. His theme is "Titled Colonials"—referring, of course, to British Colonials—"versus Titled Americans," and in all the many points of comparison which are instituted between these

two classes there is but one in which the comparison is at all favorable to the American women. The latter are admitted to have the greater "charm"; but even here the writer hastens to show the superficiality of this charm and to make it appear almost as another count in the indictment rather than a mitigating circumstance.

The world hears much of Americans, "Colonial" admits, and very little of colonials in London. A writer in a woman's magazine—presumably in England—is quoted to the effect that "it is a reproach to be a

colonial, a distinction to be an American." But the reasons given by "Colonial" for this lack of attention given to titled colonial women in England are all of them in his eyes creditable to the colonials. One reason is the readiness with which they identify themselves with the English. They are "more English than the English"; whereas the American titled woman "seldom if ever becomes English." "The institutions and circumstances of the United States," says the writer, "have brought forth social and political ideals which have little or nothing in common with ours"—the British.

Another reason for the greater notice paid to Americans is their greater wealth. "Take away their millions from Americans and how much would one hear of them in the great world?" The colonial is often rich, but not so rich as the Americans, because "he enjoys life too well to become entirely absorbed in money-getting, or to exhaust himself in the mad race of the plutocrat." He is not. therefore, worn out in his prime, and "young colonial widows of fortune are as few as young American widows of fortune are Again, the colonial families are larger than the American; consequently the daughters inherit less individually. Then they are not permitted to "roam over Europe" hunting titles while their fathers are working hard at home. Moreover, the colonial rich are not made so notorious by advertising methods and by lavish display. The American rich "hold perhaps the cheapest social ideal of any great people of whom we have any record, for it aims at nothing higher than 'having a good time.'" Feminine frivolity is not unknown among the English, this writer admits, but, being crude, it is not so clever nor so charming as transatlantic frivolity. The American girl's whole education is for social success. Says "Colonial" further:

"Hence, up to a certain point, she has no superior. Bright, good-natured, tactful, well-dressed, she skims over the surface of things with all the grace imaginable. She has a cool head and a cold heart, and is, therefore, without that exquisite suggestiveness which is to the English woman as the delicate blue haze to an English landscape. Individually and collectively the word 'charming' describes her to a nicety; for knowing that charm is essential to social distinction, she has cultivated it until she is a past mistress in the art. But because the world she moves in is divorced from politics and philanthropy, art and literature, she loses touch with the realities of life, the result being that her crowning defect is superficiality. Society having no recognised distinctions, and

birth no privileges, she has not only to struggle for a footing, but to maintain it, which tends rather to restlessness than to repose. Finally, the one essential factor to success is wealth, which is twin sister to luxury. Hence the American in London is irresistibly drawn towards the "smart set," whose one aim is to amuse and be amused; and so it is that while at least two Colonials, Lady Holland and the Empress Josephine, stir the imagination of mankind even to this day, no American has ever become an historical personage except in her own country."

Another grievance "Colonial" gives expression to—for the whole article suggests the word grievance—is the comparative sterility of the American titled women. He goes into considerable statistical detail on this point, but the figures are all summarized in the following tabulation:

AMERICANS OF TITLE.	Their Children.
30 Peeresses	39
22 Wives of Baronets	42
22 with a Courtesy Title	26
74	107
COLONIALS OF TITLE.	THEIR CHILDREN.
23 Peeresses	63
30 Wives of Baronets	102
42 with a Courtesy Title	101
<b>—</b>	
95	266

There is not, we are assured further, a single distinguished peer's son with an American mother, whereas there are several with colonial mothers. Some light on what is thought by the writer to constitute distinction appears from the particulars he goes on to furnish. One of these distinguished sons of colonial mothers is "a famous cricketer"! Another is "equerry to the Prince of Wales." Another commands a brigade of imperial yeomanry and Australian Bushmen. "Colonial" sums up the general effect of the American invasion in England as follows:

"It is often argued that the growing strength of Americans in London is an advantage. But is it? No doubt they have helped to make society brighter, but they have also helped to make it shallower, more extravagant, and more vulgar than it ever was before; and this must be so because, unlike other 'invasions' which have enriched England at the expense of other countries, the American represents no moral or political force. The Huguenots and French Royalists did nothing to lower the tone of English society, because their ideals were lofty and their standards of duty, manners and public service as high as our own. This can hardly be said of the Americans who settle in this country. Their horizon is bounded by society, which would have none of them only for their wealth."

#### Recent Poetry

Now here is a strange thing—a poet who has lived a half-century, won fame and widespreading popularity, and yet has never published a lovepoem! Mr. Edwin Markham's "first love-poem to appear in print"-so it is heralded, and so far as we are aware correctly heralded-appears in the August Cosmopolitan, and it has excited a discussion that by its intensity reminds one somewhat of that caused by his "Man with the Hoe." The new poem is by one writer designated "the noblest love-poem of any length yet produced in America." while another professes to be unable to find "hardly one image, one metaphor, that is not strained, trivial, or false." The poem is undoubtedly studied, and like most studied poems it requires study on the part of the reader. But it will repay him. Here it is in full:

#### Virgilia.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

I

Had we two gone down the world together,
I had made fair ways for the feet of Song,
And the world's fang been but a foam-soft feather,
The world that works us wrong.

With you the cloud of my life had broken, And the heavens rushed up to their final height: That lone last peak of my soul had spoken, That last peak lost in light.

If you had but stayed when the old sweet wonder Was a precious pain in my pulsing side! Why did you hurry our lives asunder—You, born to be my bride?

What sent it upon me—my soul importunes— All the grief of the world in a little span, All the tears and fears, all the fates and fortunes, That the heart holds for a man?

Is this then the pain that the first gods kneaded Into all joy that the bright world brings? Did the tears fall into the heap unheeded, These tears in mortal things?

But why it was that the whole world wasted,
This you will know when they count the tears,
After the dust of the grave is tasted,
After this noise of years.

Yet some things stay though a world lies broken, I keep some things that were dear of old—
That first kiss spared and that last word spoken
And the glint of your hair's faint gold.

Do you mind that hour in the soft sweet morning When I held you fast in divine alarms, When my soul stood up like a god adorning His body with bright arms? Forget it not till the crowns are crumbled And the swords of the kings are rent with rust— Forget it not till the hills lie humbled, And the springs of the seas run dust.

II

What was I back in the world's first wonder?—
An elf-child found on an ocean-reef,
A sea-child nursed by the surge and thunder,
And marked for the lyric grief.

So I will go down by the way of the willows, And whisper it out to the mother Sea, To the soft sweet shores and the long bright billows, The dream that cannot be.

There will be help for the soul's great trouble, Where the clouds fly swift as the foot of fear, Where the high gray cliff in the pool hangs double, And the moon is misting the mere.

'Twas down in the sea that your soul took fashion, O strange Love born of the white sea-wave! And only the sea and her lyric passion Can ease the wound you gave.

I will go down to the wide wild places,
Where the calm cliffs look on the shores around:
I will rest in the power of their great grave faces
And the gray hush of the ground.

On a cliff's high head a gray gull clamors, But down at the base is the Devil's brew, And the swing of arms and the heave of hammers, And the white flood roaring through.

There on the cliff is the sea-bird's tavern,
And there with the wild things I'll find a home,
Laugh with the lightning, shout with the cavern,
Run with the feathering foam.

I will climb down where the nests are hanging, And the young birds scream to the swinging deep,

Where the rocks and the iron winds are clanging, And the long waves lift and leap.

I will thread the shores to the cavern hollows,
Where the edge of the wave runs white and thin;
I will sing to the surge and the foam that follows
When the dark tides thunder in.

I will go out where the sea-birds travel, And mix my soul with the wind and sea; Let the green waves weave and the gray rains ravel, And the tides go over me.

The sea is the mother of songs and sorrows, And out of her wonder our wild loves come; And so it will be thro' the long to-morrows, Till all our lips are dumb. She knows all sighs and she knows all sinning, And they whisper out in her breaking wave: She has known it all since the far beginning, Since the grief of that first grave.

She shakes the heart with her stars and thunder And her soft low word when the winds are late; For the sea is Woman, the sea is Wonder— Her other name is Fate!

There is daring and dream in her billows break-

In the burst of her beauty our griefs forget: She can ease the heart of the old, old aching, And put away regret.

#### III

Will you find rest as our ways dissever?
Will the gladness grow as the days increase?
Howbeit, I leave on your soul forever
The word of the eternal peace.

I will go the way and my song shall save me,
Tho' grief goes with me ever abreast:
I will finish the work that the strange God gave
me,
And then pass on to rest.

I will go back to the great world-sorrow,

To the millions bearing the double load—

The fate of to-day and the fear of to-morrow:

I will taste the dust of the road,

I will go back to the pains and the pities
That break the heart of the world with moan;
I will forget in the grief of the cities
The burden of my own.

There in the world-grief my own grief humbles, My own hour melts in the days to be, As the wild white foam of a river crumbles, Forgotten in the sea.

Another love-poem, which is said by the San Francisco Argonaut to be "a favorite poem" with Bliss Carman, is printed by that journal with an interesting explanation. "The man who is supposed to have written it—now a journalist in New York—is believed never to have written any other poem." The Argonaut does not know where it first appeared, and thinks that the copy from which it prints "is probably imperfect," having been given by Bliss Carman to a friend and several times copied. It appears in none of the anthologies, and no title is given, except the one below:

#### A Wandering Poem

By Mitchell Kennerley.

Heart of my heart, my life, my light!
If you were lost what should I do?
I dare not trust you from my sight
Lest Death should fall in love with you.

Such countless perils lie in wait!
The gods know well how fair you are What if they left me desolate
And took and set you for a star!

Then hold me close, the gods are strong, And happiness so rare a flower No man may hope to keep it long— And I may lose you any hour.

Then kiss me close, my star, my flower! So shall the future grant us this: That there was not a single hour We might have kissed, and did not kiss!

A very successful use of the meter of "Locksley Hall" is found in the following melodious love-poem by a writer whose name is not familiar to many. It is printed in *The Smart Set*, and it has melody and passion and tropical glow:

#### Carita

#### BY HILTON R. GREER

Do you ever dream, Carita, of a twilight long ago, When the stars rained silver splendor from the skies of Mexico?

When the moonbeams on the plaza traced a shimmering brocade, And the fountain's tinkling tumult seemed a rip-

pling serenade?

When the velvet-petaled pansies, lifting light lips in the gloom,

Breathed their yearning for the night winds in a passion of perfume?

When in soft cascades of cadence from a garden dim and far,

Came the mournful mellow music of a murmurous guitar?

Years have flown since then, Carita, fleet as orchard-blooms in May;

But the hour that fills my dreaming—was it only yesterday?—

Stood we two a space in silence while the southern sun slipped down,

And the gray dove, Dúsk, with brooding pinions wrapt the little town.

Then you raised your tender glances, darkly, dreamily, to mine,

And my pulses clashed like cymbals in a rhapsody divine,

And the pent-up fires of longing burst their prison's weak control,

And in wild, hot words came leaping madly from my burning soul;

Wild, hot words that told of passion, hitherto but half expressed;

And I caught you close, Carita, clasped you, strained you to my breast,

While the twilight-purpled heavens reeled around us where we stood,

And a tide of bliss swept surging through the currents of our blood!

And I spent my soul in kisses, crushed upon your scarlet mouth!

O Carita, señorita, dusk-eyed daughter of the South!

It was well that fate should part us; it was well my path should lead

Back to slopes of high endeavor—nay, and was it well, indeed?

You were of a tropic people, steeped in roses and romance,

Lovers of the gay fiesta, music, and the mazy dance!

I was from a northern country, scion of that colder race

Who have missed the most of living in their foolish phantom chase!

You have wed some swarthy Southron; learned long since his every whim,

Rolled cigarros, poured the mescal, sung the southern songs for him.

I have fought my fight and triumphed; all the world repeats my name;

Yet I prize one hour of loving more than fifty years of fame!

It was but a summer madness that possessed me, men will hold;

And the mellow moon bewitched me with its wizardry of gold.

As they will! But oft, when wearied of the world, I close my eyes,

And in dreams drift back where stars rain silver splendor from the skies,

And I clasp you close, Carita, while each throbbing pulse is thrilled

With a low and mournful cadence that shall nevermore be stilled!

One more poem of love, this time from a well-known English novelist, and ending, as Mr. Markham's and Mr. Greer's end, in the minor key of love's frustration. We quote it from Scribner's:

#### The Fisherman

By EDBN PHILPOTTS

I

He was a lad of high degree; She was a farmer's daughter. He came to fish the silver ley; Or did he come to court her?

"Oh, angle where you will," quoth she; "The little trout may swim to thee; But never think that you'll catch me."

II

Yet where was that fair maiden born
But felt her heart beat higher
To see a lordling look forlorn
And beg to come anigh her?
"Stray nearer if you must," quoth she
"Since 'tis an act of charity;
But never try to speak to me."

#### III

The woodland ways are sweet and green
Under the summer weather,
And through the dingle, through the dene,
Go boy and girl together.
"You held my hand, because," quoth she,

"The stepping-stones were slippery; But now I'm over, let it be."

#### IV

A heart that burns, a breast that sighs,
Red lips with promise laden;
A pleading voice and bright-brown eyes—
Alas, my pretty maiden!
"Can such a king of men," quoth she,
"Look down to wed a girl like me?
Then will I trust my soul to thee!"

#### V

She sits amid the yellow sheaves,
That little farmer's daughter,
Or counts the scarlet cherry leaves
Fall on the shining water.
"Red leaves and river deep," quoth she,
"Come hide my tear-worn heart, for he
Hath broken and forgotten me."

The transition from love to Petrarch certainly is not a difficult one. The following beautiful verses are published as a poem-in-dedication to a volume of translations from Petrarch. We quote them from The Sunset Magazine:

#### To My Father's Memory

#### By Agnes Tobin

To those whose hearts upon some coffin lie
To knock for entrance—whose best visions took
Fire from a grave—I dedicate the cry
And all the tidal sameness of this book.

They will not blame me if my poet repeat A thousand times his phrases like a child—For like a child he tried new words and sweet Of love unearthly, vigilant, and wild.

To Petrarch life was but a mirror fair Wherein his lady's beauties tranced lay— Her eyes, her lips, her voice, her smile, her hair Made the strange spectrum of his lonely day.

For me—I con these bright monotonous things That when my angel meets me on the strand And stuns me in the rushing of his wings I may say something he can understand.

The Metropolitan Magazine has been offering cash prizes (not dazzling in amount) for poems and one of the ten prize-winners is the poem be-

#### The King

By Charles Hanson Towne

I am the king of a wide domain, and you deem it a wonderful thing,

But the kingly height is a terrible height—God pity the lonely king!

Heed this, O you who envy me niy purple and pomp and clan,

Thank Him who made you and made us all, that He made you a Common Man!

What of the pride and the glory of name, the absolute wealth of the land,

When what I need and crave the most is the clasp of a comrade's hand?

But king am I of a vast domain, and crowned by a foolish fate,

While a foolish world bows down to me and dares to call me great.

My ships fare forth to the open sea, my mariners speed afar,

Where the sweet adventure, the risk and the loss and the wonderful conflict are.

My soldiers fly to the far-off hills at the sound of the cannon's call,

But the helpless king and the lonely king, he bides in his palace hall.

Oh, for a glimpse of the wide, great world, and a taste of the life that is true-

A taste of the life that is yours, and yours; oh, for the larger view!

To march, uncrowned, with the eager throng that moves on the white highway

To know their mirth, their tears, their loves, the hopes of their golden day;

To sing with them, and to lift his voice with the horde of the Common Men-

That is the prayer the monarch prays, again, again and again!

Out in the heart of the golden Spring I know where banners wave

More bright than the pennons that are mine own, more beautiful and brave.

Crown me with freedom of the hills, and place upon my lip

A song of the honest brotherhood and the noble fellowship!

Make me the equal of other men! Oh, let it not be said

No humble heart may walk with me the foolish height I tread!

Let me out where the teeming flood pours toward Life's open sea.

And let me walk the way of man with all humanity.

Bitter the heart that beats in my breast when I hear the clamor of life

And know that the world so far from me gives me no part in its strife.

They prate the joy of rulers; yea, they cry the

glory of kings, But few may know what loneliness about a great throne clings.

Sadly I reign in my palace place, and none may understand

How much I crave the world's turmoil and the clasp of a comrade's hand.

I am the king of a wide domain, and you deem it a wonderful thing, But the kingly height is a terrible height—God

pity the lonely king!

There are many—not too many—Robertses, all of them, from Charles G. D. down, literary, and all passionately fond of God's out-of-doors. We reprint from The Independent one of the atest contributions on this theme from the Roberts family:

#### The Wind and the Book

By THEODORB ROBERTS

Safe in his shaded garden-place He sped the August afternoon With pictured book-his pallid face To comfort, and the hour atune.

And ever as he read the tale Of love—rare smile and bended knee — The wind came by and flipt the page, And whispered something of the sea.

And ever as he read of her-The Lady of the High Disdain-The vagrant breeze slipt through the vines And turned the printed page again.

And as he read that inland tale Of courts and love and ease and pride The wind came by and flipt the page, And whispered something of the tide.

Between the bushes and the vines. Between the shadow and the tree, The wind recalled his vagrant heart With some brave message from the sea.

To-night the rain is on the leaves, Lamenting through the garden-place; The dreamer and the wind are gone -The book lies open on its face.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland, Oregon, devoted one week to Western authors, the last day (July 15) being "Western Poets' Day." Very fittingly, Joaquin Miller wrote for that day the following poem. It has a genuineness about it that we have sometimes missed in his poetry, and the self-consciousness which has marred much of his work is but slightly in evidence. We omit the author's foot-notes, which are historical rather than poetical. We never did like foot-notes to a poem.

#### The Orgeon Sierra

By Joaquin Miller.
Sierra Madre, Mother peaks,
That keep companion with the sun!
Sierra di Nevada, streaks
Of snow and sun inwound as one—
Ye be but babes! Behold, behold
My peaks of snow and sun and gold
That gild the crimson, cobalt dawn;
That ward the em'rald Oregon;
That lift to God, in changeless white
Above the bastioned walls of night—
Inspiring more to look upon
Than golden dolphins of Nippon.

What shapely pyramids of snow, Set here, set there, set anywhere, White as white flocks that feed below: As if old Egypt planted there And left proud pyramids to grow, Ten million tall and multiplied Until they pushed the stars aside! And yet what man hath seen or said, In song or tale, how grandly fair This nameless glory overhead—This unnamed New Jerusalem White as God's trailing garment's hem?

The pioneer, content to teach Christ's holy lessons and to rest,
To preach content and ever preach
That rest, sweet rest, is reckoned best—
This buckskin prophet drove the plow;
For he was worn, as worn with years.
Two thousand miles of thirst and tears,
Two thousand miles of bated breath,
Two thousand miles of dust and death,
When lo, yond gleaming hemispheres!
But now the world shall know, yea now
His son's face lifteth from the plow!

Fiona Macleod is not always enshrouded in Gaelic mysticism, as the following, taken by us from the London Academy, shows:

#### The Founts of Songs

By FIONA MACLEOD

"What is the song I am singing?"
Said the pine-tree to the wave:
"Do you not know the song
You have sung so long
Down in the dim green alleys of the sea,
And where the great blind tides go swinging
Mysteriously,
And where the countless herds of the billows are
hurl'd
On all the wild and lonely beaches of the world?"

On all the wild and lonely beaches of the world?"

"Ah, Pine-tree," sighed the wave,

"I have no song but what I catch from thee:
Far off I hear thy strain
Of infinite sweet pain
That floats along the lovely phantom land.
I sigh, and murmur it o'er and o'er and o'er,
When 'neath the slow compelling hand
That guides me back and far from the loved shore,

I wander long
Where never falls the breath of any song,
But only the loud, empty, crashing roar
Of seas swung this way and that for evermore."

"What is the song I am singing?"
Said the poet to the pine:
"Do you not know the song
You have sung so long
Here in the dim green alleys of the woods
Where the wild winds go wandering in all moods,
And whisper often o'er and o'er,
Or in tempestuous clamors roar
Their dark eternal secret evermore?"

"Oh, Poet," said the Pine,
"Thine
Is that song!
Not mine!
I have known it, loved it, long!
Nothing I know of what the wild winds cry
Through dusk and storm and night.
Or prophesy
When tempests whirl us with their awful might.
Only, I know that when
The poet's voice is heard
Among the woods
The infinite pain from out the hearts of men
Is sweeter than the voice of wave or branch or
bird
In these dumb solitudes."

A poet who has not yet, perhaps, quite arrived, but who is arriving, is Mr. Arthur Guiterman, who writes mostly for *The Times* (New York). He has in a recent issue a batch of interesting aphorisms taken from the Hindus and done into English quatrains. We reprint several:

He laughed derision when his foes
Against him cast, each man, a stone;
His friend in anger flung a rose—
And all the city heard him groan.

"He is my brother, dear!"
The sister says. But, "Nay!"
Death answers, standing near:
"He is my prey."

Be this engraved:
"The man who misses his chance,
The monkey who misses his branch,
Cannot be saved."

Our Earth and Sky are weighty querns; Our deeds and strivings heap the grains; The Unseen Miller turns and turns; Between the millstones—what remains?

Another quatrain, pitched in much the same key, is taken from Munsey's:

#### On the Stage of Life

By Tom Masson

We are like puppets in some conjurer's hands,
Who smiling, easy, nonchalantly stands
And says, amid the universal cheers:
"You seethis man—and now he disappears!"

#### Recent Fiction and the Critics

The most interesting thing about Mr. Swinburne's new-old novel\* is that it is Swinburne's. It is the only thing in the form of a novel that

he has published, and, coming
Love's Cross at this period in his life (he is
Currents 68 years of age), its advance
announcement excited general

interest and much trepidation. It proves, however, to be a revision of a work published in The Tatler (England) as a serial under the title "A Year's Letters," beginning its course in August, 1877, and closing in December. "The Tatler died a fortnight later," observes Mr. Clement K. Shorter rather viciously. Swinburne's name was not attached to the serial, a pseudonym ("Mrs. Horace Manners") being used. Four years ago Mr. Mosher, of Maine ("the lynx-eyed Mr. Mosher" Miss Gilder calls him), published this epistolary story in book form, attributing it in his advertisements (not on the title-page) to Swinburne. In his dedication to the work in its present form the author calls it a "buried bantling" of his literary youth, and places the responsibility for its resurrection upon Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.

The reception given to the work is not enthusiastic. It has been rather better received in England than in America. Sidney Low, for instance, says in the London Standard:

"The book has wit and cleverness, distinction of style, and a certain dramatic grasp of character. It is a piece of psychological analysis worked out with a light but stringent touch... The book is adroit and finished all through—a slight piece of work, but with plenty of artistic quality. If Mr. Swinburne has more unpublished or unknown novels in his escritoire, we should be glad to see them."

W. L. Courtney, in The Daily Telegraph (London), describes the motif of the work as a desire "to paint the practical impossibility of a 'grande passion' in the mid-Victorian era," and says that if we once rid ourselves of the idea of a plot, we shall find in the work a series of clever letters "full of brilliant phrases, exceedingly ingenious and witty." The Westminster Gazette thinks the author has no reason to repent for the publication of the story. It is "extremely interesting," "life and literature both enter into it," and the critic calls for more of the same sort. Mr. Shorter, however (in The Sphere), calls the work

a "comparatively insignificant book," and the London Outlook speaks of "these ineffectual pages" and considers that Mr. Watts-Dunton has "through excess of friendship counselled like an enemy." The Academy takes Mr. Watts-Dunton similarly to task: "The prolixity of the style is wearisome"; "the poet has wandered into ground where he is not at home," etc.

Coming to America. The Press, of Philadelphia, admits that "as a novel" the work is "not of considerable merit"; but in another sense it has, The Press thinks, "distinguished merit," for the literary style "is one of exceptional brilliancy," and "its humor and epigram are like nothing in his other writings." The Evening Post (New York) also speaks of the "brilliancy of phrasing," "the aptness of quotation," and the "keen psychological perception" displayed; but these "cannot save this novel from the charge of an awkward and feeble handling of the plot." The Tribune and The Outlook are particularly severe. "About as schoolgirlish a performance as anything we have read in years," says the former. Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, in a syndicated review, calls the story "not bad," if viewed as a youthful effort; but "while it is clever it never scintillates."

The work opens with a "torrential dedication" (the London Times's phrase) to Mr. Watts-Dunton. Then comes a "lengthy prolog in which the various characters are presented, and their rather confusing genealogy explained." This prologue the London Times finds "the best part of the story," but it fails to interest other critics. The rest of the work is thus described in The Evening Post (New York):

"After a time the story emerges. A sweet young female Stanford grows up and marries a Lord Cheyne, while an older female of the John Cheyne brood marries a Radworth, an absorbed man of science. Then Francis Cheyne, a young male of the John Cheyne line, falls in love with the sweet young wife of Lord Cheyne. At the same time the sweet young wife's half-brother, Reginald Harewood, becomes madly infatuated with Mrs. Radworth, his elder by two years. Of course, all this is very wrong, and the situation is one requiring all the tact and diplomacy of Lady Midhurst, who, it is not easy to remember, is the grandmother of both the sweet young lady Cheyne and the impulsive Reginald, as well as the aunt of Mrs. Radworth and Francis Cheyne. This old woman is sixty at the time, with an extensive knowledge of the world, and an extraordinary fondness for French quotations.. She

<sup>\*</sup>Love's Cross Currents. A Year's Letters. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Harper & Brothers,

writes very long and very shrewd letters to everybody caught in the cross-currents, and gets called a fool for her pains. As it turns out, fate steps in to end the mild intrigue between the sweet young Lady Cheyne and Francis, and old Lady Midhurst succeeds in pulling young Reginald out of the teeth of Clara Radworth, who, after all, had not meant to cross the line separating the 'safe' from the unsafe."

The Boston *Herald* reproduced the passage below as "a specimen of the author's ability to translate into prose those qualities which have distinguished him as a poet:

"Nothing hurts me now but the look of her. She has sweet heavy eyes, like an angel's in some great strange pain; eyes without fear or fault in them, which look out over coming tears that never come. There is a sort of look about her lips and under the eyelids as if some sorrow had pressed there with his finger, out of love for her beauty, and left the mark. She has a throat like pearl color, with flower color over that; and a smell of blossom and honey in her hair. No one on earth is so infinitely good as she is. Her fingers leave a taste of violets on the lips. She is greater in her mind and spirit than men with great names. Only she never lets her greatness of heart out in words."

The little novelette\* which Booth Tarkington has lately published seems to have given general delight, and is not unfavorably compared with that artistic little tale that first

The Beautiful gave him fame—"Monsieur BeauLady caire." The only criticism that we have noted of a distinctly unfavorable character is that in the Boston Transcript. It says that his "attempts to strike twice with a story of the 'Monsieur Beaucaire' type are still in vain." It adds:

"He made the endeavor a year or so ago with 'Cherry'; he now tries it again with 'The Beautiful Lady,' which is scarcely a tale of the substance whereof books should be made. Nevertheless, brevity is rather to its advantage than its disadvantage."

That is not severe, especially for *The Transscript*, but it is about as severe as anything we find. The slight plot is thus described in the same paper:

"It [the story] is told in the first person by an impecunious Italian who is forced to submit himself to the laughter of the Parisian populace by sitting daily in a public place with the advertisement of a variety theatre painted on his shaven head. His gentle spirit endures the indignity for a week. He then obtains employment as companion to a rich young American, discovers that the lady the American loves is almost engaged to his own rascally half-brother, and finally thwarts his scheme and makes his employer happy."

The New York Sun is one of the journals that

dismiss the story rather slightingly. "The author shows a good deal of insight into Italian feeling and sensitiveness, which seems wasted amid the foolery of the story," it remarks; but it also notes that the story is "bright and amusing all the same." The Springfield Republican has praise for it, but the faint sort that damns. It says: "It is fiction of the slightest sort, but rather entertaining, with the sentimental appeal which has contributed so much to Mr. Tarkington's popularity." Firmin Dredd, in The Bookman, calls it a "mere trifle," but lays emphasis on the fact that it is "a delightful trifle," which, while lacking "Monsieur Beaucaire's" dramatic action, "equals it in the originality of its conception, in its pathos, and surpasses it in its whimsical humour." The Evening Post (New York) reviewer says similarly that the story "is as perfect in conception and as dainty and at the same time as thorough in execution as was 'Monsieur Beaucaire.'" He adds:

"Through the story runs a vein of pathos, but always the parallel and more clearly defined vein of humor balances and gently restrains it. Humor whose appeal at one time is direct and irresistible; at another is not subtle, but indirect and born of suggestion; and at still another is gentle with the thought of how easy it would be to make room for the pleading pathos."

Quotations from other reviewers would be, in the main, but repetitions of the foregoing.

Another novel\* that has called forth many superlatives from even some of the more discriminating critics is Sidney McCall's latest work—a study of

Japanese character which, according to one reviewer, is "truer of the Gods to fact than Lafcadio Hearn's 'Japan.'" The scheme of the novel is thus described in the Boston Transcript (which says of the work that "as a picture of life it is scarcely open to amendment") as follows:

"Beginning in Washington, the reader finds himself in the midst of a group of dignitaries whose central figure is a Western senator, with diplomatic leanings in general and a fondness for Japan in particular. His appointment comes as a matter of course, and with wife, daughter, a Japanese girl who has been educated in America, and a youthful Frenchman who is in love with the Japanese girl, he immediately takes passage for Tokio. The story practically opens with their arrival at their destination. The little Yuki is welcomed by her parents, her French lover is forbidden to communicate with her, she is forced into marriage with a high and mighty Japanese prince, and throughout the final pages of the story she treads the downward path to misery, disaster and a pathetic death. Although this tale has little novelty in it, and little

<sup>\*</sup>THE BRAUTIFUL LADY. By Booth Tarkington. McClure, Phillips & Co.

<sup>\*</sup>THE BREATH OF THE GODS. By Sidney McCall. Little, Brown & Co.

skill in its telling, the glimpses it offers into a Japanese home, into Japanese modes of thought, into family relations far different from ours, give it a striking interest and a permanent importance. The details of home and family life are not merely described. They are analyzed to their very depths."

Four years have elapsed since the author's previous work, "Truth Dexter," was published, and most critics find the present novel a realization of the hopes awakened in the former work. The Reader's Magasine speaks approvingly of the "picturesque details" of the present work, its "elaborate descriptions" and "carefully wrought style." It says further:

"The pretty, weak French attache, dragged down by a selfish love; the American farmer, who makes a late but successful entry into diplomacy; the fair Gwendolen and her practical lover, relieve a tragedy that upon American soil would fall into melodrama."

The Philadelphia Book News thinks also that the escape from melodrama is a narrow one. It says:

"Sidney McCall barely escapes the Archibald Clavering Gunter style in this new story. He [?] has crowded a remarkable series of events into some three hundred pages, and has finally fallen into an unhappily tragic mood that makes the last part of the tale doleful in the extreme."

The New York Sun's reviewer takes a more favorable review of these features of the novel. He says:

"The plot is clear and strong, the intention unconfused, the characters real and easily visualized. Intense in parts and strongly colored with the mysticism and fanaticism of the East, it is not inconsistent with the elements and conditions of which it is made up. The climax is jumbled in an unduly hysterical fashion as if, indeed, the writer came under the spell of his own creation and lost control for an interval. But the denouement, if tragic, is dignified and restrained, in keeping with the true Japanese spirit."

A reviewer in *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia) is pretty nearly carried away with the book. He writes in the following enthusiastic way:

"The writer, who appears under the pen-name of Sidney McCall, is undoubtedly a woman, and she is just as certainly a genius. It amazes us to read of the enormous sale of trashy novels that are forgotten as soon as read, and to think that such a work as this passes unrecognized, or barely recognized, by professed critics. No other book to be compared with this was ever written by an American woman. The poor stuff that the world accepts from Mrs. Humphry Ward as literature is historical only in the sense in which it represents the shallow, frothy, superficial, middle-class, Philistine scepticism of a period of transition. To talk of it as an interpretation of any real life that was ever lived is nonsense; and here we have a genius, entering a strange land, learning to know it, learning to

understand its people, learning to know their hearts and read their minds and see the operation of their most secret springs of conduct, and then, to the marvellous gift of almost prophetic insight, adding a power of prophetic interpretation which has been equalled, as we believe, in the last fifty years, by no one but George Eliot."

"The Walking Delegate" is another story well worth while, but not a story designed primarily to please and entertain. It is "a man's

book," says the St. Louis Mirror

The Walking —"full of action, strong situations and breath-taking climaxes."

"It was bound to come," says George Siebel, in the Pittsburg Commercial Gasette, "and the great labor novel is here." Jack London writes a review of the work for the San Francisco Examiner, in the course of which he says:

"Not only is it a human document that is significant, opportune and real, but it is the first fair-minded labor novel to make its appearance in the midst of a flood of labor novels which are anything and everything but fair-minded. The writer shows close familiarity with his subject—with the lives of the people with whom he deals, with their home life and work life and business life."

We take the following description from *The Dial* (Chicago):

"Here we have a work which is fairly brutal in its realism, a vivid and vigorous transcript of life in the labor world of a great city, a book written without any pretence of style, yet crudely impressive by virtue of its picturesque speech and its close acquaintance with the conditions depicted. It is a study of the 'labor leader' and his methods—as illustrated by a Parks or a Shea—and unsparingly exposes the corrupt and criminal practices whereby a strong and unscrupulous bully becomes the master of his union and maintains the terrorism of his rule. His exposure and disgrace are finally brought about by the persistent efforts of the honest workingman who opposes him, and virtue is triumphant in the end. The book is quite as scathing in its treatment of the corrupt methods of the employer as in its implied denunciation of trade union methods, and thus holds a fairly even scale between the two parties to the struggle. It is a veritable sink of iniquity that is here uncovered for our gaze, but the whole story is made only too sadly credible by the actual occurences with which our newspapers make us familiar from day to day."

The London Athensum treats the work with respect and concludes a review as follows:

"The characterization of the story is gripping, and the dialogue is better than the curate's famous egg. The style is picturesque without being purple." The London Saturday Review

<sup>\*</sup>THE WALKING DELEGATE. By Leroy Scott. Doubleday Page & Co.

remarks upon the distinctively American character of the work and says it suggests the time when books produced in America will be "written in a language that will have to be translated into English to be understood here." It adds:

"It is not a pleasing story by any means; as story indeed it is of the slightest, it is rather a series of sketches illustrating the contest between good influence and bad influence as controllers of a large gang of labourers. If it is to be taken as in any way typical of one side of life in the New York of to-day, then that life must be in a parlous condition, from which it would take a regiment of Tom Keatings to rescue it. It is an almost unrelievedly sordid story, which does not seem any the more real from the fact that the walking delegate is drawn as a most exaggerated type of villain, who can cow strong men with a look."

Stephen Chalmers, in the New York Times, says that Mr. Scott, though not a stylist, has in this work "planted a literary standard in the field of American labor."

If the preceding novel gives a chance to English journals to descant upon the parlous condition of

A Dark
Lantern

A Dark
Lantern

A Dark
Lantern

A Dark
Lantern

A Dark

Miss Elizabeth Robins's new
work\* affords American journals
a chance to retaliate concerning

social conditions in England. The World To-day, for instance, remarks of this book: "It is another of those sad disclosures of the degeneracy of rich English society with which we are becoming altogether too familiar." Such a criticism, however The World To-day goes on to say, falls far short of indicating the author's intention:

"Beneath the story itself is a subtle study of the love of a woman to whom marriage is only a convention and who does not hesitate to follow her impulses to neglect its requirements when she so desires. If the attitude which Katherine and her friends take toward marital relations is in any way symptomatic of English society there is room for a new propaganda in favorof the Seventh Commandment. While the book, except in one or two instances, does not offend good taste, its general motive is certainly demoralizing and brings it dangerously near the edge of immorality."

The Nation (New York) thinks the novel one "full of agitating suggestion for inflammable circles where the woman question is always a burning one." It says further:

"Two problems of conduct are presented, discussed at great length, and solved according to the author's conception of right reason and the will of God. The first is, whether the heroine, Miss Dereham, shall or shall not consent to a morganatic marriage with a German prince, who cannot confer the title of Royal Highness on an

English girl without rank, and, indeed, is not very eager to do so. His makeshift offer is spurned by Miss Dereham, and, when he tries to compromise her in a high-born kinsman's ancestral castle, his wicked device is frustrated by the energetic suspicion of the young lady's godmother, Lady Peterborough. Miss Dereham comes out of this affair with honor, and her behavior may be commended for imitation to any perplexed damsel in a similar situation. Her usefulness as a model can be limited only by the number of princes possessing the ancient privilege of left-handed marriage and anxious to

urge it.

"The second problem is not exactly universal in its bearing, but it touches common life more nearly. Some years (we are not told how many), after declining a sort of a marriage with a prince who courted her, Miss Dereham determines to live, without any sort of a marriage, with a physician who does not appear to want her at all! The problem presented is, whether a woman, feeling certain that she is experiencing a grand passion, is justified thereby in forcing herself upon a reluctant man, and in throwing dignity and decency overboard. Miss Robins finds such behavior not only justifiable but admirable, and almost holy."

Robert Bridges, writing in Collier's Weekly, characterizes the book as "a neurasthenic novel," and treats it as another specimen of "the literature of revolt," in which Mr. Bernard Shaw's preserves have been poached on. Shaw, however, has wit and humor, and Miss Robins, Mr. Bridges thinks, has neither. The Reader's Magazine expresses very favorable views of the novel, as follows:

"One has no hesitation in saying that, save for May Sinclair's 'The Divine Fire,' no book so fascinating, so essentially romantic, so charged with those qualities of charm—both sinister and delightful—which constituted the strength of Charlotte's Bronte's work, has appeared for a long time. 'A Dark Lantern' is the pseudonym bestowed upon a London physician of extraordinary ability and amazing personality, who is the 'black-magic' hero of the book. He is offset by a heroine who, in spite of being lady-fine in her tastes and training, has the courage to go head-long against law and convention, and the spirit to take her punishment without whining, and her reward for sacrifice with humility. Kather-ine Dereham and Dr. Garth Vincent are indeed a surprising pair of lovers, and so weighted with fate do their destinies appear to be that the author's assurance that all ends well with them meets with something like incredulity on the part of the reader, who feels a secret conviction that the author can hardly know as much as he does about the matter. Charlotte Bronte would have felt distinctly jealous on behalf of her redoubtable Rochester could she have read of the magnificent brutalities of Garth Vincent, who is certainly the rudest, most selfish, most auto-cratic and altogether insufferable boor that ever stalked through the pages of fiction—with his hands in his pockets-to the perpetual subjugation of all women in and out of the book.

<sup>\*</sup>A DARK LANTERN. By Elizabeth Robins. The Macmillan Company.

#### The Reader's Club

#### Blanco White and Plato

TO THE EDITOR:

Has anyone ever called attention to the fact that the central thought of Blanco White's immortal sonnet beginning

Mysterious Night, when our first parents knew Thee from report divine and heard thy name was long before set forth by one of the disciples of Plato and quoted by Bacon in "The Advancement of Learning"? On page 8 of Prof. Albert S. Cook's edition of Bacon's essay is this:

"And therefore it was most aptly said by one of Plato's school, 'That the sense of man carrieth a resemblance with the sun which, as we see, openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial globe, but then again it obscureth and concealeth the stars and celestial globe; so doth the sense discover natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine.'"

It may be worth while to note the connection in which Bacon uses this quotation. He has just spoken of wonder as "the seed of knowledge," and remarks: "For if any man shall think by view and inquiry into these sensible and material things to attain that light whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature or will of God, then indeed is he spoiled by vain philosophy; for the contemplation of God's creatures and works produceth (having regard to the works and creatures themselves) knowledge; but, having regard to God, no perfect knowledge, but wonder, which is broken knowledge." Blanco White's sonnet has been called the finest sonnet in the English language; yet I fail to find any reference to it either in Hoyt's revised "Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations" or in Bartlett's book, and in "The World's Best Poetry" it appears with the word "I" substituted for "and" in the second line, making utter nonsense.

E. J. W.

#### "White Horses"

TO THE EDITOR:

On rereading recently Kipling's poem, "White Horses," I was reminded of a passage in Archbishop Trench's lecture "On the Poetry in Words." He has just quoted Richter's fine saying: "Every language, as far as spiritual and intellectual matters are concerned, is a dictionary of faded metaphors." The Archbishop comments as follows-

"Sometimes indeed they [the metaphors] have not faded at all. Thus at Naples it is the ordinary language to call the lesser storm-waves 'pecore,' or sheep, the larger 'cavalloni,' or big horses. Who that has watched the foaming crests, the white manes, as it were, of the larger billows as they advance in measured order and rank on rank into the bay, but will own not merely the fitness but the grandeur of this last image?"

Kipling puts it:

"Girth-deep in hissing water
Our furious vanguard strains—
Through mist of mighty tramplings
Roll up the fore-blown manes—
A hundred leagues to leeward,
Ere yet the deep is stirred,
The growing rollers carry
The coming of the herd."

The conception is a strong one; but what a meter for such a subject! R. E. S.

### Vowel Sound in Ancient and Modern Poetry To the Editor:

Looking recently through the early numbers of The Edinburgh Review, now past its century mark, I was attracted to a critical analysis of the sounds of English vowels. Referring, then, to Bridges' and Stones' discussion of classical measures in English verse, I found that they had entirely overlooked this early treatment of the subject. The article is a review by a Scotch scholar of William Mitford's "Inquiry into the Principles of Harmony in Language and the Mechanism of Verse, Modern and Ancient," which had first appeared anonymously in 1774 and had been enlarged and republished in 1804, the review appearing in July, 1805.

I found the article of the reviewer to be supplemental to the work of Mitford, chiefly in an elaboration of the part played by accent in classical verse and the direct inheritance by modern languages of the ancient rules of accent, but giving as well a luminous commentary on Mitford's main theme, the determinant effect of mere duration of vowel sounds in the Latin and Greek verse, and a corollary to this, the utter failure of English classical propunciation in reading poetry.

English classical pronunciation in reading poetry.

"In the poetry of most modern languages," says the Reviewer, "quantity has been little regarded.

The composers of modern music have assumed to themselves, naturally enough, the license of making long syllables short and short ones long, and of accenting unaccented syllables." It is almost impossible to appreciate metrical quantity without comparing the words of a song with the notes to which they are set. Such a comparison will emphasize the duration of sound, and determine the long and short syllables that are not so easily distinguished in reading. Emphasis, the natural quality of the vowel sound and the character of the consonants following are the determining elements of the difficulty of pronunciation and of the time it will occupy.

Attention to quantity has a marked effect upon the modulation, and easy flowing verse is not altogether a question of accents. A few lines of Pope are quoted in the review to indicate the preponderance of the long syllables in English verse:

Might he return and bless once more our eyes New Blackmores and new Milburns would arise. Nay should great Homer lift his awful head, Zoilus again would start up from the dead.

W. C. Ewing.

#### The Awakening. By Maksim Gorky\*

One day I found myself in a wine shop with a man from whom, in very boredom, I solicited some sort of a story of his life. My interlocutor was a being covered with incredibly tattered garments; it seemed as if he had walked during his whole life crowded between narrow walls, and that his clothing had thus become rags and even his flesh disappeared as if torn from the bones.

He was thin, angular and completely bald; his head, a yellow sphere, was like a billiard-ball in all its nudity. On his wrinkled cheeks, over sharp cheek-bones, the skin was so tightly stretched as to appear to shine, while the whole face was furrowed with tiny wrinkles.

But his expression was alive and intelligent, the nose, which was long, quivered at each moment with irony, and his speech ran with ease from his lips, partially covered with a stiff red mustache.

I inferred that his life must have been very interesting.

"Tell you my story?" he asked in a thick voice. "Yes! I must relate something, since you are treating. But the whole story, that is too much. I have lived a little bit too long! It would be tiresome to listen to and sad to tell. But a fragment, a little anecdote or so—so be it! Does that please you? Very well. But order some beer for my trouble, because, you see, descending into the past may sometimes be disagreeable to a man who is descending into a pit.

"This little history, my dear sir, that I am going to tell you, will hardly appear, I presume, interesting and worthy of your intentions as an author. But as for me, it pleases me. It is very simple and here is how it runs:

"One day, on a Christmas Eve, my companion, Iachka Sizoff, and I had passed the whole day in the street offering our services to various ladies to carry their purchases. But the fine ladies did not listen to us; they called their coachmen and went away—which shows you that Iachka and I did not have any luck.

"We had also begged, and by this means gained a little. I had twenty-nine kopecks, of which a ten-kopeck piece given to me by a gentleman on the step of the Court Building was counterfeit. Iachka, a man who was in general much more talented than I, found him-

self at nightfall to be a capitalist: he possessed eleven roubles and seventy-six kopecks. This had been given him, according to his story, in one sum, by a lady who showed herself so good and magnanimous as to make him a present of her purse, even adding her pocket-handkerchief. That, you know sometimes happens. One finds oneself in such a state of goodness that one becomes half crazy and is ready to heap kindnesses on others for relief.

"When Iachka told me of the truly Christian action of this lady, he was, I do not know why, looking about him all the time. Probably he wished to thank the good soul for her generous alms. And he hurried me up constantly: 'Get along! Quick, quick!' when already we were running as fast as we could. I hastened in every part of my body at top speed toward a place of warmth.

"A wind swept snow along the sidewalk and over the roofs, and sharp bits of icicles flew through the air, striking my neck. My face was scratched, one would say, as with a knife, and I was so cold that my neck felt as small as a finger ready to break at the least imprudent motion, so that I tried to hide it in my shoulders for fear of losing my head. Neither of us was dressed for the season, but Iachka was warm because of his success, and I was the more cold because of my envy.

"You see, I am an unlucky dog. Only once a present was made to me, of a samovar. It was full of boiling tea, so that, running away with it, the tea burned my leg and I was obliged to go from the hospital to the prison for care during a whole week. And another time—but that is another story.

"Well, we ran along the street in this manner and Iachka made plans:

""We shall celebrate Christmas . . . chic! We shall pay the rent. . . . Wait, the old witch! Yes . . . a quart of brandy. . . . And also a ham? Hm—it would be good to have a ham. . . . Ha, ha, that will be very dear, eh? You do not know how high the price of hams is just now?"

"I did not know. But I knew the intrinsic value of a ham, and we decided to get one; we agreed to go and buy it in the first shop where were a good many people. When, in a market there is a great rush of customers, it means that the merchandise is good; ergo, as they said

<sup>\*</sup>Translated especially for Current Literature, by Florence Brooks.

in the time of the Latins, one might choose after one's own taste.

"A ham, if you please!' cried Iachka, pushing into the crowd. 'Show me a ham, not too large, but good. . . . Excuse me, but you hurt me in pushing. . . . It is rude, but I understand that politeness is impossible here. . . . It is not my fault if the place is so narrow. . . . How? What, I touched your pocket? Pardon! It was your hand that I found under my arm. . . . I buy for cash, you the same; we have the same right. . . . .

"Iahcka behaved in the shop as if he was there to buy a lot of hams, at least three hundred. As for myself, profiting by the trouble made by him, I acquired—in my own modest manner—a jar of marmalade, a bottle of oil from Provence and two large cooked sausages.

"'Good! Now we shall celebrate!' Iachka triumphed. 'We shall celebrate Christmas!' He danced while he walked, snorting through his nostrils, while his little gray eyes glittered with joy. I also was cheerful.

"To eat from time to time, ah, it is a great pleasure for ordinary folk.

"And so you see, my dear sir, we neared our house, pursued by the winter blast. At that time we lived at the outskirts of the town in a cellar which we rented of a pious old woman—a deserted place, and after six o'clock of a winter day not a living soul! And by chance now appeared a shadowy figure. We were more dead than alive from fright, for while running we suddenly saw a man before us. He was staggering, and seemed drunk. Iachka nudged me, whispering:

"'See his overcoat!'

"You see, to meet a man with an overcoat is agreeable, for the reason that an overcoat is very easy to take off. We walked behind him and we saw that he had broad shoulders, very corpulent. He was talking to himself. We reflected.

"Suddenly he stopped and we almost bumped our noses on his back. He stopped, swung his arms and roared in a deep bass voice deafeningly:

"'I am a man whom nobody loves. . . .'

"One would have thought a cannon went off! Both of us jumped to avoid him. But he saw us. He leaned his shoulder against a fence like a man of experience and demanded:

"'Who are you? Thieves?'

"'We are poor people,' answered Iachka.

"'Poor people! That is well. Because I also am poor . . . in spirit. . . . Where are you going?'

"'Into our hole!' said Iachka.

"I follow you! For I—where shall I go now? I have nowhere to go. Beggars, take me with you! I will give you something to eat and drink. Shelter me, warm me with your kindness."

"'Invite him,' muttered Iachka.

"In this roaring voice I heard the notes of a drunken man, but also something beside—a roar which was the cry of a sick heart, torn and bleeding. I have a keen dramatic scent; I was at one time super in a theater. And I began to invite this roaring man with warmth.

"'I will come, I will come with you, beggars,' he bellowed with all the force of his large lungs.

"We walked by his side and he talked to us:

"'Do you know who I am? I am a man who is celebrating! I am Gontcharoff, Nicola Dmitrievitch, Receiver-General of Contributions, that is who I am! I have a wife at home; I have children—two sons, and I love them.

"There are flowers, pictures, books—all this is mine, all is beautiful. It is warm at my house. But if only everything I have were yours, beggars!

"'You would have money to spend at the wineshops for a long while! You are pigs, certainly, and drunkards. But I am not a drunkard, although I am drunk at this moment. I am drunk because I am stifling. You cannot understand that. It is a deep wound. It is my sickness. . . .'

"I listened with great curiosity. Seeing a man so large and strong, I always think he must be unhappy. For life is not for the healthy and strong men. Life is made for the petty, the miserable, the wicked. Put a sturgeon in a lake, he will smother for sure.

"This roaring man interested me enormously. "We took him to our home, into our cave, which frightened our landlady. She thought that we had brought him to rob and she wanted to notify the police. We reassured her, commenting upon our poor wasted figures beside this enormous being with great arms, a large face, a broad breast. He could have strangled both of us and the old woman besides, without exciting himself. The old woman, reassured, was sent to buy some brandy, and we sat down to the table.

"Our guest took off his overcoat, and we poured libations to the eve of the holiday. He was in shirt-sleeves, taking off his waistcoat also. He sat opposite to us and bellowed:

"'You are evidently thieves; I feel it. You lie in saying you are beggars—you are too young for beggars. . . . And your eyes are too bold. But whatever you are it is all the same to

me! I know that you are not ashamed to live, that is all! And I, I am ashamed! I have fled from my home from shame!'

"'You know, my dear sir, that a nervous malady known as St. Vitus's Dance exists. Well, there are people whose consciences suffer from this same malady.'

"And I perceived that the receiver-general was this kind of a man.

""In my house,' he pursued, 'everything is arranged on a grand scale. It is horribly disgusting to live on a grand scale. Everything is placed and hung up once for all. Everything is so planted in its place that even an earthquake could not displace tables, chairs, cabinets. They have struck root both in the floor and in the soul of my wife. Wooden and without soul, they are rooted in our life, and I cannot even live unless they take part in it.

"'Do you understand? From the habit of association with all these articles one becomes oneself a piece of wood. You get used to them, you take care of them, you pity them, devil take them!

"They grow and cumber the place, they drive the air out of the room, and you can no longer breathe. To-day all this army of embodied habits is all ready for the holiday, washed, scrubbed, brushed and polished. They are polished disgustingly. They mock at me. Yes, they know. Formerly I had only three, a bed, a table, a chair. I had a portrait of Herzen, besides. Now I possess a hundred different articles of furniture. They require that people worthy of their price sit upon them. And so at my house only people in good circumstances come to sit down."

"The receiver took a gulp of brandy and continued:

"They are all honest people, persons who are half dead, pious cattle, brought up on the gentle herbage of the prairies of Russian literature. I feel an inexpressible ennui with them; I stifle at the odor of their talk. I know all that they are going to say and I know that they can do nothing to become more alive, more interesting.

""Ugh, ugh! They are terrible because of the stupidity of their souls. Their words are as heavy as stones. When they come to my house it seems that they are going to build me up in bricks; that I will be shut up in a wall without an opening. I hate them, but I cannot drive them away, and that is why I am afraid.

"It is not I who attracts them. I am a taciturn, a silent man. They come simply to sit down on the chairs. However, I can not throw the chairs out of doors, my wife loves them. It

is for the furniture that my wife exists, I swear it. She has become herself a piece of furniture.'

"The receiver laughed loudly, leaning his back against the wall. Then Iachka, who probably was much bored in listening to the imprecations of the receiver, profited by the pause:

"But, your highness, why do you not break these same chairs on your wife's back?"

""What----?"

"'That is to say, on her body, and have done with her?'

"'Imbecile!'

"He shook his drunken head and it fell on his chest, while he said simply:

"'How unhappy I am! How alone I am! To-morrow is Christmas, and I cannot, I cannot, return home. I absolutely cannot!'

"'Stay here with us!' proposed Iachka.

"'Stay here?'

"The receiver looked about him. Our cellar was as if penetrated and perfumed with filth.

"'Stay here? It is disgusting here. But listen, you devils! Let us go to a hotel. Are you agreed? To-morrow—and we shall continue to drink. Will you? And we shall think. . . . . We shall think how one should live! In faith it is high time to stop this honest life! Yes. Besides you are thieves and you cannot understand.'

"'I understand quite well,' I said to the receiver.

"'You? Who are you?'

"I am a man who once was honest, too', I said.
'I have equally known the joys of a tranquil and peaceful existence. And I also was driven out by these pettinesses. They killed, eliminated from me my soul and all that was in it. I was bored as you are at this moment. I began to drink. I became a thief. I have the honor to present myself.'

"The receiver opened his eyes and looked at me a long time attentively in a dead slence. His thick red lips, I saw, trembled with disdain under the thick mustache and his nose was drawn in a manner little amicable toward my assertions.

"I can say that totally omnia mea mecum porto! I contributed.

"But what is this?' he asked, not ceasing to scrutinize me.

"'A man. All the rabble are men. And the contrary . . . vice versa.'

"I had formerly been quite strong in aphorisms.

"'Hm. Too intelligent,' said the receiver, still fixing me.

"'The rest of us are just as educated,' said Iachka, modestly. 'We can convince you. We are simple people, but not without spirit. And

we also do not love all sorts of luxury, of furniture. What use is it? It is not his intelligence a man places on a chair. Come and live with us!'

"'I?' demanded the receiver, suddenly sobered.

"'You! We will unveil to you to-morrow such secrets of life!'

"Give me my overcoat! suddenly ordered the receiver from Iachka, rising.

And he stood quite firm on his legs.

"But where are you going?' I asked.

""Where?"

"He looked at me with fright out of his great calf eyes and shivered as if he felt the cold. 'I shall go home.'

"I looked at his drawn' face and said no more. For each animal, according to his nature, fate prepares a place in the stable. It may bellow

there as much as it will, it will remain in the place which is prepared. Ha! ha! ha!

"The receiver went away then. We heard him roar once in the street, with his great shout:

"'Coachman!""

My interlocutor was silent and began to drink the beer in little sips. Having emptied his glass, he began to whistle and drum with his fingers on the table.

"Well, and what then?" I asked.

"Then? Nothing. What did you expect?"

"But the celebration?"

"Ah, yes, there was a celebration. I forgot to say that the receiver presented Iachka his purse. There were twenty-six roubles and some kopecks. . . . We celebrated."

#### In the Moonlight. By J. L. Perez\*

(A moonlit night in the park. Yossel and Malke are sitting on a bench under a tree.)

Yossel: Why are you so absorbed in thought, Malke?

Malke: Ahl

Yossel: Pray, what is the matter? You really seem to be very sad and thoughtful. Is it some secret?

Malke: A secret? It is simply awful. This marrying is awful.

Yossel: Why?

Malke (without heeding the question and as if speaking to herself): A stranger, an utter stranger! I have not seen him more than two or three times.

Yossel: Well, you wanted him.

Malke: Wanted him?

Yossel: You said "yes."

Malke: But one gets tired of eternally saying "no." One does not like to remain an old maid. So when this perfect stranger came——

Yossel: You mean to say when he was thrust in?

Malke: All right, just as you please.

Yossel: Well?

Malke: Well, it is awful.

(A pause.)

Yossel: I was in the Yiddish theatre last night.

Malke: You want to change the subject?

Yossel: No. I just want to relate to you a scene from the play. A young girl, younger

\*Translated from the Yiddish, for Current Literature, by Thomas Seltzer.

than you, is standing, no, sitting, on an easy arm-chair upholstered with red plush; in fact she is half reclining when in steps a young man of rather handsome appearance, and salutes her. She answers his salute with a bow, and does not feel embarrassed in the least. In fact, she seems rather pleased. He comes up close to her, speaks to her. She answers very boldly and to the point. He takes one of her hands, then both. She blushes a little, but offers no resistance. He kisses her one hand, then the other, then both together. She laughs, she even returns his kisses. Finally he puts his arm around her waist.

Malke: And?

Yossel: That's all. She is not ashamed. She plays her part as she should, evenly, smoothly, just as the author has written it

Malke: Bah!

Yossel: And do you know, Malke, why she feels no apprehension, no embarrassment. why she plays so well and with such perfect ease?

Malke: Because she has learned her part.

Yossel: Exactly! Before the real playing they have rehearsals, the last one being what they call the general rehearsal, in which the play is rendered complete just as the public sees it afterward. In short, they go through the matter thoroughly in advance.

Malke: That's why it is a comedy.

Yossel: And is it different in your case? Do you think you are going to have a real wedding? You have seen the young man two or three

times, and are you already in love? Do you mean it seriously? (Malke makes no reply.)

Yossel: You can tell ms. Do tell me, Malke. It as a comedy, is it not?

Malke: Yes, a hideous comedy.

Yossel: Whether hideous or beautiful is all one. At any rate you must practise. If you are afraid you must have rehearsals.

Malke (laughing): A busy tradesman such as he has no time except for the engagement.

Yossel: Then rehearse with me. Actors occasionally change rôles.

Malke (severely): Yossel! Yossel (entreatingly): Malke! Malke (sadly): I am suffering. Yossel: And I?

(Pause.) ·

Yossel: Yes, it pains. That's why we must play comedy. Now, then I will commence.

Malke (softly): Yossel!

Yossel: Have patience, it will be all right First I am going to kneel down. It is not so easy to win so great, wise and beautiful a Malke as you are. You are great, Malke, very great; no, you are divine! And I kiss the hem of your dress!

Malke (touched): Yossef!

Yossel: Good. Yossef sounds better than Yossel. You are catching the proper tone and spirit. Now give me your hand, your white hand. True, your fingers are somewhat pricked and roughened with labor, but that is nothing. So. Now I am kissing your hand—— Ah, what bliss! The hand of a real Malke.\* Every finger must be kissed, so I am going to do it; I am kissing every finger. Am I not playing well, Malke? Malke (feebly): Well.

Yossel: You see, it is not so terrible. Now I want you to support me. Put your hand upon my head!

Malke (somewhat sternly): Yossel!

Yossel: Please, do not spoil the comedy with your whims. Imagine that the author has written it that way. Put your hand on my head! So! But it must not lie there rigid, it must move, and it makes no difference if you muss my hair, either. (Malke does so laughingly.)

Yossel: You are trembling a little. But you understand your part well. Malke. You have laid your hand upon me quite as you should, as tenderly as a mother would lay her hand upon the head of her child. And from your hand, Malke—do you hear me. Malke?—something streams forth which envelopes me, and sends a vibration throughout my body. Ah! (He inclumes his head toward her. (Malke sighs.)

•Malke is Yiddish for "queen."

Yossel: And your heart Malke, I hear it beating. . . Yes, it is beating, or does it only seem so to me?

Malke (greatly touched): And you, Yossel, how about your heart?

Yossel: Oh, I play well. I go to the theatre so very often. Not my heart alone is beating. I hear and believe that the blood in all my veins is beating and roaring

Maike (gravely): Yossel!

Yossel: As if it were real. And yet it is only comedy. And you? How your eyes are sparkling! Glowworms, dear, little glowworms. Well played, Malke! But why are you so pale? Why is your hand trembling so?

Malke: And why is your voice trembling?

Yosset: Because I am kneeling. Wait, I shall rise (rises). I have risen, because, if I am on my knees I cannot kiss your mouth, your red cherry lips

Malke (entreatingly): Yossell-

Yossel: Hush! I am playing precisely as it happened in the comedy. Your bridegroom will do likewise. He, too, will act the comedian (kisses her). Oh, how your lips are burning! You have poured a fire into me. Oh!

Malke weeps.

Yossel: You weep, Malke? .

Malke (feebly): No.

Yossel: Yes, yes, you weep. I, too, should like to weep. but I must not. It is only a comedy you know.

Malke (desperately): Why?

Yossel (seriously): Would you like it not to be a comedy? (Malke drops her head and remains silent.)

Yossel: Not a rehearsal?

Malke: Oh, Yossel, Yossel, how you torment me! If you only knew how you torment me!

Yossel: So? You wish then that two dead persons should go dancing?\*

Malke: I do.

Yossel (crying out in ecstasy): Are you serious, Malke?

Malke (lifts head, her eyes flashing): I am

Yossel: Malke, my dear Malke!

(Brief pause.) . . Listen. Malkel

Malke: What is it, Yossel?

Yossel: It will be a tragedy, but it will be a real one. We will play well and precisely.

Malke: Well and precisely and-

Yossel: And what, Malke?

Malks: And be happy—at least a little bit, a wee, tiny little bit.

Yossel (greatly touched). You little goose, that depends on the author.

\*A Yiddish proverb signifying the union of two individuals for any purpose, both of whom are in poor circumstances.

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# Curse ent Literature

Edited by EDWARD J. WHEELER

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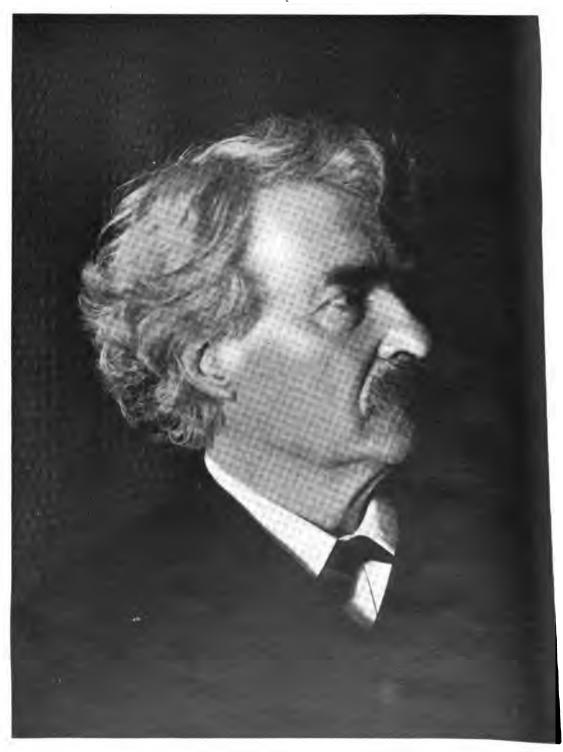
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SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN)

He will celebrate next month the seventieth anniversary of his birth

## **Current Literature**

VOL XXXIX, No. 4

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor
Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey

OCTOBER, 1905

#### A Review of the World

HE Peace Conference—all but the shouting—was practically ended August 20. But the shouting still continues. It began when Miss Zelma Pilson, of Washington, cried out to the guests at the Portsmouth hotel: "Why we haven't cheered yet! Let's cheer." It continued when Mr. Witte, returning from the final encounter a victor, "practically danced a jig" in the first excess of his very natural elation and said: "I was amazed. Until I was in the conference room I did not think what would happen. I could not anticipate such a great and happy issue." It grew into a world-wide shout in the next few days when telegrams of congratulation from the monarchs and statesmen of all the world came flooding into the home on Sagamore Hill. The shouting reached Manchuria a little later when the regiments of the Russian army began cheering for "Rozaviltch." And the best shouting of all. everything considered, is that that is still being done by Chinamen-men, women and children—who, two weeks later, began filling the roads round about Lidziapudge with their clumsy carts, laden with household goods, traveling in long lines, with happy hearts and smiling faces, back to the homes from which they had been evicted by the war of two alien nations.

BUT a shout of rage and mortification came from Tokyo, and a sullen growl of disappointment from St. Petersburg. Strange as it may seem at first, the two nations that made the peace, and both of which badly need it, seemed at first sullen and dissatisfied. In St. Petersburg, the ruling classes, the war party, are the ones made gloomy, and it is small wonder. The war they had forced upon their own nation, in opposition to the earnest advice of M. Witte, one year, six months and twenty days before, has resulted in honor for no one in Russia but

the man whom they most fear and dislike, and whom they thought they had permanently shelved. Out of this long and costly war, just one Russian emerges with a victory, and that one is M. Witte. And already the "war party" at St. Petersburg is endeavoring to discredit his work and to insure his return in disgrace instead of triumph. It seems incredible that they should succeed; but the very plaudits that M. Witte receives in all the rest of the world quicken and consolidate his bitter enemies at home.

HE disappointment manifested in Tokyo and Kobé was that of the populace, and undoubtedly it is wide-spread and keen, and shared by all classes, including the Japanese plenipotentiaries themselves. The night on which the conclusion of peace was announced to the world found Komura "lost in a huge chair, staring moodily straight ahead. hands idle, and noth ng engaging his attention," while his face "expressed despair and misery." Thus the correspondent of the London Standard. Komura, he adds, would receive nobody but a Japanese correspondent, who emerged in half an hour "with tears streaming down his face." Komura's "irreducible minimum" had totally collapsed. The demand for an indemnity had been denied, and Witte's answer of "not one kopeck" had been accepted. The demand for the island of Saghalien had been whittled down to one-half the island. The demand for the Russian war ships interned at neutral ports had to be withdrawn, as also that for a definite limitation of Russia's naval strength in the Pacific in the future. The "irreducible" minimum proved to be very like the "indivisible" atom of our boyhood days, which scientists are nowadays splitting up into 30,000 or more electrons. In points other than the four mentioned Japan had her way. Russia recognizes the dominant influence of

Japan in Korea. Russia evacuates Manchuria. Russia yields to Japan her "rights" in and to Port Arthur, Dalny and the adjacent islands. Russia yields to Japan fishing rights from Vladivostok to Bering Sea. Russia transfers to China, by arrangement with Japan, the southern portion of that Manchurian Railway up which Kuropatkin "lured" the foe so brilliantly. And Russia consents that the future use of the Far Eastern portion of this epoch-making railway shall be confined to "commercial purposes." These railway clauses really mean that the Japanese are to control the railway from Port Arthur to ten miles south of Harbin, while between Harbin and Vladivostok Russia, although retaining the line, shall never apply it to any military use. China "administers" Manchuria—which means, says Europe, that Japan will rule it. The only Russian money coming to Japan is for the "expenses" of prisoners of war.

THE Czar's final reply to President Roosevelt was sent on Saturday, August 26. It was a flat refusal to accept the terms of the Japanese regarding an indemnity. It was not a "bluff." The Czar, as the Neue Freie Presse, of Vienna, his severest critic, concedes, may be weak and "womanish," but he is a ruler into whose composition the element of "bluff" never entered. It was but one week prior to the agreement on peace terms that President Roosevelt (according to an official statement authorized by Nicholas II himself) "decided to address

himself to the Czar. appealing to His Majesty's humanitarian sentiments to consent to accept a new lapanese proposal." This proposal turns out to have been for a \$600,000,000 indemnity and half of Saghalien. Nicholas II permitted the United States ambassador to take up two hours of the imperial time in a vain effort to change the imperial mind. It was the second effort of the kind in four days. Of President Roosevelt's "persistence at

St. Petersburg''-or rather at Peterhof-the London Times observes that it "was thought in those august regions to have been carried rather far. The Emperor of all the Russias is not in the habit of being asked three times if he means what he says." Off Portsmouth, in a few more hours, four gentlemen were sitting around a table, sole occupants of a room on the threshold of which the whole world stood in breathless expectation of seeing them throw up the game and go home. Indifference could not have been more absolute than Mr. Witte's on this historic occasion. "From the beginning," says the St. Petersburg Slovo's correspondent, "indifference was the key note of our envoy's policy." The same correspondent shows us Komura handing an "irreducible minimum" to the indifferent Witte. The indifferent Witte crumples it absent-mindedly in his hand and continues to talk of other matters." last the irreducible minimum is dropped on the floor, the indifferent Witte gets up to go and "a member of the Japanese mission" tells him he has lost something. How Mr. Witte's alleged indifference impressed Baron Komura is not on record, but it is beyond dispute that Komura asked for that adjournment of the peace conference from which the press of the world drew such dubious inferences in the closing days of August. At this point the diplomatic cinematograph begins to throw Tokyo films upon the screen. Dissolving views of Mutsuhito and his "elder, statesmen" swim into our ken like automobiles defying the speed law. Then, presto, change! We are back

again in Portsmouth. gazing at Mr. Takahira. The Japanese minister is in agitated quest of Mr. Witte. He wants that most indifferent of mortals to wait twenty-four hours more. The "elder statesmen" are discussing "the latest. final phases of the peace conference." Mr. Witte politely accommodates the Mikado. And the next thing we get is a view of the Russians relaxing with champagne and the Jap-



I'M A "BIRD"!

-Walter in N. Y. Herald



SAGAMORE HILL—OYSTER BAY

A residence as conspicuous in current history as Varzin was in the plenitude of Bismarck's power or Sans Souci in the time of Frederick the Great,

anese dissolving in tears. But over in Manchuria, at that very moment, there were 62,000 empty beds, prepared by the Japanese hospital corps for the wounded in the next great battle, which was to be "the greatest battle ever fought." Those beds are still empty, thanks to "the first treaty of peace ever signed in the United States."

HY did Japan yield on the question of an indemnity? Because, says the weightiest of London organs—The Times of the new treaty between Great Britain and Japan, confirming, broadening and prolonging an alliance concluded three and a half years ago. What Japan most wanted was an effectual guarantee against the necessity of renewing her struggle with an adversary after he had been invigorated by a breathing "No indemnity," to summarize the cogent reasoning of the Paris Journal des Débats, meant "the transformation of the peace of Portsmouth into a truce." Petersburg's account as a factor in the Far East must be closed or the Russo-Japanese War would have to be fought over again in 1925. That was the diplomatic chasm into which Great Britian leaped. Her existing alliance with Japan had been of inestimable service to the Nippons. Without the Anglo-Japanese alliance, argues the London Telegraph, Japan could scarcely have waged war against Russia with "such fearless confidence and calm" as she displayed. "The treaty kept the ring for her." Great Britain

stood pledged to come to the aid of Japan were Japan attacked by more powers than What Tokyo now needed was insurance against the risk of recurring war. Thus the one thing needful, from a Tokyo standpoint, to make peace a possibility was either an indemnity from Russia or "an assured prospect," as the London Times puts it, that. the treaty of Portsmouth meant a good deal more than a truce. "Had Japan known during the discussions at Portsmouth," adds the great British organ, "that the agreement of 1902 (the Anglo-Japanese alliance) would not be extended, and, still more, had she known that it would or might have been suffered to lapse, she would have been obliged to impose upon Russia conditions which would have afforded her that prospecte" But with the certainty pot only that her alliance with Britain would be renewed, but that it had actually been superseded by an agreement of a wider purport and a closer kind, Japan "could consent to indulge her chivalrous instincts without imperilling her future safety and greatness" by letting Russia keep that \$600,000,000. The new Anglo-Japanese treaty will guarantee the terms of the Portsmouth treaty so the London Telegraph boldly affirms. "It will check any insane desire of a Russian revanche. It will render impossible any anti-Japanese coalition. It will enable Japan to consolidate in tranquility her interests on the Asiatic mainland which she has acquired by this war." But Russian dailies have doubts of that.



Stereograph Copyright 1906, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

THE "MYSTERIOUS MAN" OF THE PEACE OF PORTSMOUTH

Baron Kaneko came to this country to borrow \$500,000,000 according to the London Mail, and is understood to have acted as a "go-between" for President and plenipotentiaries.

N act of magnanimity almost without parallel in the history of the world" is the phrase used by the New York Journal of Commerce to describe Japan's course in accepting the terms of peace. Further: "The behavior of Japan at the crisis of the peace negotiations should serve as a final and complete answer to those who keep harping on the imminence of the 'yellow peril' no less than to those who would impute to Japan a policy of bad faith in dealing with the future development of the Far East." The word magnanimity is, in fact, hard worked by the American press in general in commenting on Japan's course. The prevailing view in this country seems to be that Japan's "elder statesmen" have proved wise and long-seeing and that Japan will feel much better when she calmly counts her gains. The treaty, says the Chicago Tribune, "did not give the Russians 'worse and more of it' than they had already received, but it established the fact that they had been whipped, and well whipped; that they had lost all they originally contended for, and that the Japs had obtained all they went to war for and a good deal more." Japan did not reap all the legitimate fruits of her victory, the Springfield Republican admits, but she

won the essential part of them; for "if we agree that the most important stake as between Russia and Japan was the supremacy in eastern Asia, with its momentous bearing upon the future of China and the entire Orient, then it must be said that, on the whole, Russia's undoubted diplomatic victory regarding indemnity and Sakhalin pales into insignificance."

REAT as Japan proved herself in war," is the comment of the New York Sun, "she is infinitely greater in peace." It also speaks of her "magnanimity" as "unparallelled in the history of the world," and as insuring "an immense moral advantage" in her future relations with Western countries. In similar vein speaks the Baltimore American: "The moral effect of this attitude of forbearance will be immense, when measured in the heightened respect which the civilized world must henceforth entertain for this splendidly gifted young Oriental nation—young at least in the arts of Eastern civilization." all this sort of talk is, to the State (Columbia, S. C.), fatuous and foolish. It says:

"Japan has been badly deceived into believing that she would gain more through magnanimity than through justice. She has listened to the whining pleas of sentimentalists, instead of carrying on her just purposes to their legitimate, hon-



A HARD COMBINATION TO BEAT

-McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

orable, and wise ends. She has gained, and will gain, absolutely nothing by heeding this sickly appeal to sentiment, this insincere cry that she must not wage war for 'mere money.' She has, on the other hand, lost her opportunity to make a peace that would have guaranteed the tranquillity of the Far East for many years, and, at the same time, achieved her highest purposes in waging this war. In a short time the very persons who now applaud Japan's magnanimity will denounce her folly in not retaining the just fruits of a just war. She has won nothing save the hollow and the temporary applause of a fancied altruism."

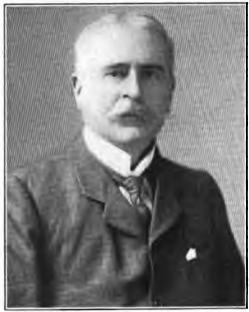
The State more than intimates that the deceiver of Japan in this case was her "great and good friend" Theodore Roosevelt.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is, indeed, "the grand victor in this battle of giants" at Portsmouth, according to the Paris Matin. The Vienna Neue Freie Presse calls it "Roosevelt's peace." And the semi-official Norddeutsche Zeitung, of Berlin, says in loud praise, "Mankind will not forget his name." Almost every newspaper abroad subscribes to the same sentiment. He is, in short, magnified by their appreciation almost to the greatness of the peace he made, and Portsmouth, heretofore destitute of national fame, except as the scene of the exploits recorded in T. B. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," is now assigned a place alongside



GET DOWN TO EARTH, TEDDY

- Sidney in Indianapolis Sentinel



Photo, by Chickering, Boston,

THE AMERICAN "MASTER OF CEREMONIES" AT PORTSMOUTH

Assistant Secretary of State, H. H. D. Peirce, had sole charge of all the personal and official arrangements made by our government.

Ryswick, Utrecht, and Tilsit as one of the towns immortalized by a great treaty. Into this chorus of praise enters, however, a dis-It is the London Saturday cordant voice. Review, discoursing on "The Pope of Oyster Bay"—the title of a long editorial. burden of its remarks is that "it is unfortunate for Mr. Roosevelt that he has around him a knot of journalistic sycophants who do their best to make him ridiculous." Some of these friends resolved to try to "make us believe" that because Mr. Roosevelt sent "long telegrams to Tokyo" he must be "actively concerned in dictating terms." Now, adds The Saturday Review, "the President would himself be the first to repudiate these ludicrous assumptions," yet, at the same time, "the more absurd assumption that he is entitled to play the part of universal providence to a grateful universe is tacitly assumed by him as a part of the presidential prerogative." Citizens of this country, concludes this British weekly, long noted for its anti-Americanism, are "not generally lacking in the sense of humor" and "surely they can not long remain blind to the farcical element which thus obtrudes itself." Of praise for Roosevelt it indites no syllable.



HAND AND FOOT

The instruments of peace in the far east

--Kladderadatsch (Berlin)

THIS critic of President Roosevelt is unquestionably right in one respect—in the assumption that his countrymen are so far unawakened to the alleged "farcical element" in the President's course. We fail to remember a time when any other action of a man in active political life has evoked such a near approach to unanimity of praise from the press of different parties. The Commoner, Mr. Bryan's paper, does indeed put in "deadly parallel" the congratulatory messages from great personages and an extract from President Roosevelt's message to Congress, December, 1904, namely:

"If the great civilized nations of the present day should completely disarm, the result would mean an immediate recrudescence of barbarism in one form or another."

But it does this, ostensibly at least, to point a moral complimentary to his present attitude, saying: "Note the contrast between the rejoicings over peace and the part Mr. Roosevelt played in the Portsmouth conference, and the silence which followed the barbarous doctrine set forth in his message to Congress." The Indianapolis Sentinel also takes occasion to call for a suspense of judgment on the President's course in the peace negotiations, averring that "because

of the President's well-known and usually harmless eccentricities" the part he has really borne in the negotiations "cannot be accurately gauged until the proceedings are made public." But the New York World (Democratic) says:

"Every American, whether he be Democrat or Republican, has just reason for pride and patriotism in Mr. Roosevelt's triumph over tremendous obstacles. Full credit is his for his unprecedented audacity, for his deliberate courage in stepping in between the warring nations.

When the time comes for further honors he will be almost invincible. Whether he sought it or not, by this last act he has fixed himself more firmly in the popular regard. The opposition was already broken and disorganized. He has swept it away. What he now protests that he will not seek or accept he will find himself forced to take if it is thrust upon him by the overwhelming sentiment of the country."

This suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt may again be forced to accept a nomination for the presidency is construed by the Rochester Post-Express as an "insult" to him, in view of his voluntary pledge made to the people just after his election in 1904, namely: "Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination." But the Washington correspondent of The Evening Post (New York) asserts that that refusal is being construed by the President's friends in Washington to apply to 1908 alone, and that it will not stand in the way of a movement, which, it is asserted, is already under way, to nominate him again in 1912.

COKYO mobs, infuriated by the terms of peace, the exact purport of which they were left by the Government to conjecture, have addressed themselves to arson with a riotousness almost Occidental. American individuals were mauled, politicians' palaces invaded and Christian churches wrecked, while the cable despatches telling us of all this echo, notwithstanding a competent censor, that "timorous accent and dire yell" which Iago found appropriate to fire in populous cities. A rioter took time to explain that the flame and fury were intended merely to attract the attention of the Mutsuhito, "lord of a thousand isles," lineal descendant of that immortal Jimmu, who ascended the throne of Japan two thousand five hundred years ago, has been (so runs the thought of the mob) misguided into peace by the crew of "elder statesmen," who, acting under pressure of foreign powers, are wrecking the ship of

state. Japan's mobs, however, much misunderstand their Mutsuhito if they dream of swerving him from the ratification of the peace of Ports. mouth. The evidence on this point, supplied by those who have first-hand knowledge of the Mikado's character, is overwhelming. The final word was spoken when Mutsuhito, cabling to President Roosevelt, spoke of "the establishment of peace." A reversal of that dictum in the last minute of the eleventh hour would imply the occurrence of something far more cataclysmic than the burning of Baron Komura's private residence or the decapitation of Marquis Ito's statue by the proletarians of Nippon. Modern Japan, with her representative house, her municipal freedoms, her elections and her ministry, has had the issue of peace or war decided for her by a ruler whose authority rests on sublimer sanctions than the prerogatives of William II or the autocracy of Nicholas II, a ruler who, when he passes from this world, becomes at once divine. "To-day," says one of the highest liv ng authorities on twentieth century Japan, "Mutsuhito is the head of the state, not nominally, but in fact. The power which

he wields is wonderful. His word has more effect than hundreds of laws and he is far above the constitution." He is certainly far above the "elder statesmen," who would no more dream of permanent opposition to him on the question of the peace than the British Association for the Advancement of Science would dream of permanent opposition to the law of gravitation.

THE elder statesmen, moreover, were hopelessly at variance on the main question when Mutsuhito deigned to consult them in the closing days of August. As the holder of an unparalleled place in his sovereign's confidence, Marquis Ito was enabled to advance views which seem (though authenticated statements are wanting) to have car-



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THE "TENNO" AND "KOTEI" MUTSUHITO, "LORD OF THE ISLES,"
CALLED AMONG WESTERN NATIONS "THE MIKADO"
OF JAPAN OR "THE JAPANESE EMPEROR"

The prevalent impression that no authentic portrait of this sovereign exists is erroneous. This likeness reproduces an oil painting and is fully authentic. The Japanese government distributes pictures of Mutsuhito among the schools. But photographers are not permitted to point cameras at Mutsuhito. The idea that he is not to be looked at is quite erroneous. The populace of Tokyo have seen him frequently. But no one may look at him from an eminence, however slight

ried most weight. So thought Tokyo's rioters when they tore down the statue of the happo bijin or "adorner of all things," to give Ito the name by which his countrymen have been fondest of referring to him. It may be the merest coincidence that Ito is charged with standing for the pro-Russian view in Japanese world politics and that the peace he is alleged to have urged-deferentially and humbly urged, we may be sureis pro-Russian as regards Saghalien and the indemnity. The events of the past eighteen months have not, it is whispered, abated that awe of Russia with which the marquis is reproached and the contagion of which he seems to have communicated to the Kokumin Shimbun, one of the most "serious" and in a sense one of the most "advanced" of



THE UNPOPULAR PRIME MINISTER OF JAPAN

General Viscount Taro Katsura will resign at the approaching session of the Diet in Tokyo, according to despatches. This report is not credited by many who know his influence with the ''elder statesmen.'

Nippon dailies. The boldness of this organ in urging ratification of the Roosevelt peace brought the mob to its windows. has not been fought to gain money," the Kokumin had defied popular sentiment by declaring the day before. "Russia has been stripped of the control of Manchuria and driven sufficiently far north. More than the aim and purpose of the war has been gained by our recognized ascendence in Korea, and every reason exists to thank our delegates and to feel particularly thankful to President Roosevelt." Sentiments, these which the "war at any price" mob identified with the advice tendered by Ito to his imperial master. The mob may have blundered in this, for another daily, the Nichi Nichi, said that "the terms of peace are an insult to the nation," and the Nichi Nichi is, or at least was until lately, very friendly to Ito and often spoke under his inspiration. Now it echoes Okuma.

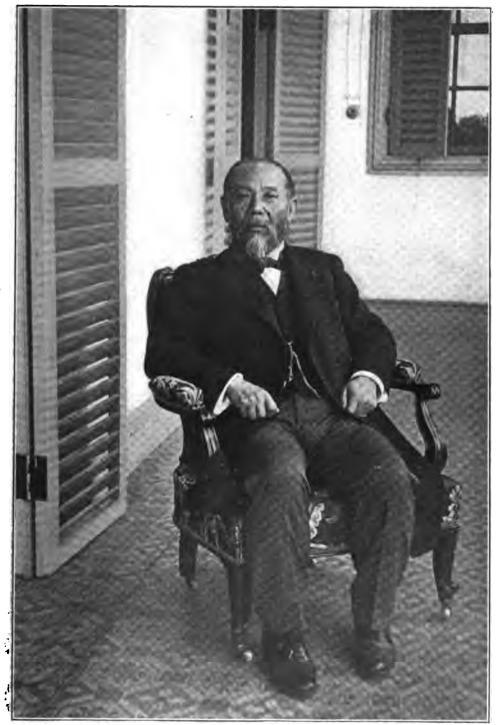
A S Ito is alleged to have urged the Emperor to peace, Okuma, an "elder statesman" of a somewhat different school,

spoke for rejection of the Portsmouth treaty. He is quoted as saying that he could not reconcile himself to the Roosevelt peace because it leaves Russia an opening for future aggressions not only in Manchuria but in Korea. "The conditions prevailing before the war," he said, or is said to have said, "are liable to repetition at any time." Had Mutsuhito been guided by Okuma, Oyama might now have been testing the military capacity of Linevitch in the conduct of flanking movements. But Okuma, it seems from the London Times, is one whose views do not at present enter into "the immediate calculations of practical statesmen." He is an "elder statesman" still, but he has lost personal weight with his countrymen. Japanese public opinion has not been wholly edified by the amazing increase in his wealth. Okuma's fortune, like the fortunes of immensely wealthy men, may be exaggerated. Some estimates of it are as high as \$20,000,ooo. He is "in" street-railways, industrial enterprises, land speculations, and all he touches turns to gold. But as leader of the Progressives he is rated somewhat of a fail-When he quitted his exquisite residence and his gardens of orchids and chrysanthemums for the purpose of urging further war upon a pacifically inclined Mikado, Ito, in spite of the persuasive eloquence for which Okuma is renowned, can have had little difficulty in carrying his point against the



"HELP!"

-Bush in N. Y. World



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#### THE BISMARCK OF JAPAN

Marquis Ito is the President of the Privy Council of the Jananese Emperor. His statue in Tokyo was pulled down by a mob enraged at the outcome of the Portsmouth peace conference. He is believed to have wielded more influence than any other individual in determining Mutsuhito to accept peace.



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THE "ELDER STATESMAN" WHO IS JAPAN'S VON MOLTKE

Field Marshall Marquis Yamagata is the most conspicuous "organizer of victory" since the days of "the great" Carnot of France. He wanted the war to go on, but changed his mind, says the Paris military press, after an inspection of Oyama's armies at the front and a study of the financial stitution.

alert little cripple who antagonized him. Okuma emerged from the conference a shelved "elder statesman"—shelved by an authority no less final than that of his own Mikado.

A LL this about Ito and Okuma may, in the phrase of the London Telegraph, be mere "guess work," but, as the Paris Débats rejoins, it is "guess work" based upon facts too definitely ascertained to be lightly tossed aside. Evidence accumulates that in his championship of the treaty of Portsmouth Ito was strengthened by the powerful support of two of the elder statesmen who, next to himself, enjoy most prestige with Mutsuhito—the Count Matsukata and the Marquis Yamagata. Yamagata and Ito are as the poles asunder on many points. The Utopia of the one would be a Japan ruled by an untalkative William II and the Utopia of the other would be a Japan governed through a Prime Minister Balfour purged of his metaphysics and fallibility. Mutsuhito would have a place in both Utopias—an immense, remote place like that of the sun in the solar system. Yamagata is the con-

servative, the elder statesman who has a horror of parliaments and, true to his character as Japan's von Moltke, a great love for the army. His voice was supposed to be for further war, but Ito is rumored, on authority not easily refuted, to have won him over to This is attributed in part to the organic malady which seems to have eaten its way like an acid into the vitals of the man who made the Mikado's army what Kuropatkin found it. In his heart of hearts, according to a writer in the Paris Temps. Yamaagata would have longed to see Linevitch sent flying up the Manchurian wastes with Oyama in hot pursuit. But Ito, with his sneaking affection for Russia, and Matsukata, who always wants to know who will pay the bills, overbore the grizzled warrior.

THIS Matsukata is the financial genius of Japan, the man who says the last word in matters of dollars and cents, or rather sen and yen. It is for this reason that so many European organs credit him with a persuasive word, if not the persuasive word, when Mutsuhito asked these wonderful old men what they thought of Mr. Roosevelt's Portsmouth victory. Baron Kaneko.



THE "ELDER STATESMAN" WHO HOLDS HIS TONGUE

Count Inouye, who retired from active participation in affairs a few years ago, was long pointed out as the most perfect instance of the secretiveness for which Japanese are famed. His daughter married Premier Katsura.

the "unofficially official" representative of his country in these States during the last few months, is alleged to have learned in Wall Street the force of the old saw that "he who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing." If we may accept Parisian particulars, Baron Kaneko was politely assured that the security he had to offer for an American loan to the Japanese Government was of a more contingent character than Wall Street-even Wall Street—is accustomed to. Financially the ground was really swept from under Japan's feet. Baron Kaneko had speculated upon the possibility that American sympathy with Japan and American faith in Japan might afford security of a kind. The snap-shots the Paris Eclair would like to see are those of the Wall Street men assuring the baron of their faith in his native land and those of the same Wall Street men after Kaneko had proposed a loan on the security of that faith. Matsukata and his young men had kept in touch with Kaneko, it is surmised, and the elder statesman spoke for peace.



THE ALEXANDER HAMILTON AMONG THE "ELDER STATESMEN"

Count Matsukata urged peace in the Mikado's Privy Council As Japan's great financier he wanted the indemnity, but he wanted peace more.



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AN "ELDERLY STATESMAN" ONCE, BUT NOW A RETIRED POLITICIAN

Count Okuma, "the Cicero of Japan," once comparatively poor, has made millions by various investments. He lives in princely grandeur and the gardens about his residence—shown in the background—are understood to cost a small fortune for maintenance every year.

IERE the genius of European newspaper speculation reaches the end of its tether so far as the attitude of the "elder statesmen" to peace is concerned. Where Count Itagaki stood few seem to know-less seem to care. The count has long passed that period of a great man's life when it is necessary to refer to the encyclopedia to ascertain "who," as Lord Dundreary put it, "in the blazes he is precisely." Itagaki is the Rousseau of Japan in the sense that Okuma is the Cicero of Japan, Ito is the Bismarck of Japan and Yamagata is the von Moltke of Japan. Itagaki preaches "liberty, equality, and fraternity," socialism of the idealist, artistic, gentle shepherd type, and the protection of labor from capitalistic exploitation. Unlike Okuma, he has remained very poor. He lives a life so retired that news of his death was disseminated for a long time before anyone took the trouble to contradict it. There remains Count Inouve.

long retired from politics, yet an elder statesman revered by thousands of followers who have yet to make the Western world clearly comprehend why. The position of Itagaki, like that of Inouye, might denote to an uninformed mind that an "elder statesman" is a person of no particular consequence. Mutsuhito heeds them or not as he feels inclined. Yet, making every allowance for difference of environment and difference in institutions, an elder statesman's position in Japan may be likened to the position of Thomas Jefferson in the United States throughout the seventeen years subsequent to his relinquishment of the presidency. Jefferson had written the Declaration of Independence. He had held the highest honors under the new Government. filled the office of President, he handed it over to his young man Madison, who handed it over to Jefferson's other young man, Monroe. Could the American mind imagine six contemporary Thomas Jeffersons, each with a political theory differentiated from the rest, and each with his young men looking forward to the highest posts under the Government. the analogy to Japan with her elder statesmen would be striking. Mutsuhito's privy council with Ito at its head would be lacking with us to make the analogy closer.



ANOTHER ECLIPSE

—Evans in Cleveland Leader

ISTS of the surviving "elder statesmen" do not, to be sure, always agree. Okuma is not on some lists. Others contain but three names-Ito, Yamagata and Mat-The confusion is occasioned partly by a purely technical interpretation of the term Genro or "elder statesman" and partly by Mutsuhito's rule that an "elder statesman" who became a party leader would forfeit his position as confidential adviser to the throne. Thus Ito, according to some interpreters of modern Japan, practically ceased to rank as an "elder statesman" when he consented to lead the political combination known as the Sei-vu-kai. Such reasoning involves some splitting of hairs. At any rate, there is no shadow of doubt that Ito ranks as the leader of the elder statesmen to-day. On the other hand, he has made over the leadership of the Sei-yukai to one of his young men. Yet it must be pointed out that Yamagata, although long recognized as the leader of the conservatives in the house of peers, never had his right to the title of "elder statesman" disputed. The truth seems to be that the active "elder statesmen" number but three. They are Ito, Matsukata, Yamagata. The others may be deemed "emergency men" with Okuma now a back number so far as Mutsuhito is concerned. Okuma became leader of the Progressives over twenty-three years ago. He is said to have given some offense to Ito and the rest by his persistent endeavors to weaken the prestige of the band of old men who have played and still play the most conspicuous parts in the higher life of their Their very latest act, the acceptcountry. ance of a treaty which eliminated the most vital consideration of the indemnity, has brought about the first truly general revolt of Japanese public opinion against the deliberate judgment of a majority of these venerable brethren.

GENERAL VISCOUNT KATSURA, Prime Minister of Japan, has not, apparently, looked in vain to his supporters among the "elder statesmen" to save his ministry from the consequences of a peace upon the conditions of which he exercised relatively little influence. That the Katsura cabinet could be driven from office in consequence of mob ebullience in Tokyo, Osaka or Kyoto is, to the best informed newspapers in Europe, unthinkable. Even were Katsura howled down in the representative as-

sembly of the empire. Mutsuhito could still dissolve his Diet more readily than Cleopatra dissolved her pearl. Of course, nothing is more possible than the overthrow of the Katsura ministry. But that overthrow would not be the work of the mob. It would not necessarily be the work of any parliamentary majority. Marquis Ito himself has more than once assured his political followers that in Japan the ministers of the Crown hold their mandates from the Throne only, and are virtually independent of the Diet's votes. The theory does not win universal acceptance among Nippon liberals, but the fact seems to be practical. Moreover, aloofness from all political parties has long been a "slogan" of the Katsura ministry. Its constitutional theory is that parliamentary institutions constitute a vehicle not for the expression of the popular will, but for the expression of Mutsuhito's will. Besides, the upper chamber, the house of peers, has at times exerted more influence upon the destinies of cabinets than has the lower house, elected by the voters. It was the house of peers that forced Ito out of office in 1901, and the house of peers is the citadel of Japanese conservatism. Yet Ito permitted Katsura to form a ministry with his entire approval. Ito and Katsura have different political principles, but Ito took the ground that the time had not yet come for strictly parliamentary government in Japan. Katsura's ministry is supposed to be bridging the interval between imperial despotism of the benevolent type and popular government of the British parliamentary type. Many and many a fall has seemed to be impending for the Katsura ministry, but Ito has always found some good reason for coming to its rescue at the critical moment.

KATSURA'S political and personal position is so very strong that any combination to drive him from office would have to be powerful. He is the son-in-law of one elder statesman, Inouye, a pupil of another, Yamagata, and the object of the particular favor of a third, Ito. Katsura, by the way, has always taken pains to conciliate American opinion. He has used prominent newspapers to propagate the view that the yellow peril is a figment of the Russian imagination. His recent statement to The Japan Mail, a British organ, that "in Japan a man may be a Christian without suffering for it" finds now its most piquant commentary in the



THE WIFE OF THE UNITED STATES MINISTER IN TOKYO

Mrs. Lloyd C. Griscom'was Miss Elizabeth Duer Bronson, of New York, and is to-day the most brilliant and the most popular lady in the diplomatic circle at the Japanese capital.

action of those mobs which have been burning Christian churches in Tokyo and other cities. Only last year, Katsura took the trouble to tell Dr. William Imbrie, connected with the New York Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, that Christianity feels quite at home in Japan. Katsura pointed to the number of Christian

churches in every Nippon town. "They have all complete freedom to teach and worship," said he, "as freely as such a thing might be done in the United States, and without attracting much if any more attention." And he added: "How far do the facts to be found in Russia correspond with all these facts?" The "facts" Katsura had in mind, as furnished by himself, are that the number of those professing Christianity in Japan must now be large, that there are numerous Christian newspapers and magazines in the empire and that Christian schools, some of them conducted by foreigners and some by Japanese, are to be found everywhere in the islands. "The Japanese Christians are not confined to any one rank or class," added Katsura. "They are to be found among the members of the national diet, the judges in the courts, the professors in the universities, the editors of leading secular papers and the officers of the army and navy." Katsura further referred to the distribution of Christian literature among the military and naval hospitals and to the arrangements by which British and American missionaries, to say nothing of Japanese Christian missionaries, accompanied the Mikado's armies in the capacity of spiritual advisers to the Christian soldiers. "These are facts patent to all," reiterated Prime Minister Katsura, "and therefore I repeat what I have already said: Japan stands for religious freedom." The inference of the European press from recent events in Tokyo would seem to be that the Japanese proletariat stand outside the Christian influences of which the Prime Minister makes so much.

A STRIKING commission of is afforded in the recent revelations of New Dr. James A. B. Scherer, President of New berry College, whose first-hand information on the whole subject is founded not only upon long residence in Japan but upon practical experience of the workings of Japanese educational institutions. "The stubborn fact remains," declares Dr. Scherer in a work on "Young Japan" just issued, "that for every inhabitant of Japan who is influenced by Christian standards of conduct, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine whose highest ideals centre in devotion to the Emperor and have no radius whatsoever." Nor must "the glamor of their splendid patriotism" blind Americans to the fact, says this authority, that "the Japanese as a people are not even the ethical equals of their backward neighbors in China." Japan remains a land where the word "lie" involves no association of uncomplimentary ideas whatever. Instead of being a term of reproach it implies "a jocular compliment." Nevertheless, "in spite of a wofully decadent morality, material and even intellectual progress goes forward by leaps and bounds."

A CCESSIONS to Christian churches in Iapan are estimated by Dr. Scherer at about 3,000 annually, but they embrace mainly the "influential classes"—legislators, judges, army and navy officers, lawyers, bankers andphysicians. The masses seem as yet almost as immune to Christianity as are Mohammedan masses. Count Okuma is represented by Dr. Scherer as among the Japanese of light and leading who feel concerned at the moral condition of Japan to-day. "It is a question," says the count, "whether as a people we have not lost fibre as a result of the many new influences to which we have been subjected. Development has been intellectual and not moral." Count Okuma, although not a Christian himself, is represented as welcoming the endeavors which "Christians are making to supply to the country a high standard of conduct." There is, in a word, ample evidence that the action of church-burning mobs in Tokyo reflects no sentiment prevalent in the governing circles of Japan. Prime Minister Katsura seems to think the American mind may be in the dark on this point, for he has kept the cables warm with assurances of official Japanese esteem for Christians and for Americans.

KATSURA also summoned Tokyo's editors to his office and begged them not to publish anything that might "subvert the public peace." He disavowed, adds the despatch, efforts to prevent "the free expression of political views, which the government welcomed." The Prime Minister's statement must have amazed those of the listening editors who know from bitter experience how drastically Katsura has organized his censorship of the Japanese press. His statement that his government welcomes "free expression of political views" is likewise amusing for a reason which should dispel one delusion which has been much propagated in the United States of late. That delusion relates to the subject of "graft." In Japan, we Americans are told over and over again, such



THE UNITED STATES LEGATION BUILDING IN TOKYO.

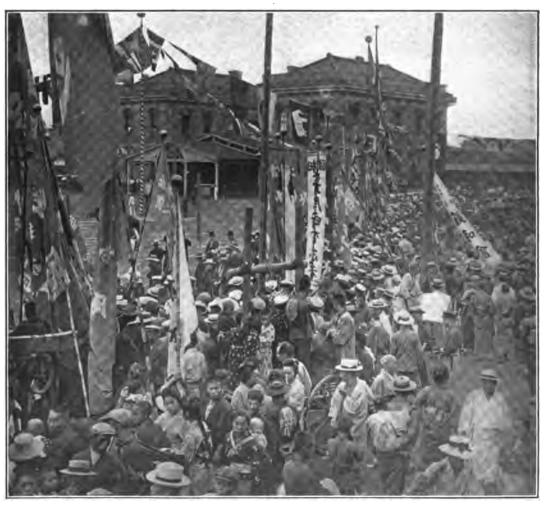
It was guarded by the military for days subsequent to the close of the peace conference, when it was feared mobs might attack it.

a thing as "grafting" is unknown. Comparatively recently, a lengthy article to this effect adorned the pages of a New York publication of prominence which it is unnecessary to punish by naming. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of political conditions under the Katsura ministry knows, of course, that the recent official life of Japan has synchronized with carnivals of "graft" beside which all the operations of Tammany Hall suggest the work of amateurs. Statements to this effect have appeared in Russian dailies. But Russia is "the enemy." German dailies have mentioned official Japanese corruption, but those dailies have been mainly "official," and therefore pro-Russian. French papers have had their say on the subject, but French dailies speak for the ally of Russia. However, one can go to the press of Japan's own ally for all essential particulars. Finally, there is the Tokyo press itself, which has recently given considerable space to charges involving the receipt of graft by conspicuous leaders of the Sei-yu-kai, a political party founded by Marquis Ito. The purchase of private railways by the Japanese Government supplies the basis of these allegations. They are made by opposition organs, however, and may be baseless. Let us, therefore, turn to that newspaper which, in all the world's press, is the recognized champion of Japan—the London Times.

ORRUPT is the adjective applied to members of the Japanese Diet by this high authority. It speaks, through its Tokyo correspondent, of "the tainted element" in "the atmosphere of official and parliamentary life" and, with all its admiration of the Nippons, it avers, "it is an unfortunate fact that corruption prevails widely in Japan." The "text book scandal" is among the most striking of the numerous displays of capacity for "grafting" with which the Yankees of the East evince their assimilation of certain Western methods. As the London Times can scarcely be accused of bias against Britain's ally, it may be expe-

dient to abstract from its columns the salient details of the text-book scandal. It happened, then, one day, that a provincial Japanese official, journeying by rail to the capital, was robbed of his valise. The robber took out everything of value and threw the valise into the road. There it was picked up by a police official. He found it to contain documents and correspondence which threw a flood of light upon the "graft" which had long been suspected to prevail in the department of education. According to the London Times, the persons implicated included governors of prefectures, members of local assemblies, holders of patents of nobility and

other prominent officials of one grade or another. Even the members of the house of representatives, vouched for by the London Times as "probably the most corrupt body of men in the state," are declared to have been "stunned" at the extent and the ingenuity and the thoroughness with which the text-book grafters had lined their pockets by robbing the government. We dismiss the subject with the following remark from that other British admirer of all that is best in Dai Nippon, The Japan Mail: "So far as we can remember, there has not been one political crisis in modern Japan unattended by accusations of bribery and corruption



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A TOKYO CROWD WAITING TO SEE MISS ROOSEVELT AND MR. TAFT

This was a short time prior to the conclusion of the peace conference of Portsmouth. After that event the Tokyo populace subjected Americans to rough treatment.



MISS ROOSEVELT

MISS BOARDMAN

THE SECRETARY OF WAR AND THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER IN THE MIKADO'S GARDENS

The Japanese gentlemen here are members of Mutsuhito's imperial household, except Mr. Terajima, on Mr. Taft's left, who is Prime Minister Katsura's secretary. Mr. Taft and Miss Roosevelt are said to have been served with refreshments from the Mikado's own larder. Patriotic Japanese thus honored often take the food home and keep it as a sanctified and precious relic.

against either the cabinet or the party politicians."

HE American view of the riots in Tokyo is not one of very serious apprehension. An American capitalist. Mr. E. H. Harriman, was hustled somewhat unpleasantly, a number of Christian churches were destroyed, and the American legation building, in common with a number of buildings occupied by foreigners, was placed under the protection of martial law for a while. Our minister at Tokio, Mr. Griscom, denies, however, that there is any prevalent anti-American or anti-foreign feeling back of the riots, and speaks of the attacks on churches as "quite incidental," and "due to sporadic antagonism to the Russian Church and some native Christians." The mob offered to spare one church if its minister could produce an American flag. His inability to do so cost him his church! This interesting little incident serves to make less sharp the dramatic contrast between the enthusiastic popular reception given to Secretary Taft's party a few weeks before and the attacks upon Mr. Harriman's party. "What would have happened," asks the New York Mail, "to Secretary Taft and his party if their visit to Japan had been timed three weeks

later than it was?" Would Mr. Taft have been given an almost royal welcome and Miss Alice Roosevelt's picture been printed on Japanese souvenir post-cards? This is one of those interesting questions that never can be conclusively answered.

'CEE Taft." President Roosevelt said it to white men in Washington originally, but vellow men in the Far East have now had their chance. Not to William H. Taft did the Chinese apply their boycott of everything American, a boycott recently so rigid that even coolies were forbidden to marry the daughters of men who handled merchandise from this country. The boycott troubled Mr. Taft, none the less. It was founded upon an exclusion law which, Japanese have heard, will next be applied by America to themselves. They questioned Mr. Taft about this in Tokyo. Tokyo merchants had received from China orders for Japanese fans on one side of which are to appear sketches of Chinamen undergoing brutal treatment at the hands of American officials, while on the other are to be shown pictures of buffalo experiencing torture in an Inquisition owned and operated by the United States Government. Inscriptions on these fans, explaining their symbolism to the Chinese mind, are alleged to have been put

into English for the benefit of Mr. Taft. He was then asked what he had to say! By the time Mr. Taft had attained the Asiatic mainland, placards heralding the Chinese boycott on American goods were posted in many places inviting the world to despise a people who, say some observers, may yet choose William H. Taft for their chief magis trate. Organs in Berlin and organs in London, agreeing that German and British trade have equally benefited from a situation which may continue in spite of President Roosevelt's official effort to end it, find a piquancy in the details. The Chinese boycott shows an insight into the American character which the Berlin Post considers "keen" and the London Post "shrewd."

America's exclusion the Chinese is to the latter "the most offensively discourteous ever devised by one nation against another."

MR. TAFT comes home, it is thought, with a troubled mind. Tokyo has heard of a growing anti-Japanese sentiment among the labor unions of this country, because Nippon migration hither is slowly vanquishing the American wage-earner in his battle to retain possession of the smaller trades. Tokyo is already maturing plans to meet this economic attack.

Mr. A. Maurice Low, Washington correspondent of the London Morning Post, is under the impression that Mr. Roosevelt is troubled over the effect that a Japanese ex-



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MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT ACKNOWLEDGING THE SALUTATIONS OF THE TOKYO THRONGS WHO CHEERED HER PROGRESS THROUGH THE STREETS

In a few weeks later similar crowds were surrounding the carriage of the Harriman party and using menacing expressions.

clusion law would have upon American world Japan would never retaliate as politics, China is doing. "Japan would make neither protest nor threat. She would with dignity acquiesce in the action of the United States." Japan's resentment would take another form more likely to concern the President. "Even now, with the relations between Japan and the United States extremely friendly, the fear that the Philippines are only held by the sufferance of Japan lurks in the minds of a great many Americans." More emphatic still is the allegation of the Berlin Kreuz Zeitung. Mr. Taft found Japanese diplomatists worried by the strategic and economic consequences of the certain completion of the Panama Canal within a relatively short time. The definition of the Monroe doctrine which Japan is preparing herself to assert in her part of the globe had a stunning effect upon Mr. Taft. He will lose no time in finding out how Mr. Roosevelt endures it. The maker of the peace of Portsmouth, conjectures a writer on world politics ... the columns of our contemporary, will be stunned, too. "Mr. Roosevelt and his party believe in the retention of the Philippines and are pledged to their retention," to go back to what Mr. A. Maurice Low writes in the London Morning Post, "but if they can only be retained by being cordoned by battleships, and millions must be spent on fortifications the less ardent imperialists might be converted to the doctrine of anti-imperialism."

THE appointment of Robert Bacon to the post of First Assistant Secretary of State comes as a surprise that is almost sensational and raises an issue that will probably figure more in future political controversies than it does just at present. For Mr. Bacon is most distinctively a Wall Street man. He was, until poor health induced his resignation two years ago, a partner of J. Pierpont Morgan's, and it was he who had the handling of the firm's fierce fight at the time the whirl in the Northern Pacific stock almost threw the country into a panic; he was the manager in the organization of the big ship trust (not the malodorous shipbuilding trust); it was he who represented the coal-carrying roads in the negotiations which President Roosevelt brought about to secure an end to the conflict between the operators and their employees; and he is, or was at the time of his selection for the new



THE FIRST ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE
"Perosnally he is upward of six feet in height, with tremendously broad shoulders, his splendid physique giving
rise to his designation in Wall street as the Greek god."

post, a director in the United States Steel Corporation, the Northern Securities Company, the National City Bank, and a large number of other corporations. He has never, so far as generally known, taken any active part in politics, and his appointment is supposed to be another unpleasant surprise to the managers of the party "machine."

THE issue certain to be raised by Mr. Bacon's appointment is sufficiently indicated in the following paragraph from an Oyster Bay despatch to the New York Herald:

"The appointment is significant of the big role which American, especially J. P. Morgan's, interests are to play in the new conditions the state department must face in the far east, as presaged by the Hankow railway concession development. The President knows by experience in the coal strike that Mr. Bacon has the confidence of Wall street, as well as intimate knowledge of its plans, in the transformation of China. There can be little doubt that in the Japanese development of Chinese railways American capital, as well as American diplomacy in the far east will therefore be closely connected with Wall street interests. Mr. Bacon may be regarded as an expert in his new field. It is not unlikely that his appointment

as Mr. Root's assistant had some influence on Mr. Morgan's decision to give up the Hankow concession. There is a greater game ahead. Mr. Morgan must feel sure that his interests will be safeguarded with a former business associate as Assistant Secretary of State."

"Though Roosevelt, the world hero, has done it," says the Omaha World-Herald, "this gift of an important cabinet position [?] to greedy and conscienceless Wall street interests yet hovers perilously near the borders of national disgrace." The "unquestioned ability" of Mr. Bacon is not called in question by anyone. That (at most times) Democratic paper the New York World admits it: but it says in a sarcastic tone that "as a director of the Northern Securities Company he must appreciate the slight cost of overstepping the law, and as a director of the Steel Trust and anthracite coal-mining railroads he must realize the convenience of skirting the law on the safe side. To cultivate such fine distinctions ought to help in the making of a truly clever diplomat."

E VEN a journal as far removed from the "yellow" type as the Philadelphia Ledger scans the news of Mr. Bacon's appointment askance. It says!

"That his appointment will not pass without criticism, however, may be expected. We need not regard the criticism of those who look upon wealth or education as a disqualification for office; but a directorship in the United States Steel Corporation is not, it must be admitted, a claim on popularity, and at the moment when the State Department has just been assisting Mr. Morgan to extort several millions from the Chinese Government for the surrender of a railway concession on which little or nothing had been expended the intimate association of diplomacy and finance seems unpleasantly emphasized."

In the answers to these criticisms stress is laid upon Mr. Bacon's alleged clean record in finance; upon his indorsement by Secretary Root, whose chief assistant he will be; upon the need, in the State Department, as disclosed by Secretary Taft's recent report on the Loomis-Bowen affair, of a more thoroughly business-like organization both in its office methods and its consular force; and upon the fact that if corporate connections are to bar a man from official appointments in America, most first-class men of affairs will be thereby barred from Government service. During the last few years, it is claimed in Mr. Bacon's behalf, while the names of a large number of men of high finance have been more or less smirched, no taint has connected itself in any way with his personal character or financial career. The general question whether corporate connections should bar a man's way into public service is thus skilfully handled in the Baltimore *Herald*, an independent Democratic paper:

"There are honest and there are dishonest corporations. In the fact of the appointment itself there is no ground for valid criticism of the President. If corporations are not placed under the public ban then those associated with them have the same right to official recognition as have other competent persons. The people themselves do not hesitate at times to designate the counsel of corporations for Congress, and frequently the men whom the states send to the upper house in these days are tarred with the corporation stick. It would be odd, then, with the people themselves and their Legislatures free to send to Congress men having corporation connections to legislate upon matters in which corporations are vitally interested, if the President should not be at liberty to name for one of his official advisers, in a capacity that is unlikely to bring him into touch with questions concerning corporations, a man who happens to have relations with nearly a score of such bodies. Mr. Root himself was one of the leading corporation counsel of the country when he was asked to take the portfolio of state.

On one point there seems to be general agreement—that the President is well quit of Mr. Loomis, who, while receiving vindication in Secretary Taft's report on the Bowen charges, so far as corruption was concerned, nevertheless was publicly censured for "indiscreet" conduct as minister to Venezuela.

THE personal qualities of Mr. Bacon, so far as the public has secured a glimpse of them, are interesting and attractive. He was a Harvard man, associated as a student more or less closely with Theodore Roosevelt and Baron Komura. His prowess on the gridiron as "one of the best half-backs." Harvard ever had" is vouched for by one authority. And the circumstances under which he first met the redoubtable Theodore are told by the same authority in a story that ought to be true, it is so good. Returning from the football field one day to the gymnasium, Robert the half-back was attracted by a spirited sparring bout between two men of quite unequal size. The larger man landed a vicious solar-plexus blow on his opponent which sent him to the floor. A cry of foul was raised by the bystanders, but it was silenced when the smaller man rose, declared it was not a foul, and pluckily facing his antagonist once more, said, "See if you can do it again." The plucky small man was, of course, Theodore Roosevelt, and

Robert the half-back met him after the bout for the first time. Physically, Mr. Bacon is over six feet high, with "tremendously broad shoulders," and his clear-cut, regular features, his light-brown hair and his splendid carriage are responsible for his designation in Wall street as "the Greek god." His wife was Martha Cowdin, of Long Island, and they have four children—three boys and one girl.

"WO interesting efforts made to supplant the saloon with something less disorderly and dangerous have been attracting attention anew. One of them, the South Carolina Dispensary, seems to be in a parlous condition, and its special guardian and sponsor. Senator Tillman, is fighting hard to prevent its being, to borrow the phrase of The State (Columbia), "knocked into splinters." The Senator accounts for the evidently growing unpopularity of the dispensary by rascality in its management. "God knows," he is reported as saying, "I did not know at that time [when he was governor] that South Carolina had such a brood of thieves." The dispensary was instituted ten years or so ago and has been the subject of many investigations, the reports varying widely as to its results. The Subway Tavern of New York, which has now gone "glimmering to the void." was an experiment that lasted but a year. It had Bishop Potter's blessing in the form of a dedicatory prayer at its opening, it had support from such estimable and sincere men as R. Fulton Cutting and E. R. L. Gould, and it had for manager Joseph Johnson, one of the brightest young men in the city, the organizer of "The Acorns" in one of the Seth Low campaigns. The intentions were good, and the profits were to be devoted to multiplying similar institutions. But the anticipated profit turned out to be a deficit of \$17,000 for one year, and the place has been sold and transformed into a resort of the usual kind.

THE post-mortem examination of the Subway Tavern results in various theories as to the cause of its demise. Neither Bishop Potter nor Mr. Johnson appears ready to admit failure for the idea. "Let him doubt or falter who will," the tishop is reported as saying. "we have come to recognize great evils and a great degradation in our present mechanisms of refreshment and recreation." Mr. Johnson is more direct and definite in his comment. He says:

"The rubbernecks and the philanthropists—there was the trouble. They came in droves. The rubbernecks went into every corner and scared the customers away—for, between ourselves, who cares to drink while the tourist watches every gulp? And the philanthropists, they came, put their fingers in the soup, said it was excellent and nourishing, gazed upon the infinite capacity for taking drinks in the poor man to whom we were trying to teach temperance. And the poor man bolted back to the Bowery unlimited."

Mr. Johnson's bartender has, however, furnished the explanation that seems most generally acceptable: "Rum and religion will not mix." The idea underlying the experiment was that the chief attraction of the saloon is as "a poor man's club," and the effort was to furnish a "club" that would tend to elevate rather than degrade him. This conception of the saloon does not seem to have made much progress toward general "The theory that men visit acceptance. saloons chiefly for companionship, amusement, or 'for a change,' may be correct," says the Philadelphia Ledger; "but the bald fact remains that the majority of the frequenters go there primarily to get a drink." The poor man's club idea has been very much overworked, so the Indianapolis News observes. "There are barroom loafers, to be sure, and there are other men that like to linger over their cups; but as a rule the saloon is a rapid-fire affair." The Independent (New York) can not refrain from joining in the gibes at Bishop Potter's expense (the Tavern was better known to the people round about as "Bishop Potter's saloon" than by its own name); but it thinks, nevertheless, that the Tavern was "half good," and that it failed "not wholly because the plan was bad," but because it was mismanaged. The editor of The Interior (Chicago) calls upon Bishop Potter to confess that he made a blunder, and refers to the "final sin" of the Subway's owners in selling the place in preference to closing it.

CROP reports for the month furnish occasion for big black headlines that, even to an unimaginative mind, tell a story of stupendous import. In one column we read:

CORN HARVEST, 2,716,918,000 BUSHELS

A RECORD THAT NEVER HAS BEEN EX-CEEDED



"I am George Nathaniel Curzon, I am a very superior person!"

THE VICEROY OF INDIA WHOM LORD KITCHENER HAS "WORSTED"

and then follow the figures to justify this stupendous estimate, exceeding the record-harvest of 1899 by 50,000,000 bushels. In another column we read:

COTTON YIELD, 14,000,000 BALES
THE LARGEST EVER PRODUCED N THE
UNITED STATES

By the time we have "sensed" this and all it means to the country, and especially to the South, we run across other head-lines about like this:

WHEAT OUTLOOK, 704,447,000 BUSHELS.

A RECORD EXCEEDED BUT ONCE IN OUR HISTORY

These headlines, taken almost literally from the New York Journal of Commerce, are based upon the best estimates available, and which, coming at this late day in the season, may be taken as approximately correct. Ordinarily "bumper" crops mean

small prices; but this year the "marvelous trade demand" for cotton has kept the price at a point "remarkably remunerative both to the producer and the consumer" (we quote from the annual report of Superintendent King, of the New York Cotton Exchange); and the splendid wheat crop comes "at the moment when a serious shortage is threatened in the Russian wheat crop." The wealth of the nation grows apace, and the tide of immigration attracted by it will probably be accelerated.

ORD CURZON has abandoned the exalted post of Viceroy of India as a consequence of that two years' contest with Lord Kitchener which, says one London organ, had "degenerated into a brawl," and which, thinks another London organ, is now a feud so virulent that the Earl of Minto's appointment to the great vacancy passes well-nigh unnoticed in the din. Lord Kitchener's triumph is conceded to be most dazzling. He, "the great Kitchener," the hero of the Sudan, the hero of the war in South Africa, was sent out to India to make anew John Bull's army there and thus lay for good the specter of Russian invasion. On the spot Lord Kitchener found Lord Curzon, the mere George Nathaniel Curzon of not so many years ago, who married a young American lady. Lord Curzon, after serving five splendid years as Viceroy of India, had only recently been reappointed—a rare honor in that exalted office. If the tolerably youthful viceroy imbibed the idea that he was of supreme importance, the tone of London press comment any time these past three years amply justified him. Kitchener went out as commander-in-chief of the forces. He had some right to deem himself as important a person as Lord Curzon could ever hope to be. Only lately he had been granted a viscounty, reaching the scene of his military labors as "Horatio Herbert, Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum," with decorations and crosses galore. Two huge planets had begun to revolve in an orbit which could accommodate but one, although there was lots of room for satellites.

ORD KITCHENER'S plan for the reorganization of Great Britain's army in India is criticized by the friends of Lord Curzon because it does not recognize the subordination of the military to the civil power. Lord Kitchener's champions insist that India cannot be freed from liability to invasion on the northwestern frontier without a revolutionary change in her military methods. The conflict has waged from these opposing points of view with much bewildering brilliance of newspaper controversy. All London press comment has a partizan ring, especially when reference is made to the personal unpopularity of Lord Curzon. Never, apparently, was there a man with a more fatal capacity for getting himself disliked than the man who, not so many years ago, had this couplet recited behind his back in London drawing-rooms:

"I am George Nathaniel Curzon.
I am a very superior person."

But the cold Kitchener, famed for his aloofness from women, for his opposition to the marriage of any military member of his staff and for that "deep pride" which, says Byron, "is gall and wormwood to an enemy," has managed to make himself the object of a general personal dislike only less inveterate than that reserved for Curzon.

'URZON'S resignation is a blow to the Balfour ministry. It comes as the climax of a long series of resignations of their posts by some of the ablest members of the British official hierarchy. Punch gives timely interpretation of this in a cartoon wherein Curzon joins a goodly number of great politicians "shelved" by the Balfour government before his own turn came. "A government from which its ablest colleagues and servants are always flying is not a strong government," protests one newspaper. To make matters yet more serious, Lord Curzon's last hours in India produced an incident of a kind not merely embarrassingly personal as between gentlemen, but painfully serious as between exalted officials. question of veracity arose. Lord Curzon had transmitted to London an "argumentative summary" of Lord Kitchener's "final attitude." But the Viceroy did not consider it necessary to let the Commander-in-chief see a copy of what has become an important document in the case. One of Mr. Balfour's colleagues in the ministry—a colleague accused of making Lord Curzon's position in India "painful"—was thoughtful enough to bring the "argumentative summary" to Lord Kitchener's knowledge. Lord Kitchener at once and indignantly repudiated the "argumentative summary" as absolutely inaccurate. Lord Curzon, on his side, reaffirmed his "argumentative summary" so



THE AMERICAN WIFE OF INDIA'S "FROZEN OUT"
VICEROY

Lady Curzon was Miss Mary Victoria, daughter of the late Levi Ziegler Leiter, of Chicago. She recently recovered from an illness so serious that her life was for a time despaired of.

categorically as to imply that Lord Kitchener or himself must labor under a strange hallucination, to say the least. "What arrests attention," says the London Times, and what, it feels, "ought to have been impossible," is "the startling and unedifying spectacle" of two of Great Britain's "most distinguished public servants" thus "openly engaged in heated personal altercation." And there are authoritative intimations of things more startling yet to come.

ORD CURZON'S successor as Viceroy of India has been overlooked in this uproar. The approaching visit of the Prince of Wales to India—an occasion to be made as impressive as ceremonial and pageantry can render it—caused the appointment to be filled somewhat hurriedly, and the Earl of Minto was hit upon. He is now sixty. Last year he vacated the post of Governor-General of Canada, after six successful years of service, during which he had officially to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales. Minto is a soldier by profession. Years ago he helped to put down the Northwest rebellion in Canada. He has seen ser-



KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

His serious difference with Lord Curson regarding the army of India was resulted in a great personal triumph for the hero of Khartoum.

vice in Afghanistan, in South Africa—years before the Boer War, however—in Egypt and in India. He is the descendant of a governor-general who helped to make history in India. Personally the Earl of Minto is esteemed. He is considered too colorless in character to involve himself in those spectacular policies to which the discomfiture of Curzon is in part attributable. Indeed, there is a tendency in the London press to disparage Minto as a respectable figure merely. Not from him can Britain expect achievements like the expedition of Colonel Younghusband to Tibet, an expedition forced by Lord Curzon upon a somewhat reluctant home government, which, say Curzon's friends, spoiled its effect by failure to "back it up."

A N EFFECTIVE comparison of the pair is made in the following extract from the Manchester Guardian, published before the British home government had intervened in the fray:

"Two men to-day sway the destinies of India who stand forth as anti-types—Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener. Both labor strenuously, but

in opposite directions. One wings the heights; the other sounds the depths. Both dominate their world of action, but in different fashions. One is the thunder, magnificent, impressive, whose prolonged reverberations shake the firmament and signify nothing. The other is the lightning, swift, silent, whose brief flash scorns pretentious flourishes and strikes home. In plainer language, Lord Curzon's customary manner is to stride upon the public stage to the accom-paniment of a brass fanfare, to doff his coat with a determined air, to roll up his shirt sleeves while frowning portentously, and to call upon the spectators to witness that he is about to essay a mighty feat. Lord Kitchener, on the other hand, seems purposely to linger behind the wings until the gaze of the spectators has wandered in some other direction, and then he enters softly and hurries through his performance as if he were a mere scene-shifter, leaving everyone too astonished even to applaud. The antithesis of character extends further and deeper, but need not now be pursued. Enough to say here, as a certain shrewd Punjabi Mahometan once wittingly remarked to me: 'Lât Sahib dekhha hai; Jangi Sahib dekhta hai' ('The Viceroy is seen; the Commander-in-Chief sees'). Lord Kitchener has never been betrayed by vanity into the tactical error of showing himself in front of his shelter trenches. This is why he has already accom-



NEW OFFICIAL "ALTER EGO" OF EMPEROR EDWARD IN INDIA

The Earl of Minto, newly appointed Viceroy of India, will have the honor of receiving the Prince of Wales when that her to the title of "Emperor of India" visits the dependency. as arranged, with a brilliant suite.

plished within a couple of years, smoothly and acceptably, a whole series of momentous measures and at the same time enhanced his already high prestige; while Lord Curzon at the end of six equally indefatigable years finds most of his big schemes so far from fruition as to necessitate a considerable extension of his tenure of office, and this in the face of a personal unpopularity almost unparalleled in India's viceregal annals."

A LL the big life insurance companies are now undergoing a process of vivisection, so to speak. The Armstrong committee appointed by the New York legislature, as a result of the Equitable revelations, organized by selecting as its leading attorney Mr. Charles E. Hughes, whose work of investigation several months ago into the affairs of New York's gas companies is considered to have been unusually brilliant. His handling of that inquiry, according to the New York Evening Post, usually the most captious of journals, "convinced every one of his earnestness and his readiness to follow up every clew." The first week or two of probing into the affairs of the companies confirms the view of the same iournal that the investigation is to be a bona-fide and

thorough one. The proceedings pursued in the election of officials in those companies which have already been "mutualized" were investigated first with the result of showing convincingly that mutualization, under ordinary circumstances, is a mere form and nothing else. The New York Life has nearly a million policy-holders who are entitled to vote for officers. At the last election 2,322 were represented by proxy and six officials holding the proxies did all the voting. The New York Mutual has perhaps 450,000 qualified voters, and last June 199 of them voted. "And this," comments one caustic editor, "is the mutualization proposed as a cure for Equitable corruption!" It is pointed out, however, that mutualization at least furnishes a power in reserve that acts as a check to "frenzied" financing."



LADY EILEEN BILLIOT

COUNTESS OF MINTO

THE WIFE AND THE DAUGHTER OF THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA

THE subject of salaries was taken up next, and the generous size of the compensation paid has occasioned critical comment. The usual salary of a big insurance president is now \$100,000. One of the companies first examined, the New York Life, has a hundred-thousanddollar president; three first vice-presidents drawing salaries of \$40,000, \$35,000, and \$25,000; and three second vice-presidents with salaries of \$30,000, \$21,000, and \$18,ooo. Mr. Hughes's probe was inserted into the matter of participation, by the insurance companies, in the syndicates by which large blocks of new bonds and stocks are floated on the market. It is admitted that all the companies participate in such syndicates, and the claim is made that only by so doing can they invest their funds profi-



JOHN HEGEMAN

President of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

tably, since flotation by syndicates is now the almost invariable method pursued. The disposition of many journals to treat in a sensational manner the testimony elicited as the investigation proceeds calls forth an appeal for fair treatment by the New York Mail, which specifies cases of "flagrant misrepresentation," which, it insists, in view of the interests involved, is "an almost unpardonable crime." An attempt to discredit in advance the whole work of the committee is made by Insurance (New York) in the following words:

"Knowing the New York legislature, does anybody doubt that that interesting body really intended and desired to find wickedness in life insurance? Does anybody doubt that this committee want to find it, intend to find it, will gloat over it, will magnify it, are chuckling and happy over the expectation of finding it and over the possible useful results of the discovery, and that they would be intensely disappointed and disgusted if they failed to find it? As for the feelings of the waiting newspapers in such an event, we will not attempt to express them."

The "waiting newspapers" do not, at this juncture, manifest any such feeling of disappointment!

NO more sensational disclosure has been made in this year of sensational disclosures on the life insurance business than that made by Mr. George W. Perkins when he appeared before the Armstrong committee on the 15th of September. Mr. Perkins is vice-president of the New York Life and a partner in the banking-house of J. P. Morgan & Co. Asked about the payment of a check for \$48,702. on December 30, 1904, to the order of J. P. Morgan & Co. by the New York Life, Mr. Perkins replied: "That was money paid to Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss on account of the Republican National Committee campaign fund of last year." And Mr. Perkins went on to volunteer the further information that the same thing had been done before in the first and second Mc-Kinley campaigns. He defended this proceeding as follows:

"I want to say that these payments were made after a great deal of deliberation and not made, as one would say, for a political campaign fund. The funds were made up in the first instance and in the McKinley campaign because we believed the integrity of our assets was being protected; we believed it was absolutely a legitimate thing to do to protect the property of these hundreds



Presi lent of the Prudential Insurance Company

of thousands of people everywhere, and in the second campaign we believed the same thing. And when we saw that St. Louis platform we believed it more than ever, and we met it as we met any other expense for the preservation and protection of our property."

It transpired also that a payment of \$100,ooo had been made to one Andrew Hamilton. of Albany, in March, 1904, the reason for which Mr. Perkins was unable to disclose. But the New York World regards this latter payment as even more significant than that to Mr. Bliss. It says of Mr. Hamilton:

"Mr. Hamilton is better known in Albany than in New York. He is a friend of Eugene D. Wood, whose vocation for many years is well known to everybody in politics. He was an associate of David B. Hill, who when Governor appointed him Judge of the Court of Claims. He is closely identified with Anthony N. Brady, a partner of Thomas F. Ryan, whose interests he has looked after in Albany for many years. The hidden payment of \$48,702 of the New York Life's policy-holders' money to the Roosevelt campaign fund and of \$50,000 to each of the McKinley campaign funds is not so significant as this item of \$100,000 paid to Mr. Hamilton. The trail of the connection between life insurance and State politics was struck when disclosure was made of this secret fund and its huge disbursements."

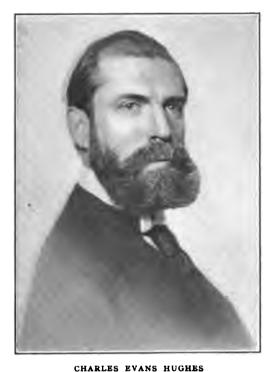


ROBERT MC CURDY President Home Life Insurance Company



JOHN A. MC CALL President New York Life Insurance Company

HIS is the first time that a political trail has been clearly struck in the revelations of life insurance methods, and the committee is generally urged to follow it up to the uttermost. The rather naïve defense attempted by Mr. Perkins is given little weight in the comment on his testimony. The Times (New York), which supported the Democratic candidate in the last campaign. scouts the idea that Judge Parker was any more of a menace to financial prosperity than Mr. Roosevelt, and insists that the payment was "altogether partisan." The New York Evening Post, which also supported Parker, terms the transaction a "disgraceful" one, and thinks it will be taken by the "plain man" everywhere as a full justification of the charge that a "malignant money power" exists that uses first one party and then the other for its own purposes. New York Herald thinks this "astounding" disclosure is in line with the general drift of the evidence which shows that "the managers of these companies have entirely lost sight of the fact that they are the custodians of a sacred trust and that they are not at



"It is not the man who reaches the corner first, but\_the man who knows just what to do after he gets there."

liberty to use and risk the funds entrusted to them as if they were bankers operating with their own funds." The New York Tribune does not think the payment should be viewed "as a breach of trust," if "made in good faith to serve the policy-holders and not to further the personal ambitions of insurance officers or their friends and relatives"; but it considers the act, nevertheless, "a mistaken exercise of zeal" and one at variance with our theory of government, which is that "each voter is entitled to exercise his own influence"; and "the benevolent despot who attempts to use his vote or his property without his consent, as a make-weight in politics. is, whatever his intent, a usurper and a danger to republicanism." The New York Press, another Republican paper, refers caustically to an interview with Judge Parker, late the Democratic candidate for President, who asserts that similar payments were made by other insurance companies to the Republican campaign for purposes of corrupting the elec-The Press holds that the very production of Mr. Perkins's testimony by a committee appointed by a Republican legislature is "in itself the best possible refutation of the charge that this corporation was to receive any favors in return for its \$48,000 subscription." The Baltimore Herald thinks this "startling revelation" will create a strong demand by men of all parties for the passage of a law requiring political parties to publish their contribution lists and make a public statement of expenditures. These views are representative of those that are coming in, as we go to press, from all parts of the country.

'HE general discussion of life insurance in the past few months has elicited various suggestions as to the regulation of insurance companies in the future. The importance of such regulation by some equitable means is generally conceded in view of the magnitude of the interests involved. The insurance business, as a number of journals point out, has been increasing of late years with astonishing rapidity. In 1903 there were in the United States 19,297,715 life insurance and industrial insurance policies in force for a sum aggregating \$11,570,-This is almost a policy for every family in the country. Twenty years before, the number of policies was less than 2,000,ooo, so that the number has been multiplied by ten in the last twenty years. income of the companies in 1903 was \$553,-639,900, and the total payments to policyholders amounted to \$225,842,072. In his latest annual message, President Roosevelt said:

"The business of insurance vitally affects the great mass of the people of the United States and is national and not local in its application. It involves a multitude of transactions among the people of different States and between American companies and foreign governments. I urge that Congress carefully consider whether the power of the Bureau of Corporations cannot constitutionally be extended to cover interstate transactions in insurance."

FEDERAL control of insurance is urged, for instance, by Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, who purchased Mr. Hyde's Equitable stock. In what seems to be an authentic interview, he said lately: "The federal government should have practically the same supervision of life insurance companies as it has over national banks. The officers and managers of these companies have in their keeping a trust of the most sacred character and they should not object to the best interests of their business." The Wall Street Journal looks upon such control as one of the lines

along which the solution of the insurance problem "unquestionably lies." The Philadelphia Public Ledger asserts that the insurance companies themselves have for forty years been laboring to bring about Federal control. The chief obstacle has been the decision of the United States Supreme Court, in 1868, that insurance is not "commerce," and that therefore the article in the Federal Constitution giving Congress the right to regulate interstate commerce does not apply to insurance business. The Ledger says of this decision:

"When the Supreme Court made the decision referred to there were less than 800,000 life insurance policies in force, and the insurance was less than one-fifth of the present aggregate. Even the word 'commerce' has been given a vastly wider significance since the framers of the Constitution wrote it into that instrument. From referring to navigation alone, it has come very close to meaning 'business'; and it is by no means sure, if Congress saw fit to declare the interstate transactions of the insurance companies 'commerce' within the meaning of the fundamental law of the land, that the Court would not reverse its former dictum."

The New York Press goes so far as to assert that the American people will decide that the Federal Government shall "not only regulate and control, but direct and administer the insurance business of the United States as it directs and administers the post-office business." But the Springfield Republican decries the movement for Federal control as one taken up "on behalf of an autocratic control of the companies rather than for the policy-holders," and as designed to rid them of the prying activities of many State inquisitors rather than as a means of bringing about genuine reform. The Journal of Commerce, one of the weightiest of New York journals in matters of finance and commerce, strongly opposes the movement toward Federal control on the ground of the menace to our whole political system that lies in the growing tendency toward centralization. The New York Tribune comments on a suggestion that President Roosevelt institute a federal investi-It thinks this suggestion very siggation. nificant. It says:

"Any such extension of federal activity is of debatable wisdom. But the naturalness with which the idea is taken up now the instant the administration of a great insurance company is under discussion shows how our people have come to think continentally, and how much more centralized is their idea of government than its actuality."

VIOLENT earthquake has just shaken one whole province of southern Italy to its foundations. The dead are counted by thousands while the injured and the homeless exceed in number the population of many an important American city. These destructive and death-dealing influences asserted themselves with no preliminary tremor of the warning kind which led the experienced to flee into the open and thus escape the violence of last April's earthquake in India, which caused a total loss of life of 20,000 out of the 250,000 who dwelt within the area of 700 square miles most vehemently This fresh seismic convulsion in Victor Immanuel's kingdom ceased as suddenly as it came. All was over in eighteen seconds. Seismological stations all over the world seem to have traced their records of this catastrophe. The fact is not so remarkable to the scientist as it may be to the layman. The earthquake in India last spring was clearly registered in the observatory at Göttingen and the astronomer royal for Scotland announces that a record was also obtained at the Royal Observatory in Edinburgh. The waves of the Italian disturbance were violent enough to register rapid oscillations in the seismograph of the faculty of sciences at Grenoble, France, but were very faint when they reached this country.

HE mortality in some of the afflicted Calabrian towns is so dire that the surviving inhabitants, say the cables, will not remain in their old homes. They contemplate a wholesale migration to the new world. The intention seems well established, but it can hardly be traced to the earthquake as the cause. That but adds a new form of distress to a series of economic misfortunes pressing heavily upon Calabria for years. Baron Sonnino, the eminent Italian political leader, made a tour of this region not long ago. His stinerary included not a few of the towns with which the earthquake has played havoc. The statesman was so impressed by row after row of vacant houses that he asked the mayor for an explanation. "The tenants," said the mayor, "have emigrated to the United States." The baron thereupon expressed his sympathy for the landlords. "The landlords," replied the mayor, "are going to emigrate to the United States, too." To the progress of so wholesale an abandonment of southern Italy the earthquake, acts only as a stimulant.



CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE OF WALES
A Prince has recently been born, making the number of His Highness' children six



GEORGE, CROWN PRINCE OF BAVARIA



HEIR TO ITALY'S THRONE

He is called the "Prince of Piedmont" instead of "Prince of Rome," out of deference, presumably, to the Vatican



PRINCESS YOLANDE OF ITALY



ONCE HEIRFSS TO A THRONE— NOW MERELY PRINCESS MAFALDA OF ITALY

### PRINCES AND PRINCESSES OF EUROPE



SERVIA'S CROWN PRINCE

Prince George, son of King Peter, who ascended the throne after his predecessor's assassination



ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND

The heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne and his family



HEIR TO THE BULGARIAN THRONE

Prince Boris is e even and his father wishes him to have the title of King when he accedes. Bulgaria's ruler now ranks as a tributary Prince only



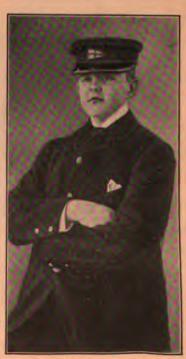
A FUTURE KING OF GREECE Prince George, son of the Crown Prince of the Hellenes



PRINCESS HELEN OF GREECE



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF GREECE



CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL His name is Louis Philippe and his title is Duke of Braganza



"THE MOST POPULAR ROYALTY IN THE EMPIRE" Princess Victoria of Germany



"ANTI-RACE SUICIDE"
The sons of William II, German Emperor



THE HEIR TO THE BELGIAN THRONE AND HIS MOTHER AND BROTHER

Prince Leopold (with the curls) is in line for the succession to the present King Leopold, with one life between



NORWAY'S KINGLY POSSIBILITY Prince Charles of Sweden and his Children

# Literature and Art

### What Is the True Function of Criticism?

The old battle between the poets and the philosophers, between those who believe in "art for art's sake" and those who hold that art should be a means of moral education, furnishes the theme of a notable article by Dr. William Barry in the current Quarterly Review (London). He deals, in the main, with Professor Saintsbury's "History of Criticism," but dissents from the fundamental theory therein laid down. Professor Saintsbury, adopting Pater's dictum, concludes with him that "to feel the virtue of the poet or the painter, to disengage it, to set it forth—these are the three stages of the critic's duty." On this Dr. Barry comments:

"The critic is to interpret the vision that he has seen. Is it beautiful? He asks no more. Subject. incidents, moral, are nothing to him as a critic. Even the execution, if we do not mistake, falls into lovely moments, to be judged one by one. But where then shall we look for the 'purification,' which, not in drama exclusively, but in all literature worthy of the name, is to be wrought upon us? Has every poet the same virtue? And, if not, may the critic be dispensed from comparing one with another, as we do in fact compare them, finding a certain greatness in this man, imperfection in that one, comfort and exaltation of spirit while we stay on the heights with some who have the lightning for their raiment, the sound of thunder in their voices, but feeling that the life has gone out of us when we consort too long with their opposites? Be it that to art, as to science and religion, nothing is common or unclean, yet we know of books, beautiful in form and language, that infect like the plague, that are decadent and suicidal in their tendency. Is the critic to welcome them for their exquisite make, filed speech, fervor of paganism? Or is there not a Higher Criticism which estimates these values in its summing-up?"

Dr. Barry proceeds to answer these questions:

"We will go by experience in this matter as well as by theory. It is not enough to seize upon beautiful moments, for they have no unity comparable to that of a large design, a world in itself, like the 'Odyssey,' or Dante's pilgrimage, or the supreme plays in Shakespeare; even as impressions, it will be admitted, these living wholes are far beyond single lines, however magical. And if this be so, the intellect which grasps them, not less than that which created them, deserves to be named something better than feeling. Beauty in literature grows with intellect; the finer it is, the more it appeals to those rarer spirits who have

passed beyond its lower forms. Who would prefer the sensuous lyrical poets to Homer and Sophocles? There is a difference in these things not to be put aside, therefore to be recognized as entering into the very idea of criticism. Before we make any application of it to life, it claims due rank in art. To neglect it is the sure way of hastening that fall from the greatest into mediocrity which is ever at hand. Art itself requires that the delight afforded by it shall not be its ruin, nor the decadent, though, as Lucian says, 'fed on dew and ambrosia,' its king. Our Professor grants all this implicitly when he declines to accept 'Art for Art's sake only.' The end is revelation of the Beautiful; but it must not pause until it has climbed the summits and caught a glimpse of 'the First and only Fair.'

"Yet again poetry, which includes all genuine literature by certain affinities and inspirations, though it be seeming, not mere truth of fact, has truth abiding in it, the law of the ideal, and an immanent ethic, the law of purity, justice, and kindness. Were it emptied of all these qualities, what would be its worth? Beautiful nonsense an arrangement in vowel-sounds, at the best

spoken music.

"Criticism, if it be not unlike the creative works which it apprehends, is a song of degrees. It can no more be liberated from the jurisdiction of ethics than any other activity into which man breaks forth. Its delight and its beauty hold of the True, else they are pernicious fictions. They are shadows of the Good, or why should we allow them to win our hearts? By secret alchemy and an inevitable process, the aspects of the Infinite to which we give these names are continually passing one into the other. Dante is perhaps the high poet who combines them all more clearly to our sense than Greek or even English singers. But they are present in every literature by which mankind lives; and it is the critic's duty to set them in the fairest light."

Mr. Henry M. Alden, who makes an independent contribution to the discussion of this subject in the "Editor's Study" of Harper's Magazine (August), evidently feels, with Professor Saintsbury, that the true function of the critic is to discover merit (of whatsoever kind) and set it forth; and he complains that the critic of to-day fails lamentably in this elemental duty. He speaks of short stories appearing in contemporary American periodicals which seem to him perfect of their kind and superior in workmanship to those of any previous period. And yet these stories are often practically unrecognized, and would probably, he thinks, "be indiscriminately ignored by those critics who habitually depreciate magazine stories." He adds:

"Only the select few are altogether discriminating, but in every generation their judgment becomes more and more that of the future, so that it dominates that process of selection which determines the lasting prosperity of classics. The popularity of a work is no test of its value.

"On the other hand, popularity in the polite world of letters is not necessarily a disparagement. Fortunately there are writers who, like George Eliot in the last generation and Mrs. Humphry Ward in the present, not only stand for what is best in the literature of their time, but are also able to arrest attention and to compel an audience coextensive with culture, by qualities of mastery which involve no sacrifice of their art."

In concluding, Mr. Alden indicates what he feels is the real lack in present-day criticism:

"The saddest and most discouraging feature of current literature is not the lack of fine examples, but the pessimistic critic's failure to give them recognition. Only the striking example compels his praise, while those many which quietly give satisfaction of the highest order escape his notice.

Thus unwittingly he strengthens the cause of the Philistines, flatteringly conceding to them the entire field, which, to the contrary, is really held by a constantly emerging host whose banner and watchword have eluded his discernment because he is vainly looking for types that have disappeared—for a Poe or a Dickens or a Hawthorne. He ignores in like manner the deeper culture of imaginative sensibility which has made a new audience for a new order of genius; else how can he assert—as Mr. Charles Leonard Moore does that fifty years ago 'there was twenty times as much sympathy for and appreciation of things of the mind 'as there is to-day. By this particular critic, the assertion is meant for America, and while we might concede the literary inferiority of this country relatively, at least to France and England, yet it is in this very half-century that nearly all of our literature that is worthy of the name has been produced. Hawthorne is the one really great prose author of the earlier period whose originality of genius seems to defy com-parison. That our fiction is not like that of Poe or Brockden Brown or Cooper is surely not to its discredit. For ourselves, we prefer Mrs. Deland's, Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman's, Mrs. Wharton's, or that of any one of half a dozen contemporary American women we might mention, to say nothing of James, Howells, and Mark Twain.

# John Hay's Literary Potentialities

John Hay is generally conceded to have been one of the ablest public men of his time -the master of a diplomacy that was sincere, courageous and generous. In the opinion of William Dean Howells, he might have had an equal and a kindred fame in literature. "For more than half his years," says Mr. Howells, "one may fancy him standing at the parting of the ways, where he might have taken the path to pre-eminence in authorship, as finally he took the path to the supremacy in statesmanship which he really achieved." Mr. Howells proceeds to analyze the definite literary accomplishment of Mr. Hay, devoting most space to "Castilian Days," "Pike County Ballads" and "The History of Lincoln." Of the firstnamed book, he says (North American Review, September):

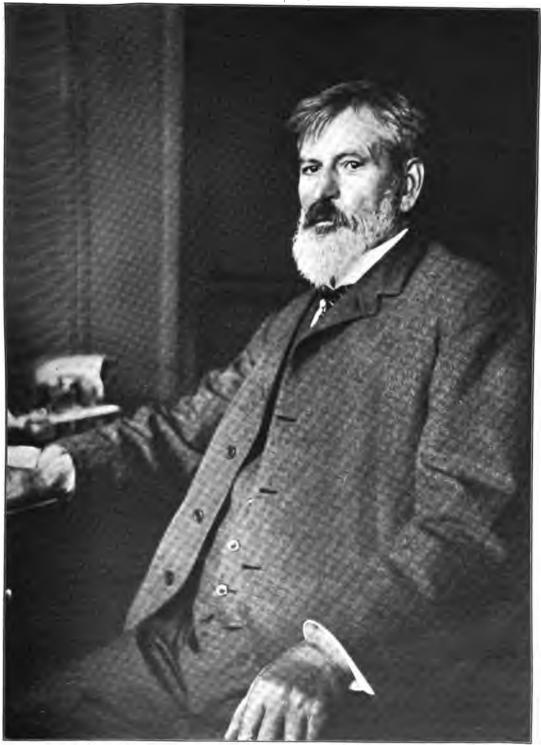
"Spain lives under his hand, and the book itself lives through its fidelity to the facts, and will always hold its high place among the three or four books by American hands in which the life of an alien people is rendered with unsurpassed intelligence. There are chapters, and when there are not chapters there are passages, of singular beauty, where the author allows himself to be a spectator, a charming commentator, who has no duty to his reader but to make him see the thing as it is. The range is very great, from the note of

slight, transitory social phases to the study of important political aspects, which neither he who wrote, nor we who read, could then have imagined equally transitory. It was the hour when the friends of Spain hoped for a Spanish Republic; and it is one of the most interesting offices of Hay's delightful work that it forms the historical record of this generous hope, now long extinct."

The "Pike County Ballads," Mr. Howells predicts, will as infallibly carry John Hay's fame as the "Biglow Papers" carry Lowell's. He continues:

"It is rather cheaply paradoxical to say that a spirit less delicate, less sensitive, than that of such a youth as Hay was would not have felt the wild allure of such types as Jim Bludso, Tilman Joy, and their like in 'The Mystery of Gilgal' and the ballad of 'Little Breeches.' But without the background of the new country, where individual freedom counts for more than anywhere else, he might not have been able to show in such strong relief the social and political facts studied in such poems as 'Sunrise in the Place de la Concorde,' The Sphinx of the Tuileries,' 'The Prayer of the Romans.' He is not æsthetically more himself in these than in the 'Pike County Ballads,' which will outlast them; but he is more ethically himself."

In all his literary work, says Mr. Howells, Hay was prevalently a moralist. His sense of æsthetics was constantly in conflict with his sense of ethics, and it is more than possi-



Photo, by VanderWeyde.

HENRY M. ALDEN
Editor of Harper's Magasine since 1869

ble that the two antagonistic tendencies "found no peaceful issue, no entire reconciliation, except in 'The History of Abraham Lincoln.'" There for the first time "his sense of what is great in human nature, which can be ennobled only as it is self-ennobled, together with his love of what is poetic and heroic in the endeavor of a people toward light and right, is reconciled in the treatment of a vast theme claiming his highest powers as a lover of letters and a connoisseur of man." To quote further:

"He must have been glad to know that he was dealing with one of the most tremendous episodes in the life of the world, and that, in the very treatment of the subject, the what of it was infinitely paramount to the why of it. If this is true, it marks the moment in which the man of letters was finally subordinated in his distinctly dual nature to the man of affairs, of public affairs. We may fancy that, up to some such time, it had always been possible for him to turn again, and, if he would, be one of our first poets, one of our first novelists, one of our first essayists, as he certainly became one of our first historians. His relinquishment of any such ambition need not have been

explicit, or even conscious; it would have effected itself, as such things do, without his intention."

Mr. Howells concludes:

'In the great history which he contributed to our literature; in the admirable study of a foreign life which he left; in the striking, if strikingly unequal, poems of which he always thought so modestly, he avouched his ability to have done what he wished in literature, if only he had wished it enough. He showed in these the potentiality of a great popularity, when he turned from them for the other career which was not more than equally open to him. Yet he chose to do his greatest service to the public independently of the popular choice, and he, the most innately American of our statesmen, came to represent what was most European in the skill of the diplomacy which he practised. We shall all of us love always to think that the frankness, the honesty, the brave humanity which characterized it was the heart of Americanism in it. It was, at least, what we could so perfectly understand that, in any moment of hesitation concerning this or that fact of it, we could say to ourselves that it must be right because Hay did it. With those who were his contemporaries, there will always remain a regret that he did not take the popular way, so that he might have stood at his journey's end with the three or four of our Presidents who were also our greatest men."

# The President as a Critic of Poetry

President Roosevelt, not content with his laurels as statesman and diplomat, or even as author, has been entering the field of literary criticism. In a recent issue of the New York Outlook he has an article dealing with Edward Arlington Robinson's "Children of the Night," a little volume of poetry published in Boston eight years ago. At the outset of the article he registers his conviction that "the 'twilight of the poets' has been especially gray in America," and finds it "hard to account for the failure to produce in America of recent years a poet who in the world of letters will rank as high as certain American sculptors and painters rank in the world of art." But, he continues, "individual poems appear from time to time, by Mr. Madison Cawein, by Mr. Clinton Scollard, by Dr. Maurice Egan, and others; and more rarely a little volume of poetry appears, like Bliss Carman's 'Ballads of Lost Haven.' Such a book is Edward Arlington Robinson's 'The Children of the Night.'". To quote further:

"It is rather curious that Mr. Robinson's volume should not have attracted more attention. There is an undoubted touch of genius in the

poems collected in this volume, and a curious simplicity and good faith, all of which qualities differentiate them sharply from ordinary collections of the kind. There is in them just a little of the light that never was on land or sea, and in such light the objects described often have nebulous outlines; but it is not always necessary in order to enjoy a poem that one should be able to translate it into terms of mathematical accuracy. Indeed, those who admire the coloring of Turner, those who like to read how—and to wonder why—Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came, do not wish always to have the ideas presented to them with cold, hard, definite outlines; and to a man with the poetic temperament it is inevitable that life should often appear clothed with a certain sad mysticism."

The President thinks that the following poem, "The House on the Hill," will appeal to those who have lived in country America and know the gray, empty houses from which life has gone:

They are all gone away,
The House is shut and still,
There is nothing more to say.

Through broken walls and gray
The winds blow bleak and shrill:
They are all gone away.

Nor is there one to-day
To speak them good or ill:
There is nothing more to say.

Why is it then we stray Around that sunken sill? They are all gone away.

And our poor fancy-play

For them is wasted skill: There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay
In the House on the Hill: They are all gone away, There is nothing more to say.

Another poem cited, "The Wilderness," could only have been written, asserts Mr. Roosevelt, by "a man into whose heart there had entered deep the very spirit of the vast and melancholy northern forests." We quote the poem entire:

Come away! come away! there's a frost along the marshes And a frozen wind that skims the shoal where it shakes the

dead black water; There's a mosn across the lowland and a wailing through the woodland

Of a dirge that sings to send us back to the arms of those that love us.

There is nothing left but sales now where the crimson chills

of autumn Put off the summer's languor with a touch that made us glad For the glory that is gone from us, with a flight we can not follow,

To the slopes of other valleys and the sounds of other shores.

Come away! come away! you can hear them calling, calling, Calling us to come to them, and roam no more.

Over there beyond the ridges and the land that lies between us, There's an old song calling us to come!

Come away! come away! for the scenes we leave behind us Arajbarren for the lights of home and a flame that's young forever:

And the lonely trees around us creak the warning of the night-wind,

That love and all the dreams of love are away beyond the mountains,

The songs that call for us to-night, they have called for men

before us.
And the winds that blow the message, they have blown ten
thousand years;
But this will end our wander-time, for we know the joy that

waits us In the strangeness of home-coming, and a faithful woman's

eyes. Come away! come away! there is nothing now to cheer us— Nothing now to comfort us, but love's road home:— Over there beyond the darkness there's a window gleams to

greet us And a warm hearth waits for us within.

Come away! come away!—or the roving-fiend will hold us, And make us all to dwell with him to the end of human faring: There are no men yet can leave him when his hands are clutched upon them, There are none will own his enmity, there are none will call

him brother.

So we'll be up and on the way, and the less we brag the better For the freedom that God gave us and the dread we do not knows

The frost that skips the willow-leaf will again be back to blight

And the doom we cannot fly from is the doom we do not see.

Come away! come away! there are dead men all around us— Prozen men that mock us with a wild, hard laugh That shrieks and sinks and whimpers in the shrill November And the long full wind on the lake.

The New York Evening Post indulges in some light badinage in connection with what it calls "criticism by ukase." It says, in

"What will be the consequence if our Presidents usurp the authority of critics? These have been a race of pariahs from the beginning, a kind of parasite fattening on the feast of genius. A quaint writer has summed up their infamous

reputation: 'Ben Jonson spoke of critics as tinkers, who make more faults than they mend: Samuel Butler, as the fierce inquisitors of wit, and as butchers who have no right to sit on a jury; Sir Richard Steele, as of all mortals the silliest: Swift, as dogs, rats, wasps, or, at best, the drones of the learned world; Shenstone, as asses, which, by gnawing vines, first taught the advantage of pruning them; Burns, as cut-throat bandits in the path of fame; Walter Scott, humorously reflecting the general sentiment as caterpillars. No doubt there is a body of critics in the world today, honest enough gentlemen many of them, despite their trade, who will welcome the comfort of such an accession to their ranks as an actual Chief of State. Shall we be called caterpillars any longer? they will exclaim, and fall to at the feast with redoubled vigor. But consider, on the other hand, the great army of original geniuses to whom the very thought of critic is an offence. Mr. Roosevelt has lauded one of Badger's Boston bards; he has thereby given a grievance to the thousands unnamed. And if he praises now, he or his successor may at another time take to the invidious trade of picking flaws. 'No,' we can hear the hosts of genius cry out, 'let us have no caterpillars in the White House!' And, besides the self-interested makers and despoilers of literature, there are a few lovers of fair play who honestly regret to see a person in high authority turn from his course to puff a book mediocre in character and little distinguished from scores of similar volumes put out by a busy press. This union of political and literary authority in a single man is a dangerous business."

The New York Times Saturday Review comments:

"The President of the United States, in spite of the lack of any provision to that effect in our Constitution, has as much right as any private citizen to exercise the function of the critic and commend books in prose and verse to the attention of his fellow-men. Mr. Roosevelt's impulses prompt him to quick action in matters of art and litera-ture as well as in affairs of state. We remember well a letter full of generous appreciation he wrote to one of our poets in the very thick of a heated political campaign. To the lasting credit of the poet let it be said that he never made the letter (which might have been the means of selling many of his books) public property, but keeps it carefully guarded among his private papers. Years hence his literary executor will have it incorporated in his 'authorized' biography. latest subject of the President's literary enthusiasm is Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson. We cheerfully pass along the good word and cordially congratulate Mr. Robinson on his good luck. He is still a young man (in his thirty-sixth year), and will doubtless be encouraged to write many more books of verse for the edification of a people enlightened as to their worth by a Chief Magistrate who is also a popular hero. . something now to be a Roosevelt poet, and it will surely be a glory of the future to have been an acknowledged and officially accredited poet of the Theodorian era. We prophesy a fine an-thology by some coming Stedman of 'The Theodorian Poets.'"

### Paul Bourget's New Problem Novel

In recent years Paul Bourget, the leading contemporary French novelist, has been writing "problem" novels as definite as the modern plays of that category are. He applies his powers of minute and profound psychological analysis to situations and questions that are not merely possible, but probable, and shows how his characters meet them and in obedience to what principles of conduct and thought they thus meet them.

Some of M. Bourget's novels have been considered so "vital," so full of practical significance, that editors have, apropos of their themes, caused scientists and professional men to be interviewed as to how they would act under the circumstances and crises imagined by the artist.

Thus in his latest volume of novelettes there is one entitled "Un Cas de Conscience" (A Question of Conscience), the dramatic plot of which has been discussed with keen interest by physicians in the columns of *Le Figaro*. It presents, according to them, as well as to the literary critics, a delicate, difficult, but perfect!y clear question of professional and practical ethics.

The story is as follows:

A young doctor F—, the assistant of a celebrated practitioner, is sent by his chief to a château in response to a summons from its owner, the old, distinguished and proud Count de Rocqueville, gravely ill, the victim of Bright's disease, and subject to fits of convulsions. In the intervals between the attacks the aged count is, however, perfectly lucid and scious of everything surrounding him.

A mere accident has revealed to the dying count the terrible fact that years ago his wife, the countess, who is at his side, had been unfaithful to him and guilty of the crime of adultery. Moreover, he finds out that one of the four sons of whom he has been so fond was the offspring of that illicit and sinful relation. He does not, however, know which of

his four sons has no real right to the name he bears. The countess, accused of her fault, refuses stubbornly to tell the truth.

The count, outraged by the discovery and by the defiant attitude of the countess, determines upon a cruel, vindictive form of revenge. He will expose and disgrace the guilty wife before his sons, whom he will gather around his deathbed.

He telegraphs to each of them, and they are all to arrive within twenty-four hours. An atrocious, awful scene, a heart-rending tragedy, is about to be enacted, and the poor woman is to undergo the worst of conceivable punishments.

The invalid, however, can but live a few days at the most. He is doomed, and if he should die before the arrival of his sons, much misery and anguish would be averted. The unhappy mother would retain the respect of her children.

It happens that at night the count has an extremely severe attack. Death is apparently near, imminent. Oxygen is administered, but it fails to afford relief. The physician is practically at the end of his resources. But one possible remedy remains—bleeding. That will prolong the sufferer's life for a few hours till morning.

And here the physician's dilemma presents itself. He knows the situation; what is his duty? Shall he bleed the patient and allow events to take their course? Professional honor says that he must consider his patient alone, and exhaust the science and art of medicine to

keep him alive. Humanity tells him that a few hours of life would only enable the vengeful count to carry out his wicked and heartless

purpose.

The young physician hesitates, experiences a soul-stirring inner strug-

gle. The physician triumphs over the man; professional ethics over conscience. He attends to the patient; the sons arrive in the morning and the fatal disclosure is made.

As a result, the countess dies of shame and grief; two of the sons follow her to the grave, and the other two sons live in gloom and seclusion, strangers one to the other and permanent moral wrecks.

This is the tragedy. It is told, according to the critics, with moving power and wonderful art; but is Bourget's answer to his problem the right one?



PAUL BOURGET
The leading contemporary French novelist

# Bouguereau and His Art

William Adolphe Bouguereau, the famous French artist who died recently at La Rochelle, in his eightieth year, had several points of contact with America. He married an American wife, under very unusual circumstances, and sold many of his best pictures to American art collectors. He "represents Paris to the outside world," says the Springfield Republican, "almost as conspicuously as Millet and Corot represent rural France." The same paper adds: "Probably no other French painters of the nineteenth century are more widely known in this country, except Meissonier, and possibly Gérôme."

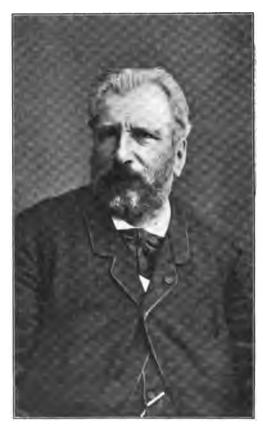
Bouguereau was born November 30, 1825, in La Rochelle. At the age of twenty-one he entered the studio of Francois Edouard Picot, the Nantes portraitist and master of genre, who was also the teacher of Cabanel, Henner and Gustave Moreau. Four years later, Bouguereau shared, with Baudry, the honors of the Grand Prix de Rome, and in 1854 he painted his first important work, "The Body of St. Cecilia Borne to the Catacombs." From this time on his position was assured. He labored incessantly, and his work commanded high prices. One of his best-known pictures, the "Nymphs and Satyr" (dating from 1873), is exhibited, incongruously enough, in the barroom of a New York hotel. The picture that is generally regarded as his masterpiece is the "Madonna of Consolation," now in the Luxembourg. Some of his latest and best work was done in the decoration of the cathedral of his home town. Bouguereau was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1885, and at the time of his death was president of the "Société des Artistes Français."

The story of Bouguereau's marriage to Elizabeth J. Gardner, herself a talented artist, is told by Anna Seaton Schmidt in the Boston *Transcript*:

"Only men were admitted in any art school when Elizabeth Gardner came to Paris from Exeter, N. H., to study. With her New England character she decided that she must have the benefit of such teaching. Since she could not gain admittance as a woman she donned boys' clothes, and so entered the Julian School. Monsieur Bouguereau was one of the masters who came to criticise. He liked her work, and as she improved very rapidly under his teaching, he became much interested in her development, and was so kind, so helpful, that she finally confessed to him her secret. She was not a boy, but a young woman from America! Then she told him

how she had longed to study painting, and finding all the doors closed to women, she had been obliged to resort to this subterfuge. Bouguerau's sense of justice was aroused. He took up the cause of women artists and battled valiantly until he succeeded in opening for them the doors of the Julian school.

"Elizabeth Gardner's was the first name enrolled; it was followed immediately by that of Marie Bashkirtseff. From that time Bouguereau became her closest friend—he wished to marry her, but his mother objected. How could a French woman of the old régime accept for her



WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU

The eminent French painter. He married an American wife, and sold many of his best pictures to American art collectors.

daughter-in-law an American artist who had braved the criticism of all Paris? It was simply impossible! And though Bouguereau was a widower with grown children, he felt obliged to respect the prejudices of his mother. In France no son worthy the name marries against the wishes of his parents. For twenty years they waited, for twenty years gossip was busy with the name of the brave American woman who loved a man sufficiently to defy the world, at least the French



LITTLE MARAUDERS (By W. A. Bouguereau)

world, where such an engagement is looked upon with grave suspicion. At last the old mother died and Bouguereau was free to marry the woman whom he had so faithfully loved."

Bouguereau is hardly rated so highly now as he was a generation ago, when a French critic said: "If Baudry is the Titian of the Ecole de Rome, Bouguereau is the Raphael—as the former has found his ideal in color, so the latter has discovered his in form." Nowadays, his work is often severely criticised, and he is accused of having painted for the market. He aimed to make his work "touch the public," he admitted, and "he succeeded," declares the New York Evening Post, "in touching the public with a smooth and attitudinizing grace, with colors monotonously suave, with a consistent, sentimental falsification of the real: sweet at the expense

of character, smooth at the expense of strength, which he and his public accepted as the ideal." The same paper goes on to say:

"The academic inspiration is apparent in all his work, not only in the form—in the conscious posing, in the false balance and regularity of the curves, but also in the evenly laid colors, the pencilled eyebrows, the waxen complexion, suggesting that before he painted his model, she painted herself.

"The tints of his woodland nymphs—whatever the custom of the sun in the wood to break through leaves with accidental gleams and shadows—bloom in an absence of atmosphere, in a light as artificial as can be arranged with curtains in a studio.

"The human form in Bouguereau's treatment of it, in the attempt for softness, becomes flaccid; in the attempt for grace grows limp; and loses, for the sake of smoothness, all the irregularity of detail that shows the presence of nerves and muscle.

tail that shows the presence of nerves and muscle. "So much for Bouguereau's treatment of the fact—the fact of real life, to which he prefers the idea. ['I think the idea superior to the fact,' he used to say.] As to the ideas themselves, we may divide his work into two groups, the religious and the pretty treatment of the nude. The religious pictures are scarcely less prettily sentimental, less vacuously peaceful than the others."

The Boston *Transcript* is also impressed by the "academic" quality of his pictures.



THE VIRGIN AND ANGELS
(By W. A. Bouguereau)

"He was all accomplishment, all intellectual and manual facility," it says, "without one particle of inspiration or passion. His nudes were, as Edmond About once said, as chaste and proper as so many boarding-school girls." And yet, continues *The Transcript*:

"What M. Bouguereau set out to do, he accomplished with a perfection that leaves little or nothing to be desired. He was a most accomplished draftsman, of the kind that is characterized more by accuracy of form than freedom and flexibility, but there were few better academic draftsmen in the last quarter-century in France than he. Mme. Bouguereau, who was a pupil of her distinguished husband, may almost be said to vie with him in the popular estimation."

M. H. Spielmann, the well-known English art critic, gives us this pen-picture of Bouguereau, in the London Daily Graphic:

"I well remember my first acquaintance with him. It was in his studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, in Paris—a great apartment on the highest floor, stocked with accessories of all kinds, and leading to a conservatory studio, for daylight purposes. He was a genial, able bodied, jovial gentleman of the bourgeois type, carrying his 60 years with ease, kind, hospitable and frank, dressed in a pepper and salt jacket that once was brown, with a braided smoking cap to match a



(By W. A. Bouguereau)



ALMA PARENS
(By W. A. Bouguereau)

briar pipe between his lips, and a little palette on his thumb, as he sat perched upon a stool working away at his Salon picture, while a jar of bird'seye and a paint pot stocked with a hundred brushes stood ready to his hand. The picture on which he was at work was his 'Spring: the Awakening of the Cupids.' . . .

"Bouguereau's ability was undoubted, and his grace and elegance, it has been said, recall the harmonies of Gounod. When Bouguereau asked an artist friend to tell him exactly what he thought of his work, he received for a reply: 'Of all those artists, my friend, who paint Bouguer-eaus, I think you paint them best. And another friend, an impressionist, told him that his highly labored pictures were redolent of perspiration; to which Bouguereau retorted that the impressionist's pictures weren't redolent even of that. He had, indeed, an amusing native wit, and he was not unmoved by genuine admiration of his work; so that when he came to London, when the Lord Mayor of the day opened the Guildhall exhibition of French masters and entertained the painters, at a banquet, he was greatly touched by his host's attentions, which were lavished in less measure on M. Carolus-Duran. Although his art is somewhat out of fashion now, Bouguereau has filled a great place in his day.

### How Oscar Wilde Died

The report that Oscar Wilde is living [see CURRENT LITERATURE for August] is emphatically denied by those who are in a position to know the facts. "Inasmuch as the Americans seem to have conceived the strange idea that Oscar Wilde is still alive," remarks the Paris correspondent of the Berlin Tageblatt, "it is perhaps well to state how he died." The Tageblatt correspondent goes on to tell of a number of people in Paris who knew the poet after his downfall, some of whom saw him on his death-bed and followed his funeral train. "It is hard." he proceeds, "to read without being moved to the quick what they have to say about the fate of that brilliant man whom English prejudice hunted to death." And then the correspondent quotes M. Joseph Renaud.

M. Renaud is the French translator of "Intentions," the book in which Wilde laid down his artistic creed, and in a new preface he gives explicit details in regard to Wilde's last days. The poet, so we are told, used to frequent a bar on the Boulevard des Italiens, whose customers were "sports," rather than literary men.

"The dandy of 'green carnation' memories, the master wont to instruct duchesses in the rules of elegance, who was so rich and so beautiful, the great poet in verse and prose, the wonderful talker of former days, now swaggered grotesquely in an old, ready-made suit from the 'Belle Jardinière!' His hands were badly manicured, his cuffs celluloid. He was unable to write; his brain was tired out and his only audience were the old habitués of the bar, who paid his reckoning out of curiosity. All that was left of him was his golden voice and his great blue eyes, like those of a child. I saw him frequently in that place. He had neither money, nor clothes, nor true friends."

Yet his old pride had not deserted him. One day Fernand Xau, the late publisher of the Journal, asked him to write an article for him every week. He added brutally, that after the noise which the trial had made he would be sure to score a success. But here Mr. Wilde flashed up. "Thank you," he said, "I am quite satisfied with my successes before that event." And of course the articles were never written.

"Side by side with this nobler aspect of his nature," M. Renaud goes on to say, "went his desire to impress people, which in fact seems to have increased in proportion with his misery. . . One evening he asks for cigarettes. The waiter brings him a package of 'Maryland.' He refuses to take them, nor does another brand find more favor. 'No, let me have some with gold tips!' The waiter goes to get the brand desired and on his return Mr. Wilde hands him a twenty-franc gold piece. Then the poet lights a cigarette and utters a contemptuous 'Pah.' When the waiter returns with the change, he waves his hands. 'Ah, keep the whole. . . . That may give me the illusion that the cigarettes are good!'"

"His last months," M. Renaud continues, "were terrible. One of my colleagues who witnessed everything cannot speak of it without tears in his eyes."

"A severe attack of influenza, which lasted five days, freed the great writer from his suffering. Before he died he became a Catholic, for the beauty of the ritual of the Church had always captivated his soul. [Opinions as to this question differ. Mr. Wilde speaks of himself as a born skeptic in "De Profundis" and his friends say that the unction was administered by mistake and when he was no longer conscious. The Translator.] The next day on my return from Italy I was surprised by the news of his death. The correspondent of an English magazine gave me his address and the pseudonym under which he had chosen to live. . . . The hotel in which he died was one of those miserable places which are called in the popular papers 'Houses of Crime.' A veritable Hercules of a porter led me through a long, evil-smelling corridor. At last the odor of some disinfectant struck my nostrils. An open door. A little quadrangular room. I stood before the corpse.

"His whitish, emaciated face, strangely altered through the growth of a beard after death, seemed to be lost in profound contemplation. A hand, cramped in agony, still clutched the dirty bed cloth. There was no one to watch by his body. Only much later they sent him some flowers. The noise of the street pierced the thin walls of the building. A stale odor filled the air. Ah, what loneliness, what an end! I bethought me of the army of courtiers that was wont to throng about him in London, and among whom there were always the most celebrated names of the aristocracy both of blood and of letters. He seemed then like a mighty monarch, lord over all the treasures that civilization can bestow. And now.

M. Renaud was unable to attend the funeral. Ernest La Jeunesse, who was one of the few who accompanied the dead poet to the graveyard of Bayneux, tells us that thirteen persons followed the funeral procession, It may not be inappropriate to mention that the unlucky number was also represented at the funeral of Heine.

# A Unique Figure in Juvenile Literature

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, who died at Tannersville, N. Y., on August 21, occupied a unique place in the history of juvenile literature in America. She was the editor-inchief of St. Nicholas ever since the foundations of the magazine, thirty-two years ago, and previously to that time was associated with Harriet Beecher Stowe in the conduct of a periodical called Hearth and Home. She was the author of a children's classic, "Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates," which has been translated into half a dozen languages, and wrote some excellent poems, one of

which we reprint in the Department of Recent Poetry.

The tidings of her death, remarks the New York Evening Post, "will bring a pang of regret to boys and girls of all ages." The same paper says further:

"It was in 1865 that she achieved her first great success in 'Hans Brinker.' The story is a good one, vivacious, wholesome, and a capital picture of life in Holland. We had been suffering from an excess of didactic literature for childrenperhaps a reaction from the freedom, not to say naughtiness, of the eighteenth century. 'Sand-ford and Merton,' by Thomas Day, had led the way for hundreds of sermons and lessons of worldly wisdom in a thin disguise of narrative. In

this country the 'Rollo' books by Abbott had carried the type to its logical development. For writing of this kind the Sunday-school libraries, then swiftly growing in every town and hamlet, formed a wide market. In the latter fifties William Taylor Adams (Oliver Optic) had broken the mould by constructing stories of rapid movement crammed with adventure. But his plots were mechanical and his heroes were preposterous youths of superhuman intelligence and heroism. In the same period Trowbridge was offering a far less distorted vision of the world. Mrs. Dodge shared with him the honor of showing that 'juvenile fiction' could contain plenty of action while the characters remained sane and convincing. Among contemporaries she stands closest to Louisa May Alcott. We do not forget that amusing skit 'Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question'

when we say that Mrs. Dodge lacks, perhaps, something of Miss Alcott's buoyancy and unflagging humor, and something also of Miss Alcott's sentimentality."

The Post goes on to speak of Mrs. Dodge's work on St. Nicholas:

"As editor, however, rather than as author, Mrs. Dodge rendered her best service. In this field her work has furnished pleasure and intellectual stimulus to hundreds of thousands. The only other periodical to compare in influence with the St. Nicholas is the Youth's Companion, which appeals to a somewhat more mature constituency. The St. Nicholas was founded in 1873 and soon absorbed Our Young Folks, for which John T. Trow-

MARY MAPES DODGE
For thirty-two years editor of St. Nicholas

bridge was then the star writer. In that golden era the St. Nicholas published several of Trowbridge's best tales, 'The Young Surveyor' and others of the 'Jack Hazard' series; Noah Brooks' 'Boy Emigrants,' Miss Alcott's 'Eight Cousins, and some of the wittiest and most whimsical of Frank R. Stockton's short sketches. Surely that is a noble muster roll. Graybeards of forty will testify to the eagerness with which, they awaited the mail that brought the St. Nicholas. to the gusto with which they plunged into the fresh instalment of Trow bridge or Miss Alcott, to the earnestness with which they begged to sit up a little later that night, and to the bright, troubled dreams in which they lived over the fascinating adventures. But in a day or two the magazine had been read from cover to cover, including

the alluring advertisements of bargains in foreign stamps and jig-saws; and twenty-eight long days stretched away before the next issue. The boy or girl who never saw the St. Nicholas in the seventies and eighties was robbed of one of the legitimate joys of childhood. The vitality of those first numbers is proved by their hold upon a new generation. To-day our young people find in the old bound volumes quite as much delight as in the copies that fall fresh from the press—perhaps more."

Mrs. Dodges' death occurred a few days previous to that of Hezekiah Butterworth, who also played an important part in shaping juvenile literature in this country. He was editor of *The Youth's Companion* (Boston) from 1870 to 1894.

#### The Duel







This striking series of pictures, portraying the duel throughout the ages, is the work of Fortuny Matania, a young Italian artist, and was designed to decorate the fencing-room of an armory near Naples.

Matania, who has won considerable fame by his beautiful work. published in the Illustrassone Italiana and other European illustrated papers, has lately completed a period of voluntary military service in the Eighth Regiment of the Bersaglieri. During this time he has been living in the picturesque armory of Pizzofalcone, overlooking Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples.

Inspired by military enthusiasm and the beauties of the surrounding country, he was impelled to decorate the soldiers' quarters with some specimens of his art. He noticed that the fencing-room of the armory had three doors on each side and an arch over each door. These six arches suggested the idea of six paintings harmonizing with the hall, and devoted to the history of the duel.

The first picture shows the primitive duel. Two men, almost naked, scantily covered with a few skins, are fighting with clubs for the favors of a pretty woman who anxiously watches the progress of the duel.

It is undoubtedly love that has prompted the first armed encounter. In the second picture we see a gladiatorial

### In All Ages

combat in the Coliseum. The slave negro, the Numid Retiarium, has defeated the Roman gladiator by entangling him in his terrible net.

The third and fourth pictures take us back to the days of chivalry. They portray a duel on horseback, in a secluded field, and a duel on foot, in the neighborhood of a feudal castle. We live again in the Middle Ages, a time of crusades and tournaments, when warriors were clad in coats of mail and carried polished steel shields.

The fifth painting is conceived in the spirit of Alexandre Dumas (père) from whose marvelous novelsthe present generation has gained a knowledge of French history. Two knights are fighting beside a church. From the half-open door the sexton looks on, terrorstricken, while far off on the road some valets are conveying to a carriage the lady who is responsible for the shedding of noble blood.

The sixth picture depicts the most modern form of combat-the duel with swords. officer of the Bersaglieri and a civilian are fighting, in presence of witnesses, officers and civilians. No woman appears in this picture, for the reason that morals (that is to say, customs) have changed. But as love is ever the same, it is quite safe to assume that a lady is concealed in her carriage, hidden in some secluded spot near to the place of combat.







# Progress of the New "World Language," Esperanto.

A congress of Esperantists was recently held at Boulogne, and the accounts in the French papers of the proceedings and characteristics of this gathering indicate that the new language, "the auxiliary international tongue," founded a few years ago by a Warsaw physician, Dr. Zamenhof, has made remarkable progress.

The congress was attended by several hundred delegates from twenty-three countries. The delegates claimed to represent 250,000 Esperantists. All the speeches, resolutions, debates and conversations of the delegates were delivered or carried on in Esperanto. A hymn was sung in that language, and at special evening entertainments dramatic and poetic recitations and plays, original as well as translated, were rendered in Esperanto. In the plays—one was a translation of Molière's, "Au Medicine Malgré Lui;" another of Labiche's "Marriage Forcé," and a third an original comedy, "A Liar for Love"-Russians, Italians, Frenchmen, Swedes, Germans and Poles assumed parts. Among the classics that have been translated into Esperanto are "Hamlet," Homer, La Fontaine, etc. Philosophical and metaphysical works have likewise been rendered into it, and were displayed at an exposition held in the municipal theater.

The Esperantists claim that their language is not only simple, easy to acquire, useful for all ordinary purposes of travel and international intercourse, but in the true sense, literary and beautiful. It does not, they say, sacrifice finer meanings, shades and subtleties of expression, pregnant and significant idioms. Poetry, tragedy, humor, metaphysics are possible in it.

Emile Berr, of the Paris Figaro, attended the congress and asked the founder of Esperanto to tell him how he conceived and originated it and how it has been disseminated. He describes Dr. Zamenhof as a shy, gentle little man of 46 years, a practising physician, a subject of the Czar. The doctor speaks several languages, has a wife who speaks nothing but Russian (and Esperanto), and has humanitarian aspirations and high ideals of human happiness and harmony. He is quoted as follows:

"The primary idea is as old as I am myself. From infancy I had been haunted by the feeling that men are cruelly separated by diversity of language, and that this separation is a fruitful

source of misunderstandings, conflicts, irrational hatreds. And I had cherished the dream of founding a universal language that, without supplanting any, might be an auxiliary to all.

trying to fashion it into a living tongue by adding words and forms rendered necessary by the science, affairs and ideas of the present time. Subsequently I renounced the scheme, as it seemed a simpler task to create a wholly new language.

"The enterprise was so enormous that I was often discouraged. I would forget the words after inventing them. Then another idea occurred to me—to learn the principal languages used by mankind; to retain the essential elements, the forms common to most of them, and to affiliate them in a simplified idiom, reconstructed in accordance with strict logic, freed from all difficulties and eccentricities which render the study of any language so difficult.

"Such a language has a two-fold advantage: It is easy to acquire, in a grammatical sense, while from a linguistic point of view, it is a language three-fourths of whose vocabulary one knows before one has begun to study it, since most of the words are taken from known models—French, English, German, Latin and Greek."

The name Esperanto is the accidental result of the fact that the first pamphlet in which Dr. Zamenhof put it forth was signed Esperanto—that is the man who hopes. It is the readers and commentators who applied the author's pen-name to the language itself. "Some day," says M. Berr, "the story, recorded in history, will make strange reading. For terrible indeed were the years that followed the birth of Esperanto. The little doctor spent his last copper upon a propaganda supported only by friends as poverty stricken as himself; no dreams of wealth had he during that period of dreams and crushing work, and the only practice he had left was among the poor, whom he treated free of cost. But those evil days are gone, and now Dr. Zamenhof looks forward with tranquil pleasure to the future of his enterprise.'

Esperanto rests on sixteen rules, and these are inflexible. No exceptions are permitted. The roots of existing words are taken, and the spelling is absolutely phonetic. The root of a word being given, the addition of a certain letter makes it a verb, of another letter an adjective, of another an adverb. Thus love in Esperanto is amo; to love, ami; lover, amé.

The whole language can be learned in a month—in six weeks at the most, and those with a marked linguistic faculty learn it in

two weeks. The Esperantists believe that the steady and rapid advance of the new universal language is a certainty. At present the French head the list of converts, and during the congress at Boulogne in many hotels and business places this sign was prominent: "Ani parolas en Esperanto" (Esperanto Spoken Here).

#### Andrew Lang's Literary Adventures

Mr. Andrew Lang styles himself an adventurer. Yet his exploits are undertaken without risk or hardship, and they may be best rehearsed in the quiet study with "four feet on the fender." "To write of one's own 'adventures among books," he says, "may be to provide anecdotage more or less trivial, more or less futile, but, at least, it

is to write historically." Having wondered that a Biographia Literaria had so seldom been attempted—abiography or autobiography of a man in his relation with other minds through books-Mr. Lang set out to accomplish the task himself.\* At the outset he tells us his journeyings are "frankly bookish," and are for the bookish. habit of reading he likens to opium taking, for, though more innocent. like opium. "it unlocks to us artificial paradises." It is into a few of these "artificial paradises" that Mr. Lang, in this volume, invites his readers.

> Before setting out on this voyage of ex

upon this voyage of exploration the author spreads out his credentials as guide for the journey. It takes all sorts to make a world, he quotes; "some are soldiers from the cradle, some merchants, some orators; nothing but a love of books was the gift given to me by the fairies." Perhaps because of this so many have from time to time applied to him for

advice and suggestion in regard to books and reading. From young men, especially in America, has he been besieged at one time and another for direction. To all such requests for "courses of reading" he genially, generously, replies: "Distrust a course of reading! People who really care for books read all of them. There is no other course.

Let this be a reply. No other answer shall they get from me, the inquiring young men."

Mr. Lang is a believer in first love; but first love in books he thinks a deeper thing than first love between man and woman. Just here he proves himself a kind of poet laureate of the book world. To Tennyson,

Deep as love, deep as first love was the alpha and the omega of intense and cherished memories. But Mr. Lang has another outlook:

"People talk, in novels, about the delight of a first love. One may venture to doubt whether everybody exactly knows which was his, or her, first love of men and women, but about our first loves in books there can be no mistake. They

were, and remain, the dearest of all; after boyhood the bloom is off the literary rye. . . . As long as we live we hope to read, but we 'never can recapture the first fine, careless rapture.' Besides, one begins to write, and that is fatal."

Among the adventures is an essay on "The Boy" which anyone with the boy spirit will enjoy. "As a humble student of savage life," he begins, "I have found it necessary to make researches into the man-



ANDREW LANG

He says: "Some are soldiers from the cradle, some merchants, some orators; nothing but a love of books was the gift given to me by the fairies."

\*Adventures Among Books. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Company.

ners and customs of boys. Boys are not what a vain people suppose. If you meet them in the holidays, you find them affable and full of kindness and good qualities. They will condescend to your weakness at lawn-tennis, they will aid you in your selection of fly-hooks, and, to be brief, will behave with much more than the civility of tame Zulus or red men on a missionary settlement." There is a smack of Stevenson here. And when Mr. Lang writes of Stevenson there is the suggestion of kinship between them. Perhaps it was the boy in them both.

First impressions do not always prove accurate, as is disclosed in Mr. Lang's account of his first impressions of Robert Louis Stevenson. The meeting occurred at Mentone, in 1873.

"He looked as, in my eyes, he always did look, more like a lass than a lad, with a rather long, smooth oval face, brown hair worn at greater length than is common, large lucid eyes, but whether blue or brown I cannot remember; if brown, certainly light brown. On appealing to the authority of a lady, I learn that brown was the hue. . . . He was like nobody else whom I ever met. . . . I shall not deny that my first impression was not wholly favorable. 'Here,' I thought, 'is one of your æsthetic young men, though a very clever one.'"

Presently Mr. Lang found to his surprise that Stevenson was unable to walk beyond a short distance, and he himself thought his thread of life nearly spun. "Ordered south" had just appeared. It was largely responsible for Mr. Lang's change of mind regarding his young fellow countryman.

"Despite his eccentricities in manner and dress," continues Mr. Lang, "Mr. Stevenson possessed, more than any man I ever met, the power of making other men fall in love with him. I mean that he excited a passionate admiration and affection, so much so that I verily believe some men were jealous of other men's places in his liking."

Two American bookmen have engaged Mr. Lang's attention—Holmes and Hawthorne. Holmes he saw once, at a dinner given by James Russell Lowell. "He struck me as being wonderfully erect, active, and vivacious for his great age. . . . He spoke much and freely, but rather as if he were wound up to speak, so to say—wound up by a sense of duty to himself and kindness to strangers, who were naturally curious about so well known a man." Of the theology of Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lang believes that his whole creed may be summed up in the two words "Pater Noster."

Whereas in Hawthorne, "you see the old horror of sin, the old terror of conscience, the old dread of witchcraft, the old concern about conduct, converted into æsthetic sources of literary pleasure, of literary effects." An opinion couched in terms so generous as the following is full of interest: "If America possesses a classic author, that author is decidedly Hawthorne. His renown is unimpeached, his greatness is probably permanent, because he is at once such an original and personal genius, and such a judicious and determined artist." Or again. he did not make a "moral, or social, or political purpose the end and aim of his art. He did not intend nor expect to better people." He did not hope that the Awful Example of the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale would "persuade readers to 'make a clean breast' of their iniquities. It was the moral situation that interested him, not the edifying effect of his picture of that situation upon the minds of novel readers." Surely a British criticism this. made of Mr. Dimmesdale: "He was not only immoral; he was unsportsmanlike. He had no more pluck than a church mouse." And thus is Hawthorne summed up: "There are geniuses more sunny, large, and glad than Hawthorne's, none more original, more surefooted, in his own realm of moonlight and twilight."

William Morris is another author who receives unstinted praise. "The peculiar qualities of Keats, and Tennyson, and Virgil are not among the gifts of Mr. Morris. As people say of Scott in his long poems, so it may be said of Mr. Morris—that he does not furnish many quotations, does not glitter in 'jewels five words long.'" What he did was to try to "make life as full and as beautiful as may be, by love, and adventure, and art. The hideousness of modern industrialism was oppressing to Mr. Morris; that hideousness he was doing his best to relieve and redeem, by poetry, and by all the many arts and crafts in which he was a master." It is a significant tribute that Mr. Lang pays William Morris:

"To all who desire the restoration of beauty in modern life, Mr. Morris has been a benefactor almost without example. Indeed, were adequate knowledge mine, Mr. Morris's poetry should have been criticized as only a part of the vast industry of his life in many crafts and many arts. His place in English life and literature is unique as it is honorable. He did what he desired to do—he made vast additions to simple and stainless pleasures."

# Religion and Ethics

### Does it Pay the Modern Man to Pray?

This question is raised by Prof. Benjamin W. Bacon, of Yale University, and was evidently suggested by a conviction that there is a growing disposition to answer it in the negative. Writing in *The Congregationalist and Christian World* (Boston), he says:

"The modern man when he asks this question is not thinking of expressions of adoration, gratitude and praise toward the Creator. He may admit that men are not

better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer.

But his common sense rebels when he sees prayer represented as if it were a spell or incantation by which the finite will can override the Infinite, while illusion, miscalled 'faith' is invoked to veil its impotence. His moral sense rebels when it is set forth as a kind of spiritual gymnastic not really affecting the result, but wholesome for the soul in helping it to adjust itself to the inevitable.

. . Unless there be a real and personal interchange, an obtaining of that which unasked would not have been received, prayer lacks for him its vital element."

The modern perception of the uniformity of nature and the unbroken domain of law, continues Professor Bacon, "makes the idea of miracle or answer to prayer (for both rest essentially on the same basis, and are classed together in the teaching of Jesus), inconceivable, save in the line of natural causation." Furthermore:

"We do not, and we ought not to expect God to act otherwise than in accordance with those modes of His action which we have learned to designate natural law. But before men learned so to designate them, and while as yet there was no better term than the 'will of God,' Jesus taught that it was impious to 'tempt' that manifested will by foolhardy defiance of danger, or demand 'signs from heaven' when there was sufficient evidence in the 'signs of the times.' The very last conceivable thing of him who 'humbled himself and became obedient unto death,' is that he should seek to impose his will upon God. His sweeping promises of omnipotent power to the 'prayer of faith' are therefore explicitly or implicitly thus conditioned. In fact the rigid determination of his time presented the equivalent objection, in its insistence that 'all things are foreordained.' This objection could be met indeed by the answer, 'The asking itself is one of the foreseen conditions; God withholds the unasked gift that when asked and so received it may have double worth.' But Jesus' answer to the growing skepticism of his age was chiefly the practical one of a demonstration in his own

mighty works and those which he trained and commissioned all his followers to do, that the prayer of faith does work wonders, however you account for the fact. That answer is valid to-day."

Taking a practical illustration from contemporary religious life, Professor Bacon points to the success of the Christian Science movement as convincing evidence of the power of prayer. "In my judgment," he says, "the theology of so-called Christian Scientists is as weak and irrational as their philosophy and science; but they do believe in prayer and apply their belief." He adds: "Were we as impartially scientific as Charcot of La Salpetrière and other investigators of the laws of mental therapeutics, we might perhaps recognize that the so-called Christian Scientist has turned to account a neglected factor of legitimate practice, and might seek to develop the method of 'suggestion' in preventive and curative hygiene. Had we the simplicity of Jesus' religious insight, it would enable us correspondingly to identify that neglected element of the religious life which the New Testament designates 'the prayer of faith.'" To quote again:

"Natural law, so far as known, is to the modern Christian a revelation of the divine will. If he appreciates the teaching of Jesus, it is therefore a limitation on his asking. But this restriction on the field of praye, is neither novel nor injurious. As before, its omnipotence is to work God's will, not ours. And the unknown is still extensive. To say nothing of the field of thanksgiving, of fellowship of that joyful entrance into the divine will which is far more than mere resignation, things which we perceive to play a large part in the real practice of the men of prayer from David down, there is limitless room for that effectual, fervent supplication that 'availeth much,' because addressed to him who, though his working be invariably through law, is not the servant but the Master of nature. He is now, as ever, the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer. But he does 'wait to be asked.'"

#### Professor Bacon concludes:

"It is, then, not a wholly unconditional answer that we return to the question, 'Does it pay the modern man to pray?' If by 'prayer' is meant a mere religious exercise that comes so near hypocrisy as not even to 'believe that it receives the things it asks for,' the proposition is scarcely

worth sustaining. If by 'prayer' is meant the magic of a miscalled 'age of faith,' dreaming again of overriding the Infinite by the finite will: above all, if the birthright of an era of scientific revelation is to be sold for the pottage of illusion, then emphatically, No. If, however, there be a new dawning of the great principle of the prayer of faith—faith neither blind nor disobedient—

'availing much in its working' because opening channels for the grace of God that wisely waits to be asked, and yet does work through law; then we may thank God for a new age of faith better worthy the name. For the 'modern man' will find, as of old, that 'he that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth and to him that knocketh the door is opened.'

# A German Poet's Bold Portrayal of Christ

Unquestionably the most original figure in the contemporary religious circles of Austria and Germany is the poet, novelist, dramatist and lay-preacher, Peter Rosegger, His verses and tales of peasant life, his plays and pamphlets, are regarded as classics of modern pastoral literature and have won the deepest affection of two nations. His life of Jesus, entitled "I. N. R. I." (Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum)\* and briefly referred to in these pages last month, has been perhaps the most notable religious work, from a popular view point, published during the last twelve months; it is now in its thirtieth to fortieth edition, and still continues to excite wide spread critical com-

In this work Rosegger has endeavored to represent Jesus and his surroundings as the naïve artists of the Middle Ages represented them, and as the modern followers of Millet. in France, and Defregger, in Germany, have depicted them, not with any attempt at historical accuracy, but in the simple peasant costume of the artist's own times. The book carries a sub-title, "The Glad Tidings of a Poor Culprit." It is supposed to have been written in the death-chamber by a condemned murderer. Out of childhood memories, quaint legends, and his own sad knowledge of life's depths, the hapless wight weaves a story of "the living faith and the living Jesus." The controlling thought of the work is exemplified in this typical conversation between Jesus and his disciples. One of them, brooding by the wayside as he rests at the Master's feet. utters these words, half to himself:

"'Whether it be Brahma, the reposeful, or Osiris, the enlightener, or Jehovah, the wrathful, or Zeus, the loving, or Jupiter, the contender, or Wotan, the conqueror, or God Our Father,—methinks in the end it all comes to the same thing.'

"At this they start and glance at the Master, in expectation of a stern rebuke. For a little Jesus is silent; then quietly he speaks these words: 'Do good, aye, unto them that hate you.'

"Hardly can they grasp what he has said, how by these words he indicates the unthinkable difference that there is between all other teachings and his own.'

The following is a typical passage of a different kind, showing Rosegger's colloquial method:

On that same night [of the Baptism] Mary is sitting in her be chamber in Nazareth, busy with her sewing. Again and again she drops her work to peer out of the window, for she cannot go to rest until Jesus comes. As he strode forth from the house, two days ago, he had turned on the threshold and, catching her glance, said simply, Mother, I go to the Father.'

"She had thought he was going outside the village to pray at Joseph's grave, as had so often been his wont. For the city of the dead is a place of quiet. Now that he fails to return home, after two long days, her anxiety increases. All through the night she has been sitting up waiting for him.

"As the morning dawns she hears her neighbors gossiping in the village street. One of them exclaims, 'Do you know, they say that the Carpenter has gone to join the 'Forerunner," and that he's let himself be baptised?'

"Well! Isn't that just like him? One highflier running after another! Birds of a feather! "If you said false prophets, you'd come nearer the mark. What else can you call a mere mortal, when he pretends to wash away sins with a handful of water?

"Here a mule-driver from Sidon, who is passing by, jeers at them. 'Ah, there you are! See what you Israelites are coming to with your everlasting ablutions. Anyhow, it's an easy way of getting scot-free of your sins!'

"Dear, dear! the things one hears nowadays! No wonder everyone is prophesying the end of

"'I say,' one of them whispers in a friend's car, 'to my thinking, that were a small loss.'
"John's got the fever, too. Do you know

what he's forever saying now?' "'The young Carpenter's apprentice, you mean? Oh, that fellow never said anything worth listening to."
"But do you know what he keeps saying?

He strides along the road with his hair streaming

<sup>\*</sup>I. N. R. I.: Prohel Botschaft eines armen Sünders. By Peter Rosegger. L. Staackmann, Leipzig.

in the wind; every now and then he throws out his arms and mutters to himself, "The Word is made Flesh!" ""

"They shake their heads ominously. But Mary sits with her mending in her lap, gazing out of the window."

One of the most difficult of Christ's parables, that of the unjust steward, is treated in this way:

"Another of his parables concerning the Kingdom of Heaven disturbs the disciples, the one about the unrighteous steward praised by his lord because he so cleverly provided for his own future out of the funds entrusted to him. It seems that this steward knew he would be dis-

charged and so secretly deducted something from what his lord's debtors owed him, and thus insured their good influences for the future. And he did rightly!

"'What!' they ob-

"What!' they objected, 'Can a man buy the Kingdom of Heaven with money that does not belong to him?'

" A mule-driver breaks in, 'The way the story strikes me is like this: Not a single one of us owns anything on this earth. We are all only trustees of certain property, and if we give part of it to the needy, why, of course, we are unjust stewards because we are giving something that doesn't belong to us. And yet, for all that, we are doing

"This explanation causes much head-shaking; the rich and those learned in the Scriptures especially cannot grasp it. Lifting up his

voice, Jesus prays: 'I praise thee, Father, that Thou hast revealed many things to the simple minded, that are concealed from the worldly wise. Blessed is he that is not offended by my teachings!'"

Here is an account of a "miracle" not included in the New Testament narrative:

"Brother Philip comes up and twitches his sleeve. Silently he presses a piece of bread into Simon's hand. Simon takes it, but only to offer it to Matthew.
"'What is all this?' demands the latter.

"'Philip gave it to me, but I don't need it'
"'Why, man!' cries Matthew, 'this is our last

crumb of bread, which I just now gave to the Master.

"So the piece of bread had gone around the whole circle of hungry wayfarers, from Matthew to the Master, from him to John, then from one to the other until it comes back into Matthew's hands. While all are nonplussed at the idea that none of their number needed a bite of bread, the Master smiles and says, 'Now, ye that so gladly behold miracles,—here is another Twelve men fed with one piece of bread.'

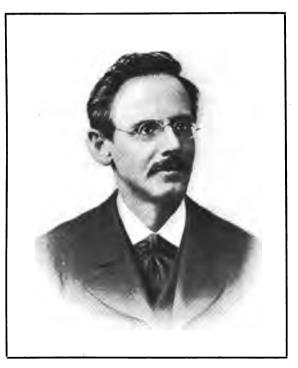
"'It was not the bread that worked the miracle, Lord! Neither was it the Word!'

"'No, friends, it was Love."

Rosegger's book has been subjected to

severe criticism. "Think of it!" exclaims a writer in the Christliche Welt (Marburg), "a man who, despite his invaluable support of Protestant churchwork, is in every way so manifestly a Catholic; a manwho bothers his head so little about historical accuracy that he writes 'Phariten' and 'Rabiten,' for 'Pharisees' and 'Rabbis.' and 'Barrab' for 'Barabbas': a man. who, even when narrating the life of Tesus, cannot suppress that mischievous rustic humor which has so endeared his other books to his readers,-such a man dares to appropri-

ate material which is of all others the sublimest and sacredest to Christians, and proceeds to deck the Gospel story in the oddest disguise known to romance, and thereafter cherishes the conviction that his work will have an uplifting influence and will bring many a reader into closer contact with the Savior!" Another critic asserts that "the wondrous homeliness of the New Testament story has here given place to tiresome, wishy-washy twaddle, into which a mass of legendary embellishment has been obtruded." These



PETER ROSEGGER

His life of Jesus, "I. N. R. I.," is regarded as the most notable religious work, from a popular view-point, published during the last year.

and similar strictures are best answered in the author's own words:

"The Jesus found within book covers is not the Savior of each and every man; he alone is the Redeemer that is found in men's hearts. Herein lies the mystery of the Savior's immortal powers, that unto each mortal he is just the one whom

that same mortal most needs. In the Gospels we read that at sundry times and sundry places Jesus appeared to men under a different guise. That should be a lesson to us to grudge no man the Jesus his soul craves for. If it be but the Jesus of love and trustfulness it is surely the right one."

# Happiness as the Test of Moral Conduct

Those who are genuinely happy are moral persons; those who are unhappy and fail to realize happiness are immoral. Such, in effect, is the startling doctrine preached by Dr. C. Hanford Henderson, a prominent American educator, in his recently published book, "The Children of Good Fortune."\* He admits that there are difficulties in this view, and meets them frankly:

"To acknowledge happiness as the supreme subjective end of conduct seems at first sight an acknowledgment that all conduct must be good, since all conduct, consciously or unconsciously, is directed towards that end. But the pleasurelover is so far from being by necessity a moral person that he merits much too often the severe criticism of the more ascetic. We have here a situation which demands adequate explanation. and which it is of the utmost importance to morality to explain,—on the one side, persons pursuing with might and main the admitted goal of moral conduct, happiness, and, on the other side, the entirely just criticism that their conduct is not only not moral, but too frequently is highly immoral. I emphasize the riddle because I believe it to be at bottom the obstacle which prevents many persons from accepting a rational system of morals; the obstacle which prevents obedience to a splendid old text: 'Serve the Lord with gladness; 'the obstacle which forces many a severe moralist to regard the quest of good fortune as an adventure of more than doubtful worth. Moreover, many of us know by personal experience the puritan tendency in such matters. Taken unawares and before we have had time to think the problem out, we instinctively jump to the conclusion that of two alternatives, the more disagreeable must be the right one.'

Difficult as the riddle is, says Dr. Henderson, the solution is not far to seek.

"First of all, it is to be remembered that morality is the product of two factors.—efficiency and worth—and this is one half the solution. Conduct which proposes for its end a form of the purest happiness, but fails to attain it, is immoral. Less severely stated, such conduct is moral only to the extent that it attains its end, that is, to the extent that it is efficient. The pleasure-lover, even though he pursue the most exalted pleasure, is not a moral person unless he make his pursuit causational and effective. No sublimity in the pleasure sought will give content

\*The Children of Good Fortune: An Essay in Morals.
By C. Hanford Henderson Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

to morality unless the other factor, efficiency is also sizable.

"In the second place, and more important still, the happiness upon which uninformed desire sets its heart is found very commonly to be a bitter-sweet sort of happiness, to be a happiness of such false measure as to be succeeded by more than proportionate pain,—and this is the other half of the solution. Moral criticism may justly be directed, not against the pursuit of happiness but against the pursuit of an inverted happiness. In reality, the criticism is directed against the ignorance and narrowness the sensuality and selfishness, which obscure a man's vision and prevent him from seeing in what genuine happiness consists."

Dr. Henderson proceeds to the crucial point in his argument. Not only is happiness the inevitable result of genuine morality, but "the persons who fail to discern and realize happiness are immoral persons. They are veritable prisoners of poverty, of disease, of temperament, of circumstance." We may pity them, but "the best pity is the practical pity which sets about their liberation." To quote further:

That there is at this moment vast unhappiness in the world quite goes without saying. But no one has ever been able to prove that it is inevitable. That done and pessimism would have gained its case. It is true that there is a common impression abroad that there are not enough cakes and ale to go all round, and that this constitutes the essential and unescapable misfortune. If there be not enough good things for everybody then naturally somebody must go without.

And if, in addition to believing that the store of good fortune is too scant to go anywhere near decently round, we also believed that Heaven inclined very decidedly to those who failed to get their share, the disposition to renounce happiness would be not only generous, but also prudential. It would be a sort of endowment policy, a life insurance, payable, it is true, only at death, but payable to one's self and not to one's heirs.

But experience does not show that either of these contentions is true. Good fortune is personal and subjective. Happiness is a feeling. Welfare implies the possession of the necessaries of life, but for its major content it depends upon our attitude toward things, rather than upon the things themselves. The keenest part of good fortune is strictly personal. It consists in the splendid exaltation that goes with a sound, healthy body and well-trained senses. It consists in the curiosity and delight which circle like an aureole

about the developed mind. It consists in the generous love one has for one's family and one's friends, in the sense of their love and interest. It consists in the vital life of the spirit, the sense of genuine communion with the higher intelligence of the universe, and of participation in the superb and timeless existence of eternity.

"This is human wealth, the major constituent

of all good fortune, and of this human wealth

there is enough to go all round.

In concluding, Dr. Henderson says: "Our present world is not only good, but, morally speaking, it seems to me the best possible type of world, for it is essentially a sane world. The great principle of cause and effect operates in the affairs of the spirit, as well as in those of the body." He adds:

"Doubtless, human nature will some time be a much fairer thing than it now is, but just as it is human nature is quite the most precious thing that the world has yet produced. It is the one element of importance in the whole drama of life, the one element of abiding interest and supreme moment. The moral outlook is full of promise because human nature is what it is,—a blunderer a follower of false lights, a forgetter of high destinies, it is true, but nevertheless always seeking, always striving, always hungry for good fortune always in touch with a godlike possibility. Each is bound by the necessity of his own heart's desire to follow the image which his spirit makes. But when enlightenment is come, and the sweet reasonableness of a larger knowledge abides in the heart, this image of good fortune, with its gentle but unescapable compulsion, reveals itself as the serene and beautiful face of morality.'

#### A Departure in Church Building

During the summer there has been nearing completion, in New York, what is described as "one of the most beautiful and characteristic of recent buildings"—the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. It "reveals not only discriminating taste," says Christian Brinton, a writer in The Century Magazine (September), "but an ingenious triumph over adverse conditions. Backed by a fifteen-story sky-scraper, with the possibility of a similar neighbor on one

side and a six-hundred-foot tower just across the street, the site offered little that was promising beyond an outlook over the square. It was obvious that a departure had to be made in order to overcome the difficulties of the situation. . . The Madison Square Presbyterian Church reverts to the broad simplicity of the early, pre-Gothic manner." The writer continues:

'Cruciform in plan, with the arms of the cross projecting but slightly beyond the square mass, the structure maintains its dignity owing to the dome and an impressive portico, the columns of which outweigh in scale anything in the immediate vicinity. The church is built, upon a white marble base, of buff brick and glazed terra-cotta. In order further to differentiate the edifice from its neighbors it was decided to use color more liberally than had been employed in any building hitherto erected in this country. The six columns of the portico, the shafts of which measure thirty feet, are of pale-green granite. The capitals of the columns are Corinthian, the colorscheme being blue, white, and yellow, and all other ornamental features reveal a delicate and appropriate use of these same shades with the addition of green. As in many Syrian and Ro-

man churches, the dome is tiled, showing an alternating pattern of green and yellow, the green serving as a background. To sustain and to enrich this effect the dome is surmounted by a gold lan-

"Within, as without manifest effort has been made to escape the son:ber, ritualistic atmosphere of the average sacred edifice. . . In almost every essential the Madison Square Presbyterian Church marks an innovation in church construction. In spirit it is a protest against the prevailing belief that a church, in order to be ecclesiastic, must be monastic in as-

"It is an attempt, and a welcome one, to adapt a place of worship in a great city to modern conditions and modern ideals."

THE MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

In course of construction for Dr. Parkhurst and his congregation, and representing an attempt to adapt a place of worship to twentieth century needs.

### The Proposed Canonization of Father Jogues

In honor of Father Isaac Jogues, the Jesuit missionary who was murdered by the Mohawk Indians two hundred and fifty years ago, and who is expected in the due course of time to become the first American saint canonized at Rome, five thousand Roman Catholics, including some of the highest dignitaries of the Church in the United States and Canada, recently made an impressive pilgrimage to Auriesville, N. Y. Near the

village is a grove of trees containing a chapel, several grottos and oratories, and a sort of cairn which shelters a full-length figure of Father Jogues. This memorial stands on the site of the martyr's death, and was reected by Jesuits.

In spite of the growing honor in which Father Jogues is held, it may safely be said that very little is known of his life history by the general public. A writer in the New York Sun endeavors to dispel this ignorance. He savs:

"The name of Isaac Jogues is closely interwoven with the early history of New York in the seventeenth century. After his death he was honored by the title 'Martyr of Christ,' by Pope Urban VIII., and now at last the process of his beatification is actually in progress in Quebec, the old missionary headquarters for New York and Canada.

"Isaac Jogues was born at Orleans, France, Jan. 10, 1607. and entered the order of the Jesuits in 1624.

He was ordained to the priesthood in 1636, and a few months later was ordered to the mission field of Canada. Along with him came Réné Goupil, a native of Anjou. When Jogues arrived in Canada he was sent with Father Garnier to the Petun Indians.

"The Indians received them much as they received all other missionaries, and drove them ruthlessly away as sorcerers. . . . The Hurons were then at war with the Iroquois, and the party with which Jogues and his companions happened to be fell in with a band of Iroquois on the war-

path.

"In the battle that followed Jogues and Goupil were taken prisoners. During his captivity he stole away several times to administer the sacrament to dving Christians, and lost no chance to preach his religion to those of his captors who would listen to

'This enraged the leader of the Iroquois. who had conceived a violent dislike to all French missionaries. and one day they fell upon him and beat him into insensibility with clubs. When he revived they tore off his finger nails with their teeth, and finally they took each of his fingers and crushed them until nearly all were amputated.

"The only response the Iroquois elicited to this barbarous treatment was that Jogues and Goupil fell on their knees and prayed for their tor-

mentors.

"On the thirteenth day after their capture they reached Ossernenon, or Auriesville, and here the entire tribe joined in a celebration of the victory over the Hurons. Goupil was taken, a slave, to a neighboring village, and Jogues was turned over to a member of the tribe who had lost his slave. Goupil was tomahawked, and Jogues was about



Courtesy of N. Y. Sun

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES Who may be America's First Saint. The Statue is by Sibbel, of New York

to meet the same fate, when a friendly Indian interfered.

"In 1643 the missionary escaped from the Iroquois and reached France on Christmas Day. In France he was made much of and accorded great honors by the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, who wept over his mangled hands.

"But he was not happy in France and implored his superiors to allow him to return to his chosen field. The following spring he returned to Quebec, where he was at once made an Ambassador of France to the warring Iroquois, and effected a treaty of peace between them and the French Government.

"After carrying through this treaty successfully, he started again on his mission to convert the heathen, and chose as his field the Iroquois. Although he had just concluded the treaty, he seems to have felt that on leaving Quebec the second time after his return to America he was going into a country from which he would never return.

"He did not. War was again declared by the Iroquois in October, Jogues was seized and his old wounds reopened by the same barbarous treatment he received during his first captivity.

"Again he was taken captive to Auriesville and a council of war was ordered to decide his fate. The council was held some miles from Auriesville, and although it decided to free Jogues and his companions, before news could be brought to his



SHRINE AT AURIESVILLE, N. Y. Erected by the Jesuits as a memorial to Father Jogues ]

place of captivity, Jogues had been tomahawked and beheaded, Oct. 16, 1646."

The process of the canonization of Father Jogues, concludes the writer, will occupy considerable time. Every document must be carefully considered and separately authenticated by the Roman congregation to whom the hundred and twenty-six reasons, or points, in the declaration of the missionary's holiness have been sent.

# Is the Doctrine of the Trinity a Part of Original Christianity?

German theological circles have lately been agitated by a controversy that concerns the doctrine of the Trinity. debate was started by representatives of the new and radical "historico-religious" school, who claim that this doctrine did not constitute a part of Christ's original teaching, but was introduced by later religious speculations, chiefly through Paul. The conservatives, on their side, lay stress on the baptismal command in Matthew (xxviii: 19) as proof absolute that Christ himself actually taught the doctrine. The Church historian of Giessen, Prof. Gustav Krüger, has published a special work on the subject,\* in which he argues as follows:

The literary history of the baptismal command is by no means settled. The linking together of the words Father, Son, and Holy Spirit is found only in the passage in Matthew in the entire literature of Christianity up to the middle of the second century, a single exception in the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" being copied from Matthew. Mark and Luke contain no such The present conclusion of Mark, command.

Das Dogma von der Dreiewigkeit in seiner historischen Entwickelung. By Gustav Krüger. Mohr, Tübingen.

which is not even genuine, contains nothing Trinitarian. Indeed, there are excellent reasons for believing that originally the command in Matthew did not read as it does now. Up to the fourth century there are traces of a simpler form, according to which Christians were baptized only in the name of Christ.

This would be in perfect agreement with the Apostolic practise of baptizing in the name of Christ only. Such was the method of Peter from the outset (see Acts 2, 38). That baptism and the reception of the Holy Spirit did not necessarily go together is clear from such passages as Acts 8. 16 and 10, 18. In Ephesus Paul baptizes only in the name of the Lord Jesus (Acts 19, 5); and his own words at the beginning of his Epistle to the Corinthians (1, 13) admit of no other interpreta-tion. The same doctrine is clearly taught in Rom. 6, 31.

The reason for baptism in the name of Christ becomes all the clearer when the significance of this formula is understood. Recent researches have shown that the Jews, who had believed strongly in the power of demons, came to believe that the name of God as such would have the power to heal diseases and effect other good results. In other words, the formula was used as a form of incantation and almost sorcery. Passages in the New Testament in which this spirit is reflected abound, e. g., Mark 16, 17-18; Luke 10, 17; Mark 9, 38-39; Mark 7, 22. That such incantation in the name of Jesus was

common in the early church is attested by Justin Martyr, who declares, in his Apology, that the Christians of his day, mercly by the appeal to the name of Jesus, expelled many demons, which other sorcerers and magic physicians had been unable to influence. The same church father, in his Dialogue with Trypho, says that through the name of Christ Christians had power to make the demons tremble.

The old custom of baptizing in the name of Christ disappeared only slowly from the usages of the church. In the "Shepherd of Hermes," which dates from about 100 Å. D., mention is repeatedly made of baptism in the one name, but

there is not a trace of any baptism in the name of the Trinity. And even a century later lively discussions were carried on in the church as to whether baptism in the one name of Christ should be recognized by the church or not.

At what time the enlarged formula of baptism in the name of Father, Son and Holy Spirit, was introduced, it cannot be definitely determined; but probably it was about the period when the doctrine of the Trinity became the subject of debate in the churches. At any rate, it is more than probable that this Trinitarian formula is not a part of original Christianity, but a later development.

#### The Rationale of Religion

"In every age the most comprehensive thinkers have found in the religion of their time and country something they could accept," says the philosopher-poet, Prof. George Santavana, of Harvard, in his volume styled "Reason in Religion"\* which forms a part of a comprehensive system of philosophy published under the general title of "The Life of Reason." Even the heretics and atheists, he further declares, turn out after a while to be forerunners of some new orthodoxy. "What they rebel against is a religion alien to their nature; they are atheists only by accident, and relatively to a convention which inwardly offends them; but they yearn mightily in their own souls after the religious acceptance of a world interpreted in their own fashion." From this universal interest which religion has for the human mind the professor deduces that "there must be something humane and necessary in an influence that has become the most general sanction of virtue, the chief occasion of art and philosophy, and the source, perhaps, of the best human happiness." In attempting to answer the question what relation "this great business of the soul which we call religion" bears to the life of reason, the writer says:

"The Life of Reason is the seat of all ultimate values. Now the history of mankind will show us that whenever spirits at once lofty and intense have seemed to attain the highest joys, they have envisaged and attained them in religion. Religion would therefore seem to be a vehicle or a factor in rational life, since the ends of rational life are attained by it. Moreover, the Life of Reason is an ideal to which everything in the world should be subordinated; it establishes lines of moral cleavage everywhere and makes right

eternally different from wrong. Religion does the same thing. It makes absolute moral decisions. It sanctions, unifies, and transforms ethics. Religion thus exercises a function of the Life of Reason."

The difference between the two, says the writer, is immediately apparent the moment they are philosophically considered. "Religions are many, reason one. Religion consists of conscious ideas, hopes, enthusiasms, and objects of worship; it operates by grace and flourishes by prayer. Reason, on the other hand, is a mere principle or potential order, on which, indeed, we may come to reflect, but which exists in us ideally only, without variation or stress of any kind. . . . Religion brings some order into life by weighting it with new materials. Reason adds to the natural materials only the perfect order which it introduces into them. The one is an inviolate principle, the other a changing and struggling force. And yet this struggling and changing force of religion seems to direct man towards something eternal. It seems to make for an ultimate harmony within the soul and for an ultimate harmony between the soul and all the soul depends upon. So that religion in its intent, is a more conscious and direct pursuit of the Life of Reason than is society, science, or art." The actual success, however, of this religious pursuit of the Life of Reason, the professor avers, must be described as something abortive. To quote:

"Those within the pale of each religion may prevail upon themselves to express satisfaction with its results, thanks to a fond partiality in reading the past and generous draughts of hope for the future; but any one regarding the various religions at once and comparing their achievements with what reason requires, must feel how terrible is the disappointment which they have

<sup>\*</sup>The Life of Reason: Reason in Religion. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons.

one and all prepared for mankind. Their chief anxiety has been to offer imaginary remedies for mortal ills, some of which are incurable essentially, while others might have been really cured by well-directed effort. The Greek oracles, for instance, pretended to heal our natural ignorance, which has its appropriate though difficult cure, while the Christian vision of heaven pretended to be an antidote to our natural death, the inevitable correlate of birth and of a changing and conditioned existence. By methods of this sort little can be done for the real betterment of life. To confuse intelligence and dislocate sentiment by gratuitous fictions is a short-sighted way of pursuing happiness. Nature is soon avenged. An unhealthy exaltation and a one-sided morality have to be followed by regrettable reactions. When these come, the real rewards of life may seem vain to a relaxed vitality, and the very name of virtue may irritate young spirits untrained in any natural excellence. Thus religion too often debauches the morality it comes to sanction, and impedes the science it ought to tulfil."

Nevertheless, the writer continues, "religion should not be conceived as having taken the place of anything better, but rather as having come to relieve situations which, but for its presence, would have been infinitely worse," and in analyzing its significance and function, we may, "without disguising or in the least condoning its confusion with literal truth, "allow ourselves to enter as sympathetically as possible into its various conceptions and emotions. feeling of reverence should itself be treated with reverence, although not at a sacrifice of truth, with which alone, in the end, reverence is compatible. Nor have we any reason to be intolerant of the partialities and contradictions which religions display. Were we dealing with a science, such contradictions would have to be instantly solved and removed; but when we are concerned with the poetic interpretation of experience, contradiction means only variety, and variety means spontaneity, wealth of resource, and a nearer approach to its total adequacy." In conclusion he adds:

"If we hope to gain any understanding of these matters we must begin by taking them out of that heated and fanatical atmosphere in which the Hebrew tradition has enveloped them. The Jews had no philosophy, and when their national traditions came to be theoretically explicated and justified, they were made to issue in a puerile scholasticism and a rabid intolerance. The question of monotheism, for instance, was a terrible question to the Jews. Idolatry did not consist in worshipping a god who, not being ideal, might be unworthy of worship, but rather in recognising other gods than the one worshipped in Jerusalem. To the Greeks, on the contrary, whose philosophy was enlightened and ingenuous monotheism and polytheism seemed perfectly innocent and compatible. To say God or the gods was only to use different expressions for the same influence, now viewed in its abstract unity and correlation with all existence, now viewed in its various manifestations in moral life, in nature, or in history. So that what in Plato, Aristotle, and the Stoics meets us at every stepthe combination of monotheism with polytheism -is no contradiction, but merely an intelligent variation of phrase to indicate various aspects or functions in physical and moral things. religion appears to us in this light its contradictions and controversies lose all their bitterness. Each doctrine will simply represent the moral plane on which they live who have devised or adopted it. Religions will thus be better or worse, never true or false. We shall be able to lend ourselves to each in turn, and seek to draw from it the secret of its inspiration

# Buddhism as a Refuge for "Lapsed Christians"

Mr. W. S. Lilly, a distinguished Roman Catholic writer who is profoundly impressed by the unfaith of the modern world, ironically suggests Buddhism as a substitute for the barren skepticism so prevalent to-day. There are signs, he observes, that, after a thousand years of indifference, Buddhism is inspired by a missionary spirit; and "during the last ten or twelve years it has given striking evidence that its power of life and growth is by no means exhausted." He continues (Fortnightly Review, August):

"Contact with Western civilisation has been unquestionably a chief cause of this revival. The attacks made upon it by Christian evangelists

have aroused its more earnest and instructed votaries to seek, and to set forth a reason for the faith which is in them, and to subject the claims of Christianity to a searching criticism, often extremely disconcerting to the divines, not, as a rule, specially well equipped, who essay their conversion. This has been notably so in Japan, Ceylon, and Burmah. In all those countries the Buddhist clergy have shaken off the torpor engendered by a thousand years of peaceful routine; Buddhist colleges and schools and societies of all kinds have been multiplied; and a new Buddhist literature, chiefly in English, has been called into existence. One principal aim of that literature, Mr. Cobbold has pointed out in his interesting and candid work on 'Religion in Japan,' is 'a statement of the doctrines of Buddhism in such terms as to place it in accordance with modern

systems of philosophy'; certainly a by no means difficult task. Foremost among the laborers in this cause must be mentioned the late Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, whose fascinating books have done so much to reveal to us the civilisation of Japan. But perhaps the most noteworthy token of the Buddhist revival is an illustrated quarterly magazine, called Buddhism, which was started in Rangoon in 1903. It is noteworthy for the great ability, entire honesty, and deep convictions which are everywhere conspicuous in its pages. It is noteworthy, too, as being the first fruits of the renascence of the religion of the Buddha in a country permeated by the spirit of his teaching; a country the people of which, as Mr. Fielding says, in his work, 'The Soul of a People,' 'are so kind-hearted, so hospitable, so charitable both in act and thought; where, as Bishop Bigandet testifies, they are pervaded by 'strong religious sentiment,' and 'firm faith,' the monastic order, living in the strictest poverty and purity, being merely the higher expression of the life of the people, from whom it springs directly, and by whom it is 'voluntarily and cheerfully' supported."

But the most significant feature of the Buddhist renascence, Mr. Lilly goes on to say, is the sense of a mission to the Western world. Its pioneers are aware of the fact that the missionaries who seek to convert them to Christianity come from lands where Christianity is weakening. They "know perfectly well that there is an exceedingly great multitude both of highly educated and half-educated Europeans who do not hold Christianity at all: nay, who have, more or less explicitly, rejected the Theistic and

animistic postulates upon which Christianity is based." To such "lapsed Christians" Mr. Lilly imagines the Buddhists formulating their claims somewhat as follows:

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"You have cast off ancient animism, traditional Theism. You have done well. The great truths that there is no soul in man, and that man has no knowledge of an Infinite and Absolute Being, were long ago taught by the Buddha. You have grasped the fundamental fact that law rules everywhere throughout the phenomenal universe, whose secrets you have so largely explored. That is well, too. The religion of the Buddha is not in conflict with modern science; he anticipated many of its most important conclusions; its primary principle of evolution is one with his central tenet. But what is the method of modern science? Is it not the reduction of the phenomena of the physical universe to mathematics? The more deeply you investigate that universe, the more surely you find everywhere causation, conservation of energy-law on a scale infinitely great and infinitely little; law which taken by itself does not speak of righteousness, or make for righteousness, which is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. We announce to you an order which is the counterpart, in the ethical and spiritual sphere, of your scientific order in the phenomenal; an order where causation and the conservation of energy equally prevail; an order which is ruled absolutely by law; an order which is as true a reality, nay, a truer, for all phenomena are impermanent, all integrations are unstable; but the Law of Righteousness abides for ever. It is the law of the universe; not of this little earth only, but of the innumerable hundreds of thousands of myriads of kotis [one koti is ten millions] of worlds. That is the kernel of the Buddha's teaching; it is by the proclamation of



Here all the spirits of the Chinese Emperor's ancestors hold frequent and social intercourse with each other. They travel underground along the ever throbbing pulses of the great dragon. China's Emperor's proxy sits on the throne shown here, while the sacred spotted deer are consulted for omens and warnings.



Brected in honor of the parents and grandparents of the first Manchu who sat on the throne of China. Until recently it was an offense punishable with death for any unconsecrated person to gaze upon this altar. Near by was a library which the Russians confiscated. It contained books 2,000 years old

BUDDHIST ALTARS AT MUKDEN

this Law of Righteousness, with its mechanism of moral retribution, called by us Karma, that he gives to life its true interpretation and indicates its real value, guiding us from Agnosticism to Gnosis. You have cast off the Christian mythology: we do not ask you to accept ours. These things belong to an age of the world when men needed to be taught as children. But the most excellent law of the Buddha is confined to no age. His doctrine of the Four Noble Truths, of the Eightfold Noble Path is as true now as when he taught it, and ever will be true. It is a doctrine which supplies a better rule of life than any other: it holds out a hope which no possible future of positive knowledge can destroy."

Such, concludes Mr. Lilly, is the message of Buddhism to the Western world. Will it be accepted? Lafcadio Hearn, writing with the zeal of a convert, had no doubts on this score. He predicted that "out of the certain future union of Western knowledge with Eastern thought there must eventually proceed a neo-Buddhism, which, embracing all the strength of science, is yet spiritually able to recompense the seeker after truth." On this Mr. Lilly comments:

"Whether Mr. Hearn's predictions will be accomplished, I do not know. But this I do know: that the teaching of the Buddha, even in its most fantastic and currupt form, is infinitely wiser, sweeter, and more ennobling than the doctrine of the school—unhappily the predominant school among us—which makes happiness, or agreeable feeling, the formal constituent of virtue, and seeks to deduce the laws of conduct from the laws of comfort; which insists that not the intention of the doer, but the result of the deed, is the test



ERNST HAECKEL

Who has just published a bitterly polemical lecture in defense of the theory of evolution.

of the ethical value of an act; which, reducing the moral law to impotence by depriving it of its distinctive characteristic necessity, degrades it to a matter of latitude and longitude, temperament, and cuisine; which robs it of its essential sanction the punishment inseparably bound up with its violation, and denies the organic instinct of conscience that retribution must follow upon evil doing."

### Haeckel's New Challenge to the Churches

That tireless champion of the new science, Ernst Haeckel, the sole survivor, with the exception of Alfred Russel Wallace, of the little group of scientists who, following Darwin, developed and popularized the evolutionary idea in every department of human knowledge, continues, in his old age, to defy the Osler theory by his astounding productivity. The sensation created by his last two remarkable works, "The Riddle of the Universe" and "The Wonders of Life," has scarcely abated when a new volume, "The War Waged for the Idea of Evolution,"\* comes from the press, not less interesting and significant than the two previous volumes, and containing the lecture which he

\*DER KAMPF UM DEN ENTWICKELUNGS-GEDANKEN. By Ernst Haeckel. Georg Reimer, Berlin. delivered early in the spring of this year in Berlin.

In this lecture Haeckel takes up the cudgels again for pure science, and the monistic philosophy to which he thinks it inevitably leads. His tone is bitterly polemical, and he directs his shafts in particular against the Roman Catholic clergymen who, in the garb of evolutionary scientists, have sought to identify the idea of evolution with dogmatic religion. Speaking of the motives that induced him "once more" to break his resolution never again to lecture in public, but to devote himself exclusively to the work which he still intends to accomplish, he says that his Berlin friends, in inviting him to give these lectures in defense of his theories, had represented to him how important it was just at this time to endeavor to counteract the influences that are now working to prejudice the people against the new learning. He continues:

'They particularily emphasized the fact that the steadily growing reaction in influential circles, the predominance of ultramontanism and the ensuing menace to the spirit of freedom, the university and the school, urgently necessitate an energetic defense. Now, it so happened that I have followed the interesting attempts that have lately been made by the orthodox church to patch up a compromise with her deadly enemy, monistic science. She has even resolved to accept, to a certain degree, our doctrine of evolution, which she has fought so vehemently for thirty years and to reconcile it, maimed and falsified, with her churchly creed. This striking change of front of the warring church seemed to me, on the one hand, so interesting and significant, and, on the other, so misleading and dangerous, that I resolved to make it the subject of a public lecture and to accept the invitation of my Berlin friends.'

It is not strange that this attempt at conciliation, in a matter which to Haeckel's mind admits of no possible compromise, should have touched to the quick this veteran fighter. "I do not belong," he says, "to the class of 'compromise people,' but am accustomed to express honestly and directly the convictions at which I have arrived by serious and diligent study during half a century. If I seem to be, on that account, a reckless 'fighter,' let it be remembered that 'fight is the mother of all things,' and that the triumph of pure reason over prevailing superstition cannot be obtained without a fierce struggle. But my fight has always been in behalf of the good cause; the personalities of my opponents, who most violently attack and revile even my personality, are matters of indifference to me."

After describing the violent opposition with which the Darwinian theory was met, not only by the church, but also by the leading scientific men, at the time when Darwin first announced his theory by the publication of his "Origin of Species," Haeckel goes on to show how Darwinism in its essential features has gradually asserted itself, until now it is scarcely possible for the younger generation of scientific men to conceive the incredulity and opposition that a law so clearly established on a scientific basis has encountered. He then proceeds to his main topic:

"The greatest triumph of our evolutionary doctrine, however, has been won at the beginning of the twentieth century, when its most powerful opponent, the church, has adapted herself to it, and made the first serious attempt to harmonize the theory of evolution with her creed. Several

timid attempts in the same direction have been made within the past decade by various liberal theologians and philosophers, but without much success. The merit of having carried through this bold attempt in a comprehensive way and with a thorough knowledge of his subject belongs to Father Eric Wasmann of Luxemburg. This keen and erudite entomologist is known among zoologists by a series of excellent observations on the life of the ants and the small chafers, who live with them and have undergone peculiar transformations in adapting themselves to this special mode of life. His essays were first published in the Catholic periodical, Stimmen aus Maria-Laach, and show how these striking changes in the chafers, the ants' guests, are to be explained naturally, by their descent from other species of insects who live in a freer environment.

"These essays have now been collected in a volume called 'Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution.' The book is a masterpiece of Jesuitical distortion and sophistry. In the ninth chapter of the book, Wasmann proves the theory of evolution and shows that the old doctrine of the constancy and independent creation of the individual species is altogether untenable. This chapter could, with very few changes, be incorporated as a valuable portion in a work of Darwin or Weismann, or any other representative of evolution. The following chapter stands in sharp contradiction to the preceding one; it treats in an absurd way the theory of descent as applied to man. Wasmann here endeavors to prove that the theory of evolution serves not to destroy but to place on a sound scientific basis the theory of supernatural creation and that it was not really Lamarck and Darwin but St. Augustine and Thomas of Aquinas that founded the theory of evolution, for, says he, God does not interfere directly with the order of nature, where he can work with natural causes.' Man alone constitutes a notable exception; for 'the human soul, as a spiritual essence, cannot be created out of matter even by the almightiness of God.'

Haeckel passes on to a criticism of Reinke, the botanist, whose deductions, he says, though he is of strict evangelist persuasion, are strikingly at one with the Roman Catholic speculations of Wasmann.

Then he emphasizes the enormous influence that the papal policy is at present exerting upon the German Government, owing to the dominant power of the Center party. He concludes:

"Germany, the home of the Reformation, is the scene of a struggle in which the Reichstag and the Imperial Government endeavor to surpass each other in the noble task of clearing the way for the Jesuits and of promoting the intolerant spirit of the confessional schools, instead of suppressing them. Let us hope that the latest manifestation in the history of the doctrine of evolution, its recognition by Jesuitical science, will bring about a result the opposite of what the Roman Catholic church is aiming for—the substitution of science and reason for blind religious faith."



Courtesy of N. Y. Examiner

LIFE-SIZE STATUE OF CHARLES H. SPURGEON

Unveiled at the first Baptist World's Congress, held recently in London

Mr Spurgeon was regarded during his life-time as the leading preacher of London and the most distinguished representative of the Baptist denomination. Over so,000 copies of his sermons and books are still sold every week.

### Mr. Chesterton as a Champion of the Christian Virtues

The "unexpectedness" of Mr. G. K. Chesterton is perhaps nowhere better illustrated than in the attitude he assumes in his recent volume of brilliant essays published under the title of "Heretics."\* In one of these he turns his attention to the school of neopaganism whose tenets were preached "flamboyantly," he says, by Mr. Swinburne, and "delicately" by Walter Pater, the upshot of which preaching was that it left behind it "incomparable exercises in the English language." A more recent recruit to the

school Mr. Chesterton singles out in Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson [see following article, "A Plea for Religion Divorced from Revelation"], whom he rebukes for setting up a contrast between paganism and Christianity in the matter of moral ideals, declaring paganism to have been "an ideal of full and satisfied humanity" and Christianity "an ideal of asceticism," and urging that a return to the pagan ideal would be a return to a life of reason and sanity. In dealing with Mr. Lowes Dickinson's contention concerning Christianity, Mr. Chesterton gives something for which a more polite term ought to be

found than "the lie direct." He says:

"When I say that I think this idea wholly wrong as a matter of philosophy and history, I am not talking for the moment about any ideal Christianity of my own, or even of any primitive Christianity undefiled by after events. I am not, like so many modern Christian idealists, basing my case upon certain things which Christ said. Neither am I, like so many other Christian idealists, basing my case upon certain things that Christ forgot to say. I take historic Christianity with all its sins upon its head; I take it as I would take Jacobinism, or Mormonism, or any other \*Herrics By G. K. Chesterton. John Lane Company

mixed or unpleasing human product, and I say that the meaning of its action was not to be found in asceticism. I say that its point of difference with the modern world was not asceticism. I say that St Simeon Stylites had not his main inspiration in asceticism. I say that the main Christian impulse cannot be described as asceticism even in the ascetics.'

Mr. Chesterton declares that the primary fact about Christianity and paganism is that one came after the other, and asks of those who preach that the pagan ideal will be the ultimate good of man "why it was that man

actually found his ultimate good on earth under the stars and threw it away again?" Instead of framing for them an answer, he goes on blithely to assert that "there is one thing, and one thing only, in existence at the present day which can in any sense accurately be said to be of pagan origin, and that is Christianity." He

"The real difference between paganism and Christianity is perfectly summed up in the difference between the pagan or natural, virtues, and those three virtues of Christianity which the Church of Rome calls virtues of grace. The pagan, or rational, virtues are such things as justice and temperance, and Christianity has adop-The three ted them. mystical virtues which

Christianity has not adopted but invented, are faith, hope, and charity. Now much easy and foolish Christian rhetoric could easily be poured out upon those three words, but I desire to confine myself to the facts which are evident about them. The first evident fact . . . is that the pagan virtues, such as justice and temperance, are the sad virtues, and that the mystical virtues of faith, hope and charity are the gay and exuberant virtues. And the second evident fact, which is even more evident, is the fact that the pagan virtues are the reasonable virtues, and that the Christian virtues of faith, hope and charity are in their essence as unreasonable as they can



G. K. CHESTERTON

One of the most versatile of the younger English journalists. Author of "A Life of Robert Browning,"
"Varied Types," etc.

Fearing that the word "unreasonable" should be misunderstood, Mr. Chesterton goes on to say that each of the mystical virtues involves a paradox in its own nature. which is not true of any of the pagan virtues. For instance: "Justice consists in finding out a certain thing due to a certain man and giving it to him. Temperance consists in finding out the proper limit of a particular indulgence and adhering to that. But charity means pardoning what is unpardonable or it is no virtue at all. Hope means hoping when things are hopeless or it is no virtue at all. And faith means believing the incredible or it is no virtue at all." These three mystical virtues would have seemed unreasonable to the pagan world and have been driven out of court, because it itself was "nobly and beautifully reasonable"; but the pagan world "discovered in its death pang this lasting and valuable truth, a heritage for the ages, that reasonableness will not do." The pagan age is not to be recovered again, says Mr. Chesterton, for the reason that "while we are certainly jollier than the pagans, and much more right than the pagans, there is not one of us who can by the utmost stretch of energy be so sensible as the pagans. The naked innocence of the intellect cannot be recovered by any man after Christianity; and for this excellent reason, that every man after Christianity knows

it to be misleading." Mr. Chesterton, in repeating the assertion that the three Christian virtues are paradoxical, adds that they are also practical, and all three "are paradoxical because they are practical." "It is the stress of ultimate need and a terrible knowledge of things as they are, which led men to set up these riddles, and to die for them." Concluding, Mr. Chesterton says:

"My objection to Mr. Lowes Dickinson and the reasserters of the pagan ideal is, then, this: I accuse them of ignoring definite human discoveries in the moral world discoveries as definite, though not as material, as the circulation of the blood. We cannot go back to an ideal of reason and sanity. For mankind has discovered that reason does not lead to sanity. We cannot go back to an ideal of pride and enjoyment. For mankind has discovered that pride does not lead to enjoyment. I do not know by what extraordinary mental accident modern writers so constantly connect the idea of progress with the idea of independent thinking. Progress is obviously the antithesis of independent thinking. For under independent or individualistic thinking every man starts at the beginning, and goes, in all probability, just as far as his father before him. But if there really be anything of the nature of progress, it must mean, above all things. the careful study and assumption of the whole of the past. I accuse Mr. Lowes Dickinson and his school of reaction in the only real sense. If he likes, let him ignore the plough or the printing press. But if we do revive and pursue the pagan ideal of a simple and rational self-completion we shall end—where paganism ended. I do not mean we shall end in destruction. I mean we shall end in Christianity.'

### A Plea for Religion Divorced from Revelation

Can the idea of revelation be made to agree with the normal intellectual assumptions of the twentieth century? asks G. Lowes Dickinson in a recent volume called "Religion, a Criticism and a Forecast."\* His answer in the negative is arrived at through an examination of the two ways in which, in his view, revelation can be conceived, namely: "either as an immediate intuition conveyed in what is regarded as a moment of supernormal perception; or as the gradually garnered result of the normal experience of life." In respect to that view which regards revelation as "the intuition of the exceptional moment" he says:

"It is, of course, indisputable that such ex-

\*RELIGION: A CRITICISM NAND A FORECAST By G. Lowes Dickinson. McClure, Phillips & Co.

periences occur and are conceived by those who receive them to be communications of absolute truth; the familiar phenomenon of 'conversion' is a case in point. But, for our present purpose, the important question is whether the belief of the recipient in the evidential value of the experience is justified; and I think that a little consideration will show that it is not, for it is noticeable that the truth supposed to be revealed in the moment of conversion is commonly, if not invariably, the reflection of the doctrine or theory with which the subject, whether or no he has accepted it, has hitherto been most familiar. have never heard, for example, of a case in which a Mohammedan or a Hindoo, without having ever heard of Christianity, has had a revelation of Christian truth; or even of a case of the conversion in this way to Roman Catholicism of one who has been brought up an Evangelical, or vice versa. Conversion, in fact, is not the communication of a new truth; it is the presentation of ideas already familiar in such a way that they are accompanied by an irresistible certainty that they are true. But this sense of certainty

may attach to any kind of intellectual content. If a man has been brought up a Christian, he will be converted to a belief in Christ; if he has been trained as a Hindoo, he will receive the vision of the Absolute; if he is optimistic by temperament, he will have a revelation that the world is good; if pessimistic, it will be borne in upon him that it is bad."

In considering the second view of revelation as the result of normal experience, Mr. Dickinson sets forth this imaginary line of argument on the part of believers who are presumed to have originally received Christian doctrine on authority:

"The doctrine thus received we have carried with us through the experience of life; and if once we believed it on authority, we believe it now because we have found that it works. At moments of trouble we have had recourse to it, and have not found it to fail us. We proved it to be progressively capable of interpreting experience. And when we say it is revealed, what we mean is that, though we never could have arrived at it by the unaided operation of the reason, yet, once it was given us, we tested it and found it to be true. We cannot, indeed, prove it by the intelligence, but we have proved it by life; and though its source be super-rational, in its operation it has shown itself to be reasonable."

The intellectual weakness of the latter position, in the view of the author, rests upon the assumption of the truth of that which it is our effort to prove true, and further upon the "general presumption that what is helpful and good is also true." With such an insufficient basis for its validity, revelation, he adds, "in proportion as men become honest, educated and intelligent, will cease to be regarded as a satisfactory basis for religion; for it will be increasingly recognized not to be an avenue to truth."

If the position be finally taken that revelation must be set aside, the author asks if religion will disappear with it, or if, as an alternative, the ordinary experience of life may evoke and justify some point of view which may properly be called religious? The answer to these questions involves a recognition of the fact that all great religions combine two things which are logically quite distinct—namely, "first, propositions about the nature of the world and man's relation to it; secondly, statements of values, of objects which ought to be pursued, and ought to give rise, perhaps do give rise, to passionate aspiration." The author maintains that sound and true perceptions of the second of these elementsthat of ideals—may be accompanied by ignorance and misconception of the first.

This he maintains to be the case with Christianity. Thus:

"Christianity is commonly, and I think rightly credited with embodying moral values of profound and singular importance, such, for example as the brotherhood of man; and, on the other hand, intellectually, its whole system of fact, its cosmology and theology, is to say the least, inadequate. The story of the Garden of Eden, of the apple and the serpent, of the fall, of the penalty incurred, not by Adam and Eve merely, but by the whole human race, of the Atonement by vicarious sacrifice of the two so-cieties, the World and the Church, pursuing through history, side by side, their diverse destiny, the one to eternal damnation, the other to eternal blessedness-all this is mere mythology, and mythology not of the most edifying kind. But originally, it must always be remembered, this mythology was seriously put forward, not as a metaphor or symbol, but as a matter of fact, by the man who, more than any one else, laid the foundation of Christian th ology. It was accepted as a matter of fact by the Church. And if now, as I suppose is very largely the case, it is interpreted as mere allegory, that very fact only illustrates the point I wish to make, that a religion which embodies profound moral intuitions may associate them with views about the universe so inadequate and crude that subsequent generations have no choice but to interpret them as symbolism. There is thus an inherent instability in great religions, due to the fact that their prophets, commonly men of unique moral insight, have associated their moral teaching with theories about the world based upon no proper method of inquiry, and unable to meet the first brunt of intelligent criticism.'

The author declares as a conclusion from the above considerations that "if the whole development of the human mind in the last few centuries is not to be reversed, if we are not to relapse into intellectual barbarism, it will become increasingly impossible for any theory about the constitution of the world and the meaning of human destiny to be accepted, which does not rest explicitly upon the basis of science and philosophy, and is not amenable to and competent to sustain their criticism." He asserts that it is not, and cannot be the function of religion to proclaim truths about the general structure of the universe, or to affirm that this or that Being does or does not exist. If this fact is recognized. "whatever religion may be in the future, it will be, unless all the intellectual heritage of the world is to be lost, something very different from what it has been in the past." It will, he believes, concern itself with considerations of moral values which are not necessarily affected by the truth or falsehood of the cosmological ideas with which they have been associated.

# Science and Discovery

# Darwin's Son on the Present State of Evolutionary Theory

That illustrious scientist who chances to be the son of a scientist still more illustrious, Professor G. H. Darwin, enjoys the highest distinction that England can confer upon a man of his calling. He is president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. That famous body has been holding its annual meeting, South Africa being this year the place of assembly. It was thus at Cape Town that Professor Darwin delivered the remarks here quoted. "I shall try," he declared, "to set forth in my address some of the attempts which have been made to formulate evolutionary speculation. This choice of a subject has been, moreover. almost forced upon me by the scope of my own scientific work and it is, I think, justified by the name which I bear." At any rate, the importance, the stimulating suggestiveness of Professor Darwin's exposition has already been recognized by appreciative comment in the scientific press of Europe, as may be seen by reference to London Nature, the Paris Revue Scientifique and organs of scientific thought in Berlin. Professor Darwin cleared the ground at starting thus:

"The man who propounds a theory of evolution is attempting to reconstruct the history of the past by means of the circumstantial evidence afforded by the present. The historian of man, on the other hand, has the advantage over the evolutionist in that he has the written records of the past on which to rely. The discrimination of the truth from amongst discordant records is frequently a work demanding the highest qualities of judgment; yet when this end is attained it remains for the historian to convert the arid skeleton of facts into a living whole by clothing it with the flesh of human motives and impulses. For this part of his task he needs much of that power of entering into the spirit of other men's lives which goes to the making of a poet. Thus the historian should possess not only the pa-tience of the man of science in the analysis of facts, but also the imagination of the poet to grasp what the facts have meant. Such a combination is rarely to be found in equal perfection on both sides, and it would not be hard to analyze the works of great historians so as to see which quality was predominant in each of them. The evolutionist is spared the surpassing difficulty of the human element, yet he also needs imagination, although of a different character from that of the historian. In its lowest form

his imagination is that of the detective who reconstructs the story of a crime; in its highest it demands the power of breaking loose from all the trammels of convention and education, and of imagining something which has never occurred to the mind of man before. In every case the evolutionist must form a theory for the facts before him, and the great theorist is only to be distinguished from the fantastic fool by the sobriety of his judgment—a distinction, however, sufficient to make one rare and the other only too common."

The test of a scientific theory, said Professor Darwin, lies in the number of facts which it groups into a connected whole. It ought, besides, to be fruitful in pointing the way to the discovery and co-ordination of new and previously unsuspected facts. Thus a good theory is in effect a cyclopedia of knowledge, susceptible of indefinite expansion by the addition of supplementary volumes. Hardly any theory is all true and many are not all false. A theory may be essentially at fault and yet point the way to truth:

"We should not, therefore, totally reject one or other of two rival theories on the ground that they seem, with our present knowledge, mutually inconsistent, for it is likely that both may contain important elements of truth. The theories of which I shall have to speak hereafter may often appear discordant with one another according to our present lights. Yet we must not scruple to pursue the several divergent lines of thought to their logical conclusions, relying on future discovery to eliminate the false and to reconcile together the truths which form part of each of them. In the mouths of the unscientific evolution is often spoken of as almost synonymous with the evolution of the various species of animals on the earth, and this, again, is sometimes thought to be practically the same thing as the theory of natural selection. Of course, those who are conversant with the history of scientific ideas are aware that a belief in the gradual and orderly transformation of nature. both animate and inanimate, is of great antiquity. We may liken the facts on which theories of evolution are based to a confused heap of beads, from which a keen-sighted searcher after truth picks out and strings together a few which happen to catch his eye, as possessing certain resem-

Until recently theories of evolution in both realms of nature were partial and discontinuous and the chains of fact were correspondingly short and disconnected. At length the theory of natural selection, by formulating the cause of the divergence of forms in the organic world from the parental stock, furnished the naturalist with a clue by which he examined the disordered mass of facts before him, and he was thus enabled to go far in deducing order where chaos had ruled before. But the problem of reducing the heap to perfect order will probably baffle the ingenuity of the investigator forever:

"So illuminating has been this new idea that, as the whole of nature has gradually been reexamined by its aid, thousands of new facts have been brought to light, and have been strung in due order on the necklace of knowledge. Indeed, the transformation resulting from the new point of view has been so far-reaching as almost to justify the misapprehension of the unscientific as to the date when the doctrines of evolution first originated in the mind of man. It is not my object, nor, indeed, am I competent, to examine the extent to which the theory of natural selection has needed modification since it was first formulated by my father and Wallace. But I am surely justified in maintaining that the general principle holds its place firmly as a permanent acquisition to modes of thought. Evolutionary doctrines concerning inanimate nature, although of much older date than those which concern life, have been profoundly affected by the great impulse of which I have spoken. It has thus come about that the origin and history of the chemical elements and of stellar systems now occupy a far larger space in the scientific mind than was formerly the case. The subject which I shall discuss to-night is the extent to which ideas, parallel to those which have done so much towards elucidating the problems of life. hold good also in the world of matter; and I believe that it will be possible to show that in this respect there exists a resemblance between the two realms of nature, which is not merely fanciful. It is proper to add that as long ago as 1873 Baron Karl du Prel discussed the same subject from a similar point of view, in a book entitled 'The Struggle for Life in the Heavens.' Although inanimate matter moves under the action of forces which are incomparably simpler than those governing living beings, yet the problems of the physicist and the astronomer are scarcely less complex than those which present themselves to the biologist. The mystery of life remains as impenetrable as ever, and in his evolutionary speculations the biologist does not attempt to explain life itself, but, adopting as his unit the animal as a whole, discusses its relationships to other animals and to the surrounding conditions. The physicist, on the other hand, is irresistibly impelled to form theories as to the intimate constitution of the ultimate parts of matter, and he desires further to piece together the past histories and the future fates of planets, stars, and nebulæ. If, then, the speculations of the physicist seem in some respects less advanced than those of the biologist, it is chiefly because he is more ambitious in his aims. Physicists and a tronomers have not yet found their Johannesburg or Kimberley; but, although we are still mere prospectors, I am proposing to show you some of the dust and diamonds which we have already extracted from our surface mines. The fundamental idea in the theory of natural selection is the persistence of those types of life which are adapted to their surrounding conditions, and the elimination by extermination of ill-adapted types. The struggle for life amongst forms possessing a greater or less degree of adaptation to slowly-varying conditions is held to explain the gradual transmutation of species. Although a different phraseology is used when we speak of the physical world, yet the idea is essentially the same."

The point of view from which Professor Darwin would have us consider the phenomena of the world may be best explained, he next asserted, by a reference to political institutions, "because we all understand, or fancy we understand, something of politics, while the problems of physics are commonly far less familiar to us." Such an illustration, Professor Darwin added, would have a further advantage in that it would not be a mere parable, but would involve "the fundamental conception of the nature of evolution":

"The complex interactions of man with man in a community are usually described by such comprehensive terms as the State, the Commonwealth, or the Government. Various States differ widely in their constitution and in the degree of the complexity of their organization, and we classify them by various general terms, such as autocracy, aristocracy, or democracy, which express somewhat loosely their leading characteristics. But, for the purpose of showing the analogy with physics, we need terms of wider import than those habitually used in politics. All forms of the State imply interrelationship in the actions of men, and action implies movement. Thus the State may be described as a configuration or arrangement of a community of men; or we may say that it implies a definite mode of motion of man-that is to say, an organized scheme of action of man on man. ganized scheme of action of that of the gradual litical history gives an account of the gradual changes in such configurations or modes of motion of men as have possessed the quality of per-sistence or of stability to resist the disintegrating influence of surrounding circumstances. In the world of life the naturalist describes those forms which persist as species; similarly the physicist speaks of stable configurations or modes of motion of matter; and the politician speaks of The idea at the base of all these conceptions is that of stability, or the power of resisting disintegration. In other words, the degree of persistence or permanence of a species, of a configuration of matter, or of a State depends on the perfection of its adaptation to its surrounding conditions. If we trace the history of a State we find the degree of its stability gradually changing, slowly rising to a maximum, and then slowly declining. When it falls to nothing a revolution ensues, and a new form of government is established. The new mode of motion or government has at first but slight stability, but it gradually acquires strength and permanence, until in its turn the slow decay of stability leads on to a new revolution. Such crises in political history may give rise to a condition in which the State is incapable of perpetuation by transformation. This occurs when a savage tribe nearly exterminates another tribe and leads the few survivors into slavery; the previous form of government then becomes extinct. The physicist, like the biologist and the historian, watches the effect of slowly varying external conditions; he sees the quality of persistence of stability gradually decaying until it vanishes, when there ensues what is called in politics a revolution."

These considerations led Professor Darwin next to express a doubt whether biologists have been correct in looking for continuous transformation of species. Judging by analogy, we should rather expect to find slight continuous changes occurring during a long period of time followed by a somewhat sudden transformation into a new species or by

rapid extinction:

'When the stability of a mode of motion vanishes the physicist either finds that it is replaced by a new persistent type of motion adapted to the changed conditions, or perhaps that no such transformation is possible and that the mode of motion has become extinct. The evanescent type of animal life has often been preserved for us, fossilized in geological strata; the evanescent form of government is preserved in written records or in the customs of savage tribes; but the physicist has to pursue his investigations without such useful hints as to the past. The time scale in the transmutation of species of animals is furnished by the geological record, although it is not possible to translate that record into years. . . . The time needed for a change of type in atoms and molecules may be measured by millionths of a second, while in the history of the stars continuous changes occupy millions of years. Notwithstanding this gigantic contrast in speed, yet the process involved seems to be essentially the same. It is hardly too much to assert that, if the conditions which determine the stability of motion could be accurately formulated throughout the universe, the past history of the cosmos and its future fate would be unfolded.

'The study of stability and instability, then, furnishes the problems which the physicist and biologist alike attempt to solve. The two classes of problems differ principally in the fact that the conditions of the world of life are so incomparably more intricate than those of the world of matter that the biologist is compelled to abandon the attempt to determine the absolute amount of the influence of the various causes which have affected the existence of species. His conclusions are merely qualitative and general, and he is almost universally compelled to refrain from asserting even in general terms what are the reasons which have rendered one form of animal life stable and persistent and another unstable and evanescent. On the other hand, the physicist, as a general rule, does not rest satisfied unless he

obtains a quantitative estimate of various causes and effects on the systems of matter which he discusses. Yet there are some problems of physical evolution in which the conditions are so complex that the physicist is driven, as is the biologist, to rest satisfied with qualitative rather than quantitative conclusions. But he is not content with such crude conclusions except in the last resort, and he generally prefers to proceed by a different method. The mathematician mentally constructs an ideal mechanical system or model, which is intended to represent in its leading features the system he wants to examine. It is often a task of the utmost difficulty to devise such a model, and the investigator may perchance unconsciously drop out as unimportant something which is really essential to represent actuality. He next examines the conditions of his ideal system, and determines, if he can, all the possible stable and unstable configurations, together with the circumstances which will cause transitions from one to the Even when the working model has been successfully imagined, this latter task may often overtax the powers of the mathematician. Finally it remains for him to apply his results to actual matter and to form a judgment of the extent to which it is justifiable to interpret Nature by means of his results.

Upon which the London Speaker comments:

"To those who are watching the progress of evolutionary thought the address is especially remarkable for the hints which it contains that the author is prepared to regard the three kinds of evolution as actually phases of a single process. In general terms or in the language of metaphor many such utterances have been made before, but we do not recall that any modern thinker of Professor Darwin's credentials has ever so openly contemplated this possibility. The birth, persistence, and ultimate decay or replacement of type in the cosmical, chemical, and living worlds are all manifestations of stability or instability a parallel which constitutes the principal thesis of the address.

of the address.

"The atom, as represented by Thomson's model, is 'a globe charged with positive electricity, inside which there are some thousand or thousands of corpuscles of negative electricity, revolving in regular orbits with great velocities,' constituting 'a miniature planetary system.' A molecule—of water for instance—contains three such atoms 'revolving about one another in some sort of dance which cannot be exactly described,' the whole molecular system being probably comparable with that of a triple star.

"By the known laws which govern electricity in motion such a system cannot endure forever. The atom is losing energy and sooner or later it will run down. Then the system must transmute itself into another needing less energy, and a new element appears. This new element will endure or become extinct according to the degree of stability with which it happens to be endowed. Long periods of slow change followed by climacteric catastrophes are what modern knowledge, in Professor Darwin's judgment indicates as the probable sequence of events in the evolution of the inorganic world."

#### Proportion of Children to Potential Mothers in the United States

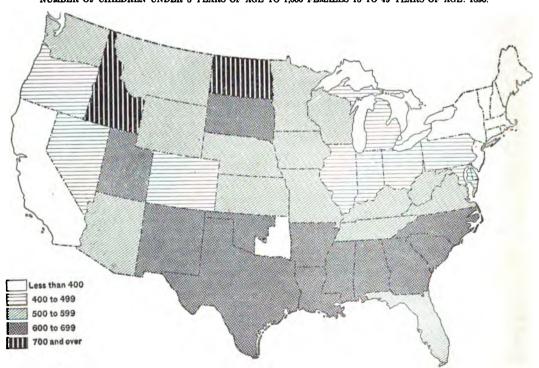
A report on the number of children in this country, as compared with the total population, and also as compared with the number of women of child-bearing age in the land, has been issued by the Census Bureau at Washington. This report was compiled by Prof. Walter F. Willcox, of Cornell University, acting as special agent of the Census Bureau. Some of his comparisons indicate that there has been a marked decline in the birth-rate of the total population, even with the great fecundity attributed to foreignborn women in the United States. Basing his deductions on the figures for the 1900 census, Professor Willcox says that there is found to be a very wide range in the geographical distribution of children. The minimum proportion is in the District of Columbia, where there can be found hardly more than one-fourth as many children under five as there are women between fifteen and forty-nine. This suggests that cities may have relatively a small proportion of children. The conjecture seems to Professor Willcox to be strengthened by the fact that

the proportion of adults, and especially of adults still young, who are married, is much less in large cities than in the country districts.

The maximum proportion of children is in North Dakota and Indian Territory, in each of which they are more than two-thirds the number of women. Further:

"The smallest proportion of children is in the northeastern states, Massachusetts coming next after the District of Columbia, and the states having less than 400 children [under five] to 1,000 women [between fifteen and forty-nine], including along with the District of Columbia all the New England states, New York and Ohio. One state of the Far West also, California, comes into the same class. The states having between 400 and 500 children per 1,000 women include all the other northeastern states as far south as the Potomac, several states of the upper Mississippi valley, this belt extending as far west as Colorado, and three other states of the far west, Washington, Oregon and Ne-The states having between 500 and 600 children include most of the border states and several in the Northwest. The states with over 600 children include most of the states of the far south in which the negro population is numerous, certain rapidly growing agricultural states, the Dakotas and Oklahoma, and the two states

NUMBER OF CHILDREN UNDER 5 YEARS OF AGE TO 1,000 FEMALES 15 TO 49 YEARS OF AGE: 1890.



in which the influence of the Mormon church is most notable. Utah and Idaho.

"There is a band of states extending from Maine to California and broken only by Utah in which the proportion of children is below 500 to 1,000 women, and in all these states, except Kansas, the proportion is below the average for the continental United States, 474 to 1,000 women. This band is flanked to the south from Virginia to Arizona and to the north from Wisconsin to Idaho by states and territories having more than 500 children to 1,000 women."

In the course of his theorizing concerning the decline in the birth rate of the country, Professor Willcox quotes Dr. John Shaw Billings as saying that one cause is "the diffusion of information with regard to the subject of generation by means of popular and school treatises on physiology and hygiene, which diffusion began between thirty and forty years ago. Girls of twenty years of age at the present day know much more about anatomy and physiology than did their grandmothers at the same age, and the married women are much better informed as to the means by which the number of children may be limited than were those of thirty years ago."

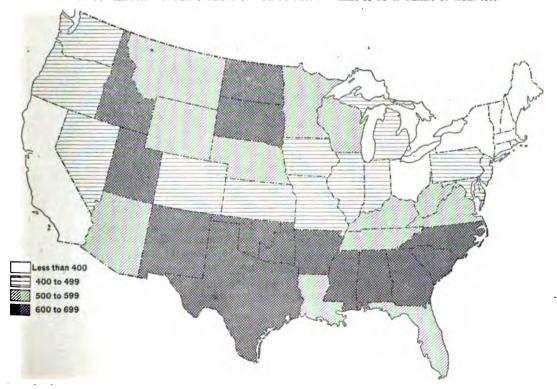
#### The Tragedy of China's Physical Geography

As a warning to the people of this country of what they may expect if the steady denudation of American forests is persisted in, China has often been held up by arboriculturists in a literature that is still somewhat neglected. "Arbor day"—had such a festival been instituted—would, say experts, have regenerated and even reshaped the

history of the Chinese. They are what they are to-day because, according to a recent writer in *The Geographical Journal* (London), they "exterminated their trees." Now comes Dr. T. R. Jernigan\*, one of the highest living authorities on the economic and legal

\*China in Law and Commerce. By T. R. Jernigan. The Macmillan Company.

NUMBER OF CHILDREN UNDER 5 YEARS OF AGE TO 1.000 FEMALES 15 TO 49 YEARS OF AGE: 1900.



institutions of China, with an account of the circumstances which constitute the tragedy of China's physical geography. In his recently issued work he goes into the topic thus:

"The hillsides [of China] were abundantly covered [centuries ago] with primeval forests of stately trees, while the low grounds, where the soil consisted of rich loess, as yet comparatively little denuded, were covered with herbage interspersed with clumps of mulberry, elm. chestnut and other trees, which in these latitudes associate in clusters. As the forests on the hillsides had not yet been cut down, the country was more equally watered, nor were the extremes of climate yet experienced in these regions of such intensity as at present. The forests abounded in wild game, bears, oxen, deer, foxes, beavers, pheasants, etc. Over the plains wandered herds of elephants, rhinoceroses, or the tailed deer, a few solitary descendants of which are still to be found in the neglected park at Peking, or scattered through the menageries of Europe, while from the mulberry trees depended long skeins of silk from the uncultivated silkworms that feasted unmolested on their leaves. The native inhabitants were gentle, pastoral tribes who led uneventful lives amidst pastoral surroundings. They were dark complexioned, had long black hair, and were, on the whole, not unlike many of the Thibetan peoples of the Kokonor, whom they likewise resembled in their manners and stage of civilization. The newcomers were, on the contrary, fair haired, with light blue or gray eyes. They were agriculturists, pure and simple, and despised the ways of their pastoral predecessors, on whom they waged incessant war. Agriculture with them was more than an art, it was a religion; and this fact has in all succeeding ages markedly affected the products and even the face of the land."

These newcomers, on taking possession of the land, proceeded to clear the forests:

"The destruction of the hill forests has left the hillsides bare and barren. Their covering of herbage has been washed away from their unprotected surfaces and this denudation has reacted on the climate, inducing long periods of drought which, alternating with destructive rainfalls, have proved destructive to the well-being of the inhabitants."

In the plains the discouragement of cattle rearing and the want of food have led to the practical obliteration of the grasses which once clothed the surface of the loess and made the whole land green.

#### Ideal Characteristics of a New Anesthetic

A thoroughly satisfactory anesthetic, it appears from a study of the subject in Paris Cosmos, would slowly plunge a patient into a gentle slumber, during which his sleep would be calm and free from mental anxieties or visions. A patient should "come up" from such an anesthetic in a refreshed and cheerful frame of mind. He should not remember what was done to him while under the soporific influence. Many a year of experiment has passed without the discovery of such an anesthetic, although our general knowledge is perceptibly increased. Reports from the laboratories of leading scientists of Paris disclose the fact, declares Cosmos, that the ideal anesthetic is now at least "in sight." It turns out to be an extract from the plant Scopolia japonica. Unlike most anesthetics, the patient does not emerge from its influence with feelings of nausea:

"The anesthetic agent in question bears the name scopolamin and is an alkaloid extracted from the plant belonging to the family of night shades (scopolia japonica) and has been hitherto referred to as the Japanese belladonna. It has been more or less known to medical men for years past as a sedative. It has, however, been

employed as an anesthetic since the year 1900, but it is as recently as December last that its anesthetic value became really apparent. As now administered the article is mixed with morphine. Three hypodermic injections are required under normal conditions. Each of the injections plunges the patient into a profounder slumber. At last he is wholly insensible. Yet it is a noteworthy fact that, be the slumber as profound as it may, the patient, when shaken or addressed in a loud tone or assailed through the ears by means of a loud noise, will be aroused precisely like one in an ordinary sleep. If, on the other hand, the patient be pinched or pricked with a needle or implement, he manifests no feeling at all. Such total anesthesia, with persistence of the intellectual faculties, is one of the most characteristic and striking features of the employment of scopolamin.'

The process of waking is normal. That is, it transpires precisely as it does when slumber of the ordinary type comes to an end. The anesthesia itself persists for some hours after the operation. The patient's eyes open. He is surprised to find himself in bed. He strives to collect his stock of ideas. Often he asks for something to quench his thirst. Then he will relapse into a slumber of some hours' duration.

#### Wasps, Social and Solitary

"We were walking through the woods one hot day in the middle of August when our attention was attractd by a stream of yellowjackets issuing from the ground." Such was the first introduction of George W. Peckham and Elizabeth G. Peckham to those "bold sons of air and heat" whom they have made the subject of their remarkable work on "Wasps, Social and Solitary," The Peckhams were at their summer home near Milwaukee, they tell us, "where meadow and garden, with the wooded island in the lake close by, offered themselves as hunting grounds, while wasps of every kind, the socialistic tribes as well as the extreme individualists of the solitary species," offered

the amplest material for investigation and experiment. So the Vespas that had aroused the original interest in their kind were first studied, a nest of theirs in the ground lending itself handily for the purpose:

"We had once made some not very successful attempts to find out whether spiders had a sense of color; and seeing that the conditions were much more

favorable with our present subjects, we thought it would be a good plan to test their knowledge of the spectrum. Providing six sheets of stiff paper two feet square, colored respectively red, blue, green, pink and two shades of yellow, and cutting a circular hole four and one-half inches in diameter in the centre of each, we began our experiments by placing the red paper over the nest so that the entrance was clearly exposed. The outgoing wasps dashed upward without noticing it, but great was the confusion among the homecomers. Thrown out of their reckoning, they clamored about us in ever-increasing swarms. Like Homer's wasps,

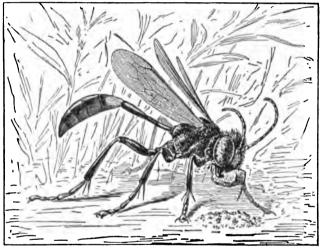
All rise in arms and with a general cry
Assert their domes and buzzing progeny,

\*WASPS, SOCIAL AND SOLITARY. By George W. Peckham and Elizabeth G. Peckham. With an Introduction by John Burrougha, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. and a crisis (for us) was approaching, when one, a pioneer of thought, determined to go into the hole, which did not look like the right hole, although it was where the right hole ought to be; and so potent is example that one by one the others followed. Three hours later they had become accustomed to the change and went in and out as usual.

out as usual.

"They had noticed the paper; that was plain enough, but did they notice the redness? To test this, we left things as they were for two days, and then substituted blue paper for the red. Again the confusion, the swarming of fervent legions, the noisy expostulations, the descent of one after another; but this time they settled down to their ordinary routine in a little more than two hours. On the following day we removed the blue paper, leaving the grass around the nest exposed; and this proved a new source of mystification, but not so serious as the others.

At the end of an hour twenty-five or thirty were still buzzing about, needing the guidance of the blue paper to get inside, and entering at once when it was replaced. As we tried new colors from day to day a few of the wasps became entirely reconciled to our interference and paid no attention to the change, while the others grew more or less accustomed to the idea of mutability and were but little disturbed, although they still showed their consciousness of each



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WASP USING A STONE TO POUND THE EARTH OVER HER NEST From "Wasps, Social and Solitary" by G. W. & E. G. Peckham

alteration by making a few circles before going in. We once placed some dark red nasturtiums on light yellow paper near the nest, and found that more than one-third of the homecoming wasps flew to them and hovered over them before entering. When light yellow nasturtiums nearly matching the paper in color were substituted, only one out of thirty-six noticed them; and as the odor was as strong in one case as the other, it would seem that the color was the attracting force."

Before the Peckhams had worked long on their Vespa family they were "beguiled," they tell us, into "running after the solitary wasps." The solitary wasps, we are told, are far more numerous than socials; but they have only two sexes. "The males and females usually see but little of each other after the mating is over, although we occasionally find them living happily together until the end of the season." Early in the summer they commence to issue from the nest in which eggs had been laid the previous year. "Solitary, indeed, they come into the world, the generation that gave them birth having perished in the fall." Such is Ammophila of various species, the struggles of which with the caterpillar are of unique interest:

"During the earlier part of the summer we had often seen these wasps feeding upon the nectar of flowers, especially upon that of the sorrel, of which they are particularly fond; but at that time we gave them but passing notice. One bright morning, however, we came upon an urnaria (species of Ammophila) that was so evi-

hunting, dently and hunting earnest, that we gave up everything else to follow her. The ground was covered, more or less thickly, with patches of purslain, and it was under these weeds that our Ammophila was eagerly searching for her prey. After thoroughly investigating one plant she would pass to another, running three or four steps and then bounding as though she were made of thistledown and were too light to

remain upon the ground. We followed her easily and as she was in full view nearly, all the time we had every hope of witnessing the capture; but in this we were destined to disappointment. We had been in attendance upon her for about a quarter of an hour when, after disappearing for a few moments under the thick purslain leaves, she came out with a green caterpillar. We had missed the wonderful sight of the paralyzer at work; but we had no time to bemoan our loss, for she was making off at so rapid a pace that we were well occupied in keeping up with her. She hurried along with the same motion as before, unembarrassed by the weight of her victim. For sixty feet she kept to open ground, passing between two rows of bushes; but at the end of this division of the garden she plunged, very much to our dismay. into a field of standing corn. Here we had great difficulty in following her, since, far from keeping to her former orderly course, she zigzagged among the plants in the most bewildering fashion, although keeping a general direction of northeast. It seemed quite impossible that she

could know where she was going. The corn rose to a height of six feet all around us; the ground was uniform in appearance, and, to our eyes, each group of cornstalks was just like every other group and yet, without pause or hesitation, the little creature passed quickly along, as we might through the familiar streets of our native town.

"At last she paused and laid her burden down. Ah! the power that has led her is not a blind, mechanically perfect instinct, for she has traveled a little too far. She must go back one row into the open space that she has already crossed, although not just at this point. Nothing like a nest is visible to us; the surface of the ground looks all alike, and it is with exclamations of wonder that we see our little guide lift two pellets of earth which have served as a covering to a small opening running down into the ground.

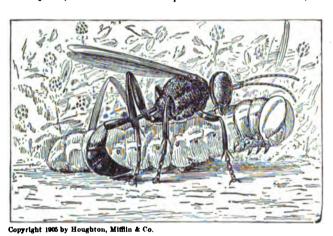
"The way being thus prepared, she hurries back with her wings quivering and her whole manner betokening joyful triumph at the completion of her task. We, in the meantime, have

become as much excited over the matter as she is herself. She picks up the caterpillar, brings it to the mouth of the burrow and lays it down. Then, backing in herself, she catches it in hermandibles and drags it out of sight, leaving us full of admiration and delight."

But the Peckhams had long to wait before they witnessed a battle between this wasp and its prey, the caterpillar. For a

erpillar. For a whole week of scorching summer weather they lived in the bean patch, "scorning fatigue." "We attended scores of wasps as they hunted; we ran, we threw ourselves upon the ground, we scrambled along on our hands and knees in our desperate endeavors to keep them in view, sometimes with our eyes upon the wasps themselves and sometimes pursuing their shadows." At last the reward of so much patience and perseverance came:

"We were doing a little hunting on our own account, hoping to find some larvæ which we could drop in view of the wasps and thus lead them to display their powers, when we saw an urnaria fly up from the ground to the underside of a bean leaf and knock down a small green caterpillar. Breathless with an excitement which will be understood by those who have tasted the joy of such a moment, we hung over the actors in our little drama. The ground was bare, we



THE WASP STRANGLING THE CATERPILLAR

From "Wasps, Social and Solitary" by G. W. & E. G. Peckham

were close by and could see every motion distinctly. Nothing more perfect could have been

"The wasp attacked at once, but was rudely repulsed, the caterpillar rolling and unrolling itself rapidly and with the most violent contortions of the whole body. Again and again its adversary descended, but failed to gain a hold. The caterpillar, in its struggles, flung itself here and there over the ground, and had there been any grass or other covering near by it might have reached a place of partial safety. But there was no shelter within reach, and at the fifth attack the wasp succeeded in alighting over it, near the anterior end, and in grasping its body firmly in her mandibles. Standing high on her long legs and disregarding the continued struggles of her victim, she lifted it from the ground, curved the end of her abdomen under its body and darted her sting between the third and fourth segments.

From this instant there was a complete cessation of movement on the part of the unfortunate caterpillar. Limp and helpless, it could offer no further opposition to the will of its conqueror. For some moments the wasp remained motionless and then, withdrawing her sting, she plunged it successively between the third and the second and between the second and the first segments.'

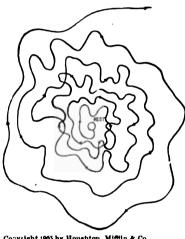
The great golden digger is one of our most beautiful species of wasps, in the opinion of these students. The great size and the brilliant color of this wasp, we learn, make it well known to all nature students. During the latter month of August and even in the early days of September, it is commonly found at work making or storing

its burrow. It is rare in the Peckhams' garden, they tell us, and therefore they deemed themselves lucky in being able to keep track of one individual from the making to the closing of its nest. Large and powerful as it is, the form of this wasp is graceful. It is brown, varied with bright yellow. We learn further of this great golden digger (Sphex ichneumonea, Linn.):

"On the morning of the third of August, at a little after ten o'clock, we saw one of these hunters start to dig a nest on the side of a stony hill. After making some progress in the work she flew off and selected a second place, where she dug so persistently that we felt confident that this was to be her final resting place. But when the hole was two and one-half inches deep, it too was deserted. Again our wasp

chose a spot and began to burrow. She worked very rapidly and at twenty minutes before twelve the hole was three inches deep. At high noon she flew away and was gone forty minutes. The day was excessively hot, about 98 degrees Fahr., and we ourselves were only deterred from taking a noonday rest by our fixed determination not to leave the place until we had seen all that there was to be seen in the maneuvres of ichneumonea. On returning she appeared very much excited, fairly quivering with vitality as she resumed her work. She came up backward, carrying the earth with her mouth and anterior legs, and went back from the opening some little distance, when it was dropped, and she at once went in again. While in the burrow we could hear her humming, just as the *Pelopæi* do when, head downward in the wet mud, they gather their loads for nest building. In five or six trips a little mass of earth would accumulate and then

she would lie quite flat on the heap and kick the particles away in all directions. As the work progressed the earth was carried further and further away before it was placed on the ground, and as she backed in different directions the material brought out was well spread about from the down hill side of the nest. Some-times she would spend several moments in smoothing the débris all around, so that the opening presented much the appearance of an immense ant hill, only the particles were much larger. During the first hour that we watched her she frequently turned directly toward us and sometimes remaining on the ground and sometimes rising on her wings to a level with our faces, appeared to be eyeing us intently for four or five seconds. Her attitude was comical and she seemed to be saying: 'Well, what are you hanging around here for?"



Conveight 1905 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

part of July, through the CIRCUITOUS ROUTE OF WASP IN IDEN-TIFYING THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF ITS NEST

From "Wasps, Social and Solitary," by G. W. & E. G. Peckham

The wasp worked more calmly as the afternoon wore on, we read. The "fidgety and excited manner" was gradually less apparent. The work of excavation went on until half past three. The wasp now came out of her nest and walked around and around it. "The detailed survey of every little object near her nest was remarkable and not until her tour of observation had carried her five times entirely around the spot did she appear satisfied and fly away." The Peckhams supposed she had gone in search of her prey, and they prepared to note every action of this wasp when she returned. But in an hour she came home with nothing:

"She dug for four minutes, then flew off and

was gone two minutes, then returned and worked for thirty-five minutes. Another two minutes' excursion, and then she settled down to work in good earnest and brought up load after load of earth until the shadows grew long. We noticed that on these later trips she flew directly away, depending upon her first careful study of the surroundings to find her way back. At fifteen minutes after five the patient worker came to the surface and made a second study, this time not so detailed, of the environment. flew this way and that, in and out among the plants, high and low, far and near, and at last, satisfied, rose in circles, higher and higher and disappeared from view. We waited for her return with all the patience at our command from fifteen minutes after five until fifteen minutes before seven. We felt sure that when she came back she would bring her victim with her, and when we saw her approaching we threw ourselves prone on the ground, eagerly expecting to see the end of the drama; but her search had been unsuccessful. She carried nothing. In the realms of wasp life disappointments are not uncommon and this time she had us to share her chagrin for we felt as tired and discouraged as she perhaps did herself. When we saw her entering without any provision for her future offspring we were at a loss what to do next; and it may be that this state of mind was shared by her also, for she at once began to fill in the entrance to the nest. We now thought it time to act and decided to capture her, to keep her over night in one of our wasp cages, and to try to induce her to return to her duty on the following day. We therefore secured her in a large bottle, carried her to the cottage and having made every possible arrangement for her comfort, left her for the night.

"On the next morning, at half after eight o'clock, we took Lady Sphex to her home and placed the mouth of the bottle so that when she came out she had to enter the nest. This she did, remaining below, however, only for a moment. When she came up to the surface she stood still and looked about for a few seconds and then flew away. It surprised us that having been absent from the place for so many hours she made no study of the locality as she had done before. We thought it a very unpromising sign and had great fears that she was deserting the place and that we should see her no more. One would need to watch a wasp through the long hours of a broiling hot day to appreciate the joy that we felt when at nine o'clock we saw her coming back. She had no difficulty in finding her nest nor did she feel any hesitation as to what ought to be done next, but fell to work at once at carrying out more dirt. The weather, although still hot, had become cloudy and so threatening that we expected a downpour of rain every moment, but this seemed to make no difference to her. Load after load was brought up, until, at the end of an hour, everything seemed completed to her satisfaction. She came to the entrance and flew about now this way and now that, repeating the locality study in the most thorough manner and then went away. At the expiration of an hour we saw her approaching with a large light green meadow grasshopper, which was held in the mouth and supported by the fore legs, which were folded under. On arriving the prey was placed, head first, near the entrance, while the wasp went in, probably to reassure herself that all was right. Soon she appeared at the door of the nest and remained motionless for some moments, gazing intently at her treasure. Then seizing it (we thought by an antenna) she dragged it head first into the tunnel."

The wasp was now prompt in laying her egg. She was about in a short time again, coming out and throwing earth into her nest. Then she went into it and the Peckhams say they could hear her humming plainly. "When she resumed the work outside we interrupted her to catch a little fly that we had already driven off several times just as it was about to enter the nest." The wasp was disturbed and flew off:

"This gave us an opportunity to open the burrow. The grasshopper was placed on its back with its head next to the blind end of the pocket and the legs protruding up into the tunnel. . . On the next morning the grasshopper was very lively, the antennæ and labial palpi moving without stimulation. . . On the next afternoon there was no change in the movements, but the egg was dead. . . . On the morning of the tenth day the insect (the grasshopper) was dead.

hopper) was dead.

"We had not supposed that the digging up of her nest would much disturb our Sphex, since her connection with it was so nearly at an end. But in this we were mistaken. When we returned to the garden about half an hour after we had done the deed we heard her loud and anxious humming from a distance.

Her persistent refusal to accept the fact that her nest had been destroyed was pathetic.

Later we learned that we had wronged her more deeply than we knew. Had we not interfered she would have excavated several cells to the side of the main tunnel, storing a grasshopper in each."

These and innumerable other details of the sort open up, declares John Burroughs in his introduction to this volume on wasps, "a world of Lilliput right at our feet, wherein the little people amuse and delight us with their curious human foibles and whimsicalities and surprise us with their intelligence and individuality." It should be noted that the many effective illustrations in this volume are based upon those which adorn the report on wasps made by the Peckhams for the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey, of which Dr. E. A. Birge is Director. There is every reason to accept this study as an explosion of much contemporary theorizing on insect life. has been thought," notes John Burroughs, "that man is the only tool-using animal, yet here is one of these wasps, Ammophila, that uses a little pebble to pound down the earth over her nest"

# Music and the Drama

# The Principles Underlying Shakespearean Tragedy

In a volume of Shakespearean interpretation\* which is characterized by the New York Evening Post as "a permanent addition to the two or three great books on Shakespeare" and by the London Spectator as "a unique piece of constructive criticism" deserving to rank as "the most important exercise in the craft since Matthew Arnold's 'Essays in Criticism,'" Dr. A. C. Bradley, Professor of Poetry in Oxford University, endeavors to define Shakespeare's conception of tragedy. He does not imply that Shakespeare framed a definite theory of the kind of poetry called tragedy, as Aristotle or Corneille did, but he points out that Shakespeare in writing tragedy "did represent a certain aspect of life in a certain way, and that through examination of his writings we ought to be able, to some extent, to describe this aspect and way in terms addressed to the understanding." Proceeding to make this examination, Professor Bradley notes, as the first point, that the Shakespearean tragedy is pre-eminently the story of one person, the "hero," or at most of two, the "hero" and "heroine"; and notes, as the second point, that the tragedy invariably leads up to the death of the hero. "No play at the end of which the hero remains alive is, in the full Shakespearean sense, a tragedy." To the medieval mind a tragedy meant "a total reverse of fortune, coming unawares upon a man who 'stood in high degree,' happy and apparently secure." Shakespeare's conception includes this idea, but goes beyond it. He is concerned always with eminent persons—with kings or princes, with leaders in the state, like Coriolanus, Brutus, Antony or, at the least, as in "Romeo and Juliet," with members of great houses. But the downfall of his heroes is never a matter of chance; it is always the result of human actions, and these actions are due to character. It is true that abnormal conditions of mind, such as insanity, somnambulism, hallucinations, are sometimes introduced, but they are never

the origin of deeds of any dramatic moment. Similarly, though the supernatural element -ghosts and witches—is admitted, it is always brought into the closest relation with character. And if chance or accident (as in the case of Romeo's failure to get the Friar's message, or of the dropping of Desdemona's handkerchief) is allowed an appreciable influence, it is subordinate, and hastens or confirms a casual sequence started by character. Finally, "the type of tragedy in which the hero opposes to a hostile force an undivided soul is not the Shakespearean type. The souls of those who contend with the hero may be thus undivided; they generally are; but, as a rule, the hero, though he pursues his fated way, is, at least, at some point in the action, and sometimes at many, torn by an inward struggle, and it is frequently at such points that Shakespeare shows his most extraordinary power."

Turning from the "tragic action" to the central figure in it, Professor Bradley says:

"We have already seen that the hero, with Shakespeare, is a person of high degree or of public importance, and that his actions or suf-ferings are of an unusual kind. But this is not all. His nature also is exceptional, and generally raises him in some respect much above the average level of humanity. This does not mean that he is an eccentric or a paragon. Shakespeare never drew monstrosities of virtue; some of his heroes are far from being 'good'; and if position eccentrics he gave them a subordinate he drew in the plot. His tragic characters are made of the stuff we find within ourselves and within the persons who surround them. But, by an intensification of the life which they share with others, they are raised above them; and the greatest are raised so far that, if we fully realize all that is implied in their words and actions, we become conscious that in real life we have known scarcely any one resembling them. Some, like Hamlet and Cleopatra, have genius. Others, like Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Coriolanus, are built on the grand scale; and desire, passion or will attains in them a terrible force. In almost all we observe a marked one-sidedness, a predisposition in some particular direction; a total incapacity, in certain circumstances, of resisting the force which draws in this direction; a fatal tendency to identify the whole being with one interest, object, passion, or habit of mind. This, it would seem, is, for Shakespeare, the fundamental tragic trait. It is present in his early

<sup>\*</sup> SHARESPEAREAN TRAGEDY. By A. C. Bradley, LL.D., Litt. D., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Macmillan & Co.

heroes, Romeo and Richard II, infatuated men, who otherwise rise comparatively little above the ordinary level. It is a fatal gift, but it carries with it a touch of greatness; and when there is joined to it nobility of mind, or genius, or immense force, we realize the full power and reach of the soul, and the conflict in which it engages acquires that magnitude which stirs not only sympathy and pity, but admiration, terror and awe."

It is the greatness of the hero which prevents a Shakespearean tragedy from depressing us, and with this greatness is connected what Professor Bradley calls "the centre of the tragedy impression—the impression of waste." On this point he writes further:

"With Shakespeare the pity and fear which are stirred by the tragic story seem to unite with, and even to merge in, a profound sense of sadness and mystery, which is due to this impression of waste. 'What a piece of work is man,' we cry; 'so much more beautiful and so much more terrible than we knew! Why should he be so if this beauty and greatness only tortures itself and throws itself away?' We seem to have before us a type of the mystery of the whole world, the tragic fact which extends far beyond the limits of tragedy. Everywhere, from the crushed rocks beneath our feet to the soul of man, we see power, intelligence, life and glory, which astound us and seem to call for our worship. And everywhere we see them perishing, devouring one another and destroying themselves, often with dreadful pain, as though they came into being for no other end. Tragedy is the typical form of this mystery."

Shakespeare seems to waver between a sense of divine justice and of fatalism. But he is never a fatalist only; he always shows man as in some degree the cause of his own undoing. It is evil which constitutes the main source of convulsion in Shakespearean tragedy, and "if it is chiefly evil that violently disturbs the order of the world, this order cannot be friendly to evil or indifferent between evil and good." Professor Bradley concludes:

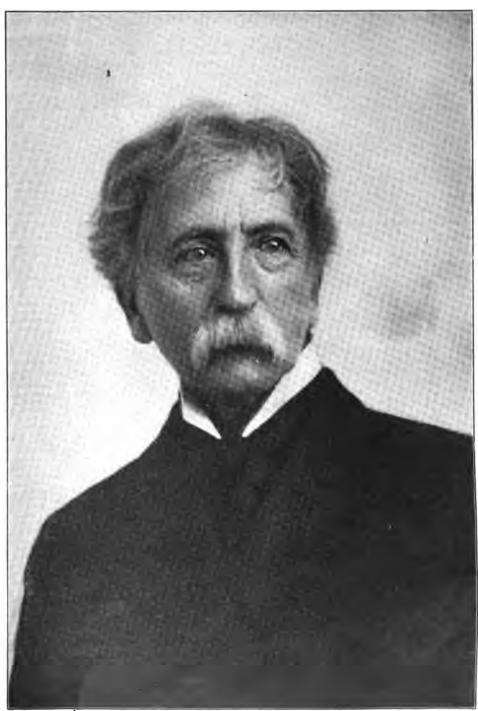
"Sometimes from the very furnace of affliction a conviction seems borne to us that somehow, if we could see it, this agony counts as nothing against the heroism and love which appear in it and thrill our hearts. Sometimes we are driven to cry out that these mighty or heavenly spirits who perish are too great for the little space in which they move, and that they vanish not into nothingness but into freedom. Sometimes from these sources and from others comes a presentiment, formless but haunting, and even profound, that all the fury of conflict, with its waste and woe, is less than half the truth, even an illusion, 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' But these faint and scattered intimations that the tragic world, being but a fragment of a whole beyond our vision, must needs be a contradiction and no ultimate truth, avail nothing to interpret the mystery. We remain confronted with the inexplicable fact, or the no less inexplicable appearance of a world travailing for perfection, but bringing to birth, together with glorious good, an evil which it is able to overcome only by selftorture and self-waste. And this fact or appearance is tragedy."

#### The Trials and Duties of a Dramatic Critic

It is not often that an eminent dramatic critic can be prevailed upon candidly to discuss the privileges and disabilities of his profession. In a sudden burst of confidence, however, Mr. William Winter, the veteran critic of the New York Tribune, has unburdened his heart to the public. He confesses that the lot of a dramatic critic is "not happy"—that "he exists in the midst of tribulations." He continues (in the Tribune):

"The dramatic critic must pass almost every night of his life in a hot theatre, breathing bad air and commingling with a miscellaneous multitude, ennobled by the sacred muniment of liberty, but largely unaccustomed to the use of soap. He must frequently and resignedly contemplate red, green, and yellow nightmares of scenery that would cause the patient omnibus horse to lice down and die. He must, often and calmly, listen to the voice of the national catarrh, in comparison with which the aquatic foghorn or the ear-piercing

fife is a soothing sound of peace. He must blandly respond to the patent-leather smile of the effusive theatrical agent, who hopes that he is well, but inwardly wishes him in Tophet. He must clasp the clammy hand and hear the baleful question of the gibbering 'first night' lunatic, who exists for the sole purpose of inquiring, 'What do you think of it?' He must preserve the composure of a marble statue, when every nerve in his system is tingling with the anxious sense of responsibility, haste, and doubt; and he must perform the delicate and difficult duty of critical comment upon the personality of the most sensitive people in the world, under a pressure of adverse conditions such as would paralyze any intellect not specially trained to the task. And when he has done his work, and done it to the best of his ability and conscience, he must be able placidly to reflect that his motives are impugned, that his integrity is flouted, that his character is traduced, and that his name is bemired, by every filthy scribbler and babbler, in the blackguard section of the press and the stage, with as little compunction as though he were the 'common cry of curs.'"



Photo, by Vander Weyde,

WILLIAM WINTER

The Dean of American Dramatic Critics

These trials, however, as Mr. Winter goes on to say, need not turn the critic's brain. "He should not suppose that an attentive universe waits trembling on his nod. should not cherish the delusion that he can make or unmake the reputation of other men. It often happens that his articles are not read at all; and when they are read, it is quite as likely that they will incite antipathy as it is that they will win assent. He should not imagine that he is Apollo standing by a tripod, or Brutus sending his son to the block. Human judgment is finite, and it ought to be charitable; and the stage—the mirror of idealized human life-affords ample room for honest difference of opinion." Furthermore:

"There is no reason why the dramatic critic, merely because he happens to hold that office, should straightway imbibe a hideous hatred of all other unfortunate beings who chance to labor in the same field. He would be better employed in writing those wise, true, and beautiful dramatic criticisms which he thinks ought to be written, than he is when uttering querulous, bitter, and nasty complaint and invective, because they are not, as he considers, written by his contemporaries in his own line. Let him improve his own opportunity and leave others alone. All the good that he can accomplish is done when he sets the passing aspects of the stage instructively, agreeably, and suggestively

before the public mind. He is not required to manage the theatres, or to regulate the people who are trying to earn a living by means of the stage. It is no essential part of his province to instruct actors as to their business,—to point out that Charles Surface should appear with a shaven face, or that Lord Ogleby should wear shoe-buckles.

"The efforts of dramatic artists are to be met where those efforts impinge upon the public mind,— at those points where acting becomes a subject of public interest by exerting an influence upon the mental and moral condition of the people. The primal obligation of the critic is that of sympathetic and judicious favor. The most important part of his function is the perception and proclamation of excellence. To a man of fine intelligence and gentle feeling, nothing is so delightful as a free impulse to the appreciation of nobleness in human capacity and of beauty in human life. When he feels this, and can act upon it, then, indeed, criticism becomes a blessing. Justice is exalted, strengthened, and honored by the judicious praise of merit. Homage rendered to worth is at once the sign of advanced civilization and an influence to advance it still further. 'To be useful to as many as possible,' says the wise thinker, Walter Savage Landor, 'is the especial duty of the critic, and his utility can only be attained by rectitude and precision.' The critic accomplishes all that should be expected of him when he arouses, pleases, and benefits the reader, clarifying his views, and helping him to look with a sympathetic and serene vision upon the pleasures and pains, the joys and sorrows, the ennobling splendors and the solemn admonitions of the realm of art."

# Arthur Symons on Beethoven and Wagner

A couple of essays on the two greatest figures in music-Beethoven and Wagnerby Arthur Symons, a master of exquisite English and a critic of growing authority, constitute an important contribution to the musical literature of the day. Of the article on Wagner, indeed, Mr. John F. Runciman, the musical critic of The Saturday Review (London), goes so far as to say: "No better summary of Wagner's views has ever been given." It covers thirty-six pages of The Quarterly Review (London). and complements the article on Beethoven, which appears in an earlier issue of The Monthly Review (London). Wagner himself recognized a direct connection between his art and that of Beethoven, and when he uttered his celebrated dictum in regard to the Ninth Symphony, "Beyond what Beethoven has there done for music, no further step is possible, for upon it the perfect art-

work of the future alone can follow, the universal drama to which he has forged for us the key"—it was undoubtedly with the thought that he would do the unlocking.

Beethoven has often been compared with Shakespeare, but Mr. Symons asks: "Is he, in any sense, a dramatist? Is he not rather, if we are to speak in terms of literature, an epic poet, nearer to Homer and to Milton than to Shakespeare?" Mr. Symons continues:

"When Beethoven becomes tremendous, it is the sublime, not in action, but in being; his playfulness is a nobler 'Comus,' a pastoral more deeply related to the innocence and ecstasy of nature. He has the heroic note of Homer, or of Milton's Satan, or of Dante, whom in some ways he most resembles; but I distinguish no Lear, no Hamlet, no Othello. Nor is his comedy Shakespearean, a playing with the pleasant humor of life on its surface; it is the gaiety which cries in the bird, rustles in leaves, shines in spray; it is a voice as immediate as sunlight.

Some new epithet must be invented for this music which narrates nothing, yet is epic; sings no articulate message, yet is lyric; moves to no distinguishable action, yet is already awake in the void watersout of which a world is to awaken."

If Wagner was accurate when he said that the root of all evil in modern art can be traced to the fact that it is "a mere product of culture, and not sprung from life itself," then Beethoven is to be accepted as the highest type of artist. His music, says Mr. Symons, is "nature heard through a temperament." It grows out of a great innocence—"the unconscious innocence of the child and the instructed innocence of the saint." For Beethoven, "nature was still

healthy, and joy had not begun to be a subtle form of pain." His minuets and scherzos have the rhythm of dance-music, and Mr. Symons suggests that in such simple and fundamental expression "comes Beethoven into deepset contact with humanity and lays his musical foundations for eternity." In Beethoven "the peasant and the man of genius are in continual, fruitful conflict." Again: "There are times when he despairs for himself, never for the world. Law, order, a faultless celestial music. alone existed for him:

and these he believed to have been settled, before time was, in the heavens. Thus his music was neither revolt nor melancholy, each an atheism; the one being an arraignment of God and the other a denial of God." Mr. Symons goes on to say:

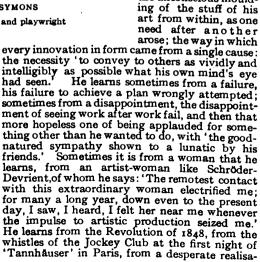
"Germany has had both poets and philosophers, who have done great things; but it has done nothing supreme except in music, and in music nothing supreme has been done outside Germany since the music of Purcell in England. Dürer created a very German kind of beauty; philosophers, from Kant to Nietzsche, have created system after system of philosophy, each building on a foundation made out of the ruins of the last. Goethe gave wisdom to the world by way of Germany. But Goethe, excellent in all things, was supreme in none; and German beauty is not

universal beauty. In Beethoven music becomes a universal language, and it does so without ceasing to speak German. Beethoven's music is national, as Dante's or Shakespeare's poetry is national; and it is only since Beethoven appeared in Germany that Germany can be compared with the Italy which produced Dante and the England which produced Shakespeare."

In his article on Wagner, Mr. Symons concerns himself with the "ideas," rather than with the music, of the composer. The chief distinction and main value of Wagner's theoretical writing, he declares, lies in the fact that "it is wholly the personal expression of an artist, engaged in creative work, finding out theories by the way, as he comes

upon obstacles or aids in the nature of things." Further:

"He looked upon genius as an immense receptivity, a receptivity so immense that it filled and overflowed the being, thus forcing upon it the need to And he discreate. tinguished between the two kinds of artist, feminine and masculine; the feminine who absorbs only art, and the masculine who absorbs life itself, and from life derives the new material which he will turn into a new and living art. He shows us, in his own work, the gradual way in which imitation passed into production, the unconscious moulding of the stuff of his art from within, as one need after another





Courtesy of The Theatre Magazine, N. Y.

ARTHUR SYMONS
English poet, critic and playwright

tion of what opera is, of what the theatre is, of what the public is. Nothing ever happens to him in vain; nothing that touches him goes by without his seizing it; he seizes nothing from which he does not wring out its secret, its secret for him. Thus his work and all his practical energies grow alike out of the very soil and substance of his life; thus they are vital, and promise continuance of vitality, as few other works and deeds of art in our time can be said to do."

Mr. Runciman has declared, with reference to Wagner, "No more selfish man ever lived", but Mr. Symons writes: "His whole conception of art was unselfish, never in any narrow sense 'art for art's sake,' but art concealing art for the joy of the world. Certainly no one in modern times has longed so ardently, or labored so hard, that the whole world might see itself transfigured in art, and might rejoice in that transfiguration. Is not his whole aim that of universal art? and can art be universal except through universality of delight?" Mr. Symons concludes:

"More than any artist of our time, Wagner may be compared with the many-sided artists of the Renaissance; but he must be compared only to be contrasted. In them an infinity of talents led to no concentration of all in one; each talent, even in Leonardo, pulls a different way; and painting, science, literature, engineering, the many interpretations and mouldings of nature, are nowhere

brought together into any unity, or built up into any single structure. In Wagner, the musician, the poet, the playwright, the thinker, the administrator, all worked to a single end, built up a single structure; there was no waste of a faculty, nor was any one faculty sacrificed to another. In this he is unique as a man of genius, and in this his creation has its justification in nature. Whether or no the 'art-work of the future' is to be on the lines which Wagner laid down; whether Beethoven may not satisfy the musical sense more completely on one side, and Shakespeare the dramatic sense on the other; whether, in any case, more has been demonstrated than that in Germany, the soil of music and the only soil in which drama has never taken root, music is required to give dramatic poetry life—all this matters little. A man with a genius for many arts has brought those arts, in his own work, more intimately into union than they have ever before been brought; and he has delighted the world with this combination of arts as few men of special genius have ever done with the representation of their work in special arts. find a parallel for this achievement we must look back to the Greeks, to the age of Æschylus and Sophocles; and we shall not even here find a parallel; for, if the dramatic poetry was on a vastly higher plane than in the music-drama of Wagner, it is certain that the music was on a vastly lower one. Of the future it is idle to speak; but, at the beginning of the twentieth century, may we not admit that the typical art of the nineteenth century, the art for which it is most likely to be remembered, has been the art, musical and dramatic, of Richard Wagner?'

#### Rimsky-Korsakov and Russian National Music

The recent action of the Russian government in dismissing Nikolas Rimsky-Korsakov from the St. Petersburg Conservatory, owing to his open defense of the conservatory

students who went on strike in a spirit of protest after the January disturbances, has served to call the attention of the American public to a composer whose works have occasionally been performed, but have never been widely known in this country. In Europe his music is more generally appreciated, and by many competent critics he is proclaimed the greatest living Russian composer.



NIKOLAS RIMSKY-KORSAKOV Regarded as the foremost living Russian composer

Rimsky-Korsakov was born in Tikhoin, in the year 1844. For thirty-five years he occupied the position of professor in the St. Petersburg Conservatory, the most promi-

nent figure of a group of five, consisting, besides himself, of Borodin, Moussorgsky, Balakirev and Cesar Cui. This group, it is not too much to say, has created a new national music for Russia. Its aims are described in a recent work,\* by Alfred Bruneau, from which we quote:

"The artistic creed of the 'Five,' which to-day is the creed of almost all Russian musicians,

\*DIRRUSSISCHE MUSIK. By Alfred Bruneau. Bard, Marquardt & Co., Berlin. consists in a sort of passionate, artistic ultranationalism. All were unanimous in paying due respect to Richard Wagner, but they were equally unanimous in not following any of his theories, and they resolved to make no use of the *Leitmotif* in their operas. . . The picturesque and opalescent orchestra of Berlioz had a greater fascination for them than that of the master of the Nibelungen, which, in their opinion, was far too intense in expression. In addition to their love for the gay and picturesque they had a great love for the folk-song. The folk-song it is that gives their scores a weird color whose captivating charm it is impossible to resist."

The same writer describes a visit of Rimsky-Korsakov to Paris, in 1889, when he produced his masterpiece, "Antar," in the Trocadero. "Rimsky-Korsakov introduced us into a new world," he says; adding that he left the concert filled with enthusiasm, and penned this glowing criticism, which still represents his view:

"Rimsky-Korsakov's symphony 'Antar' stands unparalleled in symphonic composition. It is an instrumental story divided into four parts which are held together by themes that combine and mingle with rare dexterity and suppleness. In this work he paints the three great human passions, revenge, power, and love—all with a unique power and originality. Rimsky-Korsakov has discovered an eloquent, reliable, new, and bold language for all the profoundest emotions that stir the heart."

Rimsky-Korsakov has also written a number of operas, among which are "Mlada," "La Pskovitaine," "A May Night," and "Little Snow-White." Of the last Bruneau says: "If I had to choose among so many charming and powerful works, my inclina-



JULES CLARETIE
Administrator of the Comédie Française, Paris

tions would perhaps draw me toward 'Little Snow-White'. Here is a grace, freshness, tenderness, natural emotion, harmonic, melodic and instrumental poesy whose charm is irresistible. To portray the snow maiden, who melts under the rays of the sun of love, the master without doubt evinced his best art, as also the best of modern Russian art."

#### The Most Famous Theater in the World

If we could imagine a theater established in England during the Middle Ages, taken over by Shakespeare and his fellow-players, welcoming the most talented actors and actresses during three succeeding centuries, and offering a stage for all the great English dramas from Sheridan and Goldsmith down to Pinero and Bernard Shaw, we would have an English counterpart of what Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, calls "the foremost and most famous theater in the world"—the Théâtre Français, Paris. Professor Matthews uses these words in an article in Munsey's Magazine (September), and goes on to say:

"The Théâtre Français is the name of the handsome and spacious playhouse which stands at a corner of the Palais Royal, just at the end of the Avenue de l'Opéra. The Comédie Française is the name of the company of associated actors, who are the direct heirs of the performers grouped about Molière two centuries and a half ago. The official date of the formal foundation of the Comédie Française is 1680, because it was then that Louis XIV combined in one company the actors of the two rival theaters of Paris, the comrades of Molière and the troupe of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. But this last company had been in existence since 1588, when it had taken over the rude playhouse of the Brotherhood of the Passion, established in 1398 to carry on the performances of passion plays and mysteries, which until then had been in sole charge of the church. Therefore it is not untair to trace the real origin of the Comédie Française very far back indeed, beyond 1680, beyond 1588, and even beyond 1398, and well into the depths of the dark ages, when the first devout priest added to the service of the church the pictorial and dramatic illustrations out of which the drama of every modern language has been developed."

The government of the Comédie Francaise, as we learn further, is not unlike that of the British Empire, in that it "reposes not so much on any formal document as on a body of traditions, usages, customs of all sorts, accepted through the centuries, modified very slowly, and having the sanction of unwritten laws." The theater is held rent free. Every year the state grants a subsidy of about fifty thousand dollars; it also appoints the administrator, who is chief executive. The present administrator is M. Jules Claretie. The associated players (sociétaires), who number from twenty to twenty-five, have a voice in the management and a share in the risks and profits of the theater. They are a self-perpetuating body, and after twenty years an associate may retire on a pension. "To be a sociétaire of the Comédie Française," as Professor Matthews remarks, "is the highest honor open to French actors and actresses; it is for them what an election to the French Academy is for a man of letters, the crowning achievement of an artistic career." Besides the associates, there are about forty other actors and actresses who are known as pensionnaires and are engaged on annual salaries. To quote again:

"As will be noted, the company of the Théâtre Français is extraordinarily large; it is two or three times as large as that of any other theater in Paris, and it is capable of giving three or four simultaneous performances. It contains more actors of distinction than can be found in half a dozen other theaters; it is undoubtedly the strongest company in the world. At least a dozen of its chief performers could set up at once as stars, if they chose to desert. It is so varied that no single performer is indispensable. Actors grow old and retire, or die; the company recruits its strength at once, and the gap is filled without delay. Warned by its bitter experience with Rachel—who made a special bargain, which gave her the cream of the profit on the nights when she appeared, while the house was half empty the rest of the week—the Comédie Française sets its face sternly against all attempts to center the interest on any single performer. It prefers to curb a dominating personality; and probably it did not really regret the desertions of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and of M. Coquelin. It was weakened by their successive departures, no doubt, but it did its best to fill their places. It relies on its team play,' and on its marvelously high average

ability. It is strong in its prestige, in its traditions, in its ideals, and above all in the loyal devotion of its members."

The Comédie Française has freed itself not merely from the slavery of the "star system," but also from the tyranny of the "long run."

"No play, no matter how great its immediate popularity, is performed more often than four times a week; and as its attractiveness slowly wanes the number of performances sinks to two or three a week, and perhaps at last even to one. The Theatre Français is a repertory theater; and it keeps ready for performance at a few hours' notice thirty or forty plays, including the masterpieces of Corneille, Molière, and Racine, of Regnard and Beaumarchais, of Hugo and Scribe, of Augier and the younger Dumas. In 1902 more than ninety different plays were performed in the course of the year. Of course a good many of these were little pieces in one act—for the Comédie Française has no prejudice against what is known as a 'broken bill.'"

The Théâtre Français, continues Professor Matthews, is in every sense a temple of art:

"It has its own library with its archives and its manuscripts; it contains also an immense variety of pictures and marbles, of bronzes and of engravings, commemorating its own glorious past. It has portrait busts or statues of nearly every French dramatist of distinction: and some of these, like the bust of Molière and the seated figure of Voltaire, are marvels of sculpture. It has portraits of all the chief actors and actresses who have adorned its stage in two centuries and a half. Some of these works of art are visible to the public in the lobbies, stairways, and waitingrooms; but most of them are in the green room and in the corridors connecting the dressingrooms. And these dressing-rooms, it may be well to note, are not mere curposards; they are spacious and handsomely furnished, such as artists of high rank would naturally provide for their own occupancy in the house which they feel to be their permanent home."

In concluding, Professor Matthews speculates on the possibility of establishing a similar theater in England or this country:

"The Comédie Française is one of the glories of the French capital, and it is an institution peculiarly French in its organization. It could not be duplicated either in Great Britain or in the United States. It is what it is largely by virtue of its traditions; and traditions cannot be imported any more than they can be improvised. And yet, all those of us who wish to see the theater here in America relieved from the double serfdom of the star 'system' and of the 'long run,' all those of us who would rejoice to have in New York and in Chicago and in Boston a temple of the drama which would uphold the highest standards of the art, all of us who wish to see theatrical conditions improved, will do well to keep in mind the example set by the Comédie Française.'

#### Jack London's First Play

"The Great Interrogation," a new play written by Jack London in collaboration with Ada Lee Bascom, and recently performed at the Alcazar Theater, San Francisco, has been enthusiastically received. It is "splendidly vital, splendidly picturesque," says the critic of the San Francisco Call, and "promises as well for Mr. London's future as a dramatist as his first stories promised for his present fame therein." The scene of the play is laid in the Klondike—a region that Mr. London, in a peculiar sense, has made his own—and its motif may be briefly elucidated as follows:

A young white prospector of blue blood and

college training is seeking gold in the ice region. His companion in solitude is a pretty Indian girl, who has saved his life while he was in a death grapple with a grizzly. To him comes a picturesque and strenuous miner friend from Dawson with news of the outside world. The exile learns that the woman who was his first love and who jilted him for a rich capitalist is in Dawson. The lady herself soon puts in an appearance by canoe with an escort of French boatmen. She reveals the fact that she has become a widow and implores him to return with her to civilization. She is rich and still beautiful, and the old love awakens. After a brief conflict, however, he decides to remain true to the Indian girl. He lets his old love go, and with this situation the play closes.

Much discussion has been aroused by this

novel treatment of an idea that has always had a fascination for Jack London-the call of the wild." Is the portrayal natural? it is asked. Would a white man, under any conceivable circumstances, answer the "interrogation" in the way that this miner did? The critic of the San Francisco Bulletin declares that "it is difficult to become seriously interested in the problem that is presented to the lonely Alaskan prospector, who oscillates between the caresses of a white woman, whose type is not far from that of an adventuress, and of an Indian girl whose boundless devotion is not tempered by any light of intelligence."

The critic of the San Francisco Chronicle comments as follows:

"The white lady tells the man the commonsense truth, and one feels that the point of honor, seeing that much of it seems to rest on the Indian girl's having saved his life, is quixotic to a degree.



JACK LONDON

His play, "The Great Interrogation," says the San Francisco Call, "promises as well for his future as a dramatist as his first stories promised for his present fame therein."

The entire sympathy of the house goes with the American woman. Of course, Mr. London meant to ask what would be the position of the betrayed Indian girl in case of desertion, but he answers that in the speech of the white woman, which goes straight to the reason of everybody. The situation is not entirely original. The same interrogation really comes in 'Madame Butterfly.' It is as old, indeed, as 'The Octoroon', or a score of plays dealing with the South in old days."

The play as a whole, says the same writer,

is picturesque and vivid — "gracefully constructed, with some virile and telling speeches and generally interesting dialogue." He adds: "There is a strength to the play that should make it live. We have had no such picture of the Klondike. The atmosphere is strong; it grasps you. Indians and miners we have met before, but this is not the customary Western play."

#### The Feminine Note in Music

"Women are the music of life," Wagner once exclaimed; and in a recent article Mr.

lames Huneker, the well-known dramatic and musical critic, has set himself to inquire how far the distinctively feminine note dominates music. Passing in review the work of the great composers. Mr. Huneker concedes that Bach and Beethoven were genuinely masculine types, but Haydn, he thinks, shows marked feminine traits. "Haydn's chamber music," we are reminded, "is his glory. Those sprightly first movements, delicate andantes, and jolly, bantering rondos are a joy perpetual. That they are feminine is not to be denied. Haydn was a nice, gossiping old lady; he gossiped in his music, he gossiped in his life.'' Mr. Huneker continues (in Harper's Bazar, August):

"Take the women of Mozart, and what a delightful series of portraits they are! To be sure, Donna Anna is a funereal creature, stalking gloomily through scene

after scene with her wooden husband. . . . . But there is Zerlina, ever joyous, dainty Zerlina,



A NEW PORTRAIT OF ADELINA PATTI Showing her husband Baron Cederström, and his sister

who only cried aloud because she knew the others were not far from that celebrated cabinet. Mozart has assigned her music which fits her character perfectly. And run down the list beginning with the Countess and Suzanne through all those forgottenor seldom-sungoperas—are not the Mozart women the most truly feminine of all?"

In Chopin and Mendelssohn also, Mr. Huneker finds the streak of feminism.

"Chopin's psychical delicacy need not be dwelt upon here. It is a thrice-told tale. Everything from the material envelope to his innermost nature was feminine, morbidly feminine. He stamped every bar of his mazurkas, valses, and nocturnes and impromptus with his feminine seal, fiercely masculine as are many other of his matchless compositions.

"Mendelssohn is another of the slender, delicate men who wrote music. Hyper-refined, wealthy, he was an aristocrat in his habits and fastidious in his compositions. The distinctively feminine note is generally there, and his music is all nerve,

motion, fire—but little substance."

Tschaikowsky, declares Mr. Huneker, "betrayed his feminine impulses by his choice of themes for his symphonic poems and also by the neurotic, hysterical, agitated and passionate qualities of his work." Gounod is "a very feminine composer. His operas and oratorios, even his two masses, evoke all that is conventionally feminine—languor, girlish grace, pretty sentiment and soft yearnings." Richard Wagner is perhaps the greatest of all feminists. Elizabeth, Elsa, Brünnhilde, Isolde and Kundry are but a few of the wonderful women that he endowed with musical souls. "No com-



AUGUST STRINDBERG

A dramatist who "out-Ibsens Ibsen as regards pessim ism and cold, keen, merciless dissection of human weakness and unworthiness."

poser since Mozart," says Mr. Huneker, "has caught the vibrating echoes of woman's heart as has the composer of 'Isolde.'"

#### August Strindberg, "The Swedish Ibsen"

Little is known in this country concerning the literary and dramatic activity of August Strindberg, the foremost imaginative writer of Sweden, who has been compared by critics with those two Norwegian masters, Ibsen and Björnson. Yet he has many claims to international fame, according to a writer in the Berlin Neue Magazin.

Strindberg, it would appear, out-Ibsens Ibsen as regards pessimism and cold, keen, merciless dissection of human weakness and unworthiness. While, however, Ibsen has ideals and believes in the perfectibility of human nature, Strindberg is a fierce and logical disciple of Schopenhauer and sees no bright side in life, no ray of hope for the future. He is an uncompromising naturalist, of purely Scandinavian type, however,

for he has attacked Zola, whom he does not regard as the literary successor of Balzac, and has not followed even the latter naturalist. Apart from Schopenhauerism, the philosophy of Nietzsche is declared by the German essayist to have most influenced him.

In spite of the fact that he has been married three times and is the father of six children, Strindberg is a woman-hater. Unlike Ibsen, he has not created a single attractive and noble woman. In his estimate of the sex he outdoes even Schopenhauer and Nietzsche and his low opinion of women is further reflected in his contempt for the family. His view of the family finds striking expression in one of his most somber and powerful dramas, "The Father."

His views of women are understood to be

set forth in another play, called "Christina." The heroine of this drama was drawn !rom life. At least Strindberg intended to draw a literary picture of his third wife, Harriet Bosse, the most eminent and gifted of Sweden's living actresses. He had, with her cheerful consent, divorced her in 1904, as he had divorced each of his former wives, for mere incompatibility of temper. He evidently does not attribute to himself any part of the blame for the friction and unhappiness which the marriage relation has meant to him.

In "Christina" Strindberg intended to show that the "eternal feminine" however captivating in the abstract, is an impossible combination in actual life. For Christina is an impossible woman-not a wicked, immoral or unattractive woman, but one with whom no one can live. She is a bundle of contradictions, erratic, capricious, nervous, moody. At times she is gentle and thoughtful, at other times cruel and coarse; she can be tender and loving, but the next hour she is devilishly malicious, cold and perverse. "This is what you must expect of woman," Strindberg virtually says by his play.

Strindberg, however, is popular in Sweden, and his fiction and plays, in spite of their strange, repellent tendencies, are admired by the critics. He does not limit himself to imaginative literature. He is interested in natural science and is a lover of nature. He has written on French rural scenery and French forests, and has even advanced a new theory on the subject of the absorption of nitrogen by trees and plants. He avoids society and likes solitude, his personal habits reminding the writer of the sketch strongly

#### The Simoon—A Complete Play by Strindberg\*

The gruesomeness of this play could not well be surpassed by anything in literature; and it is for that very reason characteristic of its author, "the Swedish Ibsen," August Strindberg. The scene is the interior of an Arabian Marabout, or burial shrine of a Mahometan saint (in Algiers), with a sarcophagus visible in the middle ground, a charnel-house in the right corner, prayingrugs and little piles of sand here and there, a pile of aloes, palm-leaves and alpha grass. In the rear are doors and windows with draperies.

There are but three characters: Biskra, an Arabian maiden; Youssef, her lover; Guimard, lieutenant of Zouaves.

The entire play is in one act of three scenes.

#### SCENE I

(Enter Biskra, with the hood of her burnoose drawn over her face, and a guitar on her back. Throws herself upon a rug and prays with her arms crossed over her breast.)

(The wind blows outside.) Biskra: La ilaha ill Allah!

Youssef (enters hastily): The simoon is coming. Where is the Frenchman?

Biskra: He will be here in a moment. Youssef: Why don't you stab him at once? Biskra: No. He shall do that himself. If I

did it his comrades would kill all our tribe. because they would know that I was the guide of Ali, but they don't know that I am Biskra.

Youssef: He shall do it himself? How can that happen?

Biskra: Don't you know that the simoon withers the brains of the whites like dates, and that they see horrible sights, so that life becomes unbearable and they flee into the great unknown?

Youssef: I have heard something of that, and during the last storm six Franks laid hands upon themselves before they left the spot. But don't count to-day on the simoon, because snow has fallen on the mountains and in a half-hour

everything can be over—Biskra! Can you hate!

Biskra: Can I hate! My hate is boundless as the waste, burning as the sun and stronger than my love! Every moment of enjoyment that they have stolen from me, since they slew Ali, has collected like poison under the tongue of the

viper, and what the simoon cannot that I can.
Youssef: That is well spoken, Biskra, and you will accomplish it. My hate has withered, like the alpha grass in autumn, since mine eyes beheld you. Take strength from me and be-

come the arrow from my bow.

Biskra: Embrace me, Youssef! Embrace me! Youssef: Not here in the presence of the holy dead, not now-later, afterward! When you have served for your prize.

Biskra: Proud scheik, proud man! Youssef: Yes, the woman who shall bear my son beneath her heart must be worthy of that

Biskra: I—no other—will bear Youssef's son. I, Biskra, the scornful, the ugly, but the strong! Youssef: Well! Now I shall go in and sleep by the spring. Do I need to teach thee the secret art which was taught you by the Great Marabout, Siddi-Scheik, and which you have exercised in the markets since you were a child?

Biskra: That you need not! I know all the secrets which one needs to shock a cowardly

<sup>\*</sup>Translated from the German, for CURRENT LITERATURE, by Francis J. Ziegler.

Frank out of his life; the coward that fawns upon his enemies and throws away his bullets! I know it all—even to ventriloquism. And what my art cannot accomplish that will the sun do, for the sun is with Youssef and Biskra.

Youssef: The sun is the Moslem's friend, but it has no mercy upon you. You may burn yourself, maiden! Take first a drink of water, as I see your hands are withering. (He lifts up a rug, and brings out a shell full of water which he

hands to Biskra).

Biskra (puts the shell to her mouth): And my eyes begin to see red-my lungs are oppressed-I hear—I hear—see the sand is sifting through the roof—and the strings of the guitar are singing the simoon is here! But the Frank is not!

Youssef: Come under here, Biskra, and let the

Frank die by himself.

Biskra: First hell and then death! Think you I shall fail! (Sprinkles the water upon a sand heap.) I will sprinkle the sand that revenge may grow. And I will harden my heart. Grow hate! burn sun! choke wind!

Youssef: Hail to thee, Youssef's mother, for thou shalt bear the son of Youssef, the avenger!

(The wind begins to rise; the curtain before the door flaps; a red glow lightens the place, but changes to yellow).

Biskra: The Frank comes—and the simoon is

here-go!

Youssef: In half an hour thou shalt see me again. There hast thou the sand glass (points to a sand pile). Heaven itself prepares hell for the unbeliever.

#### SCENE II.

(Biskra and Guimard are seen talking together, the latter white, weak and confused.)

Guimard (speaks with half a voice): The simoon is here—what do think has become of my comrades?

Biskra: Your people I guided westerly toward

the east.

Guimard: Westerly toward—the East!—let It is true, in the East and—Westerly! me see!— Give me water!

Biskra (leads Guimard to a sand heap, lays him upon the ground with his head on the sand pile): Are you comfortable now?

Guimard (looks at her): I am some cramped. Put something under my head. I am somewhat

Biskra (piles the sand under his head): Here is a cushion for your head.

Guimard: For my head? Those are my feet—

aren't my feet there?

Biskra: Why, certainly!
Guimard: So I thought. Give me a pillow

–my head.

Biskra (gets the aloes and puts it under Guimard's knees): There is a pillow for you!

Guimard: And now water! water!

Biskra (takes the empty shell, fills it with sand and hands it to Guimard): Drink while it is cold! Guimard (touches the shell to his mouth): It

is cold—but it doesn't quench my thirst—I cannot drink-I abhor water-take it away!

Biskra: That you have from the dog that bit

Gusmard: What dog? I haven't been bitten by a dog.

Biskra: The simoon has withered your memory -beware of the lying pictures of the simoon! Remember the mad wild dog which bit you during the last hunt at Bab-el-Quid.

Guimard: During the hunt at Bab-el-Quid!—

That's true—was it a brown colored—

Biskra: Bitch? Yes! see now! and she bit you in the calf. Don't you feel how the wound

Guimard (feels his calf and sticks himself with the aloes): There I feel it! water! water! Biskra: (hands him the shell full of sand):

Drink, drink!

Guimard: No. I cannot! Holy Mary, mother of God—I have hydrophobia.

Biskra: Be not worried. I will cure you and drive out the demons by the power of music!

Guimard (shrieks): Ali! Ali! Not music! can't bear it. And what use have I for that?

Biskra: The music tames the powerful spirit of the snake, believe you not, that ruled in the mad bitch! Listen (sings to the guitar), Biskra, Biskra, Biskra, Biskra, Biskra—Biskra, Biskra—Simoon! simoon!

Youssef (fram below): Simoon, simoon!

Guimard: What are you singing, Ali?
Biskra: Did I sing? See, now I will take a palm leaf in my mouth (takes a palm leaf be-tween her teeth). Biskra, Biskra, Biskra—Biskra -Biskra

Youssef (from below): Simoon! Simoon!

Guimard: What a juggle play of hell!

Biskra and Youssef (together): Biskra, Biskra,
Biskra—Biskra, Biskra; simoon!

Guimard (raises himself): Where art thou, devil, that sings with two voices? Art thou a man or a woman, or both?

Biskra: 1 am Ali, the wayfarer! Thou knowest me no longer because thy thoughts are muddled; but if thou wouldst free thyself from the deception of sight and thought, believe me, believe what I say and do what I command.

Guimard: Thou needst not ask me that, as I

find everything is as thou sayest.

Biskra: Seest thou, idolater.

Gumard: Idolater?
Biskra: Yes. Take away that idol which thou wearest upon thy breast.

(Gusmard takes off medal).

Biskra: Tread it under foot, and call upon God, the Only One, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

Guimard (hesitates): To Saint Edward, my patron saint.

Biskra: Can he protect you? can he?

Guimard: No, that he cannot! (Waking up) Yes, that he can!

Biskra: We shall see! (Opens the door, the curtains flap and the grass is tossed about.)

Guimard (holds his mouth together): Shut the door!

Biskra: Down with the idol!

Guimard: No, I cannot.

Biskra: See, the simoon turns not a hair of my head, but thou unbeliever it kills! Down with the idol!

Guimard (throws the medal on the floor): Water! I am dying

Biskra: Pray to the Only One, the Compassionate, the Merciful!

Guimard: What shall I pray?

Biskra: Say my words!

Guimard: Speak!

Biskra: God is the Only One; there are no other gods but He, the Compassionate, the Merciful

Guimard: God is the Only One; there is no other but He, the Compassionate, the Merciful.

Biskra: Lay yourself down upon the floor. (Guimard lays himself down again listlessly).

Biskra: What hearest thou?

Guimard: I hear a spring murmuring.

Biskra: Behold! God is the Only One, and there is no other than He, the Compassionate, the Merciful! What seest thou?

Guimard: I see a spring murmuring—I hear

a lamp shining—on a white street— Biskra: Who sits at the window?

Guimard: My wife—Elise!

Biskra: Who stands behind the curtains and

lays his hand upon her neck?

Guimard: That is my son—George! Biskra: How old is thy son?

Guimard: Four years old on St. Nicholas day. Biskra: And he can hide behind the curtain and take the wife of another by the neck?

Guimard: That he can't—but it is he! Biskra: Four years old with a blond mus-

tachel Guimard: Blond mustache, sayest thou-

Ah, that is-Jules, my friend!

Biskra: Who stands behind the curtain and lays his hand upon the neck of his friend?

Guimard: Ah, devil!

Biskra: Seest thou thy son? Guimard: No; now no longer!

Biskra (imitates the sound of bells on the guitar): What seest thou now?

Guimard: I see the sound of bells—and I feel the taste of a corpse—it smells in the mouth like rancid butter—pfui!

Biskra: Hearest thou not the deacon intone

over the grave of a child?

Guimard: Wait! I cannot hear it—(tries) but wishest it thou?—so—now I hear that!

Biskra: Seest thou the wreath on the coffin which they carry 'midst them?

Guimard: Yes.

Biskra: It is bound with a violet ribbonupon which is written in silver, "Farewell, my beloved George! Thy father!"

Guimard: Yes, that is written there (weeps).

My George! My darling child! Elise, my wife, comfort me!-Help me! (Gropes about him.) Where art thou? Elise! Hast thou left me? Answer! Speak the name of thy lover!

A voice (from the roof): Jules! Jules! Guimard: Jules!—I am called—yes—what am I called? Charles is my name—and she calls

Jules! Elise—darling wife—answer me, for your spirit is here—I feel it—and you promised never to love another-

(The voice laughs). Guimard: Who laughed? Biskra: Elise, thy wife!

Guimard: Kill me! I will live no longer! Life disgusts me like sour cabbage in Saint-Doux. Knowest thou what Saint-Doux is? Swine's fat! (Spits.) I have no more spittle—water! water! else I'll bite thee!

(Full storm outside).

Biskra (keeps her mouth shut and coughs):

Now thou diest, Frank. Write thy last will while it is yet time! Where is thy note-book?

Guimard (produces notebook and pen): What shall I write?

Biskra: A man thinks of his wife when he is dying—and of his children.

Guimard. Elise—I curse vou! die

Biskra: And then sign it, or the testament is worthless,

Guimard: What shall I sign?

Biskra: Write "La ilaha ill Allah!

Guimard (writes): It is written! May I die now?

Biskra: No, thou mayest die like a cowardly soldier who has deserted his regiment! And thou shalt have a beautiful burial. Jokers will sing thy grave song (drums the attack on the guitar). Hearest thou the drum calls—to atguitar). Hearest thou the drum calls—to attack? The unbelievers, who have the sun and the simoon with them, rush forward—from the The slain fall background (strikes the guitar). along the whole line—the Franks are unable to load again—the Arabs shoot in open order—the Franks flee-

Guimard (lifts himself): The Franks do not

flee!

Biskra (blows "Retreat" on a flute): The Franks flee, when retreat is blown!

Guimard: They retire—that is the retreat and I am here (tears off his epaulets). I am dead (falls to the ground).

Biskra: Yes, thou art dead—Thou dost not

know that thou hast long been so! (Goes to the charnel house, and brings out a skull.)

Guimard: Have I been dead? (Feels his face.) Biskra: Long, long. (shows the death's head). Look, here in the glass

Guimard: Ah! is that I?

Biskra: Seest thou not thy exposed cheekbones-seest thou not where the vultures have eaten out thy eyes—knowest thou not the hole in the jaw where thou hadst a tooth drawn forth -seest thou not the dimple on the chin, where the little beard grew which Elise loved to stroke -seest thou not where grew the ear which your little George used to kiss at breakfast-timeseest thou not where the ax fell upon the neck -as the jailer slew the deserter!

(Guimard, who has seen and heard with horror,

falls down dead.)

Biskra (who has been kneeling, rises after she has felt his pulse. Sings): Simoon! Simoon! (Opens the door. The draperies flutter. She holds her mouth and falls backward.) Youssef!

-Scene III.

(The former characters. Youssef comes out of the cellar.)

Youssef (examines Guimard, then seeks Biskra): Biskra! (Sees her and lifts her in his arms). Livest

Biskra: Is the Frank dead?

Youssef: If he is not he soon will be! Simoon! Simoon!

Biskra: Then I live! But give me water! Youssef (carries her toward the hatchway): Here! Now is Youssef thine!

Biskra: And Biskra shall become the mother of thy sons! Youssef, great Youssef!

Youssef: Strong Biskral Stronger than the

simoon.

#### Persons in the Foreground

#### Personal Characteristics of Elihu Root

"Elihu," said the President, "I want you to take John Hay's place."

"Mr. President," replied Root, "I am at your service."

It was all over as quickly as that, accord-

ing to Walter Wellman. "Not a word was said about politics, or the presidency, or conditions, or money matters or anything else."

Why did Mr. Root so readily consent to forego the splendid income he was achieving in his law practice to accept a Cabinet position once again? That is a question various New York financiers asked. "What!" exclaimed Thomas F. Ryan (still according to Mr. Wellman); "Root going to leave me? What can the man be thinking of? Why, I would give him a quarter of a million a year

myself rather than lose his services. And he will get only eight thousand down there at Washington! He must be crazy!"

Mr. Wellman accounts for Root's action in another way. He was not "crazy," nor was he after the presidency. He "has never aspired to the presidency," and he "has never believed that he was destined by the Fates to sit in the White House." Here is Mr. Wellman's theory of the reason for Mr. Root's action, as set forth in Success

Magazine:

"Elihu Root is not a moneylover by nature. Like most other men of the finest quality, he looks upon the possession of too much money as vulgar. A man of genuine refinement of taste would as soon think of making a glutton of himself at table as of cramming his purse with vast sums far beyond all his present or future needs or those of his family. This is not Mr. Root's thought—it is mine, and it would not befair, even by implication, to make him responsible for it. Possibly the time has come in the United States when it would be a fine thing to cultivate this philosophy of life, spread it. build upon it, and imbue the rising generation with it, till presently we shall have a national standard of taste which will put the overrich into the same category with the

bloated and vulgar and hideous over-fed. Unconsciously, and with a high standard of his own, like but not identical, Mr. Root has contributed to this idea. He has done a really great and noble thing, beside which the accumulation of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller fortune is something cheap.

"The real reason why he gave up the service



THE PRESENT OFFICIAL CHIEF OF THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

"My feeling is that the things one has an opportunity to do are substance, and the things one tries to get are shadow."





BDWARD W.

BLIHU, JR.

#### ELIHU ROOT'S SONS

of plutocracy and transferred his allegiance to the people is a very simple one. He was weary of money-chasing for others and for himself. He did not care for his clients. Down in his heart, probably, he had little respect and certainly no affection for them. They were common as dirt, and the purposes they had in view were common and sometimes dirty. When he contrasted his work in the neighborhood of Wall Street with the work he had done at Washington he was discontented."

At the time of John Hay's death, when Mr. Root's name was being prominently presented as that of his successor, a personal friend of Mr. Root's, Mr. Woodward, of Cincinnati, wired him as follows:

"If you are willing to take up official burdens, would it not be best to wait three years for the substance rather than take the shadow now?"

To this Mr. Root replied:

"My feeling is that the things one has an opportunity to do are substance, and the things one tries to get are shadow."

Mr. Root, we are told further, while "a truly great man," entirely fit for the presidency, would have some defects as a popular candidate. He lacks warmth of imagination, for instance, and moral stimulation. We quote again from Mr. Wellman:

"If the writer may express his personal judgment for what it may be worth, after nearly

twenty years of close observation of public men at the national capital. Elihu Root is the ablest man known at Washington in that period. But his greatness lies in his intellectual, not in his moral force. The moral force may be there, but it has never found opportunity for expression. He lacks warmth of imagination. His ideals are fine and high, but they are practical ideals. He has been a leader of reform movements, but they have been business reforms, not social. He has appealed to the intelligence of men, never to their sympathies. He has been a doer rather than a preacher, wherein he differs somewhat from his chief, who is both with a vengeance. Mr. Root will do, if opportunity presents itself to take the lead in the higher paths of political activity, no one knows, and those who have known him as a working machine, as a getter of results, as an administrator, as a planner of practical things, as an executive in our own government, and as the creator of states beyond the seas, are eager to see what yet greater things he may do in the future. Hence, both in admiration and curiosity, they welcome him to the ministry of foreign affairs. Opportunity knocks again at his gate; his friends await the outcome with hope and confidence.

The new Secretary of State, we are told, has a mathematical turn of mind which he comes by honestly: his father was professor of mathematics in Hamilton College, and Elihu was "born on the campus." When Elihu was a senior his brother was a junior and his father a professor. The three were

called "cube Root," "square Root," and "plain Root."

Mr. Wellman's sketch concludes as follows:

"The new secretary of state is not afraid of accepting responsibility. He has no use for a man who is. For himself, he is essentially cautious. He never acts hastily, but only after the fullest deliberation and inquiry. When he has put his mind through the processes necessary to reach a conclusion, it is all over. Action follows immediately and vigorously. He never entertains a doubt of the correctness of his determinations, or dillydallies amid irresoluteness. He has added his column of figures, and checked it, and the amount is correct. There is nothing more to be said.

"He is not only a great worker himself, but he also knows how to get work out of others. Some great intellects like his stun and make afraid those about them. Root stimulates. In his presence men feel an impulse to be at their best, to be direct and accurate, to waste no words, and to go straight to the mark.

to go straight to the mark.
"He is not a magnetic orator. He would never win a nomination for the presidency with a single flight into the ethereal atmosphere of the imagina-

tion. But when he speaks his intellectualities pervade all minds within hearing. The matter is superb; the manner, good. His speech at the Chicago Republican National Convention, last year, was almost a classic.

"This man of the hour—who may be the man of the future,—is only sixty. He looks ten years younger. He is tall, straight, and active, with hair and mustache untinged with gray. Hard work keeps some men young,—hard work and coolness of temperament and self-confidence and absence of that spiritual fretting which is a sign of weakness, like fever of the body. He has only a few really intimate friends. He seeks few pleasures. Riding is one of them; botanizing, another. Within the shadows of his alma mater he has a farm, largely given over to wildwood, and he knows every brush and shrub and flower and plant on the place. He is a capital dinner companion, witty and entertaining. He loves a good story, and I think the man in all the world he likes best, outside his own family, is Theodore Roosevelt. Extremes meet there. One is all fire and eagerness and enthusiasm and boyish love of experiment and achievement. The other is cool, slow, deliberate, caution itself, but not unsympathetic. He has his enthusiasms, too; but they run still and deep."

#### The Present Holder of the Green Parasol

The green parasol is all velvet, splashes of gold and crimson rushing at the beholder's face as the folds are spread wide in the sunshine of Fez. The gaudy article is the symbol of the sovereignty of Abd-el-Aziz, the twenty-six-year-old Prince of True Believers, Lord of all the Faithful in Al Moghreb, Sultan of Morocco. But for the eccentricities of his reign, no conference of the powers over Morocco would be impending to-day. He has squandered an enormous inheritance, disorganized a really fine native army, rendered his country unsafe for ordinary travelers, alienated the affections of his devoted subjects and given rise to a formidable insurrection against his authority, all in the comparatively few years since he has attained real power. A powerful grand vizier held the Sultan in bondage during the early years of the reign of young Abd-el-Aziz. But that grand vizier died and not long afterward the young Sultan announced that he would be his own master—announced, too, that he would make his country prosperous, truly independent and happy. Here are his own words, spoken as recently as 1902, when no Moroccan conference was possible:

"My ancestors upon the Throne have one and all refused to transgress the narrow traditions which environed them, with the result that Morocco is in its present condition. It seems that I am to alter all this. I mean to change everything that tends to deter my country from progress. In civilization, in government, in manufactures, in every phase of life, Europe is ahead of us. I cannot hope to catch her up, but I intend to follow in her footsteps. I mean to introduce reform into every branch of my administration, and I pray God to spare my life to do it. If at the end of a few years the condition of my people is even a little improved I shall be satisfied. I shall have to fight every kind of opposition, but with God's aid I shall succeed."

Performance has lagged behind promise in the case of Abd-el-Aziz. His subjects distrust him. They say he is "Europeanized." He heeds advisers from England, the land he loves most, apparently, next to his own, although he has never been outside his own dominions. The orthodox Moroccan Mohammedans suspect his devotion to the creed of the prophet. Yet Abd-el-Aziz is devotedly religious in the pious Mussulman's sense. He fasts regularly and often. He never misses praying at the stated hours. Here is a first-hand personal impression of him from one who knows the man well—Mr. Walter B. Harris, who tells us in Blackwood's:

"The Sultan of Morocco is now some twentyfive years of age, some five feet ten inches in height and strongly, even stoutly, built. He is no darker in colour than a southern European,—not as dark, in fact, as many. His features are large and not very regular, their fineness marred by the marks, by no means very apparent, of smallpox. His eyes are good and very attractive, full of life, and at times inexpressibly sad. The upper part of his face is preferable to the lower, for a long upper lip, a rather large mouth, and a receding chin give him an appearance of weakness of character which he undoubtedly possesses. In public he moves and behaves with great dignity, though in private life he throws aside all formality, and at times, until quite lately, was not averse to 'rag.' He is by no means a bad tennis-player, and is particularly fond of all athletic exercises.

"But unfortunately these characteristics, which appeal so strongly to Englishmen, have just the opposite effect upon the Moors. They prefer their Sultan to be harsh, even cruel,—to show his power, in fact,—and to spend his private hours in more national ways, for instance in his harem, or in sitting upon divans extorting money from unwilling subjects. A Sultan who doesn't exert to the full the autocratic powers with



ABD-EL-AZIZ

To Moroccans he is, as Sultan, the real head of the Mohammedan faith, although the Sultan of Turkey is usually invested with that sacred attribute.

which God has invested him is, in the eyes of the people of Morocco, no good. Benevolence to them is merely a sign of weakness, and Mulai Abd-el-Aziz's good intentions have done him much harm in the eyes of his subjects."

His voice, we are told, is "particularly soft and pleasing," while "the manner in which he gives his whole attention to anyone who may be addressing him can not prove anything but flattering." But even this admirer can find no excuse for the extravagance of this young ruler:

"He has never been able to realise the value of money. He has spent, in the few years since he emerged from the seclusion of his palace to take up the reins of government, not only the whole revenue of his country, but also the savings of his predecessors. And what has he got for it all?—a lot of rubbish, bought at fabulous prices, which is lying rotting and rusting in the gloomy cavernous stores of his various palaces! He is to blame for this extravagance, no doubt, but others are to blame still more. Those to whom he looked for advice left no stone unturned to exploit him. They have made their fortunes, and have left a broken and unhappy Sultan, whose whole country is in rebellion, whose treasury is exhausted, to bear the brunt of their sins. Four years ago Mulai Abd-el-Aziz, full of the vigour of youth, anxious to learn, anxious to reform his country, anxious to do what was right, had a future before him of much useful work. His advisers took his education in hand—and his education has cost him dear, for his fortune, his influence with his subjects, and his reputation have all gone. He was weak and young, and sometimes stubborn, but no man ever lived whose intentions were better; but these intentions were warped and frustrated by his advisers. The Sultan had no disinterested person about him; no disinterested advice was given him. He was told, when he spent his money in ordering useless goods from the various European countries, that it gave satisfaction to the governments of those respective countries that he made his purchases

in their markets.

"Few of the things he bought gave him any pleasure. Photography amused him for a time; but even this was made a means of exploiting him. A camera of gold at £2000 came from London; 10,000 francs worth of photographic paper arrived in one day from Paris. His Majesty once informed me that his materials for one year cost him between £6000 and £7000! He naturally did not know what was required and left it to his commission agents to purchase the 'necessary' materials. They did with a vengeance!"

All that is anomalous in the Sultan's character may be at least partially explained by the circumstance that his mother was a beautiful Circassian slave, thinks another Englishman who knows him well, Mr. A. J. Dawson, who writes in the London Evening Standard:

"It is now about seven-and-twenty years since a well-known man of affairs made a present to Moulai el Hassan, the then Sultan of Morocco, of two beautiful Circassian slave girls, for whom he had paid a longish price in the mart of Constantinople. One of these girls, after she had been taught the Moghrebbin and otherwise trained in Moorish accomplishments of the harem, proved herself possessed of other valuable qualities than mere good looks. She established herself more firmly in her Shareefian master's confidence and affection than either of his four wives, and outshone in attraction every other woman in the Marrakish harem, as the sun a lamp. She shared her lord's gravest counsels, as well as his moments of dalliance, and

finally she presented him with a son, and taught him to love the child. The girl was the Lalla R'kia (who died, still a notable power behind the throne, a couple of years ago); the child was the present Abd-el-Aziz, ostensible and greatly badgered ruler of the nominally independent Moorish Empire.

"Thus, at the outset, we see one of the surface causes of the present Sultan's unpopularity. There remains in the land of the living Moulai Mohammed (The One-Eyed), elder son of the legitimate first wife of the late Sultan, while a slave-born son sits under the Green-and-gold Parasol.

#### The Next Premier of Japan—Perhaps

Newspaper correspondents predict the downfall of the present Japanese administration, with Katsura at the head, as a result of the peace treaty, and the installation of a new administration with Baron Komura at the head. The disfavor with which the people of Japan are said to regard the terms of the treaty does not extend to Komura. for it is generally understood that Komura was forced by the Emperor of Japan acting on the advice of his privy council of "elder statesmen," to accept, against his own will, Russia's terms in regard to Saghalien, an indemnity, and the limitation of Russia's naval power in the Far East. And when all was over but the actual drafting of the treaty, Komura sought a retired spot and sat down with tearful eyes, grieving over what he considered the unjust conclusion of the whole matter.

This Baron Komura was the first Japanese student to receive a degree from Harvard University. Long before that, however, in Japan, he had American teachers, one of whom was Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis. For Dr. Griffis young Komura, at the age of twenty, wrote out his autobiography, which, "in ten pages of large letter sheet," Dr. Griffis still preserves. This document he describes as "a remarkable production" "because of spelling, punctuation, language, style, range of ideas, and a general philosophy of life." From this document and from his own personal knowledge, Dr. Griffis compiles for the New York Times a sketch of young Komura, which, though lacking in definite outlines, is full of interest at this

"Komura," Dr. Griffis says by way of preface, "is a typical product of the new Japan," "a living demonstration of what

the old inheritances of Dai Nippon yield when reinforced by modern training." "Perhaps the whole empire could not furnish a more characteristic specimen of its rejuvenated race when confronted with opportunity." Says Dr. Griffis further:

"I knew this statesman when a lad. Going to Japan in 1870 as the initial American educator



KOMURA

"A living demonstration of what the old inheritances of Dai Nippon yield when reinforced by modern training." in the City of Fukui, Province of Echizen, that old stronghold of liberal ideas and home of farseeing men, I spent, before setting out for the interior, seven weeks in the newly named capital, Tokio. What is now the magnificent Imperial University was then in the early stages of its evolution. For a month or so I had the happy experience of teaching young men from all parts of the empire. They had come to Tokio to imbibe Western learning and be fitted for the new duties which the incipient nation then emerging from feudalism's agglomeration was to require of its sons. With one of the students I was particularly struck from the very first, because, apart from his penetrating, deep-set eyes which seemed to take in things less on the surface than in their depths and relations, I found in the workings of his mind an unusual breadth as well as a patient habit of considering a thing from all sides, in order to get at what lay below the

'One can hardly realize the enthusiasm and eagerness of the lads as they were led through the gateway of language into the wonderful world of modern science. They were quick to see the amazing superiority of Occidental politics, literature, philosophy, science and art. And yet I can safely say, after thirty-five years of knowledge, that Komura is one of the more hopeful sort of Japanese who are not swept off their feet by the flood of new facts or who have 'swallowed whole' the barbecue of things foreign. While enjoying and utilizing, he discriminates, proving all things and holding fast to that which is good. Under things apparent he seeks permanent principles. No mere blatant patriot, but a keen discerner and true philosopher, he sees that many things claimed as monopoly by Occidental pharisees belong as well to him and his countrymen by right of inheritance. Undeceived by words and phrases, he grasps the realities which are universal and permanent. That is what makes him so dangerous to a Russian or Yankee who talks 'Christianity' when he means spoliation, To the autocar of conquest Komura has shown himself a puncturer of tires. To the man of cant and strabi mus who sees in this present war one of creed or race, he has proved both silencer and surgeon."

The traditions of the Samurai, or warrior class of Japan, we are reminded, were all against trade. The Samurai was rather proud of his ignorance of addition, subtraction, and multiplication, and had lots of it to be proud of. He abhorred the saraban and abacus, detested manual labor, and enjoyed insulting merchants. Komura had to run counter to these traditions and accepted the consequences philosophically. We quote again:

"Fortunately for the peace envoy of 1905, when he began elementary study at five and entered the higher school at twelve, he had relatives in both city and country. He learned not only how to use the abacus, or reckoner, getting some insight into business, money and taxation, but he also worked with his uncle in outdoor labor at farming. 'I used to go to and fro with my abacus in my hand, and learned a bit of arithme-

tic, writes Komura. When jeering classmates of the town school might see him as they passed along the by-road, he kept on. 'They often laughed at my low employment, as they considered it, but I was quite indifferent, writes the future adviser of the Mikado. In the companion-ship of villagers, of peasants, of traders, and of farmers, as well as of his fellow-gentry, Komura thus early gained both knowledge and sympathy with every sort of Japanese people. Hence his minute familiarity with the feelings and views of the whole population, surprising even to his col-leagues in the Government. These four classes, gentleman or warrior, farmer, artisan, trader, were once so divided and separated that there seemed to be four different nations, as well as 283 fiefs or fractions in the empire. Now, in 1905, through the new nationalism and the public schools and the opening of all lines of promotion, all classes and conditions of men form a compact nation and a homogeneous people."

In 1868 the civil war broke out and Komura's uncle joined the ranks of the imperialists. Komura wanted to go also as a drummer-boy, but his uncle did not approve. Komura then wished to get out into the world and win a modern education. We quote again from Dr. Griffis:

"Home-keeping neighbors tried to dissuade him, but while he was wavering a friend in Nagasaki wrote to him advising him that 'nothing would be more foolish than to take the advice of old-fashioned gentlemen, who know nothing about foreigners and their countries.' Instantly deciding, the young traveler departed on his career, leaving behind a letter, which in substance, and in his own words, was as follows: 'I cannot defer, my dear friend, to your opinion on this matter, for I have made up my mind to know everything about foreigners and to judge them accordingly.' His journey of fifteen days to Nagasaki is now made by rail or steamer in fewer hours.

hours.

"Writing in 1874, in the new national atmosphere, and after four years under foreign teachers, Komura said: 'Thus reflecting upon my past life, I cannot hesitate to divide it in two periods—the first that of rural life and the second that of city life. In the former I observed man in his local manners, and in the latter I have been studying man in his general nature. Locality and generality are what characterize the respective periods of my life as far as it goes. . . With the political changes my mind underwent an entire revolution. I was no longer bound with local prejudices. My patriotism, far from being a mere prejudice, I suffered to be sanctioned with reason. This is the natural effect of traveling, for it gives freedom to the mind. I was still loyal to my old Prince, but when he was removed from office I rejoiced at it more than lamented, for national patriotism was greater than loyalty to him.'"

Since his school-days Komura has made a brilliant record as his country's representative in St. Petersburg, Washington, Peking, Korea, and as Japan's Minister of Foreign Affairs.

#### The Man Who Kept France from War with Germany

Maurice Rouvier. Premier of the French Republic and Minister of Foreign Affairs as well, is the son of an illiterate man who kept a little grocery shop in Marseilles some fifty years ago. The grocer thought Maurice "precocious" and sent him to school first and to a college afterward. The youth became clerk in a business house, entered journalism —journalism is to French politics what the law is to American politics—then became an advocate, and at last helped to elect Gambetta to the Chamber for a Marseilles constituency. That was Rouvier's start in public affairs. Since 1871 he has been deputy, Minister of Commerce, Finance Minister, Premier. In fact he has been Premier twice. the former occasion having been under President Grévy, who needed him to put down Boulanger. That was in 1887. Rouvier's ministry of that year was brief. It remains to be seen how much longer the present Rouvier ministry will endure.

A personality without dominating, diligent and judicious without brilliance of any sort, Rouvier is respected but was never popular. If French newspapers may be trusted, he never will be. He is first and foremost, a man of finance, a banker, with head stocked with income-tax figures, budget items, revenue returns. Yet he has a taste for diplomacy, too, although he never entered the diplomatic service of the republic. He has studied languages and the international situation. It was thought sheer audacity in him to be willing to succeed the most brilliant Minister of Foreign Affairs the third republic has yet produced—Théophile Delcassé.

In truth, everybody agrees that Premier Rouvier forced Delcassé out. That was the only alternative to war with Germany over Morocco, say the friends of Rouvier. The Européen (Paris) so avers. It is supposed to speak by the card, too, and many a weighty European organ indorses the statement of the Europeen. "The change, therefore." says the London Review of Reviews, "from M. Delcassé to M. Rouvier is one which every friend of peace in Europe should hail with delight. . . . M. Rouvier is for peace everywhere." And it adds of his personal characteristics:

"He is a man of mingled strength and weakness. He is antithetically mixed in temperament, in intellect, in character. He is a Southerner with all the dash, the fire, the *élan* of the South. But he is also a skilful financier, a la-

borious student, and most lucid expositor. Therein, again, he resembles Mr. Gladstone, whose genius for financial exposition made his budget speeches works of art, and whose fiery eloquence made him the supreme demagogue in the

best sense of our time.

"Mr. Gladstone had great ideas, in the main religious ideas, which M. Rouvier lacks. Mr. Gladstone was a propagandist as well as an opportunist—an opportunist because he was a propagandist. M. Rouvier is not a propagandist. He is intellectually satisfied that certain lines of policy are preferable to other lines—he is, for instance, a free trader, a partisan of peace, a thoroughgoing Republican. But he is all these things subject to the constant necessity of carrying on from day to day. He is emphatically not a seer, or even a philosophic speculator. He lives from day to day, from hand to mouth. Therein he resembles Lord Melbourne rather than Mr. Gladstone. He will never do to-day what he can possibly put off till to-morrow. But when to-morrow comes, and he finds himself in a very difficult corner, then the very magnitude and complexity of his difficulties seem to give inspiration to his eloquence and infinite resource to his policy.

Which may be supplemented by these impressions, contributed to the London Fortnightly by M. Ch. Bastide, who knows Rou-

"M. Rouiver has deserved the name of 'national liquidator.' When an important department of State is involved in serious difficulties through mismanagement, or simply through the impetuosity, lack of detachment, rigid adherence to principle of its chief, M. Rouvier is called in to correct blunders, remove causes of friction, and set the damaged machinery at work again. After balancing budgets tottering on the verge of deficit, restoring harmony in a political party, he is liquidating M. Delcasse's affairs at the foreign Office. Gambetta's friends, like Napoleon's grenadiers, are fit for any task. When the King of Spain visited Paris, M. Rouvier was heard conversing in Spanish with the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Rouvier had found time in his busy life to study foreign languages; he has apparently studied at the same time the mysteries of foreign chancelleries.

"His character may be gathered from his liferecord. He is primarily a business man, not the stolid matter-of-fact Northerner, but the subtleminded, imaginative Marseillais and Provençal. An able speaker and skilful debater, he is no man of letters, no doctrinaire or dogmatist like M. Hanotaux and M. Delcassé; his open-mindedness, his staunch belief in expediency, are his chief resources when in danger, and they enable him to disconcert an enemy in action by the almost Napoleonic swiftness and daring of his decisions. As the years have gone by, he has grown more cautious, although there still lingers in him a dash of Southern adventurousness. Yet there is every reason to believe that in the recent crisis he looked for guidance less to the Commander-in-Chief than to the directors of the Bank

of France."

#### "The Most Daring Plunger of New York"

Whatever distinction such a title as the above may carry belongs, we are told, to Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, who not long since purchased Mr. Hyde's shares in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, made Mr. Paul Morton its president, and persuaded Grover Cleveland, George Westinghouse and Judge Morgan J. O'Brien to act as trustees for his newly-purchased stock. Just now the "higher journalists" are feeling around for the right terms with which to characterize Mr. Ryan's career and personality. The term we have used above is given him by "an observer in Wall Street" who writes for the Review of Reviews. Another writer who prefers to remain anonymous characterizes him (in World's Work) as "Thomas F. Ryan, Corporation-saver." A third writer, Henry Kitchell Webster, does not attempt to hit Mr. Ryan off with a phrase, but (in The American Illustrated Magazine) likens him to a feudal baron in finance and adds: "Not to haggle over negligible quantities, he belongs strictly to the predaceous type. The world's his oyster."

None of these writers displays a very intimate personal knowledge of the man of whom they write, though they have evidently digged diligently for the facts of his career. They speak of him as "a sphinx," "a burrower," a man "with a genius for eluding notice;" and all, of course, recognize him as "a power." The writer in Review of Reviews thus describes Mr. Ryan's ambitions:

"He is a man who strikes high and does not lose his hatchet. We shall give a glimpse of his strenuous future, and of the keen interest the public must have in him, when we state with accuracy what his aspirations are. He hopes to become the greatest and most influential financier on the American continent. He hopes to be the chief power behind the Democratic party, and to pose before the country as a Warwick, a maker of Presidents. Any man may aspire to kingship in Wall Street and to the honor of placing his own man in the White House. It requires an extraordinary man to hug such an ambition and at the same time to gather into his hands the power which promises to enable him to realize it."

The extent to which he has already advanced toward one of the goals of his desire is indicated by the following table of the financial institutions known as the "Ryan group," in the control of which "he is probably by long odds the strongest personality:"

Institution.	Assets.
Equitable Life Assurance Soc'y	\$414,000,000
Mutual Life Insurance Company.	441,000,000
National Bank of Commerce	251,000,000
Equitable Trust Company	52,000,000
Mercantile Trust Company	69,000,000
Morton Trust Company	61,000,000
Guarantee Trust Company	48,000,000
Washington Life Insurance Co	18,000,000

Total-.....\$1,354,000,000

"In five years," adds the same writer, "at the rate at which he is going, he will be at the top" of the financial ladder. As for his political power, we are told this:

"The secret of Wm. C. Whitney's power in metropolitan affairs having to do with politics and franchises was the strange influence he wielded over Richard Croker. Changes came in Tammany. The chief exiled himself, half through timidity, half through surfeit. He named as his successor a young man named Charles Murphy,—not a strong man, not a born leader, weak on the whole, an accident of choice because those who chose did not want strength, but compliance. And when the changes were made, and men began to look about to see who was the power behind the new leader, who lurked away off in the background pulling the wires that led to the Hall, they soon found him. It was none other than Whitney's successor, Thomas F.

Ryan. "Now Mr. Ryan aspires to leadership of the national Democracy. It was he who fought for the gold standard at St. Louis last year and was compelled to compromise with Bryan because the lieutenants of Parker would not take the risk of losing the nomination prize. Is this remarkably successful Virginian, this dry-goods clerk of thirty years ago, strong and clever enough to obtain the mastery of the Democracy in 1908, in 1912, and put his man in the Presidential chair? He has Tammany as a foundation to stand upon. He has great financial power. He is gathering more. He is a man of the present and the future. We shall wait and see."

All this does not bring us very close to the personality of Mr. Ryan. The following description helps us a little more to visualize him:

"Ryan marched fast. He carried a big stick and kept an habitual silence. He was never a talker, ever a doer. He kept well out of the press. His name was little known, even in New York. Yet every once in a while it was whispered about that he had acquired an active interest or absolute control of this or that large concern. He quietly, insidiously, persistently, spread himself. The surface street railways were broadened and twice reorganized, each time coming out with bigger capitalization than before, and after each twist Mr. Ryan emerging with a cipher added to the figure which roughly denoted his fortune. . . Suddenly, a few years ago, it dawned upon Wall Street that this



THE VIRGINIA HOME OF THOMAS F. RYAN

tall, dark-skinned, silent man who wore always the black slouch hat of the South and the elegant, unobtrusive manners of his people was a real power in the world of finance."

Here is a brief description (from *The World's Work* article) of Mr. Ryan's personal appearance:

"Mr. Ryan is a splendid if dangerous type. He is a tall, strongly built man of about fifty-five. His hair is beginning to turn gray about the temples. His face is deeply lined, yet with a lurking touch of merriment. His forehead is impressive. His eyes are startling in their

brightness. He is one of the best-groomed men in Wall Street. He is a fair sample of the business type of the man-about-town."

The Wall Street view of Mr. Ryan, if this writer is correct, is not particularly flattering; but, we are told, it "is supported and authenticated in nearly every detail by the official records of the New York Stock Exchange." Here is that view:

"He has had no business but Wall Street. The public has been asked to look at Mr. Ryan as an industrial giant, because he helped to



MR. RYAN'S RESIDENCE AT SUFFERN, LONG ISLAND



CHAPEL (ROMAN CATHOLIC) OF THE HOUSE AT SUFFERN

form the Tobacco Trust; as a pioneer in streetrailway development, because he helped to consolidate New York traction lines into the Metropolitan Street Railway Company; as a great banker, because he founded the Bank of Commerce; as a railroad man, because he is a director of the Seaboard Air Line, the Hocking Valley Railroad and the Père Marquette Railroad; and as a philanthropist, because he eliminated Mr. James H. Hyde from the Equitable.

"Mr. Ryan is not one of these things. Wall Street, when it reads these statements, winks. Its judgment of Mr. Ryan as a banker, as an industrial giant, as a street-railway developer, as a railroad man, and as a philanthropist, reads

like this:

"'The National Bank of Commerce and the Morton Trust Company are strong, clean, and businesslike banks because the masterly and ambitious undertakings of the 'Ryan clique' need the backing of at least two strong, clean and businesslike banks, whose reputations must be as spotless as that of Cæsar's wife.

"'Mr. Ryan's connection with the Tobacco Trust and his long connection with the Consolidated Gas Company are mere means through which he directs to his coffers the profits of large speculations in their stocks and bonds.

"'Mr. Ryan's street-railway achievements, looked at from the Wall Street point of view, have consisted of the piling of capital in inverted by the Metropolitan Securities Company, with the result that the old, solid, respectable and safe securities have almost all been changed into Metropolitan Street Railway securities, that the value has been squeezed out of them by substitution, and that the dead, bloodless tissue has been sold again to the guileless public, to the amount of more than \$70,000,000 in stocks and bonds of the holding company, to take the place of the retired issues.

"'Mr. Ryan has never owned, and does not now own, an interest in any railroad that was not acquired to be sold again, after being put through a financial process intended to turn one dollar of the real securities into two dollars, or more, of new securities, to be marketed at

the best price obtainable.

"'Mr. Ryan's philanthropy begins where it will end—at a big desk in the front room on the first floor of No. 38 Nassau Street, New

York, where Mr. Thomas F. Ryan spends his days looking after his business interests."

Mr. Webster, in his article in *The American Illustrated Magazine*, describes Mr. Ryan's skill as a harmonizer:

"He combines to an extraordinary degree the powers of a harmonizer with those of a fighter. The surprising effects of his mere personal charm are constantly manifest. Notice for example that during those early years he held his place at once in the councils of Tammany Hall and in close alliance with Mr. Whitney who was fighting Tammany tooth and nail within the ranks of the Democratic party. And notice, too, that he was able to take allies much more powerful than he, without surrendering to them the fruits of victory. That skill has never deserted him. He has always had incongruous friends, and men who were naturally incorrigible enemies have worked together easily through him as a sort of mollifying medium. He has a knack for just the phrase that releases the tension in a dangerous moment."

One of Mr. Ryan's ambitions is to form a transportation "trust" that shall include all the street-railways, elevated railways and subway lines in New York City. That would be a "trust" almost as large as the United States Steel Corporation. He perceived long ago, we are told, what capitalists in general have come to understand but lately—the wonderful power of the nickel multiplied as it is by millions a day in the transportation of New York City's millions.

Mr. Ryan's wife shuns the publicity which her husband's recent business prominence tends to thrust upon her. She is active in philanthropic work, especially in connection with the Roman Catholic Church, of which she and her husband are devout adherents.



NEW YORK HOME OF MR. RYAN-FIFTH AVENUE

#### Bernard Shaw, the Socialist Politician

"Though his personality is singularly compact, is indeed consistently of a piece, Mr. George Bernard Shaw has impressed himself on the popular imagination as a man of very many aspects," says F. G. Bettany, in the London Bookman. "It is a fallacy which regards Bernard Shaw as a farceur; he is a profoundly and persistently earnest person. But his is true humor, for just because he is a fanatic manqué, he has the humorist's capacity for taking a detached view of life, and seeing the absurdity of its fretting and fuming. . . . People chuckle . . . and will not believe Bernard Shaw means what he says. To many of them he is but a funny man, and to be so miscalled is the fate of the modern heretic. Society, as some one has remarked, does not burn its heretics to-day; it applauds them, and, I may add, misunderstands them."

We hear much nowadays about Shaw the "brilliant" dramatist, Shaw the entertaining critic, but comparatively little is said of the hard-working Fabian politician. back in 1803, when Shaw was battling along, the most unpopular of playwrights, Mr. William Clarke, of Oxford, was giving us an interesting little glimpse of him in a lecture on the Fabian Society, delivered in Boston and afterward printed in The New England Magazine. "This man," he said, "will rise from an elaborate criticism of last night's opera or Richter concert (he is the musical critic of the World), and after a light, purely vegetarian meal, will go down to some far-off club in South London, or to some street corner in East London, or to some recognized place of meeting in one of the parks, and will there speak to poor men about their economic position and their political duties." A glance over the files of Fabian News (the official organ of the society) will disclose the tireless social activity of the man while first "doing his duty toward society by earning a living." And Shaw himself, in one of the early Fabian publications, gives a characteristic description of "how to train for public life." He says:

"My own experience may be taken as typical For some years I attended the Hampstead Historic Club once a fortnight, and spent a night in the alternate weeks at a private circle of economists which has since blossomed into the British Economic Association. . . all my acquaintances think me madder than usual by the pertinacity with which I attended debating societies and haunted all sorts of holeand-corner debates and public meetings and made speeches at them. I was President of the Local Government Board at an amateur Parliament where a Fabian ministry had to put its proposals into black-and-white in the shape of Parliamentary bills. Every Sunday I lectured on some subject which I wanted to teach myself; and it was not until I had come to the point sen, and it was not that it had come to the point of being able to deliver separate lectures, without notes, on Rent, Interest, Profits, Wages, Toryism, Liberalism, Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, Trade Unionism, Co-operation, Democracy, the Division of Society into Classes, and the Suitability of Human Nature to Systems of Just Distribution, that I was able to be added Social Democracy, the Burney of the bondless of the suitable bendless of the suitable bendless of the suitable social Democracy, the suitable bendless of the suitable social Democracy, the suitable bendless of the suitable social Democracy, the suitable social Democracy is the suitable social suitable suita handle Social-Democracy as it must be handled before it can be preached in such a way as to present it to every sort of man from his own particular point of view. . . A man's socialistic acquisitiveness must be keen enough socialistic acquisitiveness must be keen enough to make him actually prefer spending two or three nights a week in speaking and debating, or in picking up social information even in the most dingy and scrappy way, to going to the theater, or dancing, or drinking, or even sweet-hearting, if he is to become a really competent propagandist—unless, of course, his daily work is of such a nature as to be in itself a training for political life; and that, we know, is the case with very few of us indeed. It is at such lecturing and debating work, and on squalid little committees and ridiculous little delegations to conferences of the three tailors of Tooley Street, with perhaps a deputation to the Mayor thrown in once in a blue moon or so, that the ordinary Fabian workman or clerk must qualify for his future seat on the Town Council, the School Board, or perhaps the Cabinet.'

In 1889, Shaw was "told off" to edit that classic of English Socialism, "The Fabian Essays," wherein "the essayists make no claim to be more than communicative learners;" and two of the seven he wrote.

In outlining the Fabian program for the Economic section of the British Association, at Bath, in 1888, this "profoundly and persistently earnest person"—this "fanatical pulpiteer" (we again quote Mr. Bettany of The Bookman) stated conclusively:

"Let me disavow all admiration for this inevitable, but sordid, slow, reluctant, cowardly path to justice. I venture to claim your respect for those enthusiasts who still refuse to believe that millions of their fellow creatures must be left to sweat and suffer in hopeless toil and

degradation, whilst parliaments and vestries grudgingly muddle and grope towards paltry instalments of betterment. The right is so clear, the wrong so intolerable, the gospel so convincing, that it seems to them that it must be possible to enlist the whole body of workers—soldiers, policemen, and all—under the banner of brotherhood and equality; and at one great stroke to set Justice on her rightful throne. Unfortunately, such an army of light is no more to be gathered from the human product of nineteenth century civilization than grapes are to be gathered from thistles. But if we feel glad of that impossibility; if we feel relieved that the change is to be slow enough to avert personal risk to ourselves; if we feel anything less than acute disappointment and bitter humiliation at the discovery that there is yet between us and the promised land a wilderness in which many must perish miserably of want and despair: then I submit to you that our institutions have corrupted us to the most dastardly degree of selfishness."

Shaw was elected a vestryman in the London borough of St. Pancras in 1807, but did not enter municipal politics prominently until 1904, when he ran for the London County Council. He was defeated; but his valuable little campaign book-"The Common Sense of Municipal Trading"-was a success. "There is a child's school-book which I have never seen, entitled 'Reading Without Tears," he informs us in the extraordinarily brief preface. "I am half tempted to borrow from its author to the extent of calling this book 'Municipal Trade Without Figures.' At all events, there are no figures in this book, and the reader will soon learn from it that the figures with which he has been so grievously pelted from other quarters do not matter." He continues his argument as follows:

"Let us imagine a city in which the poor rates, police rates, and sanitary rates are very low, and the children in the schools flourishing and of full weight, whilst all the public services of the city are municipalized and conducted without a farthing of profit, or even with occasional deficits made up out of the rates. Suppose another city in which all the public services are in the hands of flourishing joint-stock companies paying from 7 to 21 per cent., and in which the workhouses, the prisons, the hospitals, the sanitary inspectors, the disinfectors and strippers and cleansers are all as busy as the joint-stock companies, whilst the schools are full of rickety children. According to the commercial test, the second town would be a triumphant proof of the prosperity brought by private enterprise, and the first a dreadful example of the bankruptcy of municipal trade. But which town would a wise man rather pay

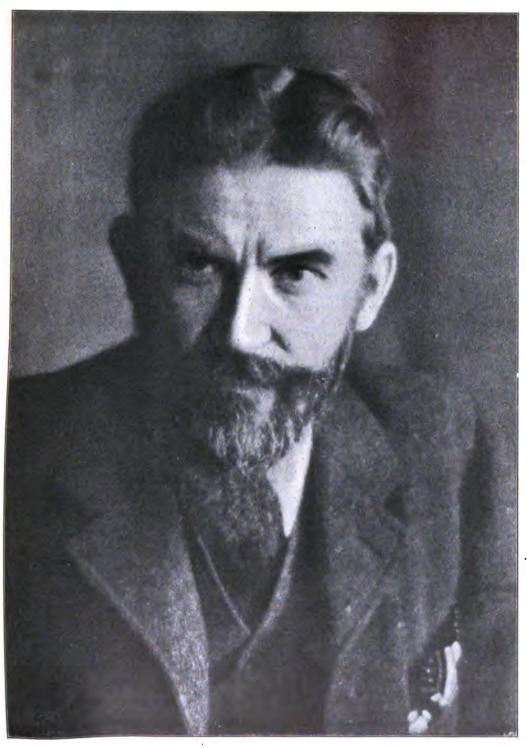
rates in? The very shareholders of the companies in the second town would take care to live in the first. And what chance would a European state, consisting of towns of the second type, have in a struggle for survival with a state of the first?"

From the fact that an enterprising management has contrived to run for three months four Shaw plays (at the Court Theater, London), usually with two per formances daily, it is evident that London wants Shaw just now more as a witty and provocative dramatist than as a discreet member of its County Council. But it is also evident that Shaw is ready and willing to serve the city in either capacity. Appended to his list of novels, dramatic works and philosophic criticism are "political and economic works by the same author"—
"Fabian Essays," "Fabianism and the Empire," "Fabianism and the Fiscal Question," "An Eight Hours Working Day," and "The Common Sense of Municipal Trading." This appendage will probably lengthen; for a single defeat is not likely to drive a man like Shaw out of municipal politics.

Speaking of Shaw's puritanical vein and of his social philosophy, Mr. James Huneker, in his new book, "Iconoclasts," says:

"This puritanical vein has grown with the years, as it has with Tolstoy. Only Shaw never wasted his youth in riotous living, as did Tolstoy.

"He had no money, no opportunities, no taste. A fierce ascetic and a misogynist, he will have no regrets at threescore and ten; no sweet memories of headaches—he is a teetotaller; no heartaches—he is too busy with his books; and no bitter aftertaste for having wronged a fellow-being. Behold, Bernard Shaw is a good man, has led the life of a saint, worked like a hero against terrible odds, and is the kindest-hearted man in London. Now we have reached another mask-the mask of altruism. Nearly all his earnings went to the needy; his was, and is, a practical socialism. He never let his right hand know the extent of his charities, and, mark this—no one else knew of it. Yet good deeds, like murder, will out. His associates ceased deriding the queer clothes, the flannel shirt, and the absence of evening dress; his money was spent on others. So, too, his sawdust menu,—his carrots cabbage, and brown bread, it did not cost much, his eating, for his money was needed by poorer folk. So you see what a humbug is this dear old Diogenes, who growls cynically at the human race, abhors sentiment-mongers, and despises conventional government, art, religion, and philosophy. He is an arch-sentimentalist, underneath whose frown are concealed tears of pity. Another mask torn away—Bernard Shaw, philanthropist!"



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

"Behold, Bernard Shaw is a good man, has led the life of a saint, and is the kindest-hearted man in London."

#### Recent Poetry

Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd writes a poem in The Century entitled "Frail Singers of To-day" in which he likens the "tinkling harmony" of their song to the "thin yet poignant cry" made by a cut-glass goblet whose rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It is a striking simile and is warranted—as probably it would have been warranted at any time in the past-by much the larger part of the poetical output of our day. Most of our minor poets look into their own molecular vibrations too much and the outside world too little in searching for subjects, and the result is usually a thin and tinkling music. Nevertheless, we find no difficulty whatever in filling five pages each month with poetry that strikes us as well worth while, and both in quantity and quality the "frail singers of to-day" seem to us to be doing as well as they ever have done.

In the following stanzas (taken from *The Century*) a worthy subject is worthily treated; and there is no cut-glass melody about them:

#### Homeward Bound

On the Return to America of the Remains of John Paul Jones

By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

With proud, uplifted head
The fair Republic claims her dead;
With outstretched hands—the hands he fought
to free—

Awaits, oh, not in ruth,
The lover of her youth,
Her Bayard of the sea.
Let the sea once more caress him,
And the land he loved possess him;
For now the years are sped—
The proud Republic claims her dead.

Atlantic waves, that smiled
Of old so oft to greet your child,
List not to hear his battle-orders ring;
Care not to break his sleep,
But softly, softly bring
Your nursling of the deep,
With his birthright flag above him,
To the shores that own and love him,—
Of old their rover wild,
Now held in slumber as a child.

The oaken ship that won
His storied sea-fight, gun to gun,
To Freedom's flag its red baptism gave,
Aflame, still made reply,
Fought on to victory,
Then plunged beneath the wave.
Let the squadrons close around him
Till the Nation's hands have crowned him,
Whose fierce sea-fight he won
'Twixt the setting and the rising of the sun.

Not far from ocean's strand,
His tomb, made lasting by her hand,
Shall henceforth tell within the guarded field
Of him who that dread night
Began anew the fight,
And, sinking, could not yield.
Down the lengthened line bequeath it,
Let our sailor sons enwreathe it,
And the challenge and command
Be heard anear it and the strand.

Erect, with shining head,
The great Republic claims her dead;
Nor, in that day when every stripe and star
Proclaims the reign of Peace,
Shall honor to him cease
Nor Fame his laurel mar.
Though no battle-peal awake him,
Time upon its scroll shall make him
One of earth's heroes dead,
Whose deeds that golden day more swiftly

The late Mary Mapes Dodge was not only one of the most—perhaps the most—successful of editors in the field of juvenile publications, but a poet of genuine feeling and fine expression. The following verses by her seem peculiarly appropriate just now, and are being widely reprinted:

#### The Two Mysteries

#### By MARY MAPES DODGE

"In the middle of the room, near the coffin, sat Walt Whitman holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the face of the aged poet. 'You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?' said he, and added, 'We don't, either.'"

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still:

The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;

The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;

The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;

This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;

We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,

Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us "What is life?" not one

Should come and ask us "What is life?" not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be; Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see! Then might they say-these vanished ones-and blessed is the thought:

"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you naught;

We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of. death-

Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,

So all who enter death must go as little children

Nothing is known. But, nearing God, what hath the soul to dread?

And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

The poems of Charles J. Bayne, whose name is but little known, have been collected and are being published in book form (Cole Book Company, Atlanta), under the title "Perdita and Other Poems." The following poem, taken from the volume, will not be new to all our readers, but it is worth renewing acquaintance with:

#### Trovato

#### By CHARLES J. BAYNE

Is it but the idle fancy Of a mocking necromancy That together, leaf and blossom, by the Indus once we grew, And that Hafiz came, or Omar,

To imprison the aroma

In some half-remembered measure which has rhythmed me to you?

Is it false or is it real That, in ages more ideal,

I was song and you were Sappho; you were sun-beam, I the dew? For I long have felt the burgeon

Of a passion, vague and virgin, Which you quicken to remembrance of a former life we knew.

Were you stream when I was willow? Was I shell when you were billow? For your voice has ever echoed through the hushes of my heart;

And it seems, as I behold you, That the very air foretold you

By the fragrance which, in welcome, all the budding boughs impart.

But at last I stand beside you, And the fate which long denied you Yields, in recompense, a dearer incarnation than my dream.

What I sought to what you are, Love, Was as twilight to the star, Love,

As the languor is to summer, as the murmur to the stream.

And since age on age has perished But to bring the soul I cherished, Wherein thought and feeling, blended, are as petal and perfume,

Let us linger here forever, Where the pride of all endeavor Is a fervor which to passion is as glamour unto gloom.

Yet, if Fate reserves its malice But to break the lifted chalice, Let me mingle with the elements, where once I was a part;

Then, on some supernal morning

Which your beauty is adorning, As a dewdrop in a lily, I may nestle in your

The spirit of the woodland, elusive, changeful, alluring, is finely caught, it seems to us, in the poem below, by a writer who, it must be confessed, is sometimes numbered among the bards of the "tinkling" class. This poem, which does not tinkle, is taken from Smart Set:

#### The Haunted Woodland BY MADISON CAWEIN.

My soul goes out to her who says, "Come, follow me, and cast off care!" Then tosses back her sunbright hair, And like a flower before me sways Between the green leaves and my gaze: This creature like a girl, who smiles Into my eyes and softly lays Her hand in mine and leads me miles, Long miles of haunted forest ways.

Sometimes she seems a faint perfume. A fragrance that a flower exhaled And God gave form to; now, unveiled, A sunbeam making gold the gloom Of vines that roof some woodland room Of boughs; and now the silvery sound Of streams her presence doth assume-Music, from which, in dreaming drowned, A crystal shadow she seems to bloom.

Sometimes she seems the light that lies On foam of waters, where the fern Shimmers and drips; now, at some turn Of woodland, bright against the skies, She seems the rainbowed mist that flies; And now the mossy fire that breaks. Beneath the feet in azure eyes Of flowers; and now the wind that shakes Pale petals from the bough that sighs.

Sometimes she lures me with a song; Sometimes she guides me with a laugh: Her white hand is a magic staff, Her look a spell to lead me long: Though she be weak and I be strong. She needs but shake her happy hair, But glance her eyes, and, right or wrong, My soul must follow-anywhere She wills—far from the world's wild throng.

Sometimes I think that she must be No part of earth, but merely this-The fair, elusive thing we miss In Nature; that we dream we see. Yet never see; that goldenly Beckons; that, limbed with rose and pearl, The Greek made a divinity— A nymph, a god, a glimmering girl That haunts the forest's mystery.

We take from the London Athenoum the song below, that has caught our fancy. It is quoted in a review of the author's new book of poems entitled "Love's Journey" (John Lane).

#### A Song

#### BY ETHEL CLIFFORD

The wheel turns and the water falls.
Shall we not linger here and rest?
The sun grown weary of the day
Has lit his camp-fires in the west.
And far away
A late bird calls.

The wheel turns and the slow hours fall
From off Time's spindle. You and I,
Shall we have woven a cloth of gold,
To make Love brave in, ere we die
Or grow too old
To hear him call?

The wheel turns and the water falls.

The singing stream that knew the hill

Leaps to the wheel, and, broken there,
Goes coursing onwards, singing still,

And hasting where
The deep sea calls.

The wheel stops. See, the shadows fall.

The sleeping sun no beacon shows.

Belov'd, we too, even as the stream,

Have known the breaking wheel it knows;

But hold our dream

Till Death shall call.

We are indebted to the London Saturday Review for the following swinging ballad. We would like it better without the "Envoy."

#### A Ballade of Versemaking

By Sidney Olivier

Out of the bottomless Ocean rift,
The dumb, dead glooms and slimes of it,
The sunlight beckons the aimless drift,
And the moon bespeaks the times of it:
And the stormwind saws at the thundering strings,
Till the breakers bellow the chimes of it—
The close-wrought song that the Ocean sings,
With racing ripples the rhymes of it.

Out of the flaming firmament,
The ringing, singing mint of them,
The scarlet fades and the stars are sprent,
One after one the glint of them:
And clear glow here the patterned words,
And dim is there the hint of them,
The hieroglyphs of beasts and birds,
For God to read the print of them.

Out of the wonder of Death and of Life, Whatever stings or stirs of it, Splendour of loving, splendour of strife, The steadfast or perverse of it,—
The blessing or the curse of it,—
The better or the worse of it,—
There is no Word that is spoken to Man, But Man shall make his Verse of it.

ENVOY.

Princess: this song has an idle tune,—
You must not deem the worse of it:
For it sang in my heart for an hour of June,
And you were mother and nurse of it.

Here is a song of the "strenuous life" versus the "simple life," by one of the surest of our younger poets. We reprint it from Smart Set

#### The Call of the City

By Arthur Stringer.

Good-bye, deep-blossomed hills, good-bye. Here still, in thine assuaging breast, Shall brood content and quiet rest; Here, for all time, earth's languorous days Shall swing their long-houred, sun-clad ways; Here death and quiet leaves shall fall, And glad birds sing and waters call; Here muffled-noted solace still Shall brood above each opiate hill, And all the wings of time seem furled— But still, still calls the outer world! Through each soft valley of content We crave the old bewilderment Of street and dust and mart again; The old, mad, million-throated strain, The citied press and roar, to slake Life's old immedicable ache! We live by battle, and must go Where sterner tides and currents flow! Insatiate we thirst for life; Peace, peace is good: but best is strife! We are not wholly made, soft hills, For rest like thine; life wakes and thrills To outland voices, to the need Of dubious issue, valorous deed! Life, with its tangled hopes and fears, Life, with its dripping of dark tears, Life, with its laughter, love, regret— This is the bond that holds us yet! Deep in thy silences our heart
Forgot each teeming square and mart,
Where men their good, grim schooling earn,
And fall and rise and slowly learn, While still, in thine unaging breast, Shall brood content and quiet rest! Good-bye, deep-bosomed hills, good-bye!

The life of Robert Louis Stevenson, its charm and its heroism, appeals strongly to poets as well as to those of us who are not poets. Much poetry has been written about him, but not much that is better than the following found in *The Reader Magazine*:

#### Tusitala: Teller of Tales

By Mary H. Krout.

Dweller in many lands, he sought the heights
And laid him down to sleep
Under the stars that, through the tropic nights,
Burn in the purple deep.

There the first splendors of the dawning day Break o'er the sea's blue rim, There the last glories of the sunset stay, As though they shone for him. The white surf, far below, leaps high in air, The winds the palm-trees shake, The silvery rain sweeps by—he is not there; They call, he will not wake.

The foregoing leaves one pensive. The following rattling chanty by J. H. Knight Adkin will bring a different mood. It is from the London Spectator:

North and South and home again Round the world and all, From Barry Dock to Callao, From Limehouse to Bengal, Where'er the old "Red Duster" flies, Where'er a ship can swing. Where'er an English hand's at work You'll hear their chorus ring.

#### REFRAIN.

Oh! it's "'Frisco Town" for anchor up, "Rio" for mains'l haul, As soldiers know their bugle notes We knew them one and all. "Leave her, Johnny, as we go,"
"Missouri," or "Black Ball." Take your time from the chantyman! Altogether! Haul!

They cheered us beating off the Horn, Close-reefed for stress of sea. Or racing on the homeward slant, The trade-wind following free. And when the sea-fog walled us in With naught but smell to guide, Their chorus echoed back again From icebergs over-side.

#### REFRAIN.

Oh! it's "Stormalong" and "Ranzo, boys," "Paddy Doyle" and all, (Gypsies of the deep-sea trade Hearken to the call!) One man's song is ten men's work, At winch or sheet or fall Take your time from the chantyman! Altogether! Haul!

Their music's falling silent now; We'll never hear again The white-winged Swansea copper-boats Ring to the old refrain. The sea's a-chock with steam and speed From Melbourne to the Bay, And sailor men and sailor songs Are out of date to-day.

#### REFRAIN.

Oh! 'twas "Whisky, boys," and "Blow him down," And "Haul the bow-line, haul!" Rough and harsh and raw with brine, But, oh, how clear the call! "The world is fair, the seas are wide, And England's all too small." Take your time from the chantyman! Altogether! Haul!

The Metropolitan Magazine is still printing the "prize poems" of its recent contest. We have already reprinted one of them. Here is another

that has a message in it for our commercial day and generation:

#### The Servants of the King

By Elsa Barker

One day I wandered out upon the road That spans the mad world, near my calm abode, Seeking companions in the restless throng That staggered on beneath its varied load.

I bore no burden save a rhymester's pack That lay as light as wings upon my back; My goal was life, my only task to sing And speed the sun around the Zodiac.

I hailed a haggard fellow with a pile Of printed stuff—the world's ephemeral file, Calling, "Come, listen to a troubadour!" He said, "I may have time—after a while."

There passed another in a gorgeous dress, Laden with gems, but pale with weariness.

"Pause, friend," I said, "and listen to the wind. "Pause!" he replied, "and lose all I possess?"

Then came a man with bricks upon his head, Pursuing blindly his elusive bread. I called, "Come, listen to a song of life!" "What is a song? And what is life?" he said.

I cried, "What seek ye all-what wondrous thing That ye have souls neither to laugh nor sing, Nor hearts to love, nor time to think or dream?" They said, "We do not know: we serve the king."

"Who is the king to whom your lives are sold? Whence came his power?" I questioned young and old.

Seeking for knowledge; and I only heard: "The king is nameless; but his power is gold."

1 cried, "Your king is mad! Why, if he knew The difference between the false and true,-Between life's kernel and its worthless chaff,-Would he not find some nobler use for you?'

They paused, they stared, they sighed; then one

Resumed the weary race they had begun. And I? I walked beside them down the road— But went on singing till the day was done!

A volume of verses by Helen Hay Whitney (Mrs. Payne Whitney), is published by Harpers. It is entitled "Sonnets and Songs," and contains but little that is compelling. The following sonnet seems to us to be one of the best:

#### Eadem Semper

By Helen Hay Whitney.

How shall I hold you? By a scimitar Of flashing wit suspended o'er your head, Oh, my beloved? Or with lips rose-red Lure you to Lethe? Shall I stand afar, Pale and remote and distant as a star, Challenging love? Or by a scarlet thread Jealousy's wiles, beguile by scorn and dread? Wounding the heart I love with hateful scar.

Nay, I can take no action, play no play;
All my wit falters when I hear you speak,
All my wise guile with which your wooing
strove

Vanishes as the sun of yesterday.

I can but lay my cheek against your cheek— Love me or leave me, I can only love.

We like the poem below as much as anything that we have seen from the pen of the author. It gives us a beautiful picture and the poem grows better as one rereads it:

#### Evening

#### By Louise Morgan Sill

The sun's long hour of passion has ta'en flight,
The wind is sleeping, and the drowsy flowers
Droop softly. All the little petulant showers,
That fret the earth with bitter-sweet delight,
Have fled before the Night's approaching train
In swiftly vanished bubbles of bright rain.

A blur of green and gray the meadow lies,
And the dim patch of woodland, where is heard
The tender call of a remonstrant bird—
As if she cried to the far Mysteries
To keep her brooding nest, where younglings lay,
Serene and safe until the coming day.

Another wistful sound is in the air
Here, where the brook has dallied all day long.
Now in the vesper changes of its song
It has embodied, too, a patient prayer,
And its mute rocks are altars whence to raise
The old rich choral of its evening praise.
Mayhap on yonder distant evening star
Is heard the hymning of the humble stream:
The bird's appealing murmur in her dream

Is carried by the friendly ether far From realm to realm, to join the mighty cry Of all created things to God on high.

How quiet is the air! What spirit hath Hidden within the shadows, that my feet Pause in half-fright at what I next may meet Around the turning of the misty path,—Some genie of the evening on his round, Treading before me guiltless of a sound?

Or some sad wanderer seeking here surcease From life's vexation, lifting up his heart Until of Evening he becomes a part, Lost in its primal wonder and its peace. Ah, may he feel God's hand upon his brow Blessing and cheering him—as I do now.

Thoreau died forty-five years ago, but his soul goes marching on in prose and poetry. The following we take from the New England Magazine:

#### Thoreau

#### By Florence Kiper

#### After seeing Walden Pond

The green things in their growing knew his heart As quick with budding impulse as their own. The solitude had found a solitude As wild and holy; the keen starlight knew A gleam as keen and subtle; the high trees Heavenward reaching, reached and yearned through him

And in his blood their living sap was quick. The candor of the good brown earth he knew, The wide simplicity of growing fields, The mystery and rapture of the dawn Shimmer and depth of his dear pond he held, Shimmer and liquid depth and glancing beams Of sunlight on its surface; these he knew As in himself, this lover of the woods.

President Roosevelt has time for something else than affairs of State, and in *The Outlook* recently he had an article on the poetry of Edward Arlington Robinson, in whose work, he thinks, "there is an undoubted touch of genius." There is something in the following poem certainly that lifts it above the commonplace:

#### **Twilight Song**

#### By Edward Arlington Robinson

Through the shine, through the rain We have shared the day's load;
To the old march again
We have tramped the long road;
We have laughed, we have cried,
And we've tossed the King's crown;
We have fought, we have died,
And we've trod the day down.
So it's lift the old song
Ere the night flies again,
Where the road leads along
Through the shine, through the rain

Long ago, far away,
Came a sign from the skies;
And we feared then to pray
For the new sun to rise:
With the King there at hand,
Not a child stepped or stirred—
Where the light filled the land
And the light brought the word;
For we knew then the gleam
Though we feared then the day,
And the dawn smote the dream
Long ago, far away.

But the road leads us all,
For the King now is dead;
And we know, stand or fall,
We have shared the day's bread,
We can laugh down the dream,
For the dream breaks and flies;
And we trust now the gleam,
For the gleam never dies;
So it's off now the load,
For we know the night's call,
And we know now the road
And the road leads us all.

Through the shine, through the rain, We have wrought the day's quest; To the old march again We have earned the day's rest; We have laughed, we have cried, And we've heard the King's groans; We have fought, we have died, And we've burned the King's bones, And we lift the old song Ere the night flies again, Where the road leads along Through the shine, through the rain.

#### Recent Fiction and the Critics

Mr. Maurice Hewlett has now reached the glory of an edition de luxe. His latest volume\* makes his output so far to consist of four novels,

three volumes of short stories, two volumes of poetry, and two Fool Errant descriptive works. "The Fool Errant" elicits the usual varying notes with which critics receive his novels. There is always, it seems, something to criticize and something to admire in Mr. Hewlett. Those who cannot admire his hero and heroine in this story praise his pictures of Italy in the eighteenth century. Those who think his plot a failure have commendation for his character

drawing.

What is by all odds the finest piece of reviewing called forth by the book, either in English or American journals, is Edith Wharton's review in The Bookman (New York). Mrs. Wharton finds the work "on the whole an advance over its predecessors," and takes notes of its "charm and animation," its "imagination and sense of style"; but its historical veracity she impugns convincingly. "His ranting, roaring personalities" seem to be true when set in medieval times, but she thinks they are out of place in eighteenth century Italy. She writes:

"Much commerce with the noisy middle ages has given him a stentorian voice and an earth-shaking tread. He has forgotten that it was characteristic of the sette-cento to roar as gently as any sucking-dove. . . The eighteenth century was all in nuances. Colors had paled, voices been lowered, convictions subdued: in Italy especially, if one may trust the social records of the day, people lived an jour le jour, taking pain and pleasure lightly and without much sense of the moral issue. Virginia Strozzi might have followed the hero as faithfully, but she would not have stormed at him so loudly."

So much in criticism of the story's setting. Mrs. Wharton speaks as follows of the characterizations:

"He has desired to depict her [the heroine] as a creature with undeveloped powers of expression, consumed by an inner intensity of emotion that occasionally flames out through her impassive exterior. So far, so good; the type is picturesque, and Goethe has set up an enduring model of it in Mignon. But it has betrayed Mr. Hewlett into greater indulgence of his besetting foible. If Virginia must be quiet and reserved for, say, a dozen pages, then, by the god of noise, she shall make up for it on the thirteenth. And make

\*THE POOL ERRANT. By Maurice Hewlett, The Mac-

up for it she does. Mr. Hewlett is there to see that she gets her opportunity. Some of the passages in which she gives way to her feelings read like a realistic description of an attack of hydrophobia; one longs to hurry off poor Strelley to the nearest Pasteur Institute."

The hero, Strelley, Mrs. Wharton thinks an improvement over the "somewhat rudimentary psychology" of Mr. Hewlett's earlier volumes: he sees something in life beside love adventure.

The general scheme of the novel is thus given by the London Saturday Review, which considers the story "very subtly conceived" and "very admirably written":

"Of Francis Strelley's errantry there could be no question, but he was a fool only as any man may seem to be who is born after or before his time. It was in days long after his due date that Strelley's lot was cast, for his times were those of the Round Table, but he was born in the eighteenth century. He lived like an old legend and so he lived like a fool, as a fool, at least, to his equals and betters, but very far indeed from that to those Tuscan poor to whom, poor as they, he elected finally to trust his fortunes. He wished to repair the damage he might have wrought by a careless kiss to a milkmaid with an offer of marriage; he did penance the most humiliating for an affection for his tutor's wife, penance which she in the end, with a passion grown for him, implored him in vain to exchange for a reward; he married a peasant girl for whom he felt but a friendly liking, merely to preserve her honour from another, when he might have had everything, and pleased her the better, with no assistance from a priest. And at the last, having married her, he renounced his home and his inheritance, and settled down as a journeyman carpenter in Lucca, for no better reason than that there, and in such estate, he was best able to indulge the ruling need of his nature to be naked, and the desire to deal nakedly with his neighbors.

This hero puts to the test the objurgatory vocabulary of the (San Francisco) Argonaut's reviewer. He begins his review as follows:

"Such a solemn ass as Mr. Francis Strelley, of Upcote, we never met in all our extended and diversified peregrinations in fiction. He is the most tepid young man we ever heard of. He is enormously moral, inexpressibly stupid—a precise prig. In his veins run milk and water, and his liver is just the color of his precious skin."

But the panoramic display in the story catches this same reviewer's fancy:

"In its pages Italy of the eighteenth century lives vividly for us We are steeped in the rich color of the time. We are entranced by the splendid landscapes. We are absorbed by the amazing array of beggars, thieves, knights, ladies,

peasants, priests, clowns, fakirs, soldiers, girls, officers, harlots, friars, that troop splendidly through this picaresque romance of old Italy. But our admiration stops abruptly short of the so-styled 'hero.' For its pictures 'The Fool Errant' is worth reading. For its story, no."

The London *Times* has not become reconciled to Mr. Hewlett's way of treating subjects usually taboo in circles of society. It says:

"Readers of Mr. Hewlett will assume that his story is not of the milk-and-water type; there are, moreover, passages in it which are strong meat, not only for babes, but for other members of a family. His language, like that of Fra Palamone, is at times 'too luscious to be palatable'; and his portrayal of the manners of his period may or may not be excused by its faithfulness to social history. 'Their profession,' says Mr. Hewlett of his strolling players, 'which forced them to exhibit themselves in indelicate or monstrous situations for the pleasure of people who were mainly both, had made them callous to much which is offensive to a man of breeding.' The criticism that the writer of this sentence tends to apply an analogous argument to his own profession may be brutal, but it will suggest itself irresistibly to many readers, and not, we think, without justification."

Goethe, in his "Spruche in Reimen," addresses the United States in lines recently translated by a writer in *The Nation* as follows:

America! thou farest better
Than our Continent of ages:
Thou hast no ruined castle, no weather-beaten
prison cages.
In the present thou livest,
And carest not, nor givest
Needless thought to the past,
Or things that do not last.
Enjoy the present, and if in time
Thy children take to writing prose or rhyme,
God save them from writing much
Of tales of knights, robbers, mysteries, and such.

We fear that Goethe would have been disappointed by the continued vogue of the historical romance. The latest specimen, and one of the most

The P. Lyle, Jr.\* The author, after serving his apprenticeship as reporter in Kansas City and contributor to

magazines, went to San Luis Potosi, Mexico, where his father practises the profession of mining engineer. There the young man wrote this romance of the times of Maximilian. In it The Sun (New York) finds "plenty of ecstatic shudders." Public Opinion commends it to "all who desire what Mademoiselle Jacqueline sought—the thrill." And the Chicago Inter-Ocean says: "The pages are crowded with plot and counterplot and

action. The fighting is gorgeous. The love-making is warm blooded."

This seems to fix the class of the novel—a sufficiently familiar class. But Mr. Lyle is credited with originality by a number of critics, and his novel is spoken of as a "remarkable" first performance. The Boston *Herald*, for instance, says:

"As a first book it is remarkable. It teems with originality, sincerity and enthusiasm. There are grotesque moments, flaring Americanisms and prejudices on which, however, rest Mr. Lyle's individuality, and these are atoned for by the stimulating atmosphere and the vividness of the scenic back-ground. It is a long story of over 500 closely printed pages and is fascinating from the opening chapter to the last."

The Bookseller, while it does not consider the work a really important novel, thinks that the "cynical piquancy" of the style and its "originality" would have made it such but for the author's lack of sympathy with his characters and his flippant treatment of Old-World customs and ideas. Mr. C. E. Bramble, in Book News, has this to say:

"The book on the whole is remarkably well written. It is, to be sure, full of hair-breadth escapes and exciting crises, but the spirit of the story is continuous and strong. The element of the romantic prevails, but we feel that the tale is true in its essential elements, that these characters really lived as Mr. Lyle has made them live."

The reviewer of *The Times Saturday Review* (New York) also regards the novel as "a remarkable first book," one indicating "extraordinary vision" and power of expression; it has "epic breadth" and is a "splendid venture," though it is "crude enough in certain details." It thus outlines the plot:

"The Missourian, a hero half splendid and half grotesque, is one of that band of Confederates who, under Joe Shelby, refused even at the eleventh hour to surrender to the Federal forces and conceived the idea of complete expatriation by offering their services to the tottering throne of Mexico. With this offer of military aid, Din Driscoll, Missourian, Confederate Lieutenant Colonel, and storm centre in every fight, is sent to Mexico, where he sees the vision of a dissolving empire, and, of course, finds love. And he finds love, rather absurdly and incredibly, in the person of the Marquise d'Aumerle, exquisite, maddening, and sophisticated, first Lady of Honor to the Empress of Mexico and secret emissary from Napoleon. The crudity of the book consists in the fact that this strangely assorted pair of lovers save each other continually from hairbreadth escapes, and that the spoilt child of two imperial Courts contemplates finding happiness on a Missouri farmstead. Yet from the point of view of sheer romance Din Driscoll and Jacqueline d'Aumerle serve admirably for that thread of individual ad-

<sup>\*</sup>The Missourian. By Eugene P Lyle, Jr Doubleday, Page & Co.

venture and personal interest which had to run through the larger and more important action of the book."

A literary performance of a very different sort is Robert W. Chambers's latest book.\* It is a satirical skit on *l'art nouveau*, and like most

lole

humorous works it affects different critics in opposite ways. The Boston *Transcript* finds it "feeble the Providence *Journal* calls

it "vacuous," and the New York Tribune characterizes it as "a labored and stodgy performance." But there is a chorus of praise that is enthusiastic from a large majority of the critics. The Chicago Evening Post, for instance, thinks that as a bit of delicious fooling it is "a literary achievement which must always stand in the fore rank of its class—if it be not, like the 'Dolly Dialogues,' say, in a class of its own." And the New York Evening Post takes an equally favorable view:

"In his latest story—perhaps one might more correctly say in his latest stories, for here are really three in one—Mr. Chambers is nearly always at his best. Which is to say that in 'lole' the reader will find descriptions of the out-of-doors that will appeal to memory, descriptions of people who are really worth describing and situations which are at once novel, yet possible. Also, he will find page after page of dialogue that is both witty and natural.

witty and natural.

"But to mention the name of Clarence Guilford, poet and apostle of the new art, is to cease from criticism, for of all the characters to whom Mr. Chambers has introduced his many readers, this artist, who picks atoms from the atmosphere while he discourses of Art, which 'to be Art, must be artless,' is surely the most delicious."

The impression made by the story on a reviewer in *The Independent* is thus described:

"Those who admire Fra Elbertus and those who detest him—and most people come in one of these two categories—will want to read this clever caricature of some of the peculiarities of Roycrofters. And besides these are eight beautiful pajama girls of innocence and naiveté such as were never before seen in books or out of them. The incidents arising therefrom are startling enough to titillate the most hardened novel reader. The course of love runs with unprecedented smoothness. Instead of requiring 400 pages to get one couple mated, as most novelists do, Mr. Chambers makes five matches in 140 pages. And we can hardly wait for the other three to grow up so he can write the sequel."

These young ladies, who talk Greek upon occasion, wear pink pajamas, go barefooted when they feel like it, and discourse to young men most unconventionally upon, for instance, their underwear, affect the Brooklyn Eagle's reviewer and that of the New York Tribune very differently. The latter finds that "their vulgarity is only en-

hanced by their appearance in a book representing, it is to be inferred, an ambition higher than that of the comic paragrapher." The former reviewer finds these girls "glorious" and "divine." He writes:

"But those eight daughters of the Poet—what a glorious group they were! The Poet, be it understood, has a 'shop' in the woods, and a house built of boulders and stained wood, and he produced vellum-bound books and furniture that rivalled the medieval ages product for cumbersomeness and discomfort. It was in this environment that the eight glorious daughters were reared, instructed in the lore of the ages and allowed to grow up without any of the cramping appurtenances, mental or artificial, that usually hinder womanly growth, The results were simply divine in soul and character and form."

"The clearest picture we have yet had of American business life" is the way in which The Argonaut (San Francisco) characterizes Robert Herrick's latest work.\* It says

further:

#### Memoirs of an American

Citizen

is a book that could have been written in no other country than America and at no other time than to-day. It has the force and value of a social document. We are convinced that the historian of a hundred years from now, when he comes to depict the ruling motives of the economic life of America in the year nineteen hundred and five, will find this book essential to his work. He will direct attention to it in a foot-note."

The "citizen" who gives title to the book is Van Harrington, who enters upon his career in Chicago with just fifteen cents in his possession. We quote *Book News* in further description:

"Though poor in pence, he is rich in enterprise, ambition, energy and pluck. Quick to grasp opportunity and handle situations that baffle more experienced heads than his, he advances in rapid succession from clerk, manager, partner, to sole proprietor of a packing business, and is soon recognized as a power in a corporation of international scope. From the beginning his object has been money, all the strength of mind and body has been given to add another dollar to the growing pile, and now that his efforts are crowned with success, he tells us, with much pathos, that 'but small comfort had I ever had from the wealth I had got out of the city. Food and drink, a place to sleep in, some clothes—comfort for my wife and children—what else?'"

William Morton Payne, reviewing this novel in *The Dial* (Chicago), agrees with *The Argonaut* on the value of the book as a human document to the future historian; but objects to the author's attitude toward his money-mad hero. Says Mr. Payne:

"In this book, the unscrupulous central char-

<sup>\*</sup>IOLE, By Robert W. Chambers, D. Appleton and Company

<sup>\*</sup>THE MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Company

acter achieves every kind of material success, and the characters that in any way stand for decency are presented to us in a light that makes them appear weak and ridiculous. Professions of principle are met with a covert sneer, and efforts to act in accordance with any motive higher than selfishness are made to appear con-temptible. This they doubtless are in the eyes of the 'American citizen' whose dubious rise to wealth and political honor is here outlined, but the author need not view them-nay, is bound not to view them—from that angle of observation. Such must be our fundamental criticism of this autobiography of the country boy who becomes a pork-packer in Chicago, rises to fortune by corrupt practices, and purchases a seat in the Senate as the crown of his life of dishonor. The author persuades us to follow the career of this archcriminal with a certain degree of sympathy, and does little or nothing to encourage our sympathy with those of his characters who shrink from making terms with the mammon of unrighteous-The story seems to be rooted in bitter cynicism and to embody the very philosophy of despair.'

The World Today, another Chicago periodical, thinks the novel is more than a convincing story; it is also "the portrayal of a world-view that will be recognized by every man of affairs." It adds:

"Judged from its own point of view, as a study in psychology of a captain of industry, it is a remarkable book We fail to recall any volume in which a human soul is more frankly exposed. Our hope is that this autobiographical sketch is but a study for what Mr. Herrick can make the most truly representative American novel that has ever been written."

Two novels by George Gissing have been published since his death. One, "Veranilda," has done nothing to enhance his reputation. The other\* shows, in the judgment

Will of several competent critics, that
Warburton his art "had entered into a riper
and maturer phase." Mr. Gissing, in this novel, comes back to realism and to
London's commercialism. The scheme of the
story is thus outlined by The Critic:

"Mr. Gissing's satirical humor, which he expends mercilessly on some of his minor characters, deserts him in connection with that rather wooden hero, Will Warburton. Impoverished by his partner, Sherwood,—whose weak dishonesties are the author's psychological specialty,—Warburton becomes a grocer in order to supply his mother and sister with an income. The social prejudice prevailing in England against grocers is inordinately but unskilfully dwelt upon. Bold and brave though he be, Warburton conducts his grocery incognito, and the discovery of his base employment is made the moral test of the two young women of the story.

The artist in this story, Norbert Franks, who became rich and popular through painting senti-

\*WILL WARBURTON: A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE. By George Gissing. E. P. Dutton & Co. mental prettinesses and who weakly wobbles between conflicting purposes, is amply castigated, his supreme penalty being that of marrying Rosamund, the glaringly heartless and shallow young woman who would have successfully entrapped Warburton himself had she not, at an opportune moment, obtained a peep of him in his professional apron.

The Critic finds "an abundance of good work" in the book and "the entire sincerity that never deserted Mr.Gissing"; but this and his other works lack the supreme touch of art, and "it is now quite plain that Mr. Gissing's insight into human character was seriously limited." The London Athenæum finds in this book "a vast difference in treatment and spirit" from that of his former novels, in that the present is more genial amiable and friendly; and it comments on the change thus:

"All this marks a gain in power, in grasp, and in sympathy. But apart from this important development there is no change observable in style. It is open to the same objections as before; it has the same virtues. It is undistinguished, but it is clear and efficient. It lacks colour, but it has balance. Its matter-of-factness makes it easy for the reader, while at times chafing him when he feels it might rise to the occasion. It never does; it plods along like a devoted pedestrian. But it is making for the proper goal all the same; and there are evolved slowly before the reader's eyes real characters, firmly endued with flesh and blood, not painted shadows. That is the first essential of good fiction, and Gissing's was always good. It is sad to think that what is in some respects his best work should also be his last."

The London Saturday Review also takes note of the more genial tone of Gissing's later work and connects it with the changes in his life. It says:

"His earlier novels without exception are marked by a bitterness of conception, a hopelessness of outlook that are distinctly traceable to the author's own experience. Life did not deal too kindly with George Gissing. His apprenticeship to literature was hard and cruel. In spite of a long and bitter struggle with poverty he upheld his standard and never consented to pander to the public taste by ephemeral work or meretricious effects. Strength and sincerity characterized all he did. But it was impossible for a man of his temperament, placed as he was for the greater part of his life, to escape the taint of pessimism, and he would seem to have taken a sort of sombre delight in relentless delineation of failure. It was impossible for him to accept life at other people's valuation, nor could he consent to bow down and worship commonplace ideals. When at last worldly success came it arrived, as it generally does, almost too late. He was only to enjoy for so short a time. And yet that brief time of prosperity stamped itself upon his work. His nature unfolded. His outlook upon life became more genial, better proportioned.

### The Lost Words of Love.—By Catulle Mendes\*

I

Once upon a time a very cruel fairy, pretty as the flowers, but wicked as the serpents who hide in the grass ready to spring upon you, resolved to avenge herself upon all the people of a great country. Where was this country situated? In the mountain or in the plain, at the shore of a river or by the sea? This the story does not tell. Perhaps it was near the kingdom where the dressmakers were very skilful in adorning the robes of the princesses with moons and with stars. And what was the offense from which the fairy had suffered? With regard to this also the story is silent. Perhaps they had omitted to offer up prayers to her at the baptism of the king's However this might be, it is certain daughter. enough that the fairy was in a great rage.

She asked herself at first whether she should devastate the country by sending out the thousands of spirits that served her to set fire to all the palaces and all the cottages, or whether she should cause all the lilacs and all the roses to fade, or whether she should turn all the young girls into ugly old women. She could have let loose all the four winds upon the streets, and laid low the houses and the trees. At her command firespitting mountains would have buried the entire land with burning lava and the sun would have turned from its path so as not to shine upon the accursed city. But she did still worse. Like a thief who leisurely chooses the most precious jewels in a case, she removed from the memory of men and women the three divine words:

"I love you!"

And having brought this affliction she removed herself with a light smile on her lips that would have been more hideous than the church of the devil if she had not had the most beautiful rosy lips in all creation.

II

At first the men and women only half perceived the wrong that was done them. It seemed to them that they lacked something, but they did not know what. The sweethearts that

\*Translated from the French, by Thomas Seltzer, for Cur-

met in the evening in the eglantine lanes. the married couples who talked confidingly to each other behind closed windows and drawn curtains, suddenly interrupted themselves and looked at each other or embraced; they felt, indeed, that they wanted to pronounce a certain customary phrase, but they did not even have an idea of what that phrase was. They were astonished, uneasy, but they did not ask each other any questions, for they did not know what question to ask, so complete was their forgetfulness of the precious word. But they did not suffer very much as yet, for they had the consolation of possessing so many other words that they could whisper to each other, and of so many caresses.

Alas! It was not long before they were seized with a profound melancholy. It was in vain that they adored each other, that they called each other by the tenderest names, and talked the sweetest language. It was not enough to declare that all the bliss lay in their kisses; to swear that they were ready to die, he for her and she for him; to call each other: "My soul! my flame! my dream!" They instinctively felt the need of saying and hearing another word, more exquisite than all other words, and with the bitter memory of the ecstasy that was contained in this word came the anguish of never being able to utter or to hear it any more.

Quarrels followed in the wake of this distress. Judging his happiness incomplete on account of the avowal that was henceforth denied to the most ardent lips, the lover demanded from her and she from him just the thing which neither the one nor the other could give, without either knowing what or being able to name it. They accused each other of coldness, of perfidy, not believing in the tenderness which was not expressed as they desired.

Thus the sweethearts soon ceased to have their rendezvous in the lanes where the eglantines grew, and even after the windows were closed the conjugal chambers heard only dry conversations in easy chairs that were never brought near each other. Can there be joy without love? If the country which had incurred the hatred of

the fairy had been ruined by war, or devastated by pestilence, it could not have been as desolate, as mournful, as torlorn, as it had become on account of the three forgotten words.

#### 111

There lived in this country a poet whose plight was even more pitiful than that of the rest. It was not because, having a beautiful sweetheart, he was in despair for not being able to say and to hear the stolen word. He had no sweetheart, for he was too much in love with the muse. But it was because he was unable to finish a poem which he had begun the day before the wicked fairy had accomplished her vengeance. And why? Because it just happened that the poem was to wind up with "I love you!" and it was impossible to end it in any other way.

The poet struck his brow, took his head between his hands, and asked himself: "Have I gone mad?" He was certain, however, that he had found the words that were to precede the last point of exclamation before he had commenced to write the stanza. The proof that he had found these words was that the rhyme with which they were to go, and which was already written, waited for them-nay, called aloud for them, and did not want any others, like lips that wait for sister lips to kiss them. And this indispensable, fatal phrase he had forgotten; he did not even recall that he had ever known it! Surely there was some mystery in this, mused the poet unceasingly, with a bitter melancholy—Oh, the pang of interrupted poems!-sitting at the edge of the forest near the limpid fountains where the fairies have the habit of dancing of an evening in the light of the stars.

#### ΙV

Now as he sat once musing under the boughs of a tree, the wicked, thieving fairy saw him and loved him. One is not a fairy for nothing, and a fairy does not stand on ceremony. Swifter than a butterfly kisses a rose she put her lips upon his lips, and the poet, greatly occupied though he was with his ode, could not help but feel the heavenliness of her caress. Blue and rose diamond grottos opened up in the depths of the earth, gardens of lilies spread out there, luminous as the stars; thither the poet and the fairy were drawn

in a chariot of gold by winged steeds who cleft the earth in their flight; and for a very long time they loved each other, forgetful of all but their kisses and smiles. If they ceased for a moment to have their mouths united and to look into each other's eyes, it was but to take pleasure in more amiable diversions. Gnomes dressed in violet satin, elves attired in a misty haze, performed dances before them that fell in rhythm with the music of unseen orchestras, while flitting hands that had no arms brought them ruby baskets of snow-white fruit, perfumed like a white rose and like a virgin bosom. Or, to please the fairy more, the poet recited, while striking the cords of a theorbo, the most beautiful verses his fancy could conceive.

Fairy that she was, she had never known joy comparable to this of being sung by a beautiful young man who invented new songs every day; and when he grew silent and she felt the breath of his mouth very near her, passing through her hair, she melted away with tenderness.

Their happiness seemed to be without end. Days passed by, many, many days, but nothing occurred to disturb their joy. Nevertheless, she had moments of gloom, when she would sit musing, with her cheek on her hand and her hair falling down in streams to her hips.

"O queen!" he cried, "what is it that makes you sad, and what more can you desire, seeing that we are so happy in the midst of all our pleasures, you who are all-powerful, you who are so beautiful?" She did not answer at first, but when he insisted, she sighed and said: "Alas! one always ends by suffering the evil that one has inflicted on others. Alas! I am sad because you have never told me: "I love you."

He did not pronounce the words, but he uttered a cry of joy at having found again the end of his poem. In vain the fairy attempted to retain him in the blue and rose-diamond grottos, in the gardens of lilies that were as luminous as the stars. He returned to earth, completed, wrote and published his ode, in which the men and women of the afflicted country found again the divine words that they had lost.

Now there were rendezvous again in the lanes, and warm, amorous conversations at the contugal windows.

It is because of poetry that the kisses are sweet, and lovers say nothing that the poets have not sung.

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# urrent terature

Edited by EDWARD J. WHEELER

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

A replica of this statue, the work of the American sculptor John J. Boyle, will be unveiled in Paris, France, during the bicentenary celebration next January. (See page 507)

# **Current Literature**

VOL. XXXIX, No. 5

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor
Associate Editors: Leonard D. Abbott, Alexander Harvey

NOVEMBER, 1905

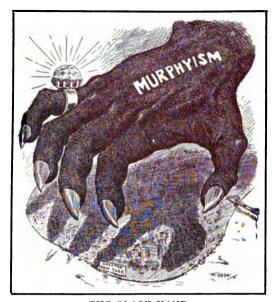
### A Review of the World

THE political pot is merrily boiling in a number of States as we go to press. In all but one of them the campaign is being waged, to an unusual degree, upon the personality of candidates and "bosses" rather than upon clearly defined differences of opinion regarding either State or national issues. The spectacle presented by a rapid survey of the field is somewhat bewildering. The Democratic State platform in Massachusetts commends President Roosevelt for his successful efforts to secure peace; the Rhode Island Democratic platform commends his stand for Federal regulation of railroad rates; Tammany Hall's city platform also commends his efforts as a peacemaker, this part of the platform eliciting the greatest enthusiasm of the convention; the Democratic platform in Ohio takes the President's position in regard to railroad rates, while the Republican platform is silent on the particular point regarding such rates that arouses discussion; the Republican platform in Massachusetts calls for tariff revision; and down in Louisiana, Senator Caffrey asserts that the Southern Democrats have become protectionists and predicts the organization of a new party. In Maryland, the Democratic party is divided in sentiment on the dominant issue—the Poe disfranchisement amendment; in Ohio the strongest opposition made to the Republican candidate is made by Republicans because of his attitude toward local option; in the Philadelphia municipal contest, the Republican mayor and the Republican organization are having a fierce contest; and in New York's municipal election the Republicans have as their candidate for mayor a man who was one of the organizers of the Tariff Reform Club, while the most bitter opposition to the regular Democratic candidate comes from Mr. Hearst, who last year was an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for the presidency and who is now a Democratic

Congressman! It is very much of a political medley. Viewing it, the New York World is led to ask, "Is the Democratic Party dying?" and The Times asks, "Is the Republican Party dying?"

THE municipal contest in New York City is in many respects the most interesting one now in progress. The personalities of the three principal candidates for mayor are of exceptional interest, and that of William T. Jerome, who is an entirely independent candidate for re-election as district attorney, is no less so. The campaign is a campaign of personality. The question of municipal ownership of public utilities is the ostensible reason back of Mr. Hearst's nomination, which was made by the newly formed Municipal League; but the professions of all the candidates on this subject are much the same, and the impeachment of the personal sincerity of one or the other is about all that that issue presents, therefore, for campaign use. "The platform upon which the Municipal League appeals to the public is honesty"-such is the way in which Mr. Hearst's platform defines itself. As no candidate is willing to stand forth as a champion of dishonesty, Mr. Hearst's campaign is mainly an effort to prove that other candidates or their backers are in reality false to their professions. Of the various candidates, Mr. McClellan is but forty, Mr. Hearst is but forty-two, Mr. Jerome is but forty-six, and Mr. Ivins is fifty-five.

CONSIDERABLE national significance attaches to the New York City campaign because of its possible results on the political fortunes of Mr. McClellan and Mr. Hearst. "The re-election of Mr. McClellan will make him the most powerful Democrat in New York State," remarks the Washington Star, while the Atlanta Journal goes a step further and re-



THE BLACK HAND

—F. Opper in New York American

marks: "If he succeeds again he will be just about the strongest Democrat in this country." The feeling is already finding expression freely that a re-election this year will make him the next Democratic candidate for governor, and his chances for a presidential nomination later are thought to be excellent. Although he has



ME AND PAT

—C. G. Bush in New York World

always been a Tammany Hall man, receiving at its hands all his political honors so far (with the exception of the very first, which was an appointment by David B. Hill, when governor, to his staff, with the rank of colonel), yet he is to-day receiving support from many voters to whom Tammany Hall is as a stench in the nostrils. The late James C. Carter, president of the City Club, called at the City Hall shortly before his death to express his high appreciation of the mayor's administration. Dr. Parkhurst, in predicting Mr. McClellan's re-election (though not promising to support him), remarks: "It should not be lost sight that McClellan, no matter what some of those associated with him may be, is a gentleman and has the instincts of a gentleman." Jacob Riis is another who praises his administration and supports him for reelection. And yet at the same time Mr. Mc-Clellan is said to have greater personal influence with Mr. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, than any other one man possesses.

MR. HEARST'S candidacy is the uncertain factor in the election in N factor in the election in New York. How many votes he will poll and whether he will draw them chiefly at the expense of the Democrats or largely at the expense of the Republicans, are questions that perplex politicians at this stage. It will be remembered that Henry George, with no more of an organization than Mr. Hearst has or is likely to have before the end of the campaign, was second in the race for mayor a few years ago, polling 68,000 to Hewitt's 90,000 and Roosevelt's 60,000. "Will history repeat itself?" asks The World, recalling these facts. Expressing a hope that "the municipal ownership extremists" would "go it alone" in this campaign, The Evening Post says:

"Give the voters the freest chance to express their preferences. If they are of a mind to rush madly, under the leadership of a rich corruptionist, down a steep place into the sea, we cannot too soon know it; and if, on the other hand, the whole movement has simply been worked up insincerely, and is really hollow, so that those who are professing Socialism in order to get office are but an insignificant minority, the fact cannot too quickly be ascertained for their benefit."

#### The Times takes the same view:

"From the public point of view it is well that the question should be submitted not only on its own merits, but on the merits of Mr. Hearst, the chief agitator in that field of reform. The community ought to know how large a following such a class and such a candidate can get in this town."



Cop, right by Vander Weyde. New York. Photograph made for Cornert Liferature.

THE MAYOR OF THE SECOND LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD

"McClellan, no matter what some of those associated with him may be, is a gentleman and has the instincts of a gentleman."—Dr. Parkhurst.



FRANK J. GOODWIN
Tammany District Leader.



'LITTLE TIM" SULLIVAN
Tammany District Leader.



JOHN F. CURRY
Tammany District Leader.

THE chances which Mr. Ivins, the Republican candidate, has of election depend almost entirely upon the inroads Mr. Hearst may make upon Tammany Hall's following. Mr. Ivins is, personally, one of the ablest men in the city, an old campaigner, and was, until the free-silver issue came to the front, an independent Democrat who waged successful war upon McLaughlin in Brooklyn and Tammany Hall in New York. His nomination is regarded by *The Times* (which, however, supports McClellan) as "an inspiration." It says in regard to it:

"If the gayety of nations is not promoted by the Republican Mayoralty campaign it will not be the fault of William M. Ivins. We can well understand why the Republicans have named him, for had they searched the city with lanterns they could nowhere have found a candidate capable of putting such abounding life into their campaign. Literally, it falls to the lot of Mr. Ivins to kindle a fire under the ribs of death, and he can do it—none better."

PHILADELPHIA is all torn up over the election of a sheriff, a coroner and two county commissioners. The offices do not count for so very much and the candidates count for rather less; but this election is the first chance the voters have had to express their views concerning recent revelations of grafting, padded voting lists, and various other political abuses. The regular Republican organization had, before the revelations progressed very far, selected candidates for the four county offices to be filled. These candidates were later deemed too badly smirched to be retained and they were therefore retired from view. A volunteer committee of twentytwo, acting, it is understood, for the city committee, many members of which have been hit hard by the revelations of graft, have put up four new candidates, all of whom, The Ledger admits, are "fit" men personally. But a new City party has been formed to represent the revolt from the organization methods and an-



ISAAC HOPPER
Tammany District Leader.



"FLORRIE" SULLIVAN
Tammany District Leader,

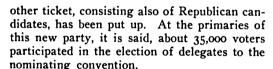


JOHN T. OAKLEY
Tammany District Leader

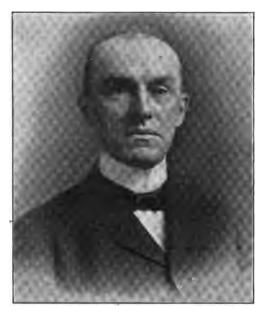


CHARLES F. MURPHY

He succeeded Croker three years ago as chairman or the Tammany Hall Democracy. He was born in New York and had a public school education.



The Democratic party. hopelessly in the minority, has indorsed the City party's ticket, and Mayor Weaver has pledged the entire force of his administration "in all its parts, every department and bureau," to the support of this movement. Although The Inquirer is supporting the organization in its fight for life, the press as a whole is vigorously against it, and one of the early features of the organization's campaign was a large paid advertisement in the papers which began in the following interesting manner:



" PAT" McCARREN

His name is not in "Who's Who," but he has a grip on the Democracy of Brooklyn Borough that even Tammany Hall could not break.

"The newspapers of the city of Philadelphia, controlled in the main by Wanamaker, have denied, excepting by paid advertisements, representation to the Republican Party, embracing a vast majority of the citizens of Philadelphia."



" BIG TIM SULLIVAN

He is "It" in Tammany politics in the portion of New York lying below Fourteenth street.

F THE Republican organization, in a city overwhelmingly Republican, can, as it thus admits, find no newspapers that are willing to "stand for" it, it seems to be equally unfortunate outside the city. Here is what a Republican paper outside Philadelphia — the Chicago Tribunc—has to say of the Philadelphia organization:

"The revolt in Philadelphia against the republican machine is a hopeful sign, for it is a revolt largely inside of the party. . . . Hitherto Tammany has been considered the most conspicuous source of all manner of political dis-



DOESN'T HE LOCK IT?

William Mills Ivins says: "If I am elected Mayor of New York, I will not be Mr. Odell's man, nor Governor Higgins's man, nor any man's man."

honesty and corruption. The government of New York has been pointed out as an illustration of democratic misgovernment at its worst. But, at its worst, the Tammany machine has not been as unscrupulous, dishonest, and dangerous as the republican machine in Philadelphia. . . . It perhaps is just as unfair to charge the rascalities of the Philadelphia machine to the republican party as it is to charge those of Tammany to the Democratic party. There is no politics in graft. Bad men attach themselves to all parties and in the largest numbers where the opportunities for graft and loot are the most numerous."

The "machine" has made efforts to appeal to party feeling, invoking the names of Lincoln, McKinley and Roosevelt; but the only one of these three living, President Roosevelt, has taken an attitude that is construed as a rebuke to the machine. Says the New York Times:

"There is one service rendered by Mr. Roosevelt in these latter days which has not received the appreciation due to it, and which in its ultimate effect may well be compared with any other in his notable career. It is the ban he has put on the campaign of the Republican machine in Philadelphia, the refusal directly or indirectly to recognize it in his capacity of National head of his party, and the absolute withdrawal from it of any countenance on the part of his Administration. The firmness and the significance of his attitude are indicated in the action of Mr. Root, now Secretary of State; in the position taken by Vice-President Fairbanks, and by Senator Knox, and, finally, in the reluctant cancellation of his engagement to speak by Senator Foraker."

The Central Labor Union of Philadelphia, representing 124 labor organizations, has indorsed the ticket of the Republican machine.

THE campaign in Ohio has attracted more general attention this year than that in any other State. This is due in part to the participation in it of Vice-President Fairbanks and Senator Foraker, and their effort, as well as that of Governor Herrick, to make it turn upon national issues. "The defeat of the Republican ticket in Ohio," says the Vice-President, "would tend to shake confidence in the ascendency of the Republican party." "If Ohio should fail to give the usual Republican ma-



JOHN WEAVER, MAYOR

Put into office in Philadelphia as a tool of the machine, he is now head of the revolt against it and has secured indictments of a number of the henchmen of the bosses.



Photograph made by Marceau

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

"I am proud of the friends that support me. I am proud of the enemies that oppose me."

jority," says Senator Foraker, "it would, in the absence of explanation, be an indication that the people are displeased with Republicanism." "If the Republican ticket is defeated in this election," says Governor Herrick, "it will not be attributed to local or State issues." On the other hand, the Democrats are doing their best to confine the campaign to State issues. "No national issues are involved," says Mr. Pattison, their candidate for governor, and he proceeds to lay great stress upon alleged corruption in the administration of State affairs and upon the ascendency which George B. Cox, the Republican "boss" of Cincinnati, is alleged to have in all party matters. All this is the usual sort of "playing for points" on both sides, to which most Americans have become accustomed in all kinds of elections. But a feature of unusual interest. and one which is thought by close observers to be capable of determining the result this year, is the campaign which the Anti-Saloon League is making against Herrick (not against the rest of the Republican ticket) and in favor of Pattison. An Ohio correspondent of the New York Sun writes: "The campaign made by the Anti-Saloon League has resulted in a large defection from Gov. Herrick in the Republican ranks. The church conferences have

by resolution declared against him, and the Protestant clergy of the State are almost solid against him."

THIS Anti-Saloon League that is figuring thus conspicuously in the Ohio campaign is a national organization, seeking to extend in all States its influence as a balance-of-power party. It had its birth in Ohio, and has there achieved its most conspicuous results, chiefly heretofore in the election of legislators. If it succeeds in defeating Herrick this year, despite his majority two years ago of 113,000, and an average Republican majority in Ohio for the last fourteen years of 78,000, the prestige it will gain will undoubtedly quicken its growth and add to its power in the many other States in which it has established itself. It must not be confounded with the Prohibition party. While aiming at the same general results, the two proceed on methods irreconcilably different, and there has been considerable clashing between them. The League prefers to pick out its candidates from the tickets of the other parties, and to work for legislation against saloons such as it deems immediately obtainable. It has made very considerable progress in Ohio along local option lines, and its success recently in New York State in amending



"DAVE" MARTIN, OF PHILADELPHIA

He was the predecessor and has now become the successor to "Boss" Durham, whom Mayor Weaver forced out of office



"THE BOSS OF HAMILTON COUNTY, OHIO."

George P. Cox, former pugilist and saloon-keeper, is said to aspire to a seat in the Senate of the United States.

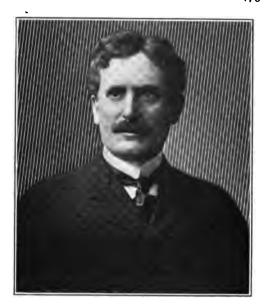


SENATOR FORAKER

His speech opening the Ohio campaign is generally construed as a "defiance" to President Roosevelt.

the Raines law, and by means of these amendments in driving numerous saloons in New York City out of business, has made considerable noise in the world. It is waging the greatest campaign of its existence to defeat Governor Herrick because of the amendments which he forced the legislature to add to the Brannock bill, which the League had drafted.

HIO campaigns are usually warm-blooded affairs. They play politics in that State from the cradle to the grave, and they are rarely contented with a lukewarm fight. This year, in addition to a State ticket (governor, lieutenant-governor, State Treasurer, State commissioner of public works, judge of the Supreme Court), members of the legislature are to be elected, county, town and municipal officers, and, in addition, a constitutional amendment is to be voted on extending the term of governor from two to three years. The stake. therefore, is large and the zeal of all patriots correspondingly intense. The governor has been in active political life but several years (he is a bank president and a railroad president), and his present experience seems to be something of a surprise to him. "I'm broad enough as men go," he stated to a Chicago Tribune correspondent shortly after the opening of the



THE GOVERNOR OF OHIO

Myron L. Herrick, railroad president, bank president, governor, once slept in the parks of Cleveland at night to save money for railroad fares.

campaign, "but I'm tempted to institute suits for criminal libel." His wife has been the recipient of a number of anonymous letters charging him with leading a double life, and, he says: "More than one preacher from his pulpit has denounced me as a common drunkard, and at least one, in eloquent periods, has described the disgrace to the people of Ohio on seeing their governor led reeling from a saloon in Columbus." He adds: "I never was drunk in my life, and my real friends know this, as you do." The governor was a farm boy, and when he first went to Cleveland he had to sleep in the parks at night to save money to pay railroad fare to his first jobselling bells to Ohio farmers. His opponent, John M. Pattison, is the head of an insurance society, a prominent Methodist, and, according to the correspondent of the Chicago Tribune (a Republican paper), "about the first thorough-paced church-going man and saloon temperance advocate I ever have known to be nominated by any party for a great office who stood manfully to his guns, who never sought to carry water on both shoulders, and who frankly and honestly and without affectation spoke what he believed without reservation and without asking me to suppress anything in the interests of his political ambition." Mr. Pattison's friends also are resenting "insinuations" that reflect upon his personal character.



DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

Charles W. Bartlett is a Boston lawyer sixty years old, and a Dartmouth guaduate

NE man in Ohio who is receiving all sorts of left-handed compliments and not worrying about them is George B. Cox. of Cincinnati. He used to be a pugilist and he kept a saloon years and years ago attractively nicknamed Murderer's Row! Now he runs Hamilton County, having turned it from a Democratic stronghold into a county that is pretty surely Republican by 30,000 majority. The Republican campaigners insist that he does not attempt to exert any undue influence outside Hamilton County; but the Cleveland Plain Dealer (Democratic) asserts that he "is reaching out over the entire State and has Foraker's seat in the United States Senate for his ultimate aim." Even the Cleveland Leader "the Cincinnati (Republican) calls him despot," but it asserts that "there are others," naming Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, who is Democratic candidate for re-election as mayor of Cleveland, and who has "the most perfect and most powerful machine ever worked for partisan ends" in that city.

A DIFFERENT kind of campaign is taking place in Maryland. The candidates on both sides have been dropped out of sight, and issue is joined on the suffrage amendment,



REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

Curtis Guild Jr., is sole owner of the Boston Commercial Bulletin and served on staff of General Pitzhugh Lee in Spanish-American war.

which is designed to disfranchise the negroes, according to the Democratic interpretation. and, according to the Republican interpretation, will disfranchise as many foreign-born whites as blacks and will place in the hands of the dominant machine, through election officials, the power to say who shall and shall not vote. The two parties are led by Senator Gorman and Secretary Bonaparte—the one a veteran political leader who says he will retire and die happy if the suffrage amendment is carried, the other a new leader who is commanding the forces in his first party fight, and doing it brilliantly. Senator Gorman is confronted by an organized defection in his ranks. hundred Democrats in Baltimore have organized an Anti-Poe Amendment Association representing every ward in the city and are appealing to Democratic voters on the ground that the amendment will inevitably be followed by dishonesty in its application, that it is "an attempt to do indirectly what the Constitution of the United States forbids to do directly," and that whereas the negro population in Maryland is but 18 per cent. of the total, and is diminishing in ratio, there is no danger of negro supremacy such as, in other Southern States, has caused the adoption of similar suffrage provisions. This anti-amendment association is supported by the Democratic Governor (Warfield), who vetoed the amendment when it passed the Legislature and, after its passage over his veto, refused to order its submission to the vote of the people until mandamused by the Court of Appeals. The Republican party, though concentrating all its efforts upon the defeat of the amendment, explicitly declares that the party does not stand for social equality or negro domination. The Florida Times-Union (Dem.) thinks that there is special significance in the fact that a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet drafted this platform, and in the further fact that another member of his Cabinet -Secretary Shaw—is stumping in Virginia in behalf of the election of Judge Lewis, who accepts the new law in that State which disfranchises the negroes and says that with it "has come a new emancipation, and this time it is the emancipation of white men." If the Democrats of the South, the Times-Union says, can believe the promises thus made by Republicans in these two States, "there would be nothing of moment to divide the parties."

DRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has found another world to conquer. In "making a tackle" for the purpose of stopping the brutalities that have become all too common in football, he has won praises on all sides, and though, of course, the cartoonists have had their pleasant flings at him in this new rôle, the press treat the matter seriously in their editorial columns and their commendation seems to be nearly unanimous. "The entire country owes a debt of gratitude to President Roosevelt," says the New York Daily News, a Tammany Hall paper, "for his proper and effective interference to change the character of our present football game. In particular, parents everywhere will bless him if his protest to the chiefs of the game will put an end forever to the brutality which has brought them such woe and held its place with an insolence worthy of its kind." The News proceeds to summarize some of the results of the game:

•"In five years no less than forty-five young fellows have been killed, two from hemorrhage, two from spinal meningitis, one from blood-poisoning, one from lock-jaw, two from heart failure, three from paralysis, eight from broken backs, six from concussion of the brain, four from broken necks and sixteen from internal injuries. In the great college games during four years there were ten legs and fourteen collar bones broken, four skulls fractured, five spines injured, four shoulders dislocated and any number of broken noses, sprains, bruises and internal injuries."



"STOP THAT!"

—C. G. Bush in New York World

Mr. Roosevelt and Secretary Taft held a conference two and a half hours long on October 9 with the leading coaches and athletic advisers of Yale, Harvard and Princeton. What may come of it all remains to be seen, but it was agreed that an honorable obligation exists to carry out the rules this fall relating to roughness, holding and foul play, and the coaches pledged themselves to do so. Secretary Taft declared that he will do his best to have the army and navy football games stopped altogether "if there is sign of rough work that is intentional," and, he adds, "it will certainly go hard with any cadet guilty of rough play."

THE President's personal attitude was clearly expressed in his address to the Harvard alumni last June. He said:

"I believe in outdoor games, and I do not mind in the least that they are rough games or that those who take part in them are occasionally injured. . . . But when these injuries are inflicted by others, either wantonly or of set design, we are confronted by the question, not of damage to one man's body, but of damage to the other man's character. Brutality in playing a game should awaken the heartiest and most plainly shown contempt for the player guilty of it, especially if this brutality is coupled with a low cunning in committing it without getting caught by the umpire. I hope to see both graduate and undergraduate opinion come to scorn such a man as one guilty of base and dishonorable action, who has no place in the regard of gallant and upright men."

The implication here is that graduate and undergraduate opinion does not now scorn such a man, and the fact is a humiliating one. If it continues to be a fact much longer it will be fatal to the game without any manner of doubt. "It is this occasional recrudescence of savagery on the gridiron," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, an advocate of the game, "which has started the crusades against the game, crusades which really should not be aimed against the game itself, but should be directed toward the sifting of the players and the elimination of young barbarians." The New York Sun is also friendly to the game, and it insists that "the players badly hurt on the football field are nearly always either unskilled or physically unfit"; but it admits, nevertheless, that intentional brutality is not uncommon. It says:

"The game of football is marred by such unmanly practices as intentional trampling on hands and feet, thumping the centre rush under the chin with a vigorous knee, prodding opponents with elbows, and other unfair tricks, all intended to disable some good player and get him off the field and get some inferior man substituted for him. College men know that these things are done, and instead of crushing them under the irresistible weight of condemnatory public opinion, they pass them by with a smile as long as they work for the benefit of 'our' team and help 'us' to beat the other fellows."

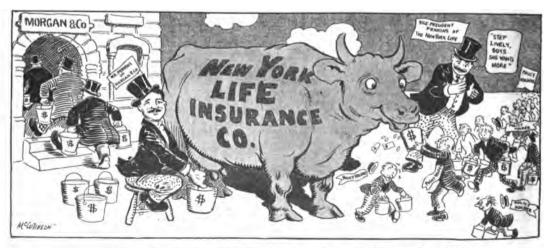
C AN brutality be eliminated from the game, and if so, how? To answer that question President Schurman of Cornell suggests that a convention of the athletic representatives of the colleges and universities be called to meet in Washington. He believes that whatever the

President recommends will be adopted by college athletes throughout the country. Glen S. Warner, Cornell's head coach, says: "I think a very simple way to fix things would be to allow offside play on all punts; to let the ball be free after kicks, and to increase the distance to be gained in three downs from five to ten yards. As far as roughness goes, I think that this element of the game depends largely upon the coaches."

The Atlanta Journal thinks that all that can be done is to strengthen the sentiment against "dirty" work. Football can never be anything but a rough game, it says, and to eliminate roughness will be to destroy the game itself. As to changing the game into a more "open" game, it has this objection to make:

"While the 'open' game is more spectacular, it is not less rough. It appears to the people on the side lines that the scrimmages which result from a stiff-line play, when the whole twenty-two players fall to the field in a twisting mass, must be the plays that put men out of business. They look brutal. On the contrary, it is the open play, the hard tackles in a broken field, at the end of those pretty sensational dashes, that do most of the damage. The public, in asking for more open play, is simply asking for more possible injuries."

This objection to the "open" game does not seem to gain warrant from the records in Great Britain, where association football is played. There is no such series of injurious mishaps recorded there, and there appears to be a decided tendency toward the association game here at this time. The Evening Post (New York) is responsible for the statement that sixty members of the athletic department



"THESE LITTLE POLICY HOLDERS ARE A GREAT CONVENIENCE"-Perkins
--McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

in Columbia are in training for positions on the "socker" team to be organized this fall ("socker" is the term applied to English football), and the University of Pensylvania and "at least four other large 'varsity athletic associations are preparing to put teams in the field."

R EVELATIONS of life insurance methods continue to dwarf all other topics in the newspaper discussion of the country. Officials of the Equitable Life, the New York Life, the Mutual Life, and other companies, have been on the stand, and if they have made arrangements with a competent press-clipping bureau, they have by this time enough interesting reading matter on hand to keep them busy until Christmas. The stories differ in details, but the substance of all is about the same. Prest dent McCall's testimony (noted by us last month) to the contribution of \$148,702 from the New York Life treasury to the campaign funds of the Republican party in the last three national elections is paralleled by that of the officers of the Mutual Life, who admit payment during the same time and for the same purpose—to defeat free silver—of \$92,500. We have seen no defense of these contributions attempted except by the officials who made them. The New York Sun comes pretty near such an attempt at times, but even it goes no further than to say that the purpose, as a purpose, was laudable. The Boston Daily Advertiser (Republican) has this very frank comment to make:

"Those who claim to be so surprised at the proof that the big trusts and the life insurance companies of the country made up the [political] campaign funds are either pretending an ignorance which they never had or are making themselves out very poorly informed as to what goes on at every national election. The question of what authority the heads of these big financial companies had to pay over the money is a serious one, that will have to be settled by itself on the testimony taken. But the fact that the money was raised almost entirely by the big financial, transportation and industrial interests of the country was just as much a matter of common knowledge as that there was a political campaign."

The insurance commissioner of Missouri has demanded of President McCall that the amount paid out for political campaigns be restored to the treasury of the insurance company within thirty days or proceedings will at once be instituted to revoke its license to do business in that State. Insurance officials, however, deny that the commissioner has



Stereograph Copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, New York
CHARLES E. HUGHES, GRAND INQUISITOR OF
LIFE INSURANCE PRESIDENTS

He declined the Republican nomination for Mayor of New York because it would interfere with his investigation of life insurance evils.

power to revoke a license for any cause but insolvency.

A NOTHER sensational line of investigation has been that concerning salaries and commissions. Here is a little table compiled from the testimony of officials of the Mutual Life showing the amount of money drawn in salaries and commissions by President McCurdy, his son and his son-in-law, during the ten years, 1895-1904:

,	R. A. McCurdy	R. H. McCurdy	Louis A Thebaud
1893	\$75,000	\$120,072	\$12,583
1894		119,573	2,082
1895	90,000	127,499	31,393
· 1896	100,000	127,526	56,869
1897	100,000	122,590	63,817
1898	100,000	109,235	63,272
1899	100,000	99,097	94,029
1900	100,000	98,611	95,655
1901	129,166	90,959	97,834
1902	150,000	99,446	127,458
1903	150,000	124,388	139,455
1904	150,000	121,806	147,687.

The grand total received by the three men since 1885 amounts to \$4,643,926, not including Mr. Thebaud's recompense for this year,



A VERY\_POOR PICTURE OF A VERY POOR LIFE INSURANCE PRESIDENT

In the last twenty years he and his son and son-in-law have received nearly five million dollars from the Mutual Life.

which is not reported. For the New York Life we have this showing of yearly salaries:

John A. McCall, President	3100,000
John C. McCall, son	15,000
Albert McClave, son-in-law	15,000
John A. Horan, brother-in-law	7,500

Total ......\$137,500

In the Equitable, the Alexander family's

In the Equitable, the Alexander family's wants have been cared for in yearly salaries and retainers at the following rate:

James W. Alexander, President	\$100,000
William Alexander, brother	30,000
Henry W. Alexander, son	25,000
Frederick D. Alexander, son	25,000
Dr. Arthur Pell, brother-in-law	10,000
Mr. Gilchrist, nephew	6,000
-	

Total .....\$196,000

In the Equitable, however, the new president, Mr. Morton, announces a saving in salaries and other expenses amounting already to \$600,000 a year, equal to four per cent. on an investment of fifteen million dollars.

STILL another sensational feature of the investigation has been the testimony concerning payments of large sums made to Andrew Hamilton, of Albany, by President McCall, of the New York Life. Here are the

figures showing the amounts paid to him for lobbying purposes in State legislatures, and also the sum paid each year and designated "law expenses":

Year	Law Expenses	Hamilton
1900	\$203,792.84	\$39,249.00
1901	212,773.55	107,869.35
1902	172,632.37	50,000.00
1903	254,793.95	86,126.35
1904	172,695.42	140,077.42
	57,229.01	12,164.90
	Totals \$1 103 020 14	\$476.027.02

For these payments, President McCall testified, no receipts were given, no vouchers made in any form, and no entry on the books of the company could be found! The way in which the money paid to Hamilton was used is indicated by the following statement made by President McCall:

"Under the organization of 'Judge' Hamilton's bureau, wherein he was intrusted and put in charge of the legislation of the United States and Canada in its entirety, all bills introduced every year he had gathered in his own way, he had statements made of all proposed and introduced and passed upon, and there were constant consultations about the laws that were offered. I might say in five years there were more than seven hundred laws relating to life insurance—in the last five years. He took hold in 1895, and in 1892, 1893 and 1894 there was a constant clashing as to the bills in the various States.

"With the beginning of every year, I dare say, it is the feeling of every executive officer—I know it is my own—that, for the ensuing five or six



months of the year we are to be badgered and harassed to death in every State in the Union by the introduction of bad bills of every kind. Sometimes men of honor will feel that they desire to amend the law, and their motives are all right, but, as a rule, the general insurance legislation of this country emanates from persons who are desirous of simply striking at insurance companies."

Looking over the general figures of income and expense for ten large insurance companies, the Chicago *Tribune* finds that the ratio of the latter to the former has increased in thirty years from 11.8 per cent. to 19.9 per cent. Taking, again, four insurance companies with aggregate assets of \$105,000,000, it finds the ratio of expense to income two years ago was 16.6 per cent., while for four savings banks with a little larger aggregate assets the expense was but 0.9 per cent, of the income. "The policyholders," it comments, "have a right to demand that the 'sane and safe' methods of the savings banks shall be taken as a model by the insurance companies."

THE address by J. Édward Simmons, president of the Fourth National Bank of New York city, made recently before the Maryland Bankers' Association, has been widely commended for the very plain language used in referring to corporate abuses. Here is one extract from the address:

"Men who pose as the salt of the earth and who condemn, without reserve, those who steal \$50, or forge a check for \$100, or accept a bribe, will themselves make millions by lying, by misrepresentation, by fraud and by bribery. In private



DIOGENES SEEKING AN HONEST MAN "Ah, what's the use?"

-McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune



JACOB H. SCHIFF, BANKER

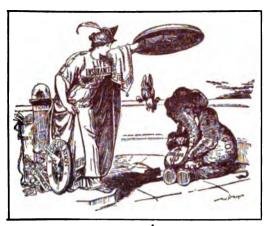
As director in the Equitable Life, he testified that directors have become of no account any more in most corporations.

life they are stainless; but in the interest of corporations, of the trust, of the gas company, of the railroad company, of the insurance company, they will have recourse to every villainy damned in the Decalogue."

Mr. Simmons prefers the word "thief" to "grafter," and fears that the use of the new and less severe term indicates a less severe attitude of the public. He says:

"The ordinary thief is personally amenable to the law, but the thief who steals in the name of a corporation because he wields the influence of that corporation, has many times the power for mischief, which the former has. Such a thief is a far greater danger to the community, to his fellow citizens, and especially to the commonwealth, than the footpad, the burglar or the pickpocket. Corporations are mere legal entities, and, as such, cannot be punished; but the director or trustee of a corporation, who steals or bribes or appropriates, is a real person, and he should be answerable to the law, and more so, as in all cases he profits by his wrongdoing."

Mr. Simmons betrays some alarm over the "startling growth" of the Socialist vote in the latest presidential election, the "avowed purpose" of which is "to subvert our form of government and do away with individual rights of property as they have always been maintained." This cloud on the horizon, now no bigger than a man's hand, but which may de-



PROTECTING THE ORPHAN

-W. A. Rogers in New York Herald

velop into a great storm, owes its growth, he thinks, to the fact that "the masses see great fortunes accumulated by dishonest means and when so accumulated combined to smother individual enterprise and to force unjust tribute from the public."

COMMENTING on this address, the Baltimore Sun says: "That a wealthy representative of the New York money interests should speak so plainly and forcibly in the interest of plain and honest business methods is an evidence that there is still a remnant in the financial pandemonium to speak for the Decalogue and gives occasion to thank God and take courage."

The Boston Herald is impressed most of all by the "apparent absence of any suspicion of wrongdoing" on the part of the insurance officers who have tesified, which shows a "callousness of moral sensibility" that is the "most melancholy part of the exhibit." The Florida Times-Union sounds a pessimistic note when it says: "We are reluctantly forced to conclude that never before were such a large percentage of men in high position mere beasts of prey as they are now, and that the United States is the center of the world's dishonesty." But the same paper sees a silver lining to the cloud and adds: "If it be true that never was so much rascality exposed as has been exposed of recent years, it is also true that never were such efforts made to expose and to punish. And these efforts are being successful. Money has not been able to buy immunity. High position has not been able to intimidate. . . . Never did fewer buy immunity than are succeding in buying it now."

S THE dramatic interest of the life insurance scandal intensifies, a lively sense of its political and economic significance forces itself upon the European press. In the unanimous opinion of that press, the whole character of American finance is stamped with something like enduring infamy. The London Telegraph indorses Hamilton Wright Mabie's statement that the effect of the scandal will be felt all over Europe and that "nothing ever happened in this country so to damage the standing of American financial projects abroad." Most noteworthy of all to the Berlin Post is the fact that just when President Roosevelt, as a peacemaker, had lifted the moral prestige of his country to a higher level than it had ever before attained in European eyes, the insurance scandals supervene. It is not at all likely, avers a writer in the Berlin Kreuz Zeitung, that there will be any real punishment of those who may be found responsible for such wrongdoing as shall be proved. "Political and financial influence combined" will see to that.

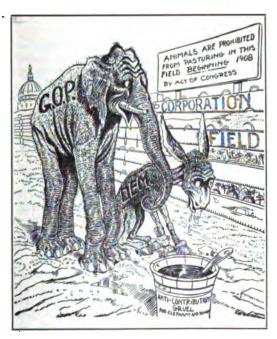
O THER European organs would obviously like to say more by way of criticism, but they do little more than to chorus denunciation in general terms. "Moral obliqueness"



MONEY MADNESS

-W. Gordon Nye in Tom Watson's Magazine

is, for example, the explanation advanced by the London Morning Post, and it admits having borrowed even that phrase from one of the members of the legislative investigating committee. "It was moral obliqueness," says this daily, "that made the presence of eminent dummy directors possible; that allowed members of the finance committee to engage in syndicate deals; that raised salaries without reference to the service rendered or to the market value of the work done: that favored subsidiary and 'friendly' organizations; that voted large contributions to the campaign funds of one of the political parties and that contracted loans and made advances of which no record was made in the books." And European dailies echo one another's amazed references to "forgetfulness of the responsibility owed by directors to the people whose money has been entrusted to their care." "Irregularities in the management of the great insurance companies," we are told, "have more than a merely financial influence. These institutions are the expression of a nation's thrift and providence, and those who direct them are in a peculiar degree the trustees of the people. If they prove false to their trust they strike a blow not only at business confidence and business morality but at habits that have more than a little to do



GLOOMY OUTLOOK FOR THE ANIMALS

-Webster in Chicago Inter-Ocean



with the training of a strong national character." Sentiments these which are stated with verbal variations in practically every daily that helps to make public opinion in Europe. Dr. Parkhurst certainly did not exaggerate when he remarked: "This thing is hurting us in Europe."

BUT foreign dailies, in their present eagerness to pick the insurance mote out of the American eye, have clean forgotten the beam in the European eve. Without harking back to the famous swindles of such a well-nigh forgotten adventurer as Jabez Balfour, it may be enough to recall what the London Standard quite recently declared in connection with the fraudulent financial operations of Whitaker Wright: "With the statutes in force against making fraudulent balance sheets, it is possible to perform the operation known as driving a coach and six through an act of parliament." The twenty-five million dollars that disappeared from the capital of a great British corporation constituted "largely the superfluity of persons who were in for a gamble and knowingly took extreme risks," not to mention "the offence of preparing fraudulent balance sheets and concocting false reports to deceive shareholders," all of which shocked the London daily. Whitaker Wright was, according to the London Times, "a culprit of a kind that, under our laws, fortune generally favors," and like our own life insurance presidents, he had a board of directors which "took for granted what he said or rarely asked awkward questions." Equally scandalized by New York's corporation morals, the Paris Figaro and the Paris Gaulois refrain from all comparisons with the recent sugar scandals, involving personages of prominence in the French political and financial worlds.

They no longer remember even the Humbert millions. German dailies, fiercely denouncing the "cotton leak," almost seem to imply by their comment that there never was a Berlin bank scandal some years back of such magnitude that the Vorwarts anticipated the comment of the Paris Temps on the Humbert affair by calling it "the greatest swindle in the history of finance." These scandals, like the comparatively recent financial scandals in Budapest and in Rome, differed from the American life insurance scandal in that hundreds of business men, widows and orphans were by them rendered destitute or poverty stricken. "It makes honest American cheeks flush with shame," Hamilton Wright Mabie is quoted in the London Telegraph as saying, "to stand by as I did and hear German and French men of affairs sneer at American swindling." Mr. Mabie might have referred the sneerers to the comments of the Avanti (Rome) and the Hamburger Nachrichten last year on the Nasi scandal in Italy. The public funds had been used by the Italian Minister of Education in a way to suggest the thoroughness with which a clique of Parisian financiers, according to the London News, is now "looting" the treasury of the King of Siam. But no one could display greater anxiety regarding the morals of American financiers than the press of Europe.

IAD Sir Henry Irving lived another year he would have been before the public and behind the footlights exactly fifty years. Yet England's best dramatic critics aver that they could not detect in him to the last any failing of histrionic power. As Matthias in "The Bells" he remained the genius he had revealed himself as Macbeth, as Othello, as Richard III two decades ago, or as Shylock, Richelieu and Louis XI years later. His method had become "less vigorously individual and energetic," thinks the London Standard, but it had "mellowed and broadened," was more artistic. "He appealed, and not in vain, to a public which seeks in the theatre something more than empty frivolity and idle amusement." To the dramatic critic of the London Times he seemed most "himself," most characteristic in his revelation of his genius, when he essayed Dante at Drury Lane. "If ever a man was born to look Dante to the life," Sir Henry was that man. "He seemed not to be of common clay-for that matter Sir Henry Irving (even if he were playing Jingle or Macaire) never did." The man and the career are summed up tersely by London Public Opinion: "Sir Henry

Irving, in raising himself, has raised his profession, directly and indirectly. It is close upon half a century since his career began with a failure. More than half of that period must be described as one of struggle and stress. On the eve of the production of The Bells in the year 1871, he said, in answer to a question, 'I have been waiting long for a chance. I believe I have got it now.' His belief was justified; but in good fortune and in bad fortune all who have had to do with him have spoken well of him from call-boy to, we believe, even the late Poet Laureate. His honors have come to him not by wealth nor what is commonly understood by influence, but by hard work, good temper and a firm faith in the theatre as a potent means of teaching great truth, of awakening and stimulating the popular imagination and an aid in turning lofty thoughts into acts of equal worth." It seems strange to the London Westminster Gazette that so striking a genius should have disclosed itself so late. He had acted without real recognition for fifteen years before he made the "immense success" as Matthias in "The Bells" "which gave him at a single bound" so high a place among the great ones of his time. His last rôle, on the day of his death, was that of Becket in Tennyson's play, and the last words of the part are:

"Into thy hands, O Lord,—into thy hands——"

FIVE famous Hungarian gentlemen, with the political destinies of their country in their vest pockets, so to speak, waited upon Emperor Francis Joseph at his palace in Vienna last month, only to learn from that venerable potentate's own lips that he would fight them to a finish in the conflict which has well-nigh rent the Hapsburg monarchy asunder already. Away went the five gentlemen in high dudgeon to say to Count Goluchowski. Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, that sooner than negotiate with him, an Austrian, regarding Hungary's right, as a sovereign and independent nation, to maintain a Magyar army of her own, they would all die politically. Off hurried the count to deliver that ultimatum to the Emperor. His Majesty, thus apprised that the five Hungarians categorically refused obedience to a royal command, yielded a fraction of an inch. He appointed the Hungarian chief marshal of his court -that Count Bela Cziraky whose name has been so mutilated by the cables this month—to parley with the five displeased patriots. But they

would not tarry to be told again that they must surrender the language of command used in their national army, which to them forms the palladium of their country's freedom. The chief marshal of the court did, indeed, see the firm five once; but when he called again they had gone—every one. All have since been active at Budapest, organizing the last extremities of resistance compatible with le-Mobs surging through the streets, deputies refusing recognition to royal prorogation of their chamber, courts declining to issue government writs, cities withholding taxes, conscripts told to go home because the law under which they presented themselves was void, and a former prime minister of the kingdom saved from a prison cell only by his immunity as a member of parliament-all these are but a fraction of the anomalies making Hungary now one of the most striking spectacles ever evolved by civilized government among men.

THIS pandemonium in Hungary is every bit of it Count Apponyi's work, explains the Vienna Neue Freie Presse, which detests the giant—Count Apponyi is six feet four for having in the last thirty years belonged to every Hungarian party that exists, and for having, as it declares, "brought confusion and disaster to each in turn." Certainly, Apponyi is the soul of the coalition which emerged with a parliamentary majority from the elections of last winter, refused to carry on the government, and refused to let anyone else carry it on. Apponyi was the firmest of the five whom Francis Joseph refused to address in their native Hungarian when he scolded the whole coalition through its quintet of leaders. Vienna organs are quite sure that Apponyi's presence in his audience chamber accounted for the royal ill temper. When the conference was arranged, Apponyi was left out because he is not to-day leader of any Hungarian party in the true sense of the word. He is by right merely a member of the "Independence" party, and as such was already represented by Francis Kossuth. But the con--ference without Apponyi would have been as a Tammany "slate" without "Charlie" Murphy's "O. K." Francis Kossuth himself, the duly elected president of the Hungarian "coalition" and leader of the party of "independence," is-like Baron Banffy, leader of the "new" party, Count Julius Andrassy, leader of the "dissident" Liberals, and Count Aladar Zichy, leader of the clerical people's



THE ONLY ENGLISH ACTOR EVER KNIGHTED

The last words uttered by Sir Henry Irving on the stage, on the day of his death, were: "Into thy hands, O Lord, into thy hands—"

party—dominated by this Count Albert Apponyi. His is the personal influence which has kept the other four from yielding to Francis Joseph's entreaties that the government of Hungary be carried on.

A S Francis Kossuth "incarnates" the Hungarian crisis in Alexander garian crisis, in the estimation of the Paris Temps, so Count Albert Apponyi is "the breath it draws," or its "soul," as the Vienna Zeit says. Not to know what Apponyi stands for is to miss the meaning of the long agony culminating in the chamber at Budapest early this month when the Hungarian Premier was impeached by the coalition on the paradoxical ground that he is not the Hungarian Premier at all. Apponyi has been so prolific in manifestoes, speeches, articles in his German Budapest organ, the Tagblatt, and in the London Monthly Review, London Times and London Standard that it becomes an easy matter to interpret him through himself. His present fight, he tells us, is waged against "the fundamental error" that there is an "Austrian empire" supposed to "contain" Hungary. The truth is that "from the beginning" there has been an independent Hungary, "a sovereign Hungarian state." And Hungary has never



ROYAL PALACE FROM ACROSS THE DANUBE, BUDAPEST

When Francis Joseph enters this building, he officially becomes King of Hungary, his title of Austrian Emperor not being used in Budapest.

given up any portion of her independence as a nation, of her sovereignty as a state. When she called "by free election" to her throne the dynasty which rules "the countries designated by the collective name of Austria," Hungary did so on the express condition that she was maintaining her independence. She has never been absorbed into Austria. has only "allied" herself with that monarchy for purposes of "mutual defense." To guarantee the efficiency of that "mutual defense," Hungary, through her parliament, entrusts "some strictly circumscribed functions of government" to a body representing both herself and Austria. In Apponyi's constitutional eye, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is "a foreign potentate."

HEREIN, as Apponyi thundered at Budapest last month, is the "foundation" of the crisis. Its "superstructure" is the present "army issue." The military forces of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, while providing for the efficiency of mutual defense, grant no recognition to the independence of Hungary. "No unprejudiced mind will consider an armed force commanded in a foreign language, under foreign enemies"—foreign means Austrian in Apponyi's vocabulary—"as answering to the idea of an independent state, as not being rather in flagrant contradiction to that idea." Not that Apponyi wants "separation" of the

Hungarian army from the Austrian army. He merely wants it to maintain "a character of its own." To-day the Hungarian army is "suppressed." "Unity of organization" has been made "uniformity," and "Austrian uniformity," at that. This, then, is the sum and substance of the long controversy which, the London Times tells us, "resolves itself into a demand on the part of Hungary that about a hundred German words of command should be replaced by Magyar words of command in the regiments recruited from Hungary." And it was in order to say finally and flatly to the whole coalition that he would not yield on this crucial point that Francis Joseph granted an audience to the five statesmen and then dismissed all without letting one of them shake the royal hand. The five, on their side, with a parliamentary majority behind them, decline to take office until the king yields.

RANCIS JOSEPH, with never a thought of yielding, while the five strove to checkmate him had been undermining the ground beneath their feet. As far back as last June he had implored one of the oldest of his comrades in arms to come to his aid and form a ministry in Hungary. The appeal was made to a soldier to whom every wish of Francis Joseph is law. Baron Geza von Fejervary is seventy-three. Commander of the royal bodyguard, reorganizer of the



CAN'T I EVER GET ANY SLEEP?

—Evans in Cleveland Leader

Magyar militia, outside any party pale, a vigorous and finished type of Hungarian nobleman, he found, when he appeared in the chamber at Budapest to declare the pleasure of his sovereign, that his own career was wrecked. The whole coalition broke into cries of "Traitor!" and howled him down. The undaunted old man prorogued the chamber only to be told that his act was unconstitutional. The chamber actually went on with its business after it had been "prorogued" with all solemnity. September's adjourned session brought the coalition to the point of impeaching Fejervary, a move anticipated by him with another defiant prorogation of the chamber, which thus found its heaviest weapon suspended in the air until the turbulent sittings were resumed a fortnight ago only to be "prorogued" once more-this time until next December. By ridding himself of the chamber, Fejervary, although he gave up the political ghost and resigned, had had time to spring his mine—a mine so deeply dug and so highly charged that it seemed at first to have blown the whole coalition to pieces.

NOWHERE outside of Hungary is the suffrage so artificially restricted by educational, residential and property qualifications. Nowhere do the voters constitute a more insignificant fraction of the adult male population. Whole groups of members of the



ACADEMY AND STATUE OF SZECHENYI, BUDAPEST

Szechenyi was one of the associates of the "great" Kossuth, and he endowed the Hungarian Academy of Science.



THE MONARCH WHO REFUSES TO HAVE THE HUNGARIAN ARMY COMMANDED IN HUNGARIAN

Francis Joseph has announced his determination to fight the Hungarian coalition to the last before he will yield the point.

present coalition have been elected to the chamber by less than a hundred votes apiece. Count Apponyi himself has pointed out that, in a population of 17,000,000, Hungary possesses but 900,000 voters, and he has conceded the anomaly in this fact. Moreover, such voting as there is must be done under open pressure. Here was a precipice in the constitutional landscape over the edge of which Fejervary resolved that the whole coalition herd should be made to dash itself to its political destruction. The bright idea seems to have originated in the brain of Minister of the Interior Kristoffy. He is a personage of no particular account as statesmen go in Hungary; but he has "advanced" ideas, and he sprang into European fame overnight by coming out, without a word of warning, for universal suffrage. Hungarian surprise became blank amazement when Fejervary, the soldier who had never thought of votes in his life until a few months before, announced that he, too, favored universal suffrage. The mere mention of the thing in the hearing of the coalition, representing only the dominant Magyar fraction in the land, made those gentlemen feel like so many life insurance presidents forbidden to distribute surplus among their wives' relatives. Universal suffrage in Hungary, even did it



THE HEIR TO THE KINGLY THRONE OF HUNGARY

Franz Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, is said to fear that Hungarian statesmen would use the Hungarian army to "dictate terms" at his own coronation.



THE MAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE PRIME MINISTER
OF HUNGARY

This is Baron Zeza von Fejervary, impeached by the "coalition" in Budapest. The baron declines to be impeached and prorogues the house every time the attempt is made.

not, as the London *Times* hints, so alter the relative influence of the factors in public life as to destroy Magyar supremacy within the kingdom, would almost certainly bring to the front very different men and very different measures.

EJERVARY'S specter is said to have frightened the coalition so well that by the time some hundred thousand workmen, socialists and radicals had paraded Budapest's streets clamoring for the right to vote, Messrs. Apponyi, Kossuth, Banffy, and the rest were almost disposed to surrender at discretion. Now, Hungary happens to have, among her celebrated statesmen, a certain Count Johann Zichy, whom the month's cable despatches have sadly confused with that Count Aladar Zichy who is a star in the galaxy of the coalition. But Count Aladar Zichy is the leader of the clerical people's party. Count Johann Zichy leads, or rather led the clerical party proper, he having given up that leadership when the clerical party joined the independence party in obstructing the army bills. Count Johann Zichy is deemed an upright politician of decided ability, earnestly Roman Catholic and on terms of warm friendship with the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne. Archduke Franz Ferdinand. The Count Johann Zichy has within recent weeks issued a political pamphlet in which his countrymen are advised not to frame an 1867 platform on an 1848 basis. As 1867 is the year of the Austro-Hungarian accord and as 1848 is the year of "the great upheaval," Count Johann Zichy is supposed to mean that the coalition must moderate itself. That, says the Neue Freie Presse, marks Johann Zichy as "the man of the future," the man upon whom Francis Joseph may yet call for a solution of all this crisis.

OUNT JOHANN ZICHY no sooner read the Fejervary declaration favoring universal suffrage than he hurried to the Bohemian estate of his friend, the heir to the throne. Archduke Franz Ferdinand was told that universal suffrage on one side of the Leitha would necessarily mean universal suffrage on the other side. In other words, the Hungarian pandemonium was now threatening an Austrian pandemonium ten times as violent. So runs the story in the Vienna Zeit. The archduke, already a prey to the dread that Hungary wants control of the Hungarian contingent of the common army in order that

her statesmen may dictate terms to Austria at his own coronation, dwelt now amid other He hastily besought the Emperor-King to throw Fejervary and universal suffrage overboard together, but before that task could be fairly undertaken Austria was in an uproar over universal suffrage. The Austrian Premier, Baron Gautsch, prorogued on October 6th a chamber no whit less turbulent than the parliamentary body that hooted "Long live Norway!" in Fejervary's ears at Budapest. Vainly did Baron Gautsch shout that Austria was "unprepared" for extension of the suffrage. Vainly did he bellow that it is the tendency of some nationalities to "swamp" others when a too accessible ballot box provides the opportunity. Be the outcome of these twin crises what it may, issues have so shaped themselves in the great units of the dual monarchy during the month just closed that the union between Austria and Hungary, as the newspapers of both countries agree. must undergo fundamental revision. Whether Francis Joseph now takes one side or the other, or merely essays to steer a middle course, he and his pair of premiers, to sum up the view of the whole press of Europe, remain pent up in Doubting Castle-the captives of Giant Despair.

REAT BRITAIN must fight on Japan's side in any war the Mikado undertakes until 1915; and that, to many a Continental European organ, is the direst feature of the new Anglo-Japanese alliance. Russian organs, indeed, incline to fury because the Mikado's army is at England's disposal if India be menaced. "An offensive league formed by England against Russia, Europe and the whole of the civilized world," asserts the Slovo, to which the London Telegraph rejoins: "It threatens none save the disturbers of the peace of the Far East." "The treaty with Japan is a blow in the face to Europe," insists the Berlin Reichsbote, which elicits from the London Mail the remark that "the outburst of indignation in Berlin must lead Englishmen to reflect upon the real attitude of Germany to this country." With less partizanship, the Paris Temps, often inspired by the French Foreign Office, says that in Japan and Britain the new treaty occasions unalloyed satisfaction: in Russia, "dissatisfaction which circumstances too fully explain to leave any justification for surprise"; in Germany, "an ill temper which is but the manifestation of chronic antipathy"; and in France, "calmness." France,



THE "SOUL" OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN HUNGARY AND AUSTRIA"

"Light is better than darkness," says Count Albert Apponyi, "but not all light is better than all darkness."

as the ally of Russia, adds the *Temps*, has often been able to "benefit" St. Petersburg owing to the cordiality of French relations with "third powers." And that "useful part" is "not played out."



SON OF THE "GREAT" KOSSUTH

"Hungary," says this leader of the coalition now defying Austria, "will not allow anyone to fit her with a straight jacket."



HUNGARY'S POSSIBLE PREMIER

Count Zichy, formerly leader of the clerical party, is regarded by the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* as the man likeliest to rescue Hungary from present complications.

HE dream of a time when war shall be no more has been "recognized as a dream" in this new treaty, according to the London Morning Post. It pessimistically adds that the British rights protected by the treaty "will sooner or later be called in question." That seems to be the conviction underlying nearly all London press comment, inspiring the London Speaker to say, in truth, that "it is taking a very great risk to make an alliance of this nature with any power." But The Speaker represents that extreme wing of the Liberal party which is supposed to be hostile to the whole policy of alliances. That extreme wing is in a hopeless minority. "Combination is the law of the political world," explains the London Mail, "as of the industrial world." This paper seems to have an overwhelming majority of Britons on its side when it observes that England's "splendid isolation" is gone and well gone. It was the triple alliance of Germany, Russia and France that first disturbed the balance of power in Asia by its action after the treaty of Shimonoseki in 1895. Japan was ordered out of Port Arthur At that time, continues the London then. Mail, Great Britain persisted in an isolation deemed "splendid" by politicians, but which real statesmen like the late Lord Salisbury knew to be full of peril. "The manifest desire of certain continental nations to suppress

Japan as the prologue to an attack upon British interests in the Far East" made the English see how fatuous was the "splendid isolation" of the past. The London Times pursues a parallel line of reasoning. What the newly shaped alliance may do and what the London Times thinks it will do is to save Great Britain and Japan "for long years to come" from all need of drawing the swords which it will be the mutual obligation of both to keep "ready and keen." And the Paris Journal des Debats rounds it all out by observing that the new treaty runs for ten years because Great Britain wanted to eliminate "for a sufficiently long period" that possibility of an understanding between Russia and Japan "which has not ceased to retain partizans in the two countries."

CUBA'S presidential campaign was meandering insipidly in the direction of Palma's re-election when General José Miguel Gomez, the Liberal candidate, withdrew from the contest, hurried to this country and proclaimed the approaching election a farce. Palma, announces Gomez, is perpetrating a coup d'ètat, not, indeed, of the Napoleonic variety, but of the Bath House John description. Ballot-boxes will be stuffed, anti-ad-



HUNGARY'S FORMER PREMIER WHO NARROWLY ESCAPED ARREST

Baron Desiderius Banffv was to have been summoned and detained by the police, but his position as a member of the house saved him from that jindignity.

ministration officeholders intimidated and Gomez himself counted out. Palma dares all this, according to Gomez, because the Cuban people are deprived of the right of armed revolution by the famous Platt amendment. Revolt by force would bring the United States into Cuba. But this Gomez thesis does not profoundly impress the newspapers of our country. Gomez is invited to be calm, to think again. "If Palma," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "had inaugurated such a political reign of terror as Gomez describes, someone in this country besides this discredited and fugitive demagogue would have heard of it." Yet there are "some grounds of suspicion," thinks the Detroit News. "Sugar kings," the land syndicates and "scheme promoters" may be fomenting discord for sinister purposes. The New York Sun prints details confirming some of the accusations made by Gomez, but indicating, on the whole, that that patriot's despair of his country's freedom is premature. Liberty may have received blows in Cuba, but she is not dead there. The New York Times is disposed to concede with the New York



THE MAN WHO WANTED TO BE PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC

General José Miguel Gomez says a fair election is impossible and he has withdrawn as the liberal candidate and come to New York in disgust.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC

The re-election of Tomas Estrada Palma is assured by the withdrawal of the Liberal candidate.

Sun that there is a substratum of truth beneath the layers of Gomez's rhetoric; but it finds his revolutionary inclinations ridiculous, in the circumstances. "Those who have followed the acts of President Palma," declares The Outlook, "and know his character, will be slow to believe that he designs to make himself a dictator or to put down by force of arms legitimate opposition to his continuance in office." As for European views, they are all, with a few exceptions, to the effect that Gomez is simply a politician foiled in an attempt to imitate Balmaceda or Castro.

THE regulation of railroad rates has become, during the last few months, an issue that, it is no exaggeration to say, looms larger upon the horizon of national politics than any



JAMES J. HILL, OF THE GREAT NORTHERN

He thinks federal regulation of railroad rates would affect railroads as zero weather affects streams.

other in sight. It has in it the possibility of a sensational conflict between the President and the House of Representatives on one side and the United States Senate on the other. It is quite conceivable that it may force a considerable realinement of parties somewhat as "free silver" did. It is an issue, moreover, that involves constitutional questions of the most vital consequence to the whole country. And, finally, it is an issue directly affecting our whole system of interstate transportation, which has a commercial value of thirteen billions of dollars and which is almost as intimately related to all the social and financial

life of the country as the arteries are to the physical life of the body. The subject is a big one, and it is being taken very seriously indeed by the press of the country. President Roosevelt is said, on good authority, to have decided not to raise the question of tariff revision in the next Congress in order that the regulation of railroad rates may have the right of way and a better chance of success.

'HE center of the whole question of rate regulation, as it has come up, is very simply stated. The Interstate Commerce Commission, which was constituted fifteen years ago to regulate railroads, has now the power to listen to complaints concerning "unreasonable" rates of charge, to investigate into these complaints, and, if they are found well based, to prohibit the rate complained of and to name the rate which it would consider "reasonable." But when it has done this, its decision, before it can prove effective, must be passed upon by the courts, and until they decide, the "unreasonable" rate continues in force. Even when the commission's decision has run the gantlet of three Federal courts and been finally sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, the overcharged shipper can gain redress only by instituting a suit for damages and carrying that through to final adjudication. And all the other shippers who may have been similarly overcharged all these year's must institute their suits for damages if they wish to obtain redress. That is the present situation. The change the President proposes is to make the rate which the commission declares "unreasonable" cease as soon as



HENRY M. FLAGLER

Started as clerk in a country store. Owns Florida East Coast Line, Is a big man in Standard Oil.



Began as a railway clerk. Now the President of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R.R.



Son of Grant's Secretary of State and now President of the Illinois Central.

that declaration is made, pending the decisions of the courts. Various bills designed to make this change have been introduced into Congress during the last five years. The latest, the Esch-Townsend bill, was passed in the lower house last February by a vote of 322 to 17. It was not passed in the upper house, but the committee to which it was referred, with Senator Elkins at its head, was empowered to conduct an investigation into the whole subject, and it has been doing this during the summer, having before it, as witnesses, many of the principal railroad officials of the country.

HE apparent simplicity of this issue, as here stated, is misleading. As around a fish-bone, or other small object, gathers in the slow process of time the material that makes up the little boulder that small boys know as a "nigger head," so around this question whether the commission's rate or the railroad's rate shall prevail while the case is being adjudicated has already gathered a mass of arguments and statistics, solemn warnings and impassioned appeals, that bid fair to equal the accretions that have gathered about the tariff issue or free silver. The utterances that have attracted most newspaper comment are: Mr. Bryan's open letter to President Roosevelt, promising Democratic support for the proposed change; the article (in The North American Review) on the legal aspects of the subject, written by Richard Olney, ex-Attorney-General; the speech made at Bellefontaine. Ohio, by Senator Foraker in opposition to the change; and ex-Senator Chandler's statement on the relation of Federal rate regu-



A. J. CASSATT, OF THE PENNSYLVANIA R.R.

Though educated at Heidelberg, he entered the service of the road as rodman in 1861.

lation to the "Jim Crow" car laws that prevail in so many Southern States.



E. F. JAFFREY

President of the Denver & Rio
Grande System.



MELVILLE E. INGALLS

Now president of the "Big Four" and the Chesapeake & Ohio.



SAMUEL SPENCER

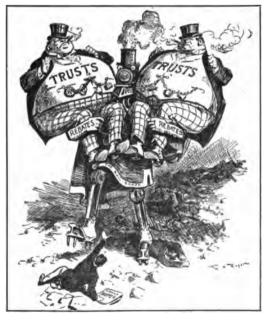
President of the Suwanee River
Route and several other railroads.



GEORGE GOULD

President of the Missouri Pacific and half a dozen other railroads.

M. BRYAN'S letter to the President is interesting chiefly for its possible political effect. "It is a beautiful letter," says the Louisville Journal, "but why? Is it patriotism



THE IRON HEEL

-W. A. Rogers in New York Herald

or politics? Is it art or artifice? Whatever it is, friends of the bill to regulate rate-regulation wish he hadn't done it." This wish is explained by the fact that President Roosevelt is certain to have a hard time getting the conservatives of his party into line for his policy, and Mr. Bryan's eager indorsement of it is pretty certain to make them still more difficult to manage. One Republican paper—the Baltimore American-resents Mr. Bryan's proffer of aid as an instance of "colossal vanity," while another—the New York Press—considers it "a piece of great good fortune for the American people." The latter journal, moreover, believes that both parties will split on this question, and that "the split is already begun."

NOTHER utterance made by a friend of rate regulation that is considered of very dubious value to the cause is ex-Senator Chandler's. He calls attention to the first section of the Esch-Townsend bill, defining the duty of the Interstate Commerce Commission as not only to hear complaints about rates but complaints as well about "any regulation or practice whatsoever affecting the transportation of persons or property," and to order discontinued any such regulation that is found to be "unreasonable or unjustly discriminating." Mr. Chandler considers that this will make it necessary for the Commission to put a stop to "Jim Crow" car laws in the South, an intimation that has aroused quick apprehension in the minds of many Southern editors. Says the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph, for instance: "If this, the very first section of the Esch-Townsend bill, does not look at and lay its hands on the Jim Crow car, will some one kindly point out what it does?" It adds:

"Has it indeed come to this, that a Northern Republican contingent can queer the Southern impulse for social preservation, and quiet the Southern conscience on the question of state rights, by an appeal to prejudice against corporations? Can they brain at one blow the two last and only remaining features of our Southern life which bind us to the memories of our fathers who were the builders of this Republic—the one involving our social, and the other our civil life?"

Answer to this is essayed by the Columbia (S. C.) State, which asserts that "the proposed Esch-Townsend bill gives no greater powers in respect to the regulation of this phase of passenger traffic than is already possessed by the national commission." It quotes the present law, which is very similar in its wording to the Esch-Townsend bill, and terms the Telegraph's warning "a false alarm."

M. OLNEY'S article on the legal aspects of rate regulation deals with these three questions of constitutional law: (1) Does the commerce clause of the Constitution authorize Congress to prescribe the charges of carriers engaged in the business of transportation with foreign nations and among the several States? (2) If it does, may Congress delegate the power to a Commission? (3) If it does, is the power qualified, and how, by the constitutional prohibition upon any preference to the ports of one State over those of another? The first question, Mr. Olney contends, involves the question of outright Government ownership of railroads, for ownership is "an inevitable sequence" of rate-making. If the Federal Government is to regulate rates on interstate traffic, it is "presumably right and expedient" for each State to exercise the same right over intra-State traffic. He proceeds to say:

"The situation to be anticipated, then, is that railroads, private properties and representing private investments aggregating billions of dollars, will find themselves controlled in the vital matter of their charges, not by their private owners, but by two public Boards-one representative of local interests and the other of national interests, and both antagonistic to the interests of the private owners concerned. The two Boards will aim at the lowest possible rates, each in behalf of the particular business under its charge, and will therefore be in constant rivalry with each other in the endeavor to extort from the carrier the best service at the smallest cost. Under these conditions anything like skilful, just, reasonable or stable rate-making becomes impossible. A situation is created intolerable alike to the carriers and to the public. and the sure outcome-unless the whole scheme of Government rate-making be abandoned—is Government ownership.'

THE first of his three questions, therefore, Mr. Olney answers in the negative because of this "inevitable sequence" of Government ownership, for which there is no provision in the Constitution. The second question, as to the right of Congress to delegate such powers, even if it has them, to a commission, he considers still an open question so far as the Supreme Court is concerned; but he believes it will be answered in the negative. The first part of the third question he answers in the affirmative as a matter of course, and goes on to point out the serious result that would follow from the limitation imposed by the constitutional prohibition of any discrimination by Congress between ports. He writes:

"The great trunk lines of the country, engaged in national transportation between the interior



EDWARD S. RIPLEY
President of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe.

and the sea-board, now carry on the business largely on what is known as the differential system. That system puts the ports on a common footing—puts a naturally inferior port on the same plane as a port naturally superior, by per-



MARTIN A. KNAPP, ILL.D.

Appointed by three successive Presidents to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Now its chairman.

mitting the carrier that serves the former to charge lower rates. This equalization of the commercial qualities of ports, diverse in natural advantages, is competent for the railroads, since the property they own is private property and is practically under private control. But the same equalization is not within the power of the political entity known as the United States, since its powers are strictly limited by the national Constitution."

No categorical reply to Mr. Olney's argument has, so far as we have observed, yet been made. The Baltimore *Herald* objects, however, to the whole tone of his reasoning. It thinks that his argument is based on the "gratuitous assumption" that the commission appointed to regulate rates would be antagonistic to the railroads. It says:

"He assumes that a rate is to be arbitrarily made by a prospective tribunal which would wreck railroads, while the fact is that the chief function in ratemaking would be to correct the evils which the railroads themselves admit. Its mission would be to rescue the railroads from gorgons in such form as the Beef Trust, which President Stickney and others say is greater and greedier than the railroads."

CENATOR FORAKER'S speech at Bellefontaine has been, however, the most sensational development in the discussion. The Senator has been looked upon as a close political friend of the Administration and a foremost champion in the Senate of its policies in general. His utterance on rate regulation, however, is interpreted as a "defiance" of the President, though, it is said, this construction is a surprise to the Senator himself. The utterance gains in interest from several circumstances. It was made in a speech opening the Republican State campaign in Ohio; Senator Foraker is supposed to have drafted the State platform on which that campaign is being made, and this platform, while it speaks out for enforcement of the laws prohibiting rebates, says nothing of the proposal to confer the power to fix railroad rates upon the Interstate Commerce Commission; the Democratic State platform, on the other hand, declares for a new Federal statute conferring on the commission the power to annul "unreasonable" rates and to impose "reasonable" ones. Moreover, as Secretary Taft has recently defended the President's policy, and as both he and Senator Foraker have been prominently mentioned as possible candidates for the presidential nomination in 1908, Senator Foraker's speech is taken by some as initiating an interesting contest between these two Ohio statesmen. A part of Senator Foraker's speech was as follows:

"To take control of the rate making power is to take charge of the revenues of the roads, and that means that the Government is to assume the responsibility not only of determining what rates shall be charged, but also of necessity how much money a railroad shall be allowed to make, and thus determine also of necessity what improvements it shall be permitted to make, what extensions it may build, what equipment it must provide, what new tracks it may lay, and what kind of service it shall render; for rates are so interdependent that there is no such thing possible as changing one without affecting many.

"Any other notion is a delusion refuted by conditions and experience. In short, if the Government is to determine how much money a railroad shall be allowed to make it must of necessity determine also what expenditures shall be permitted. None of these things can be escaped, and none of them can be done by the Government so well as they are now being done by the companies

themselves.

S ENATOR FORAKER has since made announcement that her nouncement that he has himself drafted a rate-regulation bill which provides that the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission shall, as now, be reviewed by the court, but providing also that "it shall be the duty of the Court to proceed summarily, postponing all other business to enable it to do so." He reiterates his opposition to any scheme to give the rate-making power to the commission, asserting that the "fatal fallacy" of the Esch-Townsend bill was that "it is possible to challenge a single rate, have it condemned, and substitute therefor one single rate," when the fact is that rates so overlap one another and are so interdependent that "tinkering" of this kind is impracticable. One of the leading Republican papers in Ohio-the Cleveland Leader -referring to the Bellefontaine speech, calls Senator Foraker "another Bourbon" and an "apologist for the railways" who has "virtually defied" the President. The latter, it thinks, not the Senator, has the people behind him.

IN THE general discussion on the broad question of rate-making by a Government commission, the line of division is not yet very clearly marked out, and probably will not be until the Elkins committee makes its report and announces its conclusions and until the policy of the Administration is more elaborately defined than heretofore. In the hearings before the Elkins committee, prominent railroad officials and prominent shippers have been examined and the testimony has for the

most part been decidedly against rate-fixing by the Government. Two points especially have been dwelt upon—the check which such a policy would have upon railroad extension and the incapacity of a Government commission to handle such a complicated question as the fixing of rates for the whole nation. The Louisville and Nashville system alone, according to Mr. Walker G. Hines, formerly its vice president, has sixty-six traffic officials to supervise rates on its lines, in addition to twenty-five or thirty clerks. It is estimated by others that over 5,000 men are now engaged solely in adjusting rates of the entire railway system, which now comprises more than 200,000 miles of track, over which in 1903 were hauled more than 173 billion tons of freight.

N THE subject of railroad extension, Mr. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, testifying before the Elkins committee, estimated a probable increase of freight tonnage in the next seven years to a yearly total of To handle this, immense 300 billion tons. outlays must be made and immense sums borrowed, on bonds, to make them. But if the fixing of rates is to be taken out of the hands of the railroads, "the bonds could not be sold at any price," and the money to make improvements cannot be obtained. "It would be just like a frost," said Mr. Hill, "that would freeze the streams solid: they will not run any more." Congressman Townsend, however, that there is any proposition that the Interstate Commerce Commission, or any other, "shall make whole schedules of rates"; all he asks is "that the commission have the power to cure an evil when an evil is found to exist." This is substantially the position taken by the President in his message to the latest session of Congress. He said:

"While I am of the opinion that at present it would be undesirable, if it were not impracticable, finally to clothe the [Interstate] Commission with general authority to fix railroad rates, I do believe that, as a fair security to shippers, the Commission should be vested with the power, when a given rate has been challenged, and after full hearing found to be unreasonable, to decide, subject to judicial review, what shall be a reasonable rate to take its place."

According to reports from Washington that seem authoritative, his position on this point is unchanged, and the Esch-Townsend bill, with a number of changes in details, will be again urged upon Congress at its next session. As the Elkins committee is persistently reported to be opposed to the policy of the bill,

the Boston Herald predicts "the complete political demoralization" of the Republican party, and the Washington Post points a solemn fore-finger to certain historical warnings which it deems significant: "The President is the leading personality of the entire world. He is the most popular man in America, and has the confidence of the masses as none of his predecessors had it; but, be it remembered, Scipio Africanus was accused by the Romans on the anniversary of Zama, and the English populace mobbed the Duke of Wellington on the anniversary of Waterloo."

R USSIA'S national election for the choice of members of the Czar's newly created "Duma"—which is to assemble not later than the middle of January next-has just entered its preliminary phases. Liberal and radical elements had made up their minds, when Nicholas surprised his country several weeks ago with something that looked like a constitution, to boycott these elections rigorously. That idea has since been modified. Every Russian with a vote is urged to cast it, although he will have to do so under the "general supervision" of agents of the Minister of the Interior, agents of the local governor and agents of the local prefect of police. Already the working men in the large towns and "the intelligence" everywhere find themselves skilfully disfranchised. "The intelligent" may vote, indeed, when they happen to be landed proprietors or real-estate owners in municipalities or "investing" capitalists. But their property qualifications are made so high as to render their voting strength relatively insignificant. Workingmen may vote when they have not lost their peasant status. But they are now finding that status so artfully hedged about with bureaucratic red tape that no "labor vote" shows the slightest capacity to emerge in the coming Duma. Members of this "purely consultative body," as Nicholas himself calls it, are chosen, moreover, not by direct ballot but by a mechanically devised system of electoral colleges. It is self-evident to the press of western Europe that Russia's experiment with parliamentary institutions is proceeding in a most Muscovite manner.

THE Russian peasant is now in a sort of political quarantine. This is the logical bureaucratic outcome of the fact that out of some 412 members of the Duma, perhaps 78 will be elected by the peasant vote alone. In the choice of nearly all the rest the peasant



--- Kladderudatsch (Berlin)

vote will be an important factor. When the peasants have voted the three successive stages of their own local electoral colleges into existence, they are, through the surviving electoral college of them all, to assist the landed proprietors and the well-to-do burgesses of the region in the production of yet another electoral college. This final body proceeds temporarily to disintegrate. The peasants present are segregated until they elect an eligible peasant-or peasants-to the Duma, whereupon they return to the main body, and the remainder of the quota of local representation in the Duma is then made up by the vote of The exact stage at which this process, with its modifications to suit circumstances, has now arrived in the different "governments" involves a series of mathematical calculations to which General Trepoff alone holds the key.

PEASANT representation in Russia is thus organized on the strictest basis of status. No democratically inclined noble, for instance, would be eligible to membership in the Duma as the representative of a technically "peasant" constituency. Furthermore, any peasant or any son of a peasant who has received "the higher education" is made to lose that peasant status by law. He could not get a seat in the Duma as the representative of any constituency of peasants. He has no vote in a peasant capacity. If he be a workman or if he be one of "the intelligent," he is sure to find himself excluded from the suffrage by what is deliberately intended to be a prohibitive property "A caricature of universal qualification. suffrage," all this is styled by Peter Struve, the distinguished "illegal" Russian agitator, writing in the Neue Freie Presse. Preponderance, he explains, is given to that mass of ignorance in the land which experience has shown to respond most readily to the autocratic call.

ITTE, having reached home a disgraced man, finds himself a count. It was rather a shabby title to put him off with, thinks the Paris Action, since even princes are apt in Russia to be persons of no great consequence: "the grand duke bears the title worth having." Besides, Witte had already been made a count years ago. He thought so little of the honor that he never used the title. He may find himself a prime minister or something of that sort yet if Nicholas II does not change his variable mind and if Europe's newspapers know their Muscovite. the rhetorical flourishes in which Nicholas couches his estimate of the "Count's" services at Portsmouth, the Vienna Zeit suspects the Czar's ancient grudge against Witte lying at the bottom of the autocratic heart like a stone in a well. Nicholas, conjectures the London Spectator, feels that he was tricked into a peace which he never really wanted. Witte is therefore the scapegoat, as many Parisian dailies look at the matter. He must wrestle with the project of creating a real ministry with a real premier, for a potentate who is firmly determined to remain a despot. The Czar's rotten edifice seems incapable of sustaining the new improvement Witte is ordered to make.

## Literature and Art

#### Woman In Recent French Literature

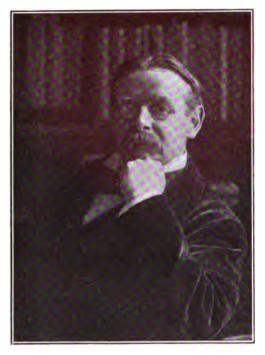
That poets and novelists perpetually look to woman for their inspiration and their themes is a fact generally appreciated. French literature, in particular, shows the deep impress of woman's influence, and this influence appears not merely in the masterpleces of a Victor Hugo or a Balzac, but also in the lesser known works of a Vigny or a Bourget. Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose new volume of "French Profiles" \* interprets some of the most notable of modern French authors for English readers. takes Alfred de Vigny, whom he calls "one of the main illuminating forces of the nineteenth century," as the very type of a poet made and marred by woman's love. It appears that Vigny did much of his best work under the spell of Marie Dorval, a Paris actress. He had married, at the age of twenty-eight, an Englishwoman "of majestic beauty," but, according to Mr. Gosse, he "had never loved" until he met Madame Dorval. There exists no evidence that the wife, who was an invalid, ever lost her liking for her husband or ceased to be soothed by his presence. When "love, for the first and only time, swept like a whirlwind of fire over his calm existence," she even seems to have given a kind of sanction to his infatuation. For a while "Madame Dorval possessed the life of the poet, swayed his instincts, inspired his intellect. His genius enjoyed a new birth in her; she brought about a palingenesis of his talent." But the end was disastrous. His "Eloa," described by Gautier as "the most beautiful and perhaps the most perfect poem in the French language," was enacted in real life, with the parts reversed. In place of the angel seduced by Satan, Madame Dorval became a demon drawing down an angel from his high estate. She tired of him at last and became involved in an intrigue with Alexandre Dumas. Wounded mortally in his pride and in his passion, Vigny felt, as he said, "the earth give way under his feet." Life lost all interest for him. He almost ceased to write. A pessimist of pessimists, he withdrew, with his invalid wife, to a solitary house in the west of France. When he died, in 1863, ten poems were discovered among his papers. \* FRENCH PROFILES. By Ed. Gosse. Dodd, Mead & Co

The earliest of these posthumous pieces, "La Colère de Samson," evokes this comment from Mr. Gosse:

"It is a curious proof of the intensity with which Alfred de Vigny concentrated himself on his vision that this terrible poem, one of the most powerful in the French language, should have been written in England during a country visit. It would seem that for more than three years the wounded poet had been brooding on his wrongs. Suddenly, without warning, the storm breaks in a tremendous picture of the deceit of woman and the helpless strength of man, in verses the melody of which are only equalled by their poignant agony . . . He buried the memory of Madame Dorval under 'La Colère de Samson,' as a volcano buries a guilty city beneath a shower of burning ashes, and he turned to the contemplation of the world as he saw it under the soft light of the gentle despair which now more and more completely invaded his spirit."

Alphonse Daudet, in his own life a model of the domestic virtues, was constantly preoccupied with the delineation of woman's character. One of his best known books.. containing a series of delicate studies in the psychology of "Artists' Wives," has been widely read in England and this country. famous or notorious "Sapho," generally conceded to be Daudet's masterpiece, deals with that "obsession of the feminine" which never seems to lose its fascination for the Gallic temperament. Mr. Gosse is impressed by "the really extraordinary chastity and delicacy of Daudet's language, the tact with which, even in a book like 'Sapho,' he avoids all occasion of offence." He goes on to say:

"Who will lose the impression, so amazingly vivid, left by the 'Cabecilla' in the 'Contes Choisis,' or by 'Les Femmes d'Artistes,' 'ce livre si beau, si cruel,' as Guy de Maupassant called it? Who will forget . Queen Frédérique when she discovers that the diamonds of Illyria are paste? and who Madame Ebsen in her final interview with Eline? The love of life, of light, of the surface of all beautiful things, the ornament of all human creations, illuminates the books of Alphonse Daudet. The only thing he hated was the horrible little octopus-woman, the Fanny Legrand or Sidonie Chèbe, who has no other object or function than to wreck the lives of weak young men. To her, perhaps, he is cruel; she was hardly worth his steel. But everything else he loves to contemplate."



EDMUND GOSSE

His new volume, "French Profiles," interprets some of the most notable of modern French authors for English readers.

Pierre Loti, it need hardly be said, was an acute observer of womankind and of her influence upon man. "If there is any theme," remarks Mr. Gosse, "in which M. Loti delights, and to the delineation of which he brings his most delicate and sympathetic gifts, it is the progress of the passion of love in adolescence." Ferdinand Fabre, on the other hand, presents the remarkable spectacle of a French writer who "put forth with success novel after novel, from which the female element is entirely excluded. In his principal books love is not mentioned, and women take no part at all." Different from either of these writers is the newly elected academician, René Bazin, whose dominant qualities are described as "purity, freshness, simplicity." His early novels, "Ma Tante Giron," "Une Tache d'Encre" and 'La Sarcelle Bleue," deal with innocent love affairs, and "Madame Corentine" is "a sort of hymn to the glory of devoted and unruffled matrimony." Of M. Bazin we read further:

"Whatever honors the future may have in store for the author of 'La Terre qui Meurt,' it is not to be believed that he will ever develop into an author dangerous to morals. His stories and sketches might have been read, had chronology permitted, by Mrs. Barbauld to Miss Hannah More. Mrs. Chapone, so difficult to satisfy, would have rejoiced to see them in the hands of those cloistered virgins, her long-suffering daughters. And there is not, to my knowledge, one other contemporary French author of the imagination who could endure that stringent test. M. Bazin's novels appeal to persons of a distinctly valetudinarian moral digestion. With all this, they are not dull, or tiresome, or priggish. They preach no sermon, except a broad and wholesome amiability; they are possessed by no provoking propaganda of virtue. Simply, M. Bazin sees the beauty of domestic life in France, is fascinated by the charm of the national gaiety and courtesy, and does not attempt to look below the surface."

Paul Bourget's literary methods are very similar to those employed by Henry James, with whom he has often been compared and to whom he acknowledges his indebtedness. M. Bourget visited this country ten years ago, and his impressions of American womanhood were duly chronicled in "Outre-Mer." They are worth recalling at this time. Says Mr. Gosse:

"What he has to say and what he has to admit ignorance of are equally interesting. He has to confess himself baffled by that extraordinary outcome of Western civilization, the American girl, but he revenges himself by the notation of in-numerable instances of her peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. On the whole, though she puzzles him, he is greatly delighted with her. We remember hearing of the first visit paid to New-port by a young French poet of the Symbolists, who was well acquainted with the American language, but whose manners were all adjusted to the model of the Boulevard St. Michel. He made a dozen serious blunders, all of which were benignly forgiven, before he settled down to some due recognition of the cold, free, stimulating and sphinx-like creature that woman is on the shores of America. M. Bourget is too much of a man of the world, and has been too carefully trained, to err in this way, but his wonder is no less pronounced. He comes to the curious 'conclusion that the desire for woman takes second place in the preoccupations of the men. He considers, as others have done, that this condition of things can be but transitory, and that the strange apotheosis of the American girl, with all that it presupposes in the way of reticence of manners, is but a transitory phase. He falls into an eloquent description of the American idol, the sexless woman of the United States, and closes it with a passage which is one of the most remarkable in his volumes:

"This woman can live unloved. She has no need to be loved. She symbolizes neither pleasure nor tenderness. She is, as it were, a living objet d'art, a learned and final human product, which attests that the Yankee, this hopeless man of yesterday, conquered by the Old World, has known how to draw out of the savage land into

which he was thrown by fate an entirely new civilization, incarnated in this woman, his luxury and his pride. All of this civilization is explained in the look of her deep eyes . . . all

that means idealism in this country without ideals, that will perhaps be its ruin, but as yet remains its greatness—an absolute, single, systematic and indomitable faith in will-power."

### A Study of the Love Poetry of the Brownings

The near approach of the one hundredth anniversary of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's birth lends special timeliness to an article in The Century Magasine (October) on the marriage of the Brownings. The writer, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, points out that "in the very heart and center of our modern world there was enacted and immortally sung one of the most exquisite love-histories of which the world has knowledge"; and he thinks that the union of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett has been well named "the most perfect example of wedded happiness in the history of literature—perfect in the inner life and perfect in its poetical expressions."

Mr. Gilder proceeds to an interesting inquiry into the direct references made by the Brownings to each other, taking up, first of all, Mrs. Browning's immortal Portuguese Sonnets, of which he says: "These 'Sonnets,' in their profound vision, their flaming sincerity, the eloquence with which they express the utter self-abnegation no less than the selfassertion of genuine love, transcend the distinctions of sex and proclaim authentically not only the woman's part, but, also, that which is common, in the master passion, to both woman and man." Of the conditions under which the sonnets were written and presented to Robert Browning, Mr. Gilder gives this account:

"It was during their residence in Pisa, early in 1847, that Browning first saw the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' as the poet Edmund Gosse has told by authority of Browning himself. Their custom was, Mr. Browning said, to write alone, and not to show each other what they had written. This was a rule which he sometimes broke through, but she never. He had the habit of working in a downstairs room, where their meals were spread, while Mrs. Browning studied in a room on the floor above. One day, early in 1847, their breakfast being over, Mrs. Browning went up-stairs, while her husband stood at the window watching the street till the table should be cleared. He was presently aware of some one behind him, although the servant was gone. It was Mrs. Browning, who held him by the shoulder to prevent his turning to look at her, and at the same time pushed a packet of papers into the pocket of his coat. She told him to

read that, and to tear it up if he did not like it; and then she fled again to her own room.' All this was in fulfilment of prophecy; for had she not said in her letter of July 22, 1846, as much as this about the 'Sonnets'; 'You shall see some day at Pisa what I will not show you now. Does not Solomon say that "there is a time to read what is written"? If he does n't he ought.'

not Solomon say that "there is a time to read what is written"? If he does n't, he ought."

"Browning, notwithstanding his intense love of privacy, took the right ground concerning these works of inimitable art. 'I dared not reserve to myself,' he said, 'the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare's.' Mrs. Browning finally consented to their being printed, under Miss Mitford's care, as 'Sonnets | by | E. B. B. | Reading | Not for Publication | 1847,' and in the edition of her poems brought out in 1850 they were actually published, with their present title, which was suggested by her husband. The author's suggestion had been 'Sonnets translated from the Bosnian'; but Browning, who called the author of 'Catarina to Camoens' his 'own little Portuguese,' named the title that prevailed."

The artistic language of Mrs. Browning's love experience, as Mr. Gilder goes on to say, was not confined to this great poem series. It appears in the poems called "Casa Guidi Windows," which give us "delightful glimpses of their common joy—in later, peaceful, married years—in those Italian scenes which were to each a passion." It was framed also in other "exquisite and noble verse," namely, in the six poems, "Life and Love," "A Denial," "Proof and Disproof," "Question and Answer," "Inclusions" and "Insufficiency."

The poetry addressed by Browning to his wife cannot compare either in volume or importance with Elizabeth Browning's output. This fact is in part explained by a letter addressed to her in 1846, in which he says: "I will tell you many things, it seems to me now, but when I am with you they always float out of mind. The feelings must remain unwritten -unsung too, I fear. I very often fancy that if I had never before resorted to that mode of expression, to singing,—poetry—now I should resort to it, discover it! Whereas now-my very use and experience of it deters me-if one phrase of mine should seem 'poetical' in Mrs. Proctor's sense—a conscious exaggeration,—put in for effect! only seem, I say! So I dare not try yet-but one day!" The thought is further developed in the poem, "One Word More":

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture? This: no artist lives and loves, that longs not Once, and only once, and for one only, (Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language Fit and fair and simple and sufficient— Using nature that's an art to others, Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature. Ay, of all the artists living, loving, None but would forego his proper dowry,— Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,— Does he write? he fain would paint a picture, Put to proof art alien to the artist's, Once, and only once, and for one only, So to be the man and leave the artist, Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

"One Word More" is the only poem written during Elizabeth Browning's lifetime that is openly addressed to her by her husband; but there are minor references in his poems which undoubtedly were inspired by his living wife. "Prospice," written in the autumn following her death, with its superb climax,

O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again, And with God be the rest!

is openly and evidently personal. And her influence in "The Ring and the Book" is direct and dominating. Of the passage beginning

O lyric Love, half angel and half bird, And all a wonder and a wild desire! Mr. Gilder says: "This passage recalls the poignant personal note in the invocation to Light at the beginning of the third book of 'Paradise Lost.' The lost and unreturning Light of the blind Milton, which, in his invocation, he desired should be replaced by the inward Celestial Light, and Browning's lost companion, 'half angel and half bird,' the benediction of whose spirit he rapturously craved—these are the occasions of the noblest passages in the chief poems of the early and the later bard." In the concluding lines of "The Ring and the Book," Browning says:

If the rough ore be rounded to a ring! Render all duty which good ring should do, And failing grace, succeed in guardianship,— Might mine but lie outside thine, Lyric Love, Thy rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised) Linking our England to his Italy.

This "ring of verse," as Mr. Gilder explains, was that referred to by the Italian poet Tommaseo in the inscription placed by the city of Florence on the walls of Casa Guidi: "Here wrote and died E. B. Browning, who . . . made with her golden verse a ring linking Italy to England." The writer concludes:

"The lives of the two as poets make the story what it is. Their lives, indeed, were poems, as Milton said poets' lives should be, and their poetry was their life, as Mrs. Browning said should also be true of poets. The world could spare neither the lives nor the poems, and especially would it be poor without those poems in which each sang of the other. Take these together, was there ever, in all the treasury of the world's literature, so angelical an antiphony of love, anthemed by the two radiant and immortal lovers themselves?"



THE ISLAND OF DEATH
(By Arnold Boecklin)

#### Boecklin's Unique Position in German Art

Arnold Boecklin, the eminent German artist, has been called a "painter of the open." A leading exponent of pagan ideals, he has chosen to inject into our modern world the

spirit of Greek mythology and primitive romance. He died four years ago on the hills above Florence, but his influence has never been so marked as at this time. During his life recognition came to him slowly, and even yet his rank as a painter has not been authoritatively determined. well-known German critic not long ago paid him this tribute: "Boecklin had no precursors, he stood alone; and vet by the overwhelming vividness and vitality of his genius he redeemed and recreated the art of a nation." But other critics take a much less favorable view of his work. Only recently the artistic world in Germany has been deeply stirred by a severe indictment of Boecklin, published under the title, "The Case of Boecklin." The book has been compared with Nietzsche's famous polemical brochure, "The Case of Wagner." Its author, the art-critic, Julius Meier-Graefe, like Nietzsche, was once the enthusiastic disciple of the "master" whom he now attacks.

Boecklin was born in Basel, Switzerland, in 1827. He early showed his artistic tendencies, and in spite of the

opposition of his family he went to Düsseldorf in 1846, where he studied with Schirmer. His later studies he made in Paris and in Rome. His early life was one long struggle with poverty, a struggle rendered all the more severe by his early marriage and ever increasing family. It was not until 1857, when his picture, "Pan Playing the Pipes at Noon-day," attracted the attention of Duke Alexander of Weimar, who then appointed Boecklin director of the Weimar Academy of Fine Arts, that Boecklin was at any time in even comfortable circumstances.

But the petty life of Weimar was not suited to a man of his temperament, and after a time he gave up his assured position, and continued his wanderings from one country to another.



MEDITATION IN AUTUMN
(By Arnold Boecklin)

Nine of his most profitable years he spent in Zurich. But during this time Boecklin remained all but unknown. He made followers and friends in a limited artistic circle, but the great outside world and the world of art critics only scoffed at his work when they did not ignore it. Germany had not yet grown up to him. Even at sixty years of age he was comparatively obscure. It is pleasant to record that after so many years of waiting, he won all-satisfying recognition before his death. On his seventieth birthday he received honors from artists in all parts of Europe,



ARNOLD BOECKLIN
"Boecklin had no predecessors, he stood alone; and
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and great exhibitions of his work were held in Basel and Berlin. He spent his last years in Fiesole, where he died, January, 16, 1901.

Mrs. A. von Ende, a German critic living in this country, contributes an interesting study of Boecklin to *The Craftsman* (Syracuse). She says.

"We need an art which will reconstruct the old Pantheon upon the foundations of modern life and re-people it with new symbols. The gods of Greece are dead; but there are those among us who would see them revived. What else is the meaning of that fanciful fifth sketch in Richard Le Gallienne's 'Painted Shadows?' Perhaps we should not care to experience a resurrection of all the divinities of ancient Greece, but those among us who want the health, the strength, the freedom and the joy of living which were the birthright of man before he sold it for a mess of culture, will welcome to our woodlands and our brook-sides the good old Pan, who stands for all that was ours, when the world was young, with his whole train of nature sprites. It is a hopeful sign that this patron of the open should have found his painter in our day. Arnold Boecklin has given the old myth a new meaning and a new milieu. His works proclaim the all-human significance of the ancient symbol."

Mrs. von Ende continues:

Neither historical nor genre painter, neither

landscape nor portrait painter per se, Boecklin stands unique in the art of to-day. In his earlier years, when the influence of the historical tradition lingered with him, he painted some scenes from Ariosto. The Pieta and his Biblical pic-tures properly speaking belong to this class. There is also a suggestion of the dramatic historical style in such paintings as 'Pirates Attacking a Castle by the Sea.' His mythological pictures, too, are links connecting him with those that came before him. Yet even they were created with supreme disregard for conventions sacred to the student of antiquity, for Boecklin held that the artist should not imitate, but strive for a sincere expression of himself and his own This was the aesthetic truth he sentiments. uttered, which no painter who would be a true artist can afford to disregard: 'A picture must be painted for the eye, and not for the mind." He was a painter of portraits, too; but even there he went his own way and produced effects startling by their deviation from the prescribed canons of art. Lenbach had been reproached with finishing only the head of his portraits and roughly sketching in the rest. Boecklin approved of this and even justified the method of the old Egyptian portrait painters, who made the eye, being the most characteristic feature of the face, disproportionately large."

Yet Boecklin was no anarch in art. acknowledged the power of tradition, and built upon it. But tradition, he held, must not be the sole guide of the learner. The contribution of modern science needed to be taken into account. Every painter, said Boecklin, should be enough of a chemist to know how to use certain colors without destroying the rest. When his detractors reproached him with using unwarrantable color effects, he replied: "What narrowness of judgment! Color in a picture serves quite a different purpose than in nature. Our picture is a plane; to give it the dimensions of space, I must destroy its character as a plane, and to do this the artist has no means but color. Hence I must use colors according to their optical effect as they project or retreat from our eye." Mrs. von Ende concludes:

"Boecklin loomed forth, great, rugged, powerful. Strength and sincerity were the keynotes of his character. Just and discreet in his judgment of others, but never at the expense of veracity, he did not condemn, but rather attempted leisurely and conscientiously to explain their art. The scholarly trait in his attitude at such occasions was the natural expression of his seriousness of purpose. Self-reliant by nature, his ambition was neither fame nor wealth, but the desire to create regardless of any considerations of reward—the ambition of true genius. He never sold his freedom or compromised with circumstance or opportunity. Such men are rare in our period of commercialism. With the possible exception of our own Whistler, Arnold Boecklin may be the only instance of an artist who had the

courage to stand between the two antagonistic movements, the art for art's sake and the art for all, and be entirely and absolutely himself. Such men are not the founders of schools. It would indeed be difficult to name any artist today who can be called a follower of Boecklin.

"Yet the art and the poetry of modern Germany bear the marks of his genius. The poets, especially Gerhart Hauptmann, have caught a glimpse of the fabulous world of Boecklin, the fauns and nymphs and tritons and centaurs, proclaiming the unity of nature and man more graphically than the philosophical subtleties of monism or the mystical meshes of the metem-psychosis. And some have attempted to vitalize these dream-children of the Hellenic folk-soul, resuscitated by his master brush, into symbols of ethical truths. But none have reached the eloquence of the painter in that tragedy of ugliness, so pitiful in its pathos and so irresistible in its humor: 'Nymphs and Fauns.' Neither has one been able to suggest in words the majesty, the silence, the unbroken rest that greets the boat drifting towards the cypress-grown island, which is the ultimate goal of life.

"Born out of the brave, affirmative acceptance of life, the art of Boecklin presents no problems, either artistic or sociological. Others have been painters of still-life, of interiors; he is the painter of the open. Others have been painters of animals, of landscapes, of figures, ideal or real; he is the painter of nature, which is all in one."

An attitude very different from that of Mrs. von Ende's is revealed in Julius Meier-Graefe's brochure, mentioned in the opening sentences of this article. Of Boecklin's art he says: "It is of the kind that leaves behind it nothing of value." . He says further: "His works are illustrations without books, mosaics without walls, plays without a stage." In fact, in this critic's opinion, Boecklin is, properly speaking, neither an artist nor a painter.

The book has aroused keen, and in some quarters, indignant criticism in Germany. Maximilian Harden, always prominent in art controversies, and ever inclined to take the unpopular side of a debate, gives Meier-Graefe a measure of support. But even he would probably be the last to deny Boeck-lin's essential genius. German critical opinion is, in the main, in agreement with Mrs. von Ende's dictum: "Arnold Boecklin deserves to be ranked with the great art of the world. His genius has issued as victor from the rest-less conflict between the real and the ideal."



THE HOLY GROVE (By Arnold Boeckiin)

#### A Painter's Estimate of Whistler and Sargent

Especial value attaches to the judgment of the critic of art who happens at the same time to be a painter. So the judgment of Kenyon Cox upon Whistler and Sargent in a recently published volume\* has the critical value of a practitioner in the art and the sympathy of a compatriot. In distinguishing the precise individuality of Whistler among the artists of all time, Mr. Cox says that "the Whistler who is most entirely himself is the Whistler of the nocturnes and the pastels -a dainty, winged spirit, as light and as graceful as the butterfly he chose for his emblem." The entire product of Whistler's genius he summarizes as "two or three interestin beginnings in directions which were to lead to nothing, a few captivating early pictures, perhaps half a dozen fine portraits, a hundred or two little pictures and pastels of ethereal charm." Continuing, Mr. Cox writes:

"Whistler has done certain things that no one else has done, given us certain sensations not to be had from other works than his. No one else has so well painted night, no one else so suggested mystery, no one so created an atmosphere. In no other art we know has the pleasure to be derived from tone and from the division of space been given so purely and so intensely. Even should these things be done again, and done better, he will have been the first to do them, and that of itself is a title to fame. And apart from the value of his own achievement, Whistler has been, and is, a potent influence on others, and such influences have their own special glory. He has had, and will have for a time, mere imitators who copy his methods and vainly hope to become great artists by mixing black with all their colors, but there are thousands of others whose perceptions have been quickened by contact with his, who have learned to see more delicately because he has shown them how, whose eyes have been opened to beauties before unnoticed.

"Was he a great master? Posterity will decide. At any rate, he was a true artist, and in an age too much dominated by the scientific spirit—an age given up to experiment and the desire to know and to record—he consistently devoted his beautiful talent to those things in art which are farthest removed from naturalism and from science, and in his impatience of a painting that is not always art created an art which almost ceases to be painting."

Since the death of Whistler, declares Mr. Cox, Mr. Sargent holds, by all odds, "the highest and most conspicuous position before the world of any artist whom we can claim as in some sort an American—indeed, he is to-

\* OLD Masters and New. By Kenyon Cox. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York.

day one of the most famous artists of any country, easily the first painter of England. and one of the first wherever he may find himself." His work comprises "a vast number of portraits, a few pictures, and some mural decorations, which, from the ability displayed in them and the originality of their conception, are certainly to be reckoned among the most considerable efforts in that branch of art produced within a century past." Of the three great classes of truths which it is the business of the painter to observe, truths of color, of light and shade and tone, and of form, says Mr. Cox, "it is the truths of form that Sargent observes most surely, and it is as draughtsman that he most entirely triumphs." To quote further:

"It is this power of accurate drawing in its variety of manifestations from Van Eyck to Frans Hals that has always marked the great portrait painters as distinguished from the imaginative painters; but there is another power that has often enough been credited to them— that of insight. They have been thought to see below the surface, to form a definite conception of the character of their sitters and to transfer that conception in some way to their canvas and to make us see it. To none of them has this power been more often credited than to Sargent, and stories are told of how this or that trait has been brought out in some picture of his, which, though latent in the sitter, was unknown to the sitter's friends. On the strength of such stories, and of the impression of lifelikeness which his portraits make, he has even been called a psychologist. Is he so, or was any artist ever so? One may certainly argue that it is the business of the painter to see what is and record it, not to form theories of why it is-to have an eye for character if you like, not an opinion of character. He may have an instinct for what is most characteristic in a face, and accent those things in it which are essentially individual, without necessarily having any clear conception of the individuality itself. . . . Sargent, like other artists, paints his impressions, and he paints it more frankly and directly than many, with less brooding and less search for subtleties—paints it strongly and without reservation; and he leaves the psychology to those who shall look at the

"Sargent is always himself—John Sargent, painter—quite cool and in full possession of his powers, with the most wonderful eye and hand for receiving and recording impressions of the look of things that are now to be found in the world. The masters with whom it is inevitable that he should be compared are Hals and Velasquez; and if it must be left to posterity to say how nearly he has equalled them we can be sure, even now, that his work is more like theirs than any other that has been produced in the past century."

#### A Hitherto Unpublished Portrait of Shelley

A pencil sketch and an oil cabinet portrait of Shelley, made only a few weeks before his tragic death in 1822, have recently come to light in Nashville, Tenn. They are the work of William Edward West, an American artist who visited Byron and the Shelleys in Italy,

and have been preserved by his niece, Mrs. A. P. N. Bryant. Of the curious circumstances under which he obtained the portrait he has given some account in a letter to Mrs. Bryant:

"While painting the portrait of Lord Byron at Monte Nero, a summer resort on the hills near Leghorn, where Byron had come to spend the warm months at Villa Rossa, the home of Guiccioli and the Gamba family, during one of the sittings, which Byron gave me from three to four o'clock, Shelley, who lived up on the coast not far from Leghorn, called at the villa, and was at once ushered into the room where I was at work. Byron sprang up with delight, and after a warm greeting seated him facing my easel, which gave me the opportunity to study his face and listen to his interesting conversation for more than an hour. I was so impressed by the man's charming individuality I picked up my pencil and slyly made a sketch of him. Byron thought this sketch an excellent likeness, and after seeing Shelley again in Leghorn, I determined to paint a picture of him while his image was fresh in my memory.

Interesting additional details are furnished by Tuckerman in his "Book of Artists":

"Some anecdotes of his artist life we gathered in conversation with Mr. West. On one occasion, while painting Lord Byron's portrait, the

servant announced Shelley, who was immediately invited to enter. At that time he was almost unknown to fame, and the painter observed him in a perfectly unexaggerated mood. We therefore listened with avidity to his first impressions. The day was sultry, and Shelley was clad in a loose dress of gingham. . . . His open collar,



Courtesy of The Century Magazine.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

A portrait painted by an American artist, William Edward West, and recently discovered in Nashville, Tenn.

beardless face, and long hair, as well as thin and slight figure, gave him the appearance of a stripling. . . . 'Never,' said the artist, 'have I seen a face so expressive of ineffable goodness. Its benignity and intelligence were only shadowed by a certain sadness as of one upon whom life pressed keenly, at touching variance with the youth indicated by his contour and movements. Enthusiasm, however, soon wonderfully kindled his countenance and quickened his speech as he described in the most vivid and glowing terms a cavern that he had discovered while coasting along the Mediterranean the day previous.' . . What struck Mr. West most forcibly in Shelley's conversation was its complete self-forgetfulness."

The discovery of the portrait is chronicled by N. P. Dunn in *The Century Magazine* (October), which gives reproductions of both sketch and painting. The sketch is rough



AN INDIAN GROUP
(By J. J. Boyle)

and unprepossessing, but the painting, as the writer observes, is "very beautiful."

"The soft, light-brown hair, the blue eyes, the youthful texture of the flesh, the freshness of the coloring, the strength and beauty of the soul within, charm the eye and fill the imagination. Compared feature by feature with the Curran portrait [in the National Portrait Gallery in London], correcting faults pointed out long ago in the older picture, but bearing a wonderful resemblance to it, the portrait is of surpassing interest. Its technique is perfect. The question of whether it was done in the quiet of his Florence studio with only the pencil sketch as guide, or whether he obtained other sittings and at least began it at Monte Nero, is not for the writer to decide."

Beside this West portrait and that by Miss Curran, mentioned above, there are only three pictures of Shelley in existence. The first is an alleged Shelley at the age of nine by Romney, in the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon. The second is the well-known drawing of Shelley as a youth (probably by the Duc de Montpensier), used as a frontispiece to Professor Dowden's "Life." The third is a posthumous painting by Clint, based on the Curran portrait and a lost water-color drawing by Shelley's friend Williams, and is in the National Portrait Gallery in London.



JOHN J. BOYLE

His statue of Franklin (see frontispiece) is to be unveiled in Paris in connection with bicentenary celebrations to be held next January.

#### A Sculptor of American Primitive Life

In Paris, in a few weeks, a statue of Benjamin Franklin is to be unveiled, close by the house in Passy where he lived when he was serving America as minister to France during the fateful period of the American Revolution. The unveiling of the statue will form part of the celebration of the Franklin bicentenary, which will be observed in France as well as the United States next January.

The statue (which we reproduce in our frontispiece) is the work of an American sculptor, John J. Boyle, of New York City. Mr. Boyle, is not, by any means, a new and unknown artist. He achieved distinction many years ago as a sculptor, and two of his statues -Francis Bacon and Plato-are in the Congressional Library at Washington. But another line of his work is of more interest and originality and has had a more marked effect upon the development of American art: that is, his delineation of savage and primitive life, especially of the North American Indians. He has been a sort of pioneer among sculptors in the study of the red men, particularly the red men of the forest. Many American sculp-



THE CROUCHING INDIAN (By J. J. Boyle)

tors have successfully followed Mr. Boyle's lead in this direction and the impulse which his example gave has greatly enriched American sculptural art and turned the efforts of American artists to the rich art field to be found in our own history.

Mr. Boyle's work, "The Stone Age in North America," was the only American work admitted to the Paris Salon in 1886, and a score of French periodicals were at the same time praising its "wild energy," its "power," its



THE STONE AGE (By J. J. Boyle)

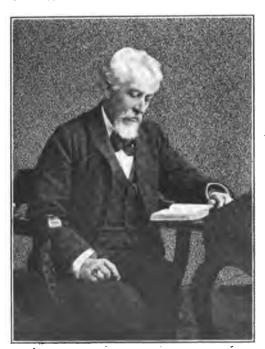
"beauty" and the "character and calm courage" of its figures. Here is the way the *Journal des Artistes* (Paris) described the group:

"The Indian woman questions the horizon with a troubled brow, ready to defend herself with a stone hatchet which she grasps in her right hand, the implement with which she has just killed a bear cub stretched gasping at her feet. She is clothed in soft skins which are softly stirred by the breeze; her straight hair is wound with a vine stem. She holds in her robust arm a nursing child, while another child, a little older, crouches at her feet, instinctively hiding behind the leather draperies of his mother."

#### The Sage Who Lived in a Tower

Diogenes, so we are told, lived in a tub. Montaigne, the distinguished French author of the sixteenth century, lived in a tower. The fact is duly chronicled by Prof. Edward Dowden, of Dublin University, in a new work\* which treats Montaigne as the father of the modern essay and chief among those who have made literary capital out of their own personalities. To understand Montaigne aright, however, we must view him, says Professor Dowden, "not merely as the occupant of the philosophic tower, with its chapel below, and its Stoics, its Epicureans, its Pyrrhonists in the library

\*MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE. By Edward Dowden, LL.D. J. B. Lippincott Co



EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D.

Whose latest work deals with the French philosopher and essayist, Michel de Montaigne.

above, but also in connection with his province, his country, and his times."

The development of this remarkable personality was achieved through a wide experience of life. "An ardent and full-blooded son of the South," he was educated in the law, became Mayor of Bordeaux in 1554 when he was only twenty-one, went to Paris as courtier under Henry II and Charles IX, and in 1571, at the age of thirty-eight, according to a Latin inscription found on the walls of his tower, he "betook himself, long weary of the service of the Court and of public employments, while still in his full vigor, to the bosom of the learned Virgins"; announcing his intention to pass, in calm and freedom from all cares, what little should yet remain of his allotted time. This, "his ancestral abode and sweet retreat," he consecrated to "freedom, tranquility and leisure."

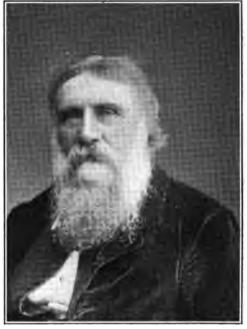
The tower adjoined his dwelling, and in it he lived, except for the brief periods of his travels into Italy, a retired life among his books. He became, in the words of Professor Dowden, "the sage of the tower, who regarded the whole of life with wise and humorous eyes, a little disenchanted, yet interested in the infinite variety of things, and interested above all in observing that most diverse and complex of God's creatures—himself." such good effect did he observe, that Professor Dowden exclaims: "It is humanity itself that we are coming to know through this curious exemplar of the race." His biographer professes to find reasons for this extraordinary unburdening:

"To render some service to others—this was assuredly one of the motives which impelled and sustained Montaigne in his delightful labors, egoist though he sometimes professed himself. Did he exhibit his own faults or defects? Well, this might be of use as a warning to others. Did he point to the infirmities of the intellect of man? This should touch at once the dogmatists who would forever moor in some oozy haven the voyaging spirit of man, and those wild specula-

tors who would subvert the old order of society for the sake of a theory. He could not dazzle men with a vision of great hope, as Rabelais had done; then it was the morning, and now the noon hung heavy and clouds had overcast the heavens. But he might do what perhaps was needed by his time—he could plead for sanity. The future of his country depended on the presence in it of a group—possibly an enlarging group—of men who were sane, who could play the part of reconcilers between the madness of extremes, who were not blinded by authority or custom, who were universal questioners, who were pliable to the touch of reality, who dared to doubt as well as to believe, who took, as he did, the balance for their emblem, and who could pause to weigh things before they applied themselves to action. Of zeal and passion there was enough; there was too much. It were better for France if men were less zealous if only they were more sane."

The portrait which Montaigne has drawn of himself, says Professor Dowden, emerges from the entire canvas of the "Essays" for him who stands at the right point of view. "The author of the 'Essays' was a personage interesting to many, and in days when the professional 'interviewer' did not exist, he must play the part of his own interviewer on behalf of the friendly reader." To what conclusion did this self-study come? Says Professor Dowden:

"Ever and anon, if not continuously, throughout the 'Essays' proceeds Montaigne's indictment of humanity. What is the final issue? Should it not be a misanthropy like that of Swift? Or, if not this, some melancholy kind of pessimism? It is neither of these with Montaigne, for at heart he loves life and would loyally enjoy his being. He makes a return upon himself, and accepts the conditions of humanity, accepts such limitations and infirmities as are inevitable, and endeavors to cultivate his garden, even as it is. 'Greatness of soul consists not so much in mounting and in pressing forward as in knowing how



Courtesy of N. Y. Outlook

#### GEORGE MACDONALD

"His novels were sermons by a preacher who was almost consumed with the intensity of his message. They are books of the true prophetic quality."

to range and circumscribe one's self; it takes for great everything that is enough, and shows its stature by preferring moderate to eminent things. There is nothing so beautiful and so legitimate as well and duly to play the man; nor science so arduous as well and naturally to know how to live this life of ours; and of our maladies the most wild and barbarous is to despise our being.

. . For my part, then, I love life and cultivate it, such as it has pleased God to bestow it upon us."

#### A Prophet in Modern Fiction

In the opinion of the London Times, Dr. George MacDonald, who died recently in his eighty-first year, was "one of the most characteristically national writers that Scotland has produced." A Lowland Scot, with a Highland Gaelic ancestry, he shared to the full the heritage of Scotch mysticism, adding to it a religious enthusiasm which was molded by his contemporaries, Maurice and Kingsley, and expressed in a long series of poems and novels. Mrs. Oliphant was among the first to give him literary encouragement; Lady Byron was his intimate friend; and Ruskin described his

"Diary of an Old Soul" as one of the three great religious poems of the past century. The London *Athenaeum* gives the following account of his career:

"Born in Aberdeenshire, he was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, and later at Highbury as a Congregational preacher; but he was too independent to make a success of his pastorate at Arundel, which he retained from 1850 to 1853, and he became a lay member of the Church of England some time after, preaching, like Socrates, with the more effect because he was not paid for his work.

"His first literary work consisted of poetry, published in 1856 and 1857. 'Phantastes,' a

charming fairy tale (1858), and 'David Elginbrod,' a novel (1862), may be taken as representative specimens of his other literary activities. In fairy tales he was, perhaps, at his best. His turn for mysticism and his imagination here. had free play, and such stories as 'Dealings with the Fairies,' 'The Princess and the Goblin,' and 'At the Back of the North Wind' have in their

own line never been surpassed.
"As a writer of fiction Dr. MacDonald was very unequal-too consciously didactic to attain great success, perhaps. A pietistic element, unconventional relations between classes and sexes, sympathy with poverty, especially gentle poverty, and unfeigned dislike of the Philistinism of modern life—these are the general features which distinguish Dr. MacDonald's fiction, making it strongly attractive to some and repulsive to others. He showed at all times admirable insight into Scottish character, and deserved all the success which came to later and more popular expositors of broad Scotch dialect.

In more glowing terms The British Weekly (London) comments:

"The novels were sermons by a preacher who was almost consumed with the intensity of his message. They were polemical, a protest against Calvinism, and especially against the dogma of eternal punishment. They were fiercely positive in their preaching that God is love, that God is Father. They denounced the formulation of dogma. They were full of faith in the ultimate and complete victory of the light. The story was subordinate, and yet it was true and absorbing. The impression these books made on many young minds could never be exaggerated. How wonderful it was to see the young genius come forth to the fight against the time-honoured dogmas with his dazzling spear of youthful scorn

and beautiful indignation! The diamond point of his virgin weapons, the vigor of the preacher all glowing and poetic in a region of ultra prose —these were enough to fascinate youth, and the heart was cold that did not fall in love with his generous and tender dreams. We say the books were constructive. They were altogether noble in their tone and feeling. No one could lay them down without thrilling to the thought that truth and goodness and God are alone worth living for. Even though it might be impossible to accept their full teaching, they throbbed with a spiritual life which could not but communicate itself. They are books of the true prophetic quality, and ought not to be forgotten.

American papers recall the visit of Dr. MacDonald to this country in 1872-3, when he made a lecturing tour. He was "an apostle of the spiritual meaning of life," says the Springfield Republican. The Boston Congregationalist adds:

"His first and constant interest was the interpretation of Christianity in terms of the Fatherhood of God. There are few on either side of the Atlantic who remember him as an active preacher, but there are thousands whose religious thought has been shaped or colored by his books. Of his sermons one of the foremost living critics of England recently said, 'A great hope of God burned through them.' And the words are true of his books. Whatever there might be of plot or incident or character which seemed ill-drawn or overdrawn, they were all, in a sense which too seldom finds examples nowadays, religious books, shot through and through with a sense of the reality of the presence of God and the shining of a great hope for men."

# The Diary of a Poet-Naturalist

Thoreau was about twenty years old when he began his diary. Emerson as likely as any gave him the hint, says Bradford Torrey, the New England naturalist, citing, in support of this contention, the enigmatical entry, made under the date of October 22, 1837: "'What are you doing now?' he asked. 'Do you keep a journal?' So I make my first entry to-day." It is extracts from this journal, which Thoreau kept from that day on until his death—choice paragraphs unused by him in any of his books-that The Atlantic Monthly is printing in monthly instalments. An appreciative introduction is supplied by Mr. Torrey, from which we quote:

"The man himself is there. Something of him, indeed, is to be discovered, one half imagines, in the outward aspect of the thirty-nine manuscript volumes; ordinary 'blank books' of the

sort furnished by country shopkeepers fifty or sixty years ago (one remembers Thoreau's complaint that the universal preoccupation with questions of money rendered it difficult for him to find a blank book that was not ruled for dollars and cents), still neatly packed in the strong wooden box which their owner, a workman needing not to be ashamed, made with his own hands on purpose to hold them.

"A pretty full result of a short life they seem be . . . the handwriting, strong and rapid, leaning well forward in its haste, none too legible, slow reading at the best, with here and there a word that is almost past making out; the orthography that of a naturally good speller setting down his thoughts at full speed and leaving his mistakes behind him; and the punctuation, to call it such, no better than a make-shift—after the model of Sterne's, if one chooses to say so-a spattering of dashes and little else."

So young as twenty, Thoreau had discovered that "truth strikes us from behind

and in the dark, as well as from before and in broad daylight." And only two years later one finds this shrewd assertion of his own "centralness." "All things are up and down,-east and west,—to me. In me is the forum out of which go the Appian and Sacred Ways, and a thousand beside, to the ends of the world. If I forget my centralness, and say a bean winds with or against the sun, and not right or left. it will not be true south of the equator."

The journal fairly blossoms with pure beauties of observation and feeling, easily disentangled from all transcendental discourse. "I sit in my boat on Walden, playing the flute, this evening, and see the perch, which I seem to have charmed, hovering around me, and the moon traveling over the bottom, which is strewn with the wrecks of the forest, and feel that nothing but the wildest

imagination can conceive of the manner of life we are living."

Picking blackberries early in the morning by starlight, he notes: "The distant yelping of a dog fell on my inward ear as the cool breeze on my cheek." An especially grand oak-tree is an "agony of strength."

"Here, now, is a sentence that by itself is worth a deal of ornithology," writes Bradford Torrey: "The song sparrow is heard in fields and pastures, setting the midsummer day to music,—as if it were the music of a mossy rail or fence post."

Of all trees it is the pine which fascinates Thoreau, from roots to tip. To him it is a symbol of youth, purity, courage. "The pines are unrelenting sifters of thought," he writes; "nothing petty leaks through them. Let me put my ear close and hear the sough of this book, that I may know if any inspiration yet haunts it." And again: "Fat roots of pine, lying in rich veins as of gold or silver, even in old pastures where you would least expect it,



HENRY D. THOREAU

Walt Whitman once asked Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, who, of all the Concord circle, was most likely to last into the future. Sanborn named Thoreau

make you realize that you live in the youth of the world, and you begin to know the wealth of the planet." He spends a whole long paragraph in admiration over an old pine-root fence.

Of the New England autumn, he writes ecstatically:

"I am not so poor: I can smell the ripening apples; the very rills are deep; the autumnal flowers, the Trichostema dichotomum—not only its bright blue flower above the sand, but its strong wornwood scent, which belongs to the season—feeds my spirit, endears the earth to me, makes me value myself and rejoice; the quivering of pigeons' wings reminds me of the tough fiber of the air which they rend. I thank you, God. I do not deserve anything. I am unworthy of the least regard; and yet I am made to rejoice. . . . Ah, I would not tread on a cricket in whose song is such a revelation, so soothing and cheering to my ear! Oh, keep my senses pure!"

Yet, after all, even Thoreau must admit, "what is Nature unless there is an eventful human life passing within her?" And here

and there in the journal, one has pleasant glimpses of neighbor Thoreau.

One October day, he tries to borrow money for a poor Irishman who wants to get his family to America. "One will never know his neighbors till he has carried a subscription paper among them." The following entry shows how thoroughly the man with the subscription paper did his work:

"To hear the selfish and cowardly excuses some make, that if they help any they must help the Irishman who lives with them! And him they are sure never to help. Others, with whom public opinion weighs, will think of it, trusting you never will raise the sum and so they will not be called on again, who give stingily after all. What a satire in the fact that you are much more inclined to call on a certain slighted and so-called crazy woman in moderate circumstances rather than on the president of the bank! But some are generous and save the town from the distinction which threatened it, and some, even, who do not lend, plainly would if they could."

He is pleased to discover "that you will know no man long, however low in the social scale, however poor, miserable, intemperate, and worthless he may appear to be, a mere burden to society, but you will find at last that there is something that he understands and can do better than any other."

And this is such an honest, human, sad confession: "I lose my friends, of course, as much by my own ill treatment and ill valuing of them, profaning of them, cheapening of them, as by their cheapening of themselves, till at last, when I am prepared to do them justice, I am permitted to deal only with memories of themselves, their ideals still surviving in me, no longer with their actual selves."

Once, after a conversation with R. W. E. (we suspect) he roundly declares: "I think that the standing miracle to man is man.

. . . Who shall say that there is no God if there is a just man? It is only within a year that it has occurred to me that there is such a being actually existing on the globe." More often, though, he is quite willing to banish man from his universe.

"God does not sympathize with the popular movements." By which we are to understand, of course, that Henry D. Thoreau did not—sometimes. He, the antislavery agitator who made a hero of John Brown; who once said that when he "'helped a runaway slave on the way to the north star' it stirred a finer thrill in him than even the reading of Homer."

Music stirred the heaven in Thoreau.

"There is all the romance of my youthfullest moment in music!" he exclaims. "There is nothing so wild and extravagant that it does not make true. It makes a dream my only real experience, and prompts faith to such elasticity that only the incredible can satisfy it. It tells me again to trust the remotest and finest as the divinest instinct. All that I have imagined of heroism, it reminds and reassures me of." "For real warmth when once the fire burns, who can exceed our stoic?" asks Bradford Torrey, slyly.

He demands of science. "Can you tell how it is and whence it is that light comes into the soul?" A little later bursting forth with, "What more glorious condition of being can we imagine than from impure to be becoming pure? . . . In relation to virtue and innocence the oldest man is in the beginning spring and vernal season of life. It is the love of virtue makes us young ever. . . . May I dream not that I shunned vice; may I dream that I loved and practised virtue." No wonder that as a curious youth of twenty-one, this unpuritanical Thoreau looked out the window during divine service and saw that "within is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; without, grain fields and grasshoppers, which give those the lie direct."

"Yes, he was undoubtedly peculiar," writes Bradford Torrey. "As to that there could never be anything but agreement among practical people."

"In a world where shiftiness and hesitation are the rule, nothing looks so eccentric as a . . Being a consistent straight course. idealist, he was of course an extremist, falling in that respect little behind the man out of Nazareth, whose hard sayings, by all accounts, were sometimes less acceptable than they might have been, and of whom Thoreau asserted, in his emphatic way, that if his words were really read from any pulpit in the land, there would not be left one stone of that meeting-house upon another. Thoreau worshipped purity, and the every-day ethical standards of the street were to him an abomination. . . . He was constitutionally earnest. . . . A bit of boyish play now and then, the bow quite unbent, or a dose of novel reading of the love-making, humanizing (Trollopean) sort, could one imagine it, with a more temperate cherishing of his moodiness, might have done him no harm. . . . But, then, had these things been so, had his natural scope been wider . . . why, then he would no longer have been Thoreau. . . And made as he was, 'born to his own affairs,' what else could he do but stick to himself? 'We are constantly invited to be what we are,' he said. The words might fittingly have been cut upon his gravestone.

# Religion and Ethics

#### The Poetic Agnosticism of Christ

The rather surprising contention that Christ was a consistent agnostic is made by an anonymous writer of a recent work called "The Creed of Christ." \* This book has received some extraordinary notices in English reviews, at least two different writers declaring that it bids fair to create as much comment as did "Ecce Homo" when it appeared a generation The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of London, confesses that he would be glad to have written the book. Mr. F. G. Bettany, a more conservative though still enthusiastic critic, explains the writer's position as one "dominated by a metaphysical theory, a pantheistic, Hegelian theory of the universe, which he ascribes, with a large show of reason, no doubt, to Christ himself," and defines the characterization of Christ as that of a "rebel in constant and fierce revolt against the formalism, the legalism, the cramping materialistic dogmatism of post-exilian Jewry as summed up in the creed of the Pharisee." In order to clear his way for a statement of the creed of Christ, the author first defines the status of the Pharisees, and in so doing he makes use of modern terms, emphasizing the point that they were excellent men according to their lights. He says more particularly: "What the Puritans have been to Protestantism, what the Jesuits have been and still are to Romanism, what the Ritualists are to Anglicanism, that the Pharisees were to the latter-day Judaism, the Judaism that had prevailed since prophesy died." Christ denounced the Pharisees, says the writer, but, contrary to the usual order, he "had no system to offer as an alternative for Phariseeism, but he had an alternative to offer for the false idea—the false conception of God-from which Phariseeism had sprung." The writer continues: "That conception was compounded of three elements -dogmatism, supernaturalism, and pessimism. To the dogmatism of Israel's philosophy Christ opposed, in the region of thought a wise agnosticism, in the region of emotion a living faith. To its supernaturalism he opposed the higher pantheism. To its pessimism the optimism of serene peace and radiant joy."

"In this, the truest sense of the word, Christ, like his great predecessor, the founder of Buddhism, was a consistent agnostic. Though he lived, one might almost say, in the very light of God's presence, and though religious meditation was the very breath of his being, he never allowed himself to dogmatize or even to talk with any approach to precision about God. Knowing that his thoughts about God would not suffer themselves to be translated into speech, he contented himself with expressing his sense of the divine presence in the language of a simple and beautiful poetry, that through that medium some glow of his radiant faith might communicate itself to other hearts. That he spoke with emphasis and conviction is undeniable. But every genuine poet does the same. What constitutes the differentia of dogmatism is, not its self-assertion, but its claim to have imprisoned truth (in the case of religious dogmatism, divine truth) in formulæ which are true as they stand, however they may be interpreted by those who hear them. The attitude of poetry toward its audience is the exact opposite of this. Though the poet, if sincere, always speaks with an air of inspired conviction, he is content to deliver to men just so much truth as each man is able to assimilate from his teaching,—just so much and no more. In other words, dogmatism whether scientific or pseudo-scientific, is always, on principle, one and the same thing to all men; whereas it belongs to the essence of poetry to be all things to all men, and yet to give each man no more than he can claim as his own.

"But the poetic agnosticism which was so characteristic of Christ's teaching was in itself the expression of a distinct though indefinable conception of God. Christ did not disprove, he did not even make a formal protest against, dogmatism, but he made it impossible,—impossible for himself, and impossible for all who felt as he did. For he so conceived of God as to flood Nature in general, and the soul of man in par-

Agnosticism, we are further told, is too often confounded with dogmatic denial and contrasted with faith. In its essence, he declares, it is a protest against dogmatism as such, and the higher agnosticism is one of temper rather than of theory. "Disdaining to break a lance against this or that dogma, or even against dogmatism as such, it turns its back upon all dogmas, surrounding the faith that it guards with the strongest of all ramparts,—with an atmosphere of poetic thought." Turning, then, to define the relation of Christ to this agnostic creed which he has developed, the author says:

<sup>\*</sup>The Creed of Christ. John Lane.

ticular, with the light of God's presence,—a light which gives life to all on whom it shines, but which blinds the eye which attempts to meet its gaze. Possessed by God's grace and dazzled by God's glory, man can not study Him with quasiscientific interest, cannot contemplate Him with quasi-scientific curiosity, cannot even speak about

Him except in the agnostic language of inspiration, of prophesy, of poetry. But the philosophy which floods Nature with God's presence coincides in the last resort with the philosophy that deffies Nature as the living whole. In other words the higher agnosticism and the higher pantheism are one."

#### How the "Jewish Spectre" Haunts the Christian Soul

To the "Iewish spectre" must be ascribed a misapprehension in the Christian mind that religion had its origin with the Israelite régime, and that morality comes from religion. This is the conclusion of Mr. George H. Warner, who insists that morals and religion are "only adventitiously related," sometimes even neutralizing each other. Mr. Warner has been studying the Jewish problem for a score of years and in his new book.\* which the New York Times deems sensational. he speaks of "the screen of our religious consciousness," upon which has been thrown a "hovering vision" of Israel, without which the whole fabric of our theology, so it seemed to him, would fall to the ground. The "spectre" has become to many religion itself, while remaining, in fact, an aged will-o'-the-wisp with which a bedeviled theology intimidates the Christian soul. Ecclesiasticism in every form has found "the Jewish spectre" its most efficient ally in the long war waged by theocratic government against morality. We quote:

"Had the revolution of thought in Palestine, the new thought that Jesus represented in its best aspect and irradiated with his genius, gone on; had his views of God, of man and of life prevailed, the result would have been far different from what it was. But unfortunately Judaism prevailed in a new garb, that system of thought that considered itself special and final. That fascinating but everywhere fatal theory that God founds institutions, that his kingdom is outward, that he struggles to maintain his kingdom on earth, that he needs help to do it, so that the sacerdote is necessary, is at the root of all the outward, visible and usurping religion that so sadly mismanaged the European world. The history of the world testifies that religion has been a good servant in its beginnings, but is a bad master in the end or as soon as it has given the priest his holding of vested rights.

"By an unwelcome conjunction, the theological historian and the French critic agree that Judaism did make the conquest of the Roman world. The syllogism is a strong one. Christianity is the child of Judaism. Christianity became the

controlling thought of the empire in Rome and in the east. Therefore Judaism conquered

in the east. Therefore Judaism conquered.

"Many try to escape this conclusion, which perhaps was the bitter drop in many a proud cup in European history; but if Christianity is an extension to the Gentiles of the Jewish patent and if the religion of Jesus is a confirmation of Judaism, the drop must be swallowed, however the recipient may hate the owner of the cup."

It is more particularly the theory that God has an institution managing his own affairs in contradistinction from the ordinary affairs of the race of men which makes the Levite, the priest, the mullah, the lama indispensable. Historians, essayists and poets, alike with theologians, have so diligently impressed the mind with the Semitic account of origins and of Providence, as well as with the Semitic philosophy and history, that it is hard to make head against the tide and to say that there is some other explanation of human affairs. The civilized world of centuries ago "passed into intellectual poverty" under the influence of Semitic ideas and has yet wholly to emerge is, indeed, very largely submerged still. Mr. Warner instances the Jewish form of the Semitic idea of sin which he calls "the Wicked Heart theory":

"This theory did little harm while restricted to a small and unimportant people; but in operation in civilization at large, among people of action and of ideals, it was disastrous. For the idealists made a metaphysical, while the men of action made a legal system of it, and imposed it upon humanity as a rule. From the Wicked Heart theory it was only a step to the Wicked Woman theory; Helen, the ideal, had to go, and the literature that celebrated her, that raised the mind out of the low view of life, had to go. All the beautiful symbolism by which man raised himself into relationship with nature, and which made life joyous and noble, had to go. The art which illustrated his aspirations, his best thoughts about his own power or his best thoughts of the beauty about him, had to go.

<sup>\*</sup>THE JEWISH SPECTRE. By George H. Warner. Doubleday, Page & Co.

two, religion and life go together, and joy in existence is a natural inheritance. Civilizations depend for continuance not upon religious but upon political forms and combinations, upon the economic organizations of public life; and these rest upon stout hearts. And when the ambitions of life—all those things that are rightfully and manfully pursued—leave the field to one element of the mind, hearts are no longer stout. Men under these circumstances may make excellent martyrs, but they are poor citizens of the state.

"Native ideals, original conceptions of the uses and meanings of life, had to be abandoned. The theory of the Wicked Heart, put in their places, made endless confusion. As Europe developed, the church theory became firmly set. Probably in no age of the world has there been such universal mental distress as Europe passed through in the succeeding centuries. To have a mortal disease and not be able to get the remedy is terrifying. But to have a religion foreign to his hereditary consciousness and to his sense of right and of destiny, is what no man can endure without mental agony and disaster.

"The European has been drenched in the blood of his agony; his agony to reach a workable conception of God, of life, of himself. He has suffered immensely and not wholly in vain, though he has not attained intellectual freedom."

Nevertheless, concludes Mr. Warner wonderingly, we can still weep over Jerusalem. But why should anybody want to weep over Jerusalem? It symbolizes that "structural mistake," the idea of a theocratic government of the world. "The priest with a private wire to heaven has been everywhere, in all historic ages, the chief obstacle to progress." He sums up:

"One day, a couple of thousand years ago, a stranger walked the streets of Jerusalem. It is told that he wept over it. It is very likely, for it was so unlike the Jerusalem of his Galilean dreams. But this was not all. There was something else, something new. Caught in the toils of the priest and convicted of trying to revolutionize the theology of the time, he fared through the streets to his death, the Cyrenian following him. Looking about at the faithful who lamented, he said: 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children.'

me, but weep for yourselves and your children.'
"Faring on, again he spoke as in a dream of doubt: 'For if they do these things in a green tree what shall be done in a dry?'

tree, what shall be done in a dry?'
"Yes, we know what has been done in a dry.
Innumerable men and women, faring the road to
the stake and the dungeon, which the ecclesiast
paved, have turned and said: "Weep not for me,
but for yourselves and your children.'

"And yet we weep for Jerusalem!
"We did not hear. We do not understand."

# Can Christianity Become the Absolute Religion?

To take up and discuss a question such as this before audiences of educated Hindus requires a certain kind of intellectual courage. But Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, who essays this very task in his recently published "Barrows Lectures,"\* delivered in India, Ceylon and Japan, evidently feels confident of his ground. He is convinced that Christianity can and will become the universally accepted religion, despite such apparent impediments as racial ancestry, language, color, social institutions and religious traditions, which now seem to form a barrier between the East and the West. Wherever color prejudices are dispelled, he declares, "there is no difficulty of intercourse and nothing mutually unknowable." This contention he believes to be in accord with the fundamental laws and facts of nature. "The brotherhood of race," he says, "is to me not a cant phrase, but a psychological formula, representing the fact that conditions all human life, justifies those sentiments of universal love that rise in hearts

emancipated from prejudice, interprets those fine and manly affinities that make it possible for men trained on opposite sides of the globe, aliens in their respective types of culture and in their forms of belief, nevertheless to look into each other's eyes and know that in the deepest recesses of experience and feeling they understand one another and are one."

To those believing in the essential unity of the race, the existence of an absolute religion, he continues, becomes more readily conceivable when we take note of the universality of religious sentiment. Its desirability is heightened "when one reflects upon the practical situation that would emerge if the common reason and judgment of the race were, through the evolution of knowledge and through the immediate influence of God, to arrive at a conviction of the universal validity and absoluteness of a certain set of religious conceptions." Further:

"As our mind adjusts itself theoretically to such an issue, we apprehend its reasonableness and its blessedness. Such a consensus and convergence upon one absolute religion would cast no discredit upon earlier and less universal forma

<sup>\*</sup>Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience. By Charles Cuthbert Hall. The University of Chicago Press



CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D.
President of Union Theological Seminary, New York

of faith. It would not require us to revile the beliefs of our forefathers, nor to impugn their intelligence or their sincerity. A man when he is full grown puts aside many things which meant much for his boyhood; but the putting aside of that which, in the evolution of life, ceases to meet our present need involves no dishonor to what, having done its work, is, now, reverently, laid Nor would convergence upon one absolute religion presuppose uniformity of religious expression or religious practice—a condition as little to be desired as to be anticipated. It would mean participation in the substance of common truth, with local adaptations of that common possession to each sharer in the substance. The individuality of nations, the sacred heritage of national spirit and custom, in no wise would be impaired by the prevalence of an absolute re-ligion; for no religion could maintain its tenure of the title absolute that lacked that universality in relation to time and place which made it, in the highest and holiest sense of the phrase, 'all things to all men'—a religion wide and all-embracing as the world itself.

The characteristics required of any religion to meet the tests of universality, the author enunciates, are "suitability of origin, breadth of philosophical method, strength of moral initiative, and hopefulness." These are to be found in Christianity. Its first qualification helps it to meet the objection that "the West will never abandon its religion in favor of one imported from the Orient, nor will the proud and thoughtful East ever humble herself

to acknowledge the supremacy of a Western cult." Says Dr. Hall:

"No humiliation of national spirit, in any quarter of the world, would occur, should there be an intelligent movement of convergence upon the religion of Christ as the common basis of thought and effort for the time to come. If the circumstances attending the origin of any faith could prophesy universality, such a forecast of destiny appears in the religion of Jesus Christ. It sprang neither from the ancient and powerful seats of oriental empire, nor from the palaces and universities of Europe; but from Palestine, a land whose political individuality long before had been obliterated, lying midway between East and West, the highway of nations, the cross-roads of the world."

Christianity meets the second test of breadth of philosophical method in its "thinkableness in terms of more than one intellectual system."

"No other thought concerning Christ's relation to mankind appears to enter his mind than that his illuminating words and his sacrificial work alike are for the use and advantage of the undivided human race. That those who were most closely associated with him in the days of his Flesh and best understood his thought thus apprehended it, appears from the whole range of the Apostolic teaching. They conceived their message to be so broad that it could be translated without difficulty, not into the vernaculars of the lip only, but into the vernaculars of the mind, of all races. For Christ himself was not, in their thought, ethnic, but universal; not the citizen of a local state, but the Incarnate Representative of Humanity even as also the Incarnate Manifestation of Deity.'

Concerning the third and fourth qualifications we read:

"The religion of Jesus Christ finds the reason for its existence, not in ceremonialism, not in the propitiation of gods, not in despair, but in the effort to make man better. It rests on the assumption that good, not evil, is the normal lot of man; that love, not hatred, is the temper of the heart of God; that sin, not fate, is the barrier standing between man and happiness, the plague whose poison courses through the world. The religion of Jesus Christ exists through its strength of moral initiative. But for this it would have perished in its youth, for all faiths conspired to crush it out.

"With this strength of moral initiative, the religion of Jesus Christ joins hopefulness, which is the fundamental condition of social recovery and reform. . . . A ceremonialism that becomes an end in itself, existing to perpetuate a method of antiquity; a bitter creed of fear that makes of one's mortal life a weary effort to avert the wrath or caprice of gods; a doctrine of despair that turns thought inward, in sad refusal to believe in external reality, in mute, submissive separation from the glorious energies that gather volume with each new struggle for victory—these are religions which have won immortal distinction in history by their loyalty to the past,

by the sincerity of their adherents and the brilliancy of their leaders, by their enormous contributions to the religious development of the world. But, in the unfoldings of time, and with the advent of forces, scientific and social, that have opened the world, developed its resources, augmented its knowledge, and altered its point of view, that which humanity waits for as the char-

ter of redemption is a religion of hope, a religion in line with the future, a religion in sympathy with all the people, a religion that develops individual character and educates men to know and claim and exercise their God-given rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. And of such a spirit is the religion of the eternal Son of God."

#### The New Interpretation of the New Testament

The newest school of "advanced" biblical interpretation in Germany is called the religio-historical, its purpose being to interpret biblical religion purely as an historical phenomenon in the natural development of religious thought. The unique feature of the school is its claim that the religious teachings of the Scriptures are largely appropriations and adaptations of extra-biblical material. This was really the central thought in the Babel-Bible controversy, Delitzsch claiming that even the name Jehovah, as well as His worship, was taken by the Israelites from This method is now Babylonian sources. being systematically applied to the interpretation of the facts and the teachings of the New Testament as well as the Old. No one has so far done this more thoroughly than Professor Gunkel, of the University of Berlin, in a little work recently published.\*

It can now be demonstrated (so runs his line of thought) that the New Testament religion, in its origin and development, and indeed in certain of its essential features, has been produced under the decisive influence of certain foreign religions, and also that this influence came to the men who wrote the New Testament through the medium of Judaism. latter can be shown to have been highly syncretic in the days of Jesus, in many important features having adopted ideas from surrounding religions that were not in harmony with its original genius; and from this source the Christianity of the New Testament received its syncretic and composite characteristics. The view formerly entertained, that Christianity was developed under Greek influences and to a greater or less extent adopted Greek ideas, is incorrect. It was rather the Oriental religions that exerted such a controlling influence on Christianity, but they did this indirectly, through Judaism. In the Apocalypse

\*ZUM RELIGIONS-GESCHICHTLICHEM VERSTÄNDNISS DER NEUEN TESTAMENTS." Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, Göttingen. especially does this become apparent, in which at every stage these influences can be traced. The Seven Spirits, the twenty-four Elders, the Four Creatures, the heavenly Jerusalem, the miraculous hosts of grasshoppers and riders, the vision of the plagues, the tradition of the Dragon, the Marriage of Christ, the two witnesses, the Book with the Seven Seals,—these and other features can be understood only as notions which Judaism had taken from Oriental religions. Parallelisms from Oriental literatures can be furnished in large numbers.

The influence of Orientalism, Professor Gunkel goes on to say, can be traced even in the chief doctrines of the New Testament. The leading features of Christology are not derived from the historical Christ, but originated independently of him and did not come from him. The divinity of Christ is merely a Christian adaptation of the common heathen deification of great heroes; his birth from a virgin is mythological, such as is found in the old stories of the gods. The same is true of the flight to Egypt, as also of his baptism, together with the appearance on that occasion of the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove. The temptation by Satan, together with the transfiguration and the appearance of Jesus after his resurrection, can all be paralleled in Oriental religions. As an example of such adaptation, we can mention the episode of the two disciples on the way to Emmaus. Christ appears to them as an unknown person, as a wanderer-a guise often attributed to the gods when they appear in human form. He reveals to his companions his divine character; but as soon as this is done he disappears, as is often narrated of Oriental divinities. In the same way the ascension is mythological, being based on the myth of the Sun God, who ascends from the depths and finds his way into heaven and there establishes a new and blessed kingdom. The same is true of Christ's descent into hell, which is merely a reproduction of

the well-known stories of the descent of gods and heroes into Hades. Sunday, too, is merely an appropriation by Christianity of a cult connected with the worship of the sun, which had to a certain extent already been adopted by Judaism. The same is true even of the resurrection, as we find in Oriental religions mention frequently made of the resurrection of divine beings. This idea is based on the .-- phenomena of nature, the revival of nature after the death of winter, which is applied to the spiritual sphere. The gods of the sun and of vegetation die in winter and come to life again in spring. In this case, however, a direct borrowing from extra-biblical sources is not as certain as it is in the other cases. This faith in the risen Christ, however, was already current in certain secret circles of Jews before the New Testament period.

Gunkel, in conclusion, gives the following summary of his views, which are representative of the school of which he is a leader:

The gospel of Jesus himself is not a syncretic religion, for the original proclamation of the

Nazarene was based substantially on the Old Testament, and in the department of Eschatology alone had unique features; but the primitive religion as taught by John, and especially by Paul, is of a syncretic character. This is seen especially in the faith in the resurrection and in the Christology. The idea of a pre-existing Christ was already present in Judaism; in gnosticism there was a doctrine of a Redeemer-God coming from heaven, also of a dying and risen Christ, long before Jesus appeared. All this was simply transferred to the historical Christ.

Naturally these radical innovations in interpretation have called forth the determined opposition of the conservative theologians. An expression of this, in the shape of a sharp criticism of Gunkel, is found in the *Theologischer Literaturblatt* (Leipsic), from the pen of Steinmetz. This critic, while not denying seeming parallels to biblical teachings in Oriental literature, maintains vigorously that such parallels prove nothing, as no inner relation or connection between the two has been shown. In other words, the whole new scheme is subjective guesswork, lacking all objective proof.

#### The Message of Harnack

On the occasion of his visit to this country last winter, Professor Harnack, of the University of Berlin, was hailed by the New York Independent as "probably the ablest and most distinguished theologian in the That he is "unquestionably the world." leader of liberal theological thought in Germany," is the verdict of the same paper. A later writer in The Edinburgh Review speaks of Harnack's work, "Das Wesen des Christentums" (The Essence of Christianity), as one of the most memorable books of our generation. Before Harnack's time many of the most important Christian documents lay unsorted-a confused mass of history and legend, text and commentary. He has made it his life's work to set this material in order. To quote from The Edinburgh Review:

"More, perhaps, than any one man. Professor Harnack represents the reaction against the inadequate hypotheses and premature conclusions that were current half a century ago. The nature of this reaction has been misunderstood. It has been argued in certain quarters that the earlier criticism has been refuted by the later; and that the traditional position, if not rehabilitated, is well on the way to rehabilitation. It is difficult

to take such assertions seriously. The traditional position is as dead as the Ptolemaic astronomy: the idea of its resuscitation belongs to the world of dreams. The later criticism is in two respects, and two only, a reaction against the former: it has disposed once for all of the Voltairian legend that Christianity was the invention of a fraudulent priesthood; and it has assigned an earlier date to the canonical books of the New Testament, and generally to ecclesiastical dogma and institutions."

Proceeding to an examination of the real significance of the "Wesen des Christentums," the writer says:

"In this work Harnack defines his attitude to the central question. He conceives religion as a fact of spiritual experience: a relation between God and the soul, realized in various forms and in greater or less measure, but in itself unchangeably the same. The book is one of the most memorable of our generation: it cleared the air. For centuries religion had been associated by believer and unbeliever alike with a mass of propositions—historical, scientific, psychological, political, etc.—some true, some uncertain, some demonstrably false, but all essentially non-religious. Hence confusion of thought and obscuring of issues. Religion was made to stand or fall with alien and heterogeneous subject matter-the authenticity of this or that text, the occurrence of this or that event, the correctness of this or that inference: a writer of religious fiction represents not Christianity only but the whole



ADOLPH HARNACK

Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin.
"Probably the ablest and most distinguished theologian in the world."

spiritual and moral sense of mankind as shattered by the successful forgery of a contemporary document recording the removal of the body of Jesus by the disciples from the grave. The Catholic is suspicious of inquiries into the origin of the Papacy; the Anglican of questions as to the rise of the monarchical episcopate; the Protestant of the history of the Canon of Scripture. Such fears are at once idle and unworthy. The discussions by which they have been aroused are inevitable; but they belong to the varying and historical setting of Christianity, not to its eternal substance. Not till this is recognized will religion dwell at ease in her tents.

Harnack's later work, "Reden und Aufsätze" (Essays and Addresses), takes up the thread of Christian history where the earlier book leaves off. The main thesis of these papers is outlined as follows:

"The gospel—by which is meant the personal teaching of Christ—has passed through four great transformations: (a) from its original shape into Catholicism; (b) from Catholicism into the compact structure of Mediævalism; (c) from this in the sixteenth century into Protestantism; and finally (d) in our own time into a larger and more spiritual atmosphere, a standpoint rather than a creed, representing the temper of Christ in many respects more nearly than did the ecclesiasticism of the intermediate periods. The second and third of these transformations are the more important for political history; the first and fourth incomparably the more vital for

religion and thought. In none was there an abrupt break with the past; the new issued from and was conditioned by the old, the process falling easily enough into the categories of the He-

gelian dialectic.

"The history as a whole indicates two conclusions: (1) that the lines on which mankind is advancing are not those of ecclesiastical or dogmatic Christianity; (2) that the Gospel is independent of these lines, that it is passing beyond and will survive them. It is the merit of Professor Harnack to have illustrated these theses with the learning of a theologian and the earnestness of a religious teacher; the union of these qualities gives him his distinctive position and strength."

The writer says, in closing:

"Ecce labora, et noli contristari (Work and do not be sad) is the note of confidence with which Harnack concludes. Those who look at religion from without, from the standpoint of institutions and formulas, may despair of the future; for, whether these institutions and formulas survive or perish, the future is not theirs. There are more important questions than whether a man belongs to this or that Church, or holds this or that theological opinion; the kingdom of God does not consist in these things. But while women are loved, and men achieve, and children link heart to heart as they pass the lamp of life with increase from generation to generation, its interests are secure. To idealise is the one thing needful; what we idealise is of less consequence, for in the idea all things are one."

#### How Can a Scientist Be a Christian?

In many circles it is regarded almost as inevitable that a scientific method of thought is inconsistent with biblical Christianity. Christianity, it is said, must accept teachings unacceptable to science, and hence there is an impassable gulf fixed between the two. In the Alte Glaube (Leipsic), a skilfully edited organ of conservative Christianity, Prof. P. Gruner deals with this perplexing problem. He says substantially:

Christianity is not only based upon historical facts, but is itself an empirical fact. It has borne fruit up to the present day and must be judged according to its fruits. In this sense, it stands on a level with most of the branches of Natural Science; it belongs to the sphere of observation, experience, and empiricism. Christianity de-mands that its claims be tested by what it does, and with increasing force proclaims that it is itself a powerful factor both in the life of the individual and in the history of mankind. It is a factor the workings and effects of which can be demonstrated and observed with the same certainty with which the workings of electricity, of chemical affinity, of organic life in protoplasm,

can be observed, and accordingly is subject to scientific standards. Even the most superficial observer knows that the best in modern culture and civilization is substantially the outgrowth of Christian influences. The best principles, even in the life of nations and of individuals who are not professedly Christians, are the fruits of Christian teaching.

The annals of modern missionary work are filled with evidences of the wonderful converting and elevating power of Christianity. It alone has been able to raise individuals of the black, yellow, or brown races from a condition of degradation to one of high ethical idealism. On the other hand, the discarding of the principles of Christianity by representatives of the cultured white people speedily leads to moral and physical degradation, to alcoholism and other evils. Again, in men who are artistic and intellectual giants, the absence of the ideals held out by Christianity leads even the best to a level really not higher than that of uncivilized peoples.

These facts determine the virtue and value of the Christian religion. They must be tested, examined and weighed exactly as is done in the case of facts in any department of natural The actual workings of the Christian religion alone suffices to prove that it is the

highest spiritual force in the world, and it is therefore not at all necessary to bring its facts into harmony with those presented by Natural Science. In reality there is no need of a "reconciliation" between the two, as the fruits of Christianity prove it to be a great truth and a mighty power. It need not ask to be approved or disapproved by science.

The most convincing evidence, however, of the power of Christianity lies in its influence over the individual. The religious experiences and convictions in the heart of the Christian are the most real things of which he knows, and also the most certain. It is a fatal mistake on the part of scientists to suppose that only

those things can be regarded as real which are shown to be such by scientific methods. In reality the moral convictions that are awakened by the power of Christianity in the human heart are for the Christian surer and more certain than anything scientific evidence can produce. Men will do from religious conviction what they never would think of doing if their convictions were based only on scientific grounds. Not scientific but religious certainty furnishes the strongest human motive.

There is no reason, the writer concludes, why a man cannot be a scientist and a good Christian at the same time.

#### A Rehabilitation of Thomas Paine

On September 11 a bust of Thomas Paine was set up in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. A month later, the Paine monument at New

Rochelle, N. Y., built on the farm owned by him and hitherto cared for by Freethinkers, was officially accepted by the city of New Rochelle. The two facts are generally regarded as significant indications of a growing religious tolerance, as well as of the prevalence of a higher estimate of Paine than was formerly held. Paine has had detractors more than enough. It is not so many years since Theodore Roosevelt set down in print a characterization of Paine as a "filthy little atheist." Ingersoll, it may be remembered, made the dry rejoinder that Paine was neither filthy, little, nor an atheist.

The interesting history of the Philadelphia bust is given in the agnostic organ, *The Truth Seeker* (New York), as follows:

"For the centennial of 1876 the Boston Index raised a fund to present to Philadelphia a bust of Thomas Paine, to be placed in Independence Hall. Sydney H. Morse, a Freethinker, was the sculptor,



Courtesy of N. Y. Times

SYDNEY H. MORSE'S BUST OF THOMAS PAINE Placed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Sept. 11, 1905.

and among the contributors were Rev. Edward Everett Hale, now chaplain to the Senate, George W. Julian, then a congressman, and the Revs. O.

B. Frothingham and Robert Collyer. But even these names would not save Paine's at that • time. The bust was refused a niche because Paine was an Infidel, and since then the bust has been in the custody of Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, a lawyer of Philadelphia. She has finally persuaded the city to accept the bust, and on the 11th inst. it was placed, with simple ceremonies, in the historic building, in company with the figures of other noted men of Revolutionary days. The bust is of marble, mounted on a shaft of granite, with a surbase of Tennessee marble.'

The Boston Transcript comments as follows on the event:

"This final victory, like the recent erection of a statue of Servetus in Geneva, is a sign of the times, of that ultimate triumph of civilization—toleration—which no-

toleration — which nowhere has firmer root than in this country. But Philadelphia is a singularly conservative, orthodox town, slow to forget theological shortcomings, even though displayed along with great civic virtue. The deism for which Paine stood long since ceased to have power over men. Much of the inconsistency and superstition which he attacked long since ceased to be in

American theological and biblical scholars, creeds and books. . . . But his passion for liberty, his ardor for American self-rule, and his service to this land as a trenchant pamphleteer and polemicist are facts which time has transfigured rather than dimmed."

The Methodist Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati) thinks that Paine's "ribald and

vulgar manner" is what has chiefly given offense to Christian people. It adds: "We have no admiration for the man in his ignorant opposition to the faith which he so fundamentally misunderstood, but we can afford to give him his due meed of praise as a patriotic worker for his country's independence and national existence."

#### A New Testament Incident In Sculpture

A striking novelty, whether considered from the point of view of religion or of art, is presented by a group of twenty-five life-size fig-

ures in plaster, recently modeled by Mr. Lorado Taft's advanced students at the Art Institute in Chicago. The work is described by Lena M. M'Cauley, a writer in the Chicago Interior, who regards it as "imposing" and 'of much genuine merit." The subject is that of the woman taken in adultery (John viii, 1-11), and this "Incident in the Temple" was suggested by Mr. Taft "with the intention of arousing enthusiasm and individual activity in a class of ten members." To quote further:

"This incident, teeming with dramatic possibilities, abounding in pictorial suggestion and profound in ethical meaning, was eagerly accepted by the students. The imaginative picture of the scene in the temple was discussed from many points of view, and after several lively arguments the main outlines of a sculpture group were realized in a small working model. In Mr. Taft's opinion the most valuable lesson was this process of engaging eight women and two men to work independently and yet in harmony through all the steps of the sculptor's art, from conceiving the ideal picture, making the small model, building the armature or framework of wood and netting for the large work, and modeling contrasting figures which should enter into a complete design with some spirit of unity. Too many students in the schools are able to model admirably from a posed figure, but when working from an ideal conception they lose courage and



"AN INCIDENT IN THE TEMPLE"

A plaster group modeled by Lorado Taft's advanced students in the Art Institution at Chicago.

become helpless—and it was to overcome this hesitancy that the class was set free to work out original views in making a group of 'An Incident in the Temple.' From the start the deepest interest inspired the class,—sketches were made, types looked for in every crowd,—and in less than three months from the hour of its suggestion, the plaster work stood in the galleries."

Discussing the work from a sculptural standpoint, the writer furnishes some interesting details. "Different students," she says, "modeled different figures, entering into the spirit animating a spectator at such a time. Sargent's Prophets and photographs of famous works furnished suggestion, and in several cases the faces may be traced down to their originals." The face of Christ is based on the well-known portrayals of Da Vinci and of Hofmann. "The only point of view for the observer," we learn, "is looking beneath the arms of the Roman soldier into the circle. The back of the figure of Christ is just in front, and beyond the shrinking woman looks forward. Her head is covered with drapery and she grasps her garments with both hands, which she presses against her breast. Her face is one that lingers in the memory." The writer concludes:

"To the public the pre-eminent value of such a work is that it realizes a scriptural scene as nothing else can do. Few men and women are gifted with the pictorial imagination,—fewer than the average educated man and woman believes,—and this realistic presentation of 'An Incident in the Temple' brings the scene vividly before them.

"The sculptured figures stand about like living men; the crowd is shown as such crowds gather, perhaps more dignified than the genuine rabble of the temple of that day, but yet men of all sorts and conditions animated by conflicting ambitions, of varied temperaments, yet maybe at heart indifferent to the momentous occasion. His rebuke, says the Scripture, sent them away abashed, and the cowering woman was given the hope that comes with repentance.

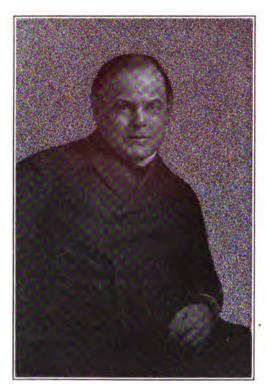
"Mr. Taft does not consider the group one that it is likely will ever find its way into a permanent work of art. But if in the course of time the plaster figures should crumble away and vanish from the halls of the Art Institute forever, the work has not been in vain. It has been worth the doing, to the students who modeled the different figures of the group, and to the public, which has renewed its acquaintance with Testament history and had its teachings brought before them under a new light."

## "Honor Among Clergymen"

When a clergyman has ceased to believe in the creed of his church, should he be silent, or should he withdraw from his denomination, or should he remain where he is and tell the truth as he sees it? Such is the question that has again been projected into the field of active discussion in the American religious world by the Rev. Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey. rector of St. Andrew's Church, Rochester. That it is a question of vital import goes without saying. "There are scores of clergymen to-day in every Christian denomination," observes the well-known religious weekly, the New York Outlook, "who are perplexed by this question. They are men of the highest honor, and resent imputations upon their integrity. They neither wish to remain in a communion where they are not wanted, nor to leave a communion to which by long association and by spiritual affinity they are devotedly attached. They no longer hold the theological views of their youth. They no longer hold those of the youth of their Church. . . . And many young men are kept out of the ministry altogether by the dread of encountering this embarrassment."

Dr. Crapsey is a radical thinker. Last winter he preached a number of sermons reflecting upon the truth of the Virgin Birth and other fundamental doctrines in the Christian creed. He drew upon himself the censure of his Protestant Episcopal brethren, and may have to face a heresy trial. In the meantime he has published a very frank and interesting article in The Outlook (September 2), in which he sets himself to discover what is involved in the phrase, "honor among clergymen." He takes as his text the following sentence from a pastoral letter recently issued by the Bishops of the Protesant Episcopal Church in this country: "If one finds, whatever his office or place in the church, that he has lost his hold upon her fundamental verities, then, in the name of common honesty, let him be silent or withdraw."

"What are the fundamental verities"? asks Dr. Crapsey. If they are "the basic truths of Christianity given to us by Jesus himself in the two great commandments of the law, in the Lord's Prayer, and in the five laws of righteousness as we find them written in the Sermon on the Mount," then no exception can



REV. ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY

Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Rochester. His bold assertion of the right of a clergyman to teach "heretical" doctrines from the pulpit has caused a sensation in church circles.

reasonably be taken to the Bishops' position; but if "certain historical statements, philosophical conceptions and theological definitions" are meant, then, Dr. Crapsey holds, the alternatives presented are unjust. A clergyman who may be both honest and intelligent is forced to choose between repressing his conscientious convictions and becoming "a disgraced and unfrocked priest." Dr. Crapsey concludes:

"The advice of the pastoral letter cannot help any true, brave-hearted man when in the situation it implies; for such a man silence is impossible and withdrawal treasonable. He must stand in his place and calmly abide the consequences of his position. Prophets are not popular. Of them it is written, 'I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes; and some of them ye shall kill and crucify, and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues, and persecute them from city to city.' Unless a prophet is ready to face the doom of the prophet, he should not undertake the prophet's office.

"But the prophet is not called upon to kill himself or crucify himself or scourge himself or excommunicate himself. He must leave that to others. He, for his part, has but to speak the Word, and the Word will take care of itself. If the Word is not of God, it will come to naught; if it is of God, nothing that happens to the prophet will harm it. And the Word is the thing."

This article has aroused unusual interest in the religious world. The Outlook lends its editorial support to Dr. Crapsey's method as substantially that of Wesley, Luther, Paul and Jesus Christ. It says:

"If a minister finds himself differing on important points from the church in which he is an ordained teacher, it is his duty neither to withdraw nor to be silent. It is his duty, with real, not assumed, respect for the opinions which he no longer entertains and for those who entertain them, to preach the truth as he sees it, and to leave those who differ with him to determine whether the difference is so great that they are no longer willing that he should remain a recognized teacher in their fellowship. This was the method of Wesley, of Luther, of Paul, of Jesus Christ."

The papers of Dr. Crapsey's own denomination, however, condemn his attitude in no uncertain terms. *The Church Standard* (Philadelphia) thinks his position is "preposterously untenable." It says:

"Meantime Dr. Crapsey's position has been universally condemned as untenable and absurd; and of late it has been said with perfect justice that if the authorities of the Diocese of Western New York shall continue to be silent, they themselves must be regarded as officially allowing and authorizing Dr. Crapsey's position as a lawful and tenable position for a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. It is needless, perhaps, to say, but it can do no harm to say in the plainest of terms, that, if the Protestant Episcopal Church could consent to be placed in that position, it would forfeit every claim to the allegiance, and even to the respect, of Christian people."

The Living Church says of his position:

"Every authorized teacher is under limitation. A public school teacher would not be permitted to instruct those under him that the globe is flat, nor that its interior consists of cracker crumbs. In accepting a teaching engagement, he binds himself to teach what is held as true on the specific subject under inquiry by the authority that commissions him. He does not, if he is honest, so covenant apart from his own belief, but because his own belief so far accords with the belief of the authority that commissions him, that in teaching the one, he also teaches the other. If, in later days, it transpires that these have drifted apart, honor then requires that he relinquish the authority under which he has been commissioned to teach, and claim henceforth no authority beyond that of his own mind. Honor would prevent his drawing a living from the authority which he misrepresents. Men easily see this in other walks of life. Robert E. Lee, sworn as an officer of the United States army to support the constitution of the United States.

recognized that when he was no longer able to abide by that oath, honor required him to resign his position and surrender the emoluments of his office—and he did it. Is 'honor among clergymen' less sacred than honor among soldiers?

"Dr. Crapsey's position is one that divests the Church of all teaching authority, and leaves each individual with no assurance beyond that which he is able to puzzle out for himself; but it is easy to see that the position is at variance with that which he accepted at ordination."

The New York Freeman's Journal (Roman Catholic) makes this comment:

"The case of Dr. Crapsey is of interest to the Catholic, inasmuch as it affords an excellent illustration of how the Protestant principle of private judgment as to things supernatural leads to rationalism, pure and simple. It leaves no foothold to stop the descent from the heights of Christian faith to the depths of infidelity. All the revealed Christian mysteries must be rejected because reason and conscience—private judgment—cannot penetrate and see and verify their intrinsic verity. All faith must be rejected, for faith is belief on authority, and not on the direct intellectual vision into the intrinsic verity and reality of supernatural things.

"Such is the last word of the Protestant principle of private judgment, the common ground on which Dr. Crapsey and his church stand; and in putting it into practice neither can find a logical resting place short of rationalism. Nay, they must even go further; they must reject all the past as not verifiable, and the very existence of the present material universe, for their reason and conscience can know nothing about it without the authority of the senses that make it cognizable to their conscious intelligence. In re-



SENATOR A. J. BEVERIDGE

"If you do not believe that religion means happiness, quit the pulpit and raise potatoes. Potatoes feed the body at least."

jecting all authority as a medium to truth, the authority of the senses must be rejected. They have then no resort but to the idealism of Berkeley, or to universal doubt, or nescience."

# Senator Beveridge's Advice to Would-Be-Preachers

One of the chapters of Senator Albert J. Beveridge's latest book\* is devoted to "The Young Man and the Pulpit." In it he attempts to cope with the problems and perplexities of young men who aspire to be ministers. He is convinced that "the American people at heart are a religious people"; that "in the breast of the millions there is not only a great need, but a great yearning, for certain things of the soul which it is for the pulpit to supply"; and he declares that he has for years made it a practice to get the opinions of able laymen in regard to church problems. A friend of his, he says, a journalist of ripe years, told him one day: "I have just come from church, and I am tired and disappointed. I went to hear a sermon and I listened to a lecture. I went to

\*THE YOUNG MAN AND THE WORLD. By Senator Albert I. Beveridge. D. Appleton & Co. worship and I was merely entertained. The preacher was a brilliant man and his address was an intellectual treat, but I did not go to church to hear a professional lecturer. When I want merely to be entertained I will go to the theatre. But I do not like to hear a preacher principally try to be either orator or play-actor. I am pleased if he is both; but before everything else I want him to bear to me the Master's message. I want the minister to preach Christ and Him crucified." The attitude of this layman, in Senator Beveridge's view, reflects a general feeling among men of all classes, and yields this moral:

"First, then, young man aspiring to the Pulpit, the world expects you to be above all other things a minister of the Gospel. It does not expect you to be primarily a brilliant man, or a learned man or witty, or eloquent, or any other thing that would put your name on the tongues of men. The

world will be glad if you are all of these, of course; but it wants you to be a Preacher of the Word before anything else. It expects that all your talents will be consecrated to your sacred

calling.

"It expects you to speak to the heart, as well as to the understanding, of men and women, of the high things of faith, of the deep things of life and death. The great world of worn and weary humanity wants from the Pulpit that word of helpfulness and power and peace which is spoken only by him who has utterly forgotten all things except his holy mission. Therefore, merge all of your striking qualities into the divine purpose of which you are the agent. Lose consciousness of yourself in the burning consciousness of your cause."

Senator Beveridge readily concedes that a young preacher cannot do his work in this frame of mind unless he has implicit faith in the Christian religion. He does not enter into any metaphysical discussion of faith or of doctrines; but he dwells upon the power of faith even when it is faith in things untrue and unwise. He writes on this point:

"The world is hungry for faith. Do not doubt this for a moment. More men and women today would rather believe in the few fundamentals of the Christian religion than have any other gift that lavish fortune could bestow upon them. But these millions want to believe; they do not want to argue or be argued at. They want to believe so utterly that their faith may amount to knowledge. Doubtings are disquieting. We want certainty, we laymen. .

"Faith is only another word for power. We see it in the small things of life-note the influence of a man who asserts something positively and heartily, believes what he asserts, even though that thing be untrue and unwise. We see it in the great things of history-witness the inferior mentality but the burning ardor of a Peter the Hermit, moving all Europe into the most extraordinary war the world has seen. Consider Napoleon crossing the Alps—an achievement all men said was impossible! Impossible! Humph! That word is found only in the dictionary of super-

stition. "Faith is infectious. James Whitcomb Riley, whose sweetness of character and nobility of soul equals his genius, gave me the best recipe for faith in God, Christ and Immortality I have

ever heard:

"'Just believe,' said he; 'don't argue about it;
don't question it; simply say, "I believe." Next
day you will find yourself believing a little less
feebly, and finally your faith will be absolute,

certain and established.

"And why not, you of the schools who split hairs and dispute, and whose knowledge, after all, as Savonarola so well said, comes to nothing—why not? For, if you cannot prove God and Christ and Immortality, it is very sure you cannot disprove them; and it is safe-yes, and splendid -to believe in these three marvelous realitiesor conceptions, if you like that word better."

The preacher must not be an orator of

melancholy, continues Senator Beveridge. There is enough sadness in the world without adding to it by visage, conduct or sermon.

"The religion which you preach owes its vitality to the glorious hopefulness of it. The people want to know that, if they do well here, joy awaits them hereafter—and here, too, if possible. They want to hear about the 'Father's house' that has 'many mansions' and about Him who has 'gone to prepare a place' there for them.

"They demand happiness in some form, if only in talk. If they do not get it in the assurances of religion, who can blame them if they say: 'Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die'? For sure enough they do die to-morrow

so far as their world goes.
"If you do not believe that religion means happiness, quit the pulpit and raise potatoes. Potatoes feed the body at least. But unfaithful words and speech of needless despair feed nothing at all. Put beauty, hope, joy into your preaching, therefore. Make your listeners thrill with gladness that they are Christians. Even the men of the world have wisdom enough to make things profane as attractive as possible.'

The would-be preacher is recommended to make his sermons short. Senator Beveridge thinks that thirty minutes should be the limit of a sermon, and that twenty minutes is long enough. The novelty of a subject does not seem to him important. "I do not think," he says, "the ordinary layman cares to hear you preach about some new thing. The common man prefers to hear the old truths retold. Indeed there can be nothing new in morals. 'Our task,' said a clear-headed minister, 'is to state the old truths in terms of the present day.' That is admirably put. In science progress means change; in morals progress means stability."

The Senator goes on to emphasize this point that what the millions want is "the fruitful teachings of the Christian religion," the "fundamentals." He is not, evidently, bothered in his own mind as to what these "teachings" and "fundamentals" are, and does not seem to think that a preacher has any right to be, or at least to exhibit, any perplexity on that point. He concludes with a few words of exhortation to young men aspiring to become preachers:

"This is the task that awaits you, young man, who, from that spiritual tribune called the Pulpit, are soon to speak to us who sit beneath you that Word which is for the healing of the nations. How exalted beyond understanding is this high place to which you are going! What a hearing you will have if only you will utter words of power and light! Believe me, the world with eagerness awaits your message. But be sure it is a message in very truth—no, not a message but THE message!"

#### The Hours—A Sermon-Poem by Gorky

Tic-tock, tic-tock!

In the still solitude of night it makes one sad to hear the cold, dry strokes of the pendulum. With mathematical precision and uniform monotony they forever announce the ceaseless motion of life. Darkness and sleep envelope the earth, all is silence, save only the clock, that in a loud and impassive voice marks the vanishing of the seconds. The pendulum swings to and fro, and with every stroke the life given to us is abridged by a second, by the smallest particle of time, which will never again return.

Whence do the seconds come and whither do they go? To no one is it given to answer this question. And many other questions there are that are not answerable—other more important questions, upon the solution of which depends our destiny. How is one to live that he may have the consciousness of being essential to life? How is one to live without losing faith, without losing desire? How is one to live so that no second may pass without stirring his soul and intellect? Will the hours ever answer these questions—the hours whose motion is without end? What will they say?

Tic-tock, tic-tock!

There is nothing more cold and indifferent in the world than a clock. It beats with the same regularity at the moment of your birth. and at the time when you passionately pluck the flowers of the dreams of your youth. Every day, from the minute of his birth, man approaches nearer unto death. And when he shall lie in the agony of death the clock will count its seconds with cold indifference. Yet hark!—in this cold registry there is a certain sound of omniscience and a weariness of this omniscience. Nothing affects time, nothing is dear to it. It is cold and passionless. But we, if we wish to live aright, must create other hours for ourselves, hours full of feeling, full of thought, full of activity, so as to free ourselves from the sad, monotonous hours that deaden our hearts as they strike coldly and painfully upon our ears.

Tic-tock, tic-tock!

In the ceaseless motion of the clock there is no interval of rest. What, then, do we call the present? One second is born and is instantly followed by another, which hurls the first into the abyss of the unknown.

Tic-tock! And you are happy. Tic-tock! And into your heart is poured the corrosive

poison of grief, that mayhap will remain there for all your life, for all the hours given unto your life, unless you endeavor to fill up every second with something new and alive. Suffering is seductive. It is a dangerous privilege, the enjoyment of which usually prevents us from striving after another and higher title to the name of Man. And there is so much of this suffering that it has grown cheap and men pay scarcely any heed to it. Why, then, court suffering? Let us rather fill our lives with something more original, more worthy. Is not this what we ought to do? Suffering is a depreciated coin. No one, whosoever he be, need bemoan his life; the word of comfort scarcely ever contains what we seek therein. Life is more complete and interesting when man struggles to overcome the obstacles that hinder his existence. In war the sad, painful hours vanish unawares.

Tic-tock, tic-tock!

Man's life is ridiculously brief, How, then, should he live? Some obstinately avoid life, others devote themselves to it completely. The first will at the end of their days be poor in spirit and in memories, the latter rich in both. Both will die, and nothing will remain from either if no one consecrates his whole heart and mind disinterestedly to life. And when you die, the clock will count with cold indifference the seconds of your agony-tictock! And in these seconds new people will be born, several in each; and you will be no more! And nothing will remain of you except your decaying body. Can it be that your pride does not revolt against being the plaything of this automatic creation that has flung you into life and then torn you out again from it? Strengthen, then, during life the memory of yourself, if indeed you are proud and rebel against your subservience to secret powers and the mysterious tendencies of your times. Reflect on the rôle you may play in life—that of a brick placed in the wall of a building, lying motionless for years in the same spot, then falling apart and vanishing. Is it not sad, meaningless and foolish to be a brick? Be not, then, since you have a heart and a mind, like unto a brick, but endeavor to live a good life, full of hours of emotion and struggle.

Tic-tock! tic-tock!

If you think of how little you now signify in the endless movement of the hours, you 'will be oppressed by the knowledge of your noth-

ingness. Let this knowledge offend you. Let it stir your pride and let it arouse your animosity against a life that is humiliating you. Declare war against it. In the name of what? you ask. When nature deprived man of the ability to walk on four feet, it gave him a staff in his hand—the ideal! And from that time on he has striven for something better. higher. Make this striving a conscious striving, teach people to understand that true happiness consists only in consciously striving for the better. Bemoan not your impotence. Bemoan nothing. The only reward for your plaint will be pity, the alms of the poor in spirit. All people are equally unhappy, but more unhappy than all are they who embellish themselves with their misfortunes. people more than all others desire to attract attention to themselves, but they deserve it less than anybody else. To strive—this is the aim of life. Then let all life be a striving, and we shall have sublime, beautiful hours.

Tic-tock, tic-tock!

"Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?" This is the question that old Iob asked of his God. Nowadays there are no more such brave people, who, remembering that they were born in His image and after His likeness, would dare to speak to Him as Job did. In general, people now put a lower estimate on themselves. They have but scant love for life, and are not even capable of loving themselves. Nevertheless, they fear death, although, as everyone knows, none can escape it. From the time that man first came upon this earth, it has ever been his lot to die, and it is high time that he grow accustomed to this. The consciousness of having accomplished one's task in life may remove the fear of death, and a life honestly passed insures a peaceful end. Tic-tock! . . and nothing remains of the man but his deeds. And his hours and his desires cease; other hours follow, hours that place the estimate on his life, stern hours!

Tic-tock, tic-tock!

In reality, everything is very simple in this world, though it seems involved in contradictions, and filled with lies and evil. And it were simpler still if people but looked into each other's souls and recognized their friendship for each other.

The individual, however great he may be, is nevertheless but small. It is necessary that we understand each other. Our speech is apt to be on a lower level than our thoughts. Man

lacks the words wherewith to unfold his heart completely to another, and for this reason many great and weighty thoughts have disappeared without leaving a trace, because the man who conceived them could not find the necessary form in which to clothe them. A thought is born, there is a sincere desire to embody it in words, in strong, plain words; but the words cannot be found.

Have greater respect for thought. Help it come forth into the light of day. It will always repay your labor. There is thought everywhere and in everyone; aye, even in the clefts of the rocks you will read it if you but desire. If people had but the will they could attain everything; they need but will it, and they shall be the masters of life instead of being its slaves, as they are to-day. Let there but come the desire to live, and a proud consciousness of one's powers, and life will be full of the unfolding of spiritual force, rich in noble deeds—great hours.

Tic-tock, tic-tock!

Honor to the men who are strong in spirit, the manly men, men who serve truth, righteousness and beauty. We know them not, for they are proud and ask no reward. We see not how joyously they offer up their hearts to be consumed. Illumining life with a bright blaze, they compel even the blind to see. It is necessary to make the blind see-the blind who are so many. It is necessary that all people should be made to see with terror and disgust how coarse, unjust and senseless is their life. Long live the man who is master of his desires! The whole universe is in his heart. The throe of the whole world, the suffering of humanity is in his soul. The evil and dirt of this life, its falsehood and cruelty, are his enemies. He freely gives all his hours to the war, and his life is filled with tempestuous joys, noble wrath and unbending pride. Pity not yourself—this is the proudest, the most beautiful wisdom on earth. Honor to the man who is incapable of pitying himself. There are two elements in life: decay and combustion. The cowards and the misers choose the first, the manly and generous men the second; everyone who loves the beautiful will know where to seek for the noble and exalted.

The hours of our life are sad, empty hours? Let us fill them with beautiful deeds without pitying ourselves, and then we shall live beautiful hours full of joyous exultation, full of burning pride. Long live the man who cannot pity himself!

# Science and Discovery

### The "Struggle for Life" Among the Planets

The fundamental idea in the theory of natural selection, declared Prof. G. H. Darwin (son of Charles Darwin), in his recent Johannesburg address as president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is the persistence of those types of life which are adapted to their surrounding conditions, and the elimination by extermination of the ill-adapted types. In this sense, he added, the planets form literally a "species" which "may be grouped in a family" comprising "all those various forms which a mass of rotating liquid is capable of assuming under the conjoint influences of gravitation and rotation." The "struggle for life" among forms possessing various degrees of adaptation to slowly varying conditions is held to explain the transmutation of species. though a different phraseology is used when we speak of the physical world, yet the idea is essentially the same. Theories of physical evolution involve the discovery of modes of motion or configurations of matter which are capable of persistence." Such types are described by the physicist as stable. To the biologist they are species. "The physicist, the biologist and the historian alike watch the effect of slowly varying external conditions. They all observe the rise and decline of stability, with the consequent change of type of motion, transmutation of species or revolution." Having set forth so much by way of explanation, Professor Darwin bade his hearers imagine "a sun round which there moves in a circle a single large planet," which he would call "Jove," since it might be taken as the representative of our largest planet, Jupiter:

"Suppose next that a meteoric stone or small planet is projected in any perfectly arbitrary manner in the same plane in which Jove is moving; then we ask how this third body will move. It appears that under the combined attractions of the sun and Jove the meteoric stone will in general describe an orbit of extraordinary complexity, at one time moving slowly at a great distance from both the sun and Jove, at other times rushing close past one or other of them. As it grazes past Jove or the sun it may often but just escape a catastrophe, but a time will come at length when it runs its chances too fine and comes into actual collision. The individual career of the stone is then ended by absorption,

and, of course, by far the greater chance is that it will find its Nirvana by absorption in the sun. Next let us suppose that instead of one wandering meteoric stone or minor planet there are hundreds of them, moving initially in all conceivable directions. Since they are all supposed to be very small, their mutual attractions will be insignificant, and they will each move almost as though they were influenced only by the sun and Jove. Most of these stones will be absorbed by the sun, and the minority will collide with Jove. When we inquire how long the career of a stone may be we find that it depends on the direction and speed with which it is started, and that by proper adjustment the delay of the final catastrophe may be made as long as we please. Thus by making the delay indefinitely long we reach the conception of a meteoric stone which moves so as never to come into collision with either body.

"There are, therefore, certain perpetual orbits in which a meteoric stone or minor planet may move for ever without collision. But when such an immortal career has been discovered for our minor planet it still remains to discover whether the slightest possible departure from the pre-scribed orbit will become greater and greater and ultimately lead to a collision with the sun or Jove, or whether the body will travel so as to cross and recross the exact perpetual orbit, always remaining close to it. If the slightest departure inevitably increases as time goes on, the orbit is unstable; if, on the other hand, it only leads to a slight waviness in the path described, it is stable. We thus arrive at another distinction; there are perpetual orbits, but some, and indeed most, are unstable, and these do not offer an immortal career for a meteoric stone; and there are other perpetual orbits which are stable or persistent. The unstable ones are those which succumb in the struggle for life, and the stable ones are the species adapted to their environment. If, then, we are given a system of a sun and large planet, together with a swarm of small bodies moving in all sorts of ways, the sun and planet will grow by accretion, gradually sweeping up the dust and rubbish of the system, and there will survive a number of small planets and satellites moving in certain definite paths. The final outcome will be an orderly planetary system in which the various orbits are arranged according to some definite law. There is hardly room for doubt that, if a complete solution for our solar system were attainable, we should find that the orbits of the existing planets and satellites are numbered amongst the stable perpetual orbits."

There is thus a striking resemblance between the movements through their orbits of the members of a planetary system and the movement through orbits of the corpuscles in

an atom of matter. "It may not, perhaps, be fanciful to imagine that some general mathematical method devised for solving a problem of cosmical evolution may find another application to miniature atomic systems and may thus lead onward to vast developments of industrial mechanics." Men of science, Professor Darwin said, do well to impress on the captains of industry that they should not look askance on those branches of investigation which may seem for the time being practically useless. Returning to the theory of the origin of our existing solar system from gradual accretions of meteoric stones. Professor Darwin next admitted "apparent discordances" between it and some consequences of the familiar and famous This hypothesis, "first nebular hypothesis. suggested by the German philosopher, Kant, and later restated independently and in better form by the French mathematician, Laplace," is still much misconceived, even by men of science. Professor Darwin stated it briefly for the sake of making his own position clearer:

"Laplace traced the origin of the solar system to a nebula or cloud of rarefied gas congregated round a central condensation which was ultimately to form the sun. The whole was slowly rotating about an axis through its centre, and, under the combined influences of rotation and of the mutual attraction of the gas, it assumed a globular form, slightly flattened at the poles. The primeval globular nebula is undoubtedly a stable or persistent figure, and thus Laplace's hypothesis conforms to the general laws which I have attempted to lay down. The nebula must have gradually cooled by radiation into space, and, as it did so, the gas must necessarily have lost some of its spring or elasticity, thus permitting a greater degree of condensation of the whole. The contraction led inevitably to two results; first, the central desired because better that according tral condensation became hotter; and, secondly, the speed of its rotation became faster. The accelerated rotation led to an increase in the amount of polar flattening, and the nebula at length as-sumed the form of a lens, or of a disc thicker in the middle than at the edges. Assuming the existence of the primitive nebula, the hypothesis may be accepted thus far as practically certain. From this point, however, doubt and difficulty enter into the argument. It is supposed that the nebula became so much flattened that it could not subsist as a continuous aggregation of gas, and a ring of matter detached itself from the equatorial regions. The central portions of the nebula, when relieved of the excrescence, resumed the more rounded shape formerly possessed by the whole. As the cooling continued, the central portion in its turn became excessively flattened through the influence of its increased rotation; another equatorial ring then detached itself, and the whole process was repeated as before. In this way the whole nebula was fissured into a number of rings surrounding the central condensation, whose temperature must by then have reached incandescence. Each ring then aggregated itself

round some nucleus which happened to exist in its circumference, and so formed a subordinate nebula. Passing through a series of transformations, like its parent, this nebula was finally replaced by a planet with attendant satellites."

This whole process "forms a majestic picture of the origin of our system," but "the mechanical conditions of a rotating nebula are too complex to admit, as yet, of complete mathematical treatment." The physicist, therefore, in discussing this theory, is forced to some extent "to adopt the qualitative methods of the biologist rather than the quantitative ones"—which last he would prefer. For the telescope, seeming to confirm the general correctness of Laplace's hypothesis, does not obviate, at every stage in the supposed process, some "impossibility":

"Thus for example the ring of Saturn seems to have suggested the theory to Laplace; but to take it as a model leads us straight to a quite fundamental difficulty. If a ring of matter ever con-centrates under the influence of its mutual atgravity of the whole ring. Therefore the matter forming an approximately uniform ring, if it concentrates at all, can only fall in on the parent planet and be reabsorbed. Some external force other than the mutual attraction of the matter forming the ring, and therefore not provided by the theory, seems necessary to effect the supposed concentration. The only way of avoiding this difficulty is to suppose the ring to be ill-balanced or lop-sided; in this case, provided the want of balance is pronounced enough, concentration will take place round a point inside the ring but outside the planet. However, this is not the time to pursue these considerations further, yet enough has been said to show that the nebular hypothesis cannot be considered as a connected intelligible whole, however much of truth it may contain. In the first theory which I sketched as to the origin of the sun and planets, we supposed them to grow by the accretions of meteoric wanderers in space, and this hypothesis is apparently in fundamental disagreement with the conception of Laplace, who watches the transformations of a continuous gaseous nebula. I must not pause to consider how these seemingly discordant views may be reconciled, but will merely say that I conceive both theories contain important elements of truth."

We have seen that in order to explain the beginnings of planets in accordance with the hypothesis of Laplace, "the rings must be ill-balanced or even broken," but this suggests a fresh development in contemporary science:

"If the ring were so far from being complete as only to cover a small segment of the whole circumference, the true features of the occurrences in the birth of planets and satellites might be better represented by conceiving the detached portion of matter to have been more or less globular from the first, rather than ring-shaped. Now this idea introduces us to another group of

researches whereby mathematicians have sought to explain the birth of planets and satellites. The solution of the problem of evolution involves the search for those persistent or stable forms which biologists would call species. . . If the earth were formed throughout of a liquid of the same density, it would be one of the species of this family; and, indeed, these researches date back to the time of Newton, who was the first to ex-plain the figures of planets. The ideal liquid planets we are to consider must be regarded as working models of actuality, and inasmuch as the liquid is supposed to be incompressible, the conditions depart somewhat widely from those of Hence, when the problem has been solved, much uncertainty remains as to the extent to which our conclusions will be applicable to actual celestial bodies. We begin, then, with a rotating liquid planet like the earth, which is We next the first stable species of our family. impart in imagination more rotation to this planet, and find by mathematical calculation that its power of resistance to any sort of disturbance is less than it was. In other words, its stability declines with increased rotation, and at length we reach a stage at which the stability just vanishes. At this point the shape is a transitional one, for it is the beginning of a new species with different characteristics from the first, and with a very feeble degree of stability or power of persistence. As a still further amount of rotation is imparted, the stability of the new species increases to a maximum and then declines until a new transitional shape is reached and a new

species comes into existence. In this way we pass from species to species with an ever-increasing amount of rotation.

"The first or planetary species has a circular equator like the earth; the second species has an oval equator, so that it is something like an egg spinning on its side on a table; in the third species we find that one of the two ends of the egg begins to swell, and that the swelling gradually becomes a well-marked protrusion or filament. Finally, the filamentous protrusion becomes bulbous at its end, and is only joined to the main mass of liquid by a gradually thinning neck. The neck at length breaks, and we are left with two separated masses which may be called planet and satellite. In this ideal problem the successive transmutations of species are brought about by gradual additions to the amount of rotation with which the mass of liquid is endowed. It might seem as if this continuous addition to the amount of rotation were purely arbitrary and could have no counterpart in Nature. But real bodies cool and contract in cooling, and I must ask you to believe that the effects of an apparently arbitrary increase of rotation may be produced by cooling. The figures which I succeeded in drawing, by means of rigorous calculation, of the later stages of this course of evolution, are so curious as to remind one of some such phenomenon as the protrusion of a filament of protoplasm from a mass of living matter, and I suggest that we may see in this almost life-like process the counterpart of at least one form of the birth of double stars, planets, and satellites.'

# Why Man Should Go Unclothed

A plea that human beings cease to wear clothing is made by the British scientist and explorer, Frederick Boyle, in The Monthly Review (London). "Respectable persons," he admits, "would be shocked and indignant at the suggestion"; but the wearing of clothes is "most unnatural," and, after years of study and experiment, during which he has visited many remote regions of the world and collected the vital statistics of savages, Dr. Boyle is led to conclude that tubercular consumption, disease of the liver and vital organs, rheumatism, gout and like ills are due to the fact that civilized man does not go naked. The contention that the climate of the north temperate zone is not warm enough to give his argument any practical value is scouted by him. We feel the cold, he says, in effect, simply because we are shielded from it from birth. In the days when "the Irish wore only a breech clout and a mantle," and when "the very chief of the Irish" went "naked in the winter time," they acquired a superiority in vigor to the rest of Europe and a capacity for endurance and a

perfection of form and feature regarding which there can be no doubt. It was just because they approached "so nearly to the condition of savages in scantiness of clothing" that the Irish approached them "so nearly in vigor." "The fact is," says Dr. Boyle, "that a man feels cold in proportion as he is used to clothing. If he never wore shoes he does not know the meaning of cold feet." And that the adoption of clothes by races accustomed to go naked affects their health is a theory familiar to those who take interest, he declares, in the ethics of savagery. These are some illustrations:

"That the naked races are physically stronger on an average will not be disputed, I apprehend, by any experienced person. There may be exceptions, but they must be sought with patience. It would not be exaggeration to say that the average with most of them is equal to that of our trained athletes. At the beginning of African discovery, Lander noted this fact with emphasis. Observing three men occupied in raising a load to the shoulders of a porter, he supposed them either weak or shirking—for how should a single person carry what three can not lift

with ease? But on trying, Lander found that he could not move the load an inch, and he noted in his diary: 'Not till after an experiment like this does the amazing strength of the African appear.' Such practical evidence could be accumulated without measure. Few travelers who keep a journal fail to record the astonishment they felt at some proof of their attendants' vigor, and assuredly seamen who have had those tremendous Krooboys for shipmates will not dispute their supremacy in muscle. Sir John Thompson described his Zanzibari porters, with 'sixty to seventy pounds upon their heads and guns in their hands, patiently toiling up precipitous mountains by the hour together without once stopping to rest, probably singing or shouting all the time.' Not Africans only show greater strength than ours; on the average, it is the same with many naked peoples, not to say most."

Diseases of the lungs are unknown among the naked Dyaks, we are next told. Wallace's enthusiastic report of the Caribs on the Amazon, among whom he lived, is quoted: "Their figures are generally superb, and I have never felt so much pleasure in gazing at the finest statue as at these living illustrations of the beauty of the human form. The development of the chest is such as, I believe, never exists in the best-formed Europeans, exhibiting a splendid series of convex undulations without a hollow in any part." Dr. Boyle finds no allusion to disease among these people beyond affections of the skin in certain tribes of Many go quite naked. None wear more than the breech clout. The strength of the native races in North and South America throughout the period prior to their enforced adoption of clothing at the bidding of those who civilized them is cited as amazing:

"Humboldt says that the Mexicans carry 240 pounds to 380 pounds from the lowest depth to the surface [of mines]; he himself made the journey once, unladen, and very tired he wasbut they climb up and return all day. That charming writer, Byam, whose 'Wild Life in Central America' compares with Belt's famous volume, gives a similar report of the Chile Indians. He found their load 250 pounds to 260 pounds generally, but on one occasion it reached 380 pounds, and this the man carried from the bottom of a deep mine up ladders made simply by cutting notches in a tree. The feats of Indians described in 'Unknown Mexico' oblige us to bear constantly in mind that Lumholdz was travelling for the Smithsonian Institution on a scientific mission and therefore must be trustworthy. A youth carried more than 100 pounds for a hundred and ten miles in seventy hours. The Tarahumari Indians 'easily run a hundred and seventy miles without stopping.' One man carried a letter and brought back a reply, six hundred miles, in five days. They have grand matches, and in one, which Lumholdz witnessed, the course was a circuit of fourteen miles, which had to be traversed twelve imes—a hundred and sixty-eight miles. I do

not recollect that he mentions the time spent. They run at a slow jog trot on these occasions, but all the same they habitually pull down a buck. Their health is 'wonderful.'"

We are so familiar with the recuperative power of natives of regions in which clothing is dispensed with, adds Dr. Boyle, that this capacity is deemed a special faculty bestowed by divine providence. Among other instances he cites the following, coming within the personal experience of the distinguished missionary, Bishop MacDougal—"a physician of repute before he entered the church":

"After the important action of the Rainbow with Lanun pirates, one of the latter was brought aboard with the top of his skull sliced off so effectually that it hung only by the skin. The bishop, tending the wounded, raised this fragment like a lid and curiously observed the brain: but, thinking the case hopeless, he passed on, directing his assistants to bind the head together. Looking out of his cabin at the evening meal he saw this man squatted among the crew, feebly eating his portion of rice; and when the prisoners went ashore, I forget how many days afterwards, he landed with the rest, walking without assistance. A story very similar is told by Carl Bok on his own observation; he adds that a European would not have recovered for three years, supposing he did not die forthwith; this Malay was 'all right' in these markets. 'all right' in three weeks. Pritchard, the missionary, describes how a Samoan boy of his was shot through the chest, 'as he breathed, the air seemed to come from the wound.' Nothing could be done for him besides applying a piece of young banana leaf daily. But in eight weeks he was 'as well as ever.' It is undeniable, as Pritchard says, that 'wounds which in a white man would bring on mortification, in these Samoans heal with simple daily bathings and cleanliness.' But with wider knowledge he would not have limited his remark to one tribe of savages. It is of universal application or almost. One morning a negro crawled into Junker's camp, holding the contents of his body, which had been slashed from side to side. A comrade replaced them and bound him up; nothing more was done, but 'to my great surprise the wound healed almost com-pletely in a few days.' Sir Charles Wilson wrote: 'These Soudanis are really like bits of indiarubber; it is perfectly extraordinary how they bear wounds and how rapidly they heal up.' At Chitral, Colonel Younghusband was moved to

"There is no doubt that Asiatics stand wounds inflicted by sword or bullet infinitely better than Buropeans. Injuries that would kill an Englishman, or at least would lay him up for months, affect these hardy and abstemious mountaineers in a manner very much less severe. Imagine having the whole lock of a gun blown into one's shoulder and going about as if nothing had happened! Such a lock was cut out by one of our surgeons several months after. They report the most marvellous cases of recovery.'

"These examples of the strength, physical and constitutional, which attend savage life are but illustrations of a rule almost universal—for I apprehend that the swift recovery from wounds is only evidence of supreme vigor. We commonly assign it, like Colonel Younghusband, to 'abstemiousness and wholesome food.' But this

does not seem to be enough. European peoples of the South are abstemious, happily, and have been since records began, but they are not superior to northerners at any of the points with which we are concerned—rather the reverse. Upon the other hand, many savages, like the Samoans and the Dyaks, drink till they are helpless for days when a feast is held—and use decoctions which seem at least to be rank poison. Both in Peru and Mexico the Indians are habitually drunken. Negroes consume a vast deal of beer and Trade gin, without prejudice to 'toddy,' and many Kaffirs smoke dacha besides—most

harmful of all stimulants, probably. Nor will the difference of food suffice, though the woman who absorbs tannic acid under the name of tea must have rickety children. All our artificial customs, acting together for unnumbered generations, have wrought the mischief; but most effective, doubtless, has been the use of clothes, because that is most unnatural. Nakedness is the only condition universal among vigorous and healthy savages—at every other point, perhaps, they differ. But most of us have quite forgotten that human beings, just like other animals, are unprovided by Nature with any sort of covering."

### Burke's Own Interpretation of His "Life-Originating" Experiments

Those "micro-organisms," as he feels justified in calling them, which result from John Butler Burke's famous experiments at Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge (England), "suggest," he says in Harper's Weekly (New York) and The Fortnightly Review (London), "that they are entitled to be classed amongst living things in the sense in which we use the words, whether we call them bacteria or not." True, he admits, these "micro-organisms," produced by the action of radium on beef gelatin, "do not possess all the properties of bacteria," and therefore "they are not what are understood by this name." They are "obviously altogether outside the beaten track of living things." None the less, they come within biology's realm. "They appear to possess many of the qualities and properties which enable them to be placed in the borderland between crystals and bacteria, organisms in the sense in which we have employed the word, and possibly the missing link between the animate and inanimate." The name applied by Mr. Burke to the product upon which he thus speculates is "radiobe," and he puts the question: "May it not also be the germ which, after countless generations, under gradually changing forms and in suitable environments, has at length evolved into a bacillus at which we gaze and gaze with hopeless wonder and amazement each time we view it in the microscope to-day?" Radiobes he finds very like bacteria, yet not bacteria; very like crystals, yet not crystals. Hence to him radiobes seem, "however roughly," to bridge the gap, "apparently insuperable," between the organic and the inorganic worlds. To quote:

"May it not be that, amongst those unknown processes which, as Huxley expected, worked in the 'remote prodigious vista of the past,' where he could find no record of the commencement of

life, the process now considered almost a universal one, of radio-activity, performed those reactions, that we now see taking place in gelatine cultures, slowly and yet spontaneously by virtue of even slightly radio-active bodies?

"The earth itself, which is slightly radio-active, should act likewise, and the substances required are the ingredients for the formation of radio-organisms?

"The only process taking place in matter which has since then revealed a hidden source of energy,

not destroyed by heat, is radio-activity.

"Whether the lowliest forms of life—so simple that the simplest amœba as we see it to-day would appear a highly complex form—whether such elementary types have arisen from inorganic matter by such processes as I have described, I know not. May it not be, however, and does it not seem probable, in the light of these experiments, that the recently discovered processes of instability and decay of inorganic matter, resulting from the unexpected source of energy which gives rise to them, are analogous in many ways to the very inappropriately called 'vital force' or really vital energy of living matter? For this idea such physiologists as Johannes Müller so devoutly pleaded more than half a century ago. And may they not also be the source of life upon this planet?"

On the other hand, Mr. Burke does not think his experiments prove "spontaneous generation," if those words be taken to mean "the appearance of life from the absolutely lifeless." Such a thing, if it ever happened in the past, or even if it could be now happening all around us, could scarcely be demonstrated "to the satisfaction of all parties"—not, at any rate, to the satisfaction of parties "who have already made up their minds not to accept it." They would insist—"no matter how high a temperature we may get"—upon the possibility of some "secret source of animation":

"No matter how far we may trace the first beginnings of life, whether it is to the minutest microscopic cells, or to the atom itself, they would still maintain that the problem was not solved, and that in the atom itself is to be found the principle and the source of vital energy, and if this could be carried further they would fall back upon the electron or even on the æther. In this respect they cannot, strictly speaking, it is true, be met by any contradiction. But their argument is of the nature of a metaphysical objection of the same kind as that which asserts the freedom of the will and the immortality of the soul. They admit of no answer, just as they admit of no proof, unless that proof be metaphysical, and unconvincing so far as its scientific aspect goes. I do not wish to be drawn into a quagmire if even in that quagmire I should discover what is true. The risk is too great, and our time is too short."

Concerning "spontaneous generation" itself, Mr. Burke has to say:

"By spontaneous generation I mean the development of what we have a right to think is living from that which we have hitherto had a

Courtesy of Horper's Weekly. Copyright, 1905, by Harper & Brothers, New York.
"LIVING BODIES" PRODUCED BY THE ACTION OF RADIUM,
SHOWING SUBDIVISION AND GROWTH FROM A TO P

right to think was not. The development of living organisms from inorganic matter would be without question quite a case in point. No doubt that inorganic substance may contain embedded in it some germ, or germs, till hitherto unknown, and of a nature quite distinct from any we have yet had reason to regard as living; the substances employed may by their very nature, as it is here claimed—or more accurately suggested—have the principle of vital process, in an elementary form, as a part and parcel of their being. It is so with the dynamically unstable substances which of their own account manifest radio-activity. These dynamically unstable bodies have to some extent some of the properties of life—they disintegrate, they decay, in their manifestations of that activity, but although this is merely analogy, and we must remember, as Darwin has well said, 'Analogy is a deceitful guide'; still, if that analogy has prescribed or suggested results which have since been verified, its utility should have a greater claim to our attention than to be passed over with indifference and ignored. The products of radio-active bodies manifest not merely instability and decay but growth, sub-division, reproduction, and adjustment of their internal functions to their surroundings, a circumstance which I think will be found to be equivalent to nutrition."

If it be urged that radiobes, as he calls them, "must be the result of imperfect sterilizations," and that "Pasteur completely proved that when sterilizations are properly carried out life does not spring from lifeless matter," Mr. Burke replies:

"This sounds very simple, very clear, and very forcible. But has it really any bearing on the question as to whether radio-activity can afford the internal energy of vital processes? Pasteur's experiments were on sterilized media not acted upon by sources of activity such as those which now form the subject of discussion. They have

nothing whatsoever to do with the question as to whether radioactivity can afford the energy in dynamically unstable groupings placed in suitable surroundings, and which might afford in more complex aggregations the flux, so to speak, which constitutes the principle of life. I argue now for possibilities, and I say without fear or hesitation that whatever may be the aspect we should take of this conception, the bearing of Pasteur's observations on this point is as remote as it is on the question whether there are living bodies in Venus or Mars. It is a matter about which I feel, with-out misgiving, that Pasteur, Tyn-dall, and Huxley would have thought as strongly as myself that their efforts had no bearing whatsoever on the point at issue."

Returning more directly to his own experiments, Mr. Burke tells us that an organism,

as he employs the word, has "a structure, a nucleus and an external boundary or cell wall," while "its vitality may be described as being a continuous process of adjustment between its internal and its external relations." These statements are of especial importance in connection with what comes next:

"Now a clear examination of the bodies produced by the action of radium on culture media will enable us to decide under which of these two heads these bodies come.

"The earlier stage does not reveal any structure, but later on the existence of a nucleus of a highly organized body is distinctly shown; whilst after a while the segregation effects of growth and development, which it would appear rule crystals out of court, become distinctly marked. In such large bodies a satellite or offspring is usually visible and is suggestive of reproduction.

"This sub-division is the most striking thing about them, and a clear idea of its actual nature cannot fully be derived from the photographs.

"The growth is from the minutest visible speck to two dots, then a dumb-bell shaped appearance, later more like a frog's spawn, and so on through various stages until it reaches a shape largely different from its previous forms, when it divides and loses its individuality, and ultimately becomes resolved into minute crystals, possibly of uric acid. This is a development which no crystal

has yet been known to make, and forces upon the mind the idea that they must be organisms; the fact, however, that they are soluble in water seems, on the other hand, to disprove the suggestion that they can be bacteria. But the stoppage of growth and the sub-division at a certain stage of development in such circumstances as these is a clear indication of the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations of the individual with its surroundings, and thus suggests vitality."

## Bacteria as Empire Builders

The whole natural history of man is, in effect, a history of his evolution against disease, asserts one of the highest living authorities on the subject of heredity, G. Archdall Reid, in a new work\* on the subject. Disease, he insists, is the key to universal history, more especially to history in such a country as the United States. Not American strenuousness. not American boldness nor American conquest of the wilderness through pioneer enterprise, inspired the expansion from Atlantic to Pacific, but disease. Had the American been unequipped with disease he would inevitably have lost the great battle for empire in the New World. And what is true of our own country is true of every country with a really glorious record of expansion:

"The story unfolded by it [disease] is of greater proportions than all the mass of trivial gossip about kings and queens and the accounts of futile dynastic wars and stupid religious controversies which fill so large a space in his [man's] written political history. In the latter, as told by his-torians, groping in obscurity and blinded by their own preconceptions, men and events are often distorted out of all proportions. A clever but unprejudiced writer may pass base metal into perpetual circulation as gold. Luther and the Reformation are accepted as divine by many people; they are reviled as diabolical by more. Cromwell was long regarded as accursed; to-day he is half deified. How many of us are able to decide on grounds of fact, not of fiction, whether the Roman Empire perished because the Romans, becoming luxurious, sinned against our moral code, as ecclesiastic historians would have us be-lieve, or because a disease of monkish bigotry and stupidity clouded the clear Roman brain and enfeebled the strong Roman hand, as Gibbon would have us think? But the natural history of man deals without obscurity and without un-certainty with greater matters. Study it, and the mists clear away from much even of political history, We see clearly how little the conscious

\*THE PRINCIPLES OF HEREDITY. By G. Archdall Reid, M. B., F. R. S. E. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co.

efforts of man have influenced his destiny. We see forces, unrecognized, enormous, irresistible, unchanging, working slowly toward tremendous conclusions—forces so irresistible and unchanging that watching them we are able even to fore-

cast something of the future.

"The mere political results of man's evolution against disease are of almost incalculable magnitude. The human races of one half of the world are dying, and are being replaced by races from the other half. Not all the wars during all time taken together constitute so great a tragedy. A quite disproportionate part in this great move-ment has been borne by our own race. It has seized on the larger part of those regions in which the aborigines were incapable of civilization and were undefended by malaria. In the great void created by disease it has more room wherein to spread and multiply than any other race. The world predominance of the future, therefore, seems assured to it. Our birth rate, it is true, is falling, and is likely to fall still more. It is lower than that of many other peoples. But medical men know that the fall is due to no loss of natural fecundity, but merely to the inevitable spread of physiological knowledge—a knowledge which is being gradually acquired and used by all civilized races. Other nations may dream of foreign conquest, but the time for founding permanent empires is past. There remains for them only temporary conquest in a few malarial parts of the world in which European nations cannot flourish and supplant the natives. Spain and Portugal lost their opportunity when they turned from the temperate regions and chose the tropics. France lost her opportunity on the heights of Abraham. Germany is more than a century too late in the start. Russia can conquer only hardy aliens who will multiply under her rule and ultimately assert their supremacy.

"In times now far remote in the history of civilized peoples, the sword was the principal means for digging deep the foundations of permanent empires. Its place was taken by a more efficient instrument. A migrating race, armed with a new and deadly disease and with high powers of resisting it, possesses a terrible weapon of offence."

Armed with his deadly disease, the pioneer in the New World infects the native. The

native of the New World in particular had behind him no such ancestral tree as that of the pale face, whose fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers had for generations endured tuberculosis, smallpox and diseases even more scourging. The white man had acquired a racial capacity to resist these diseases in proportion to past racial experience of it. The aboriginal inhabitant of the land invaded by the pale face has a clean bill of health for such disease from a racial point of view. His power of resistance is undeveloped. Smallpox, tuberculosis, syphilis and even measles, thus can wipe out the red man and make possible the winning of the West. "Red Indians and Caribs could not in a few generations achieve an evolution which the inhabitants of the old world had accomplished only after thousands of years and at the cost of hundreds of millions of lives. . . . It is a highly significant fact that throughout the new world no city or town has its native quarter, whereas every European settlement in Asia and Africa has its native suburbs." The explanation of all this, from the standpoint of heredity, is thus set down:

"When the disease is one against which immunity can not be acquired, the race has undergone an evolution of inborn immunity; thus Europeans who have suffered severely from tuberculosis for thousands of years resist infection by it, or, when infected, recover from it more easily than American Indians, who until lately had no experience of the disease. When the disease is one against which immunity can be acquired, the race has undergone an evolution of the power of acquiring immunity—never of inborn immunity. Thus English children, whose race has long been afflicted by measles and whooping cough, contract those maladies as easily as Polynesians, to whom they were familiarized only during the last century. But whereas English children, as a rule, recover readily, Polynesians perish in great numbers. When the disease is non-lethal, no effect on the race can be observed. Thus Polynesians are infected as easily, but not more nor less easily, than Englishmen from chicken-pox."

Once in a rare while it happens that the bacteria of disease take sides against the white man and in favor of the aborigines. Thus malaria has been a bulwark behind which more than one native race has protected itself from extermination resulting, in other circumstances, "as surely as the trader with his clothes or the missionary with his church" arrives to civilize. But tuberculosis and smallpox have invariably fought for the Briton and the American—never "against them":

"We habitually speak of the 'fatal' climate of the west coast of Africa or of the Terai; but we are usually unaware that our own climate at the present day is nearly, if not quite, as 'fatal' to the native inhabitants of much of the greater part of the world—and that, therefore, our race, which is able to persist under such adverse conditions, has undergone evolution in relation to tuberculosis fully equal to the evolution against malaria undergone by the West Africans.

tuberculosis fully equal to the evolution against malaria undergone by the West Africans.

"The micro-organisms of tuberculosis, since they are essentially earth-borne and entirely parasitic, and since strong sunlight is highly inimical to them, are unable to persist except under given conditions, which are best satisfied in the crowded, badly lighted and ill ventilated houses of civilized people—particularly those that dwell in the cities of cold and temperate climates. That the environment is yearly growing more favorable to the bacilli in the world at large, especially in newly colonized areas, in consequence of the increase in population, can not be doubted, and this in spite of the greater attention which is nowadays paid, in some places, to light and ventilation.

"But in the very lands where the less resistant among us recover from previous infection, tuberculosis is causing the extermination of the natives. This one fact throws the greatness of our evolution into startling relief, for the natives usually live under hygienic conditions that are far better as regards the disease than do the settlers. The latter endeavor to reproduce their home life as nearly as possible. They gather themselves into urban communities and build much the same kind of houses as those in which they contracted the disease, whereas the natives dwell scattered or at worst in small communities and in dwellings more wind-swept than the shanties of the Hebridean fisher folk. Nevertheless, they perish and their races are becoming extinct, for so susceptible are they that they take the disease in circumstances in which the most susceptible Europeans live immune, and they are so little resistant that they take it in its most virulent form. The microbes, unchecked by the phagocytes, multiply within them at a rapid rate, they exhibit all the phenomena of galloping consumption; and even in their draughty wigwams they infect their fellows. To infect a normal European a considerable dose of the virus seems necessary, since so many of the parasites succumb in the struggle with the phagocytes. To infect a Red Indian or a Maori the smallest possible dose seems sufficient, since the phagocytes seem to have the power of destroying the bacilli."

Upon the expansion of Western civilization, and especially upon that feature of it known as empire-building, these facts, contends our author, exert the utmost influence. He considers the alleged "physical deterioration" of civilized man—even if it be established as a fact—to be relatively less than the "physical deterioration" of semi-civilized and uncivilized man in the past century. "If history teaches any lesson with clearness it is this, that conquest to be permanent must be accompanied with extermination. Otherwise, in the fulness of time, the natives expel or absorb the conquerors."

## Did All Our Diamonds Fall from the Sky?

After thirty years spent in chemical investigations of the diamond, Sir William Crookes, perhaps the highest living scientific authority on the subject, announces his disposition to come, in a tentative way, to the support of the hypothesis that this stone is a "gift from Heaven," conveyed to the earth in meteoric showers. The theory was propounded fifteen years ago by Prof. A. Meydenbauer in The Chemical News (London), and has ever since been ridiculed by various experts on the diamond. Gardner Williams-another high authority-insists that diamonds are "mysteries in nature," and that science will never explain their existence. Sir William Crookes avows that he was long tempted to think the same. Now he feels obliged, in view of recent evidence, to admit "at least the possibility" of the long-scouted Meydenbauer hypothesis. "The diamond," according to that, "can only be of cosmic origin, having fallen as a meteorite at later periods of the earth's formation. The available localities of the diamond contain the residues of not very compact meteoric masses which may, perhaps, have fallen in prehistoric ages, and which have penetrated more or less deeply according to the more or less resistant character of the surface where they fell." In dealing with this theory, as appears from the report in London Nature, Sir William Crookes calls attention first to the Moissan theory that diamonds are simply "separations" from molten iron. The Kimberley fields are held to give color to the hypothesis. The mines in those fields are irregular-shaped round or oval pipes, extending vertically downward to unknown depths. But how these pipes were originally formed, notes Sir William, is the mystery:

"They were certainly not burst through in the ordinary manner of volcanic eruption, since the surrounding and enclosing walls showed no signs of igneous action, and were not shattered or broken up even when touching the 'blue ground.' It was pretty certain these pipes were filled from below after they were pierced, and the diamonds were formed at some previous time and mixed with a mud volcano, together with all kinds of débris eroded from the rocks through which it erupted, forming a geological 'plum pudding.' There were many such pipes in the immediate neighborhood of Kimberley. It might be that each volcanic pipe was the vent for its own special laboratory—a laboratory buried at vastly greater depths than we had yet reached—where the temperature was comparable with that of the electric furnace, where the pressure was fiercer than in our puny laboratories and the melting-point

higher, where no oxygen was present, and where masses of liquid carbon had taken centuries, perhaps, thousands of years, to cool to the solidifying point."

Although this hypothesis of the origin of diamonds seems corroborated by many circumstances, Sir William Crookes now avers that the heavenly origin of the stones seems indicated by later circumstances still. Bizarre as the theory may seem, adds Sir William, it is finding "striking confirmation" in what has happened comparatively recently in Arizona. To quote the eminent scientist's exact words:

"Here, on a broad, open plain, over an area of about five miles in diameter, had been scattered one or two thousand masses of metallic iron, the fragments varying in weight from half a ton to a fraction of an ounce. There was little doubt these masses formed part of a meteoric shower, although no record existed as to when the fall took place. Curiously enough, near the centre, where most of the meteorites had been found, was a crater with raised edges three-quarters of a mile in diameter and about 600 feet deep, bearing exactly the appearance which would be produced had a mighty mass of iron struck the ground and buried itself deep under the surface.



"THE HIGHEST LIVING AUTHORITY ON THE DIAMOND"

After thirty years' study, Sir William Crookes inclines to think there may be something in the theory that diamonds fell from the sky.

Altogether, ten tons of this iron have been collected, and specimens of the Canyon Diablo meteorite were in most collectors' cabinets. An ardent mineralogist—the late Dr. Foote—cutting a section of this meteorite, found the tools were injured by something vastly harder than metallic iron. He examined the specimen chemically, and soon after announced to the scientific world that the Canyon Diablo meteorite contained black and transparent diamonds. This startling discovery was afterwards verified by Professors Moissan and Friedel, and Moissan, working on 183 kilogrammes of the Canyon Diablo meteorite, had recently found smooth black diamonds and transparent diamonds in the form of octahedra with rounded edges, together with green hexagonal crystals of carbon silicide. The presence of carbon silicide in the meteorite showed that it must, at some time, have experienced the temperature of the electric furnace. Since this revelation, the

search for diamonds in meteorites had occupied the attention of chemists all over the world."

In view of the doubts expressed regarding the startling "discovery" alleged to have been made by Professors Moissan and Friedel, Sir William Crookes adds now his word of corroboration. He states positively that he has himself extracted "true diamonds" from the Cañon Diablo meteorites. This fact points to the possibility that the so-called "volcanic pipes" of diamond mines are, in Sir William's words, "simply holes bored in the solid earth by the impact of monstrous meteors—the larger masses boring the holes, while the smaller masses, disintegrating in their fall, distributed diamonds broadcast."

#### Our Schools as "Nurseries of Stuttering"

Those who ordinarily teach reading in our educational institutions are really responsible for the somewhat alarming spread of the stuttering habit, according to Dr. Edward Mussey Hartwell, who, in a recently issued report of the Commissioner of Education (Washington) avers that it should be made the duty of teachers to "recognize the beginnings of stuttering and to prevent its development by teaching the child then and there to acquire proper control over its central breathing movements." Dr. Hartwell, as director of physical training in the Boston public schools and as sometime associate in physical training in Johns Hopkins University, has had his attention called to "school-produced stuttering" in many classes. "Stuttering," he says, "is a spastic nervous disorder whose most obvious symptoms are minor convulsions in the articulatory apparatus, but the initial fault is in the execution of the breathing movements." Dr. Kussmaul, the eminent German neurologist, is quoted as having defined stuttering to be "a spastic neurosis of coordination which hinders the utterance of syllables by convulsive contractions at the stop points for vowels or consonants in the articulation tube." The German authority is further quoted by Dr. Hartwell as follows:

"If we examine more closely the condition that prevents the proper joining of syllables we find that the three forms of muscular activity involved—viz., the expiratory, vocalic, and consonantal—are not coordinated. The regulating mechanism of the nerve centers which brings about the harmonious interplay of these muscles

in uttering the sounds which make up syllables, or, as Merkel puts it, in vocalizing sounds, are thrown into disorder by insignificant peripheral excitations, and still more frequently by excita-tions of central origin. The three muscular actions mentioned which cooperate in the articulation of every syllable are not coordinated either as to the force or order of their contractions. On the one hand the action of the breathing muscles concerned in speech is at fault, and on the other the action of the vocalic and consonantal muscles is convulsive. The contraction of these muscles, instead of proceeding quietly at normal intervals, takes on the form of tonic or clonic spasms. . . . Stutterers always lack that control of the breath which is requisite for speech. They inhale too little air for their purpose, are not sufficiently economical of it, and sometimes are obliged to draw breath in the middle of a word.

The experience of Kussmaul, who was originally a stutterer himself, proceeds Dr. Hartwell, has shown that unless the central breathing muscles are first set right, efforts directed at restoring the coordinated action of the throat and mouth muscles are largely thrown away:

"It is a most significant fact that those who are most successful in the treatment of stuttering have taken the law of the nervous system as their guide. As a rule they begin their treatment with gymnastic exercises of the trunk and breathing muscles and later on direct their attention to developing normal habits of action, first in the muscles of phonation and then in those of articulation. In other words, their training of the accessory neuro-muscular mechanisms is based on the preliminary development of the normal powers of the fundamental and intermediate mechanisms of the series.

"Stuttering is recognized as a 'school disease,'

and there is good reason for the belief that in a large proportion of stutterers the habit is produced by unnatural and inverted methods of teaching reading, which is begun in the primary school before the children have acquired adequate control over their organs of speech. It is quite as desirable that the teacher of reading should apply the essential principles of physical training, so as not to produce or intensify stuttering, as

for the vocal trainer to apply those principles in curing it. The natural development of the vocal organs involves so much exercise which is primarily of the gymnastic sort that I am led to hold that if the motor education of the younger children in the public schools were rightly organized in the departments of free play and elementary gymnastics a considerable amount of stuttering would be prevented."

#### Rediscovery of the Lost Five Thousand Dollar Orchid

For something like twenty years a standing offer of five thousand dollars for a living specimen of that rarest of all orchids, Cypripedium Fairrieanum, has gone unclaimed. Now it is announced that the money has been paid, or at least has been claimed by a British army officer who discovered the precious flower in one of the inaccessible Bhutan passes that lead into Tibet. One of the results of Colonel Younghusband's famous visit to the Dalai Lama in the remote Potala at Lhasa is thus the acquisition of an orchid which has been sought for forty-six years in every nook and cranny of the world. Advertisements for this rare specimen have appeared for years in native Nepal and Benares newspapers and in the press of India generally. Mr. Frederick Boyle, who has sought the flower himself, gives us these particulars in the London Outlook:

"The fact is that Cypripedium Fairrieanum has long been wanted with growing urgencynot for its own sweet sake alone. The principles on which a hybridist should work are beginning to be understood, and they show that the peculiarities of Fairrieanum must be invaluable for combination with many species. So much was proved indeed by experiment, while flowers could still be obtained, for Fairrieanum hybrids take the very highest place among Cypripeds. But they are all too few—less than a dozen, perhaps. These have been multiplied into a family of scores by union with other species, and still the strain keeps its pre-eminence mostly. But at the present day there are hundreds of Cypripeds which would yield a marvellous progeny if they could only be mated with Fairrieanum. last month there was no chance of such blessed nuptials, nor a glimmer of hope even. Only five plants existed in Europe; one belonging to Sir Trevor Lawrence, and four in the collection at Luxembourg-all in a very bad way. One of the latter flowered in 1903. An orchidist asks instantly, what became of the pollen? We cannot say—perhaps it is a State secret. One imagines the silent concentrated struggle for those tiny globules. Kings and nobles would beg them if they heard, Americans would offer untold gold, Jews would plot and contrive.'

Only once prior to the present year had the orchid in question ever reached London. That was in 1857. "But when inquiry began to be made, fifteen or twenty years afterward, the sender could not be identified nor the circumstances explained." But investigation on an elaborate scale was at once instituted:

"On March 15, 1857, Messrs. Stevens of Covent Garden sold 'a consignment of orchids from Java. five boxes from India, with a new Cypripedium, and various begonias, ferns, etc.' But they could give actually no more information when questioned. All records were lost. It appears now that M. Van Houtte received a few about the same time in Belgium. These were forwarded by an apothecary dwelling at Nowgong, in Assam, named Simons, and it may be supposed that he also forwarded the boxes to London. In October several of the plants bought at 'Stevens's' flowered, and Dr. Lindley bestowed the name after Mr. Fairrie, of Liverpool. For awhile the precious thing abounded. It is on record that Mr. Day had 'a score of plants, and flowers by the dozen.' There was a specimen at Kew three feet across. But hybridists were few then and not very enterprising. They made little use of the opportunity, and it had vanished when their successors, better equipped, sought to increase the number of hybrids. Gradually Cypripedium Fairrieanum died out until, in 1876, it was reckoned among the 'lost orchids.' And lost it remained until the spring of this year. But not for want of seeking. Messrs. Sander, of St. Albans and Bruges, despatched no fewer than six collectors to find it, and other importing firms made attempts. But they all went on the wrong track. It was reasonable to suppose that the treasure was to be found somewhere in Assam, when the apothecary Simons lived there; moreover, in 1861, Captain Tronson forwarded a few plants-which soon died-to the Royal Botanic Gardens, Calcutta, when serving in that territory. So to Assam the collectors went, one after another, and searched the whole country—in vain. It is evident now that both Simons and Tronson obtained their specimens from Bhutannot personally, however, for traveling on those wild hills is perilous even now, and the Government will not suffer Europeans to pass the frontier."



MARGARET ANGLIN AS ZIRA

Of her acting in this part, the New York Evening Post says: "No finer or truer emotional acting, of the melodramatic order, has been witnessed in this city since the best days of Clara Morris . Bernhardt herself could scarcely have done it better"

## Music and the Drama

#### Opening of the Dramatic Season in New York

The laurels of the opening dramatic season in New York go to an English playwright and an American actress. Bernard Shaw has scored heavily in his extraordinarily brilliant play, "Man and Superman," and Margaret Anglin has risen to such emotional heights in "Zira" as to lead the conservative Evening Post to declare that she "is likely to be recognized generally before long as the leading actress of the American stage." Augustus Thomas's "De Lancey" and Clyde Fitch's "Her Great Match," written respectively for John Drew and Maxine Elliott, evoke generous, but not enthusiastic, critical comment. George Ade has made a flat failure

in "The Bad Samaritan," and is felt to have fallen from his previous standard in "Just Out of College." "Beauty and the Barge," one of the greatest successes of last winter's dramatic season in London, was presented here by Nat Goodwin and withdrawn after three nights. Another of the London successes, Alfred Sutro's "Walls of Jericho," in which James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering are appearing, has been well received; and Hall Caine's melodrama, "The Prodigal Son," draws large audiences nightly. One of the surprises of the season is furnished by the quality of Edward Peple's "The Prince Chap," characterized by The Critic as "a gentle creation of the type of



Photo by VanderWeyde

JOHN DREW IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE
Mr. Drew recently succeeded the late Joseph Jefferson as President of the Players Club

Pinero's 'Sweet Lavender'" and by The Stage as "the prettiest play of the season,"

#### "MAN AND SUPERMAN"

"Mr. Bernard Shaw has arrived," remarks The Critic, "this time with an automobile and the cloud of talk he so loves." The Sun is also reminded of automobiles in this connec-Speaking of the abbreviation of the play for stage use, it says:

"Shaw has cabined and confined his discourse, reefed the sail of his wit, air-pumped his philosophy and advanced the sparking of his four-cylinder dramatic motor. The result, if some-thing more than a skit, is so much less than it might have been as to be deliciously, and all but incessantly, diverting.'

The motif of "Man and Superman" is bound up in what Mr. Shaw calls "the tragi-comic love-chase of the man by the woman." In the New York performance of the play, the man is Robert Loraine, the woman Fay Davis, and their impersonations win warm commendation from the critics. To quote further from The

"Mr. Shaw's present theme is a paradox. According to our old and falsely sentimental philosophy of the affections, man is the pursuing animal, who is led by his desires into a position of adoring tutelage to a divinely sanctified creature—woman. But philosophers have long felt that matrimony is a grave burden—perverse souls call it a tyranny. Advanced biology has taught us that nature, having on hand a strictly business proposition, drives woman, no less than man, in the homely way she has appointed for the preservation of the species. Here is a rare opportunity for intellectually diverting farce. 'Go to!' says the ebullient Mr. Shaw or—as he prefers to be Edwardian, and if possible of the time of George V.—'Damn it all! I'll set the thing on its head the other way and show 'em that woman is the pursuing animal and man her pitiable prey!

"In the audiences that are nightly convulsed by 'Man and Superman' there are probably very few who are not in the current of modern thought on this question of the relations of the sexes. Nobody who is anybody takes Mr. Shaw quite seriously. Perhaps he would be the first to feel sad if they did. But our instincts long outlive our opinions: it is only when we make them familiar as embodied in terms of actual life that they become commonplace. The most advanced of us can still be shocked into delicious laughter at the reshattering on the stage of our long shat-

tered idols.

"And what a dash of wit and cynical glee Mr. Shaw throws into his iconoclasm! Gilbert and Wilde were cynical wits, but never at their most audacious did they equal him in trenchancy and diabolic force, never did their intelligence move on so rare and high a plane."

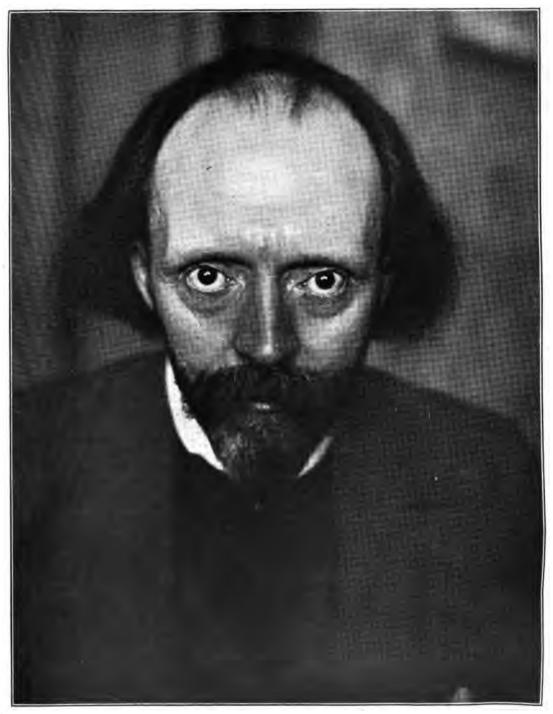
The Tribune, however, refuses to concede any measure of real importance to the play. It says:

"It would be futile to deny that the process of setting up a social situation and promptly knocking it endwise with a verbal quip, then re-establishing it in a different position with an epigram for the purpose of again upsetting it with another, may not be made as amusing as the slap-stick antics of harlequin and clown in a more purely physical form of elemental comedy. That it should be regarded with any greater degree of intellectual appreciation is difficult of comprehension to those who detect the simplicity of the author's methods through his mocking foolery and obfuscating claptrap.

Seldom have demonstrations occurred in a New York theater such as those that have greeted Miss Anglin's impersonation of Zira, a variation of Wilkie Collins's "New Magdalen." At the first-night performance, the audience rose in their seats and cheered for several minutes. "Such an exhibition of sincere enthusiasm," declares The Times, "is not often witnessed even on the always enthusiastic first nights"; and Mr. William Bullock, of The Press, says: "So far this season, at least, there has not been a bit of acting in Broadway to compare to this." The Dramatic Mirror comments:

"Because of its theatrical effectiveness 'The New Magdalen' has long been popular with great emotional actresses. Clara Morris is well re-membered in an early version. The present adaptation is cleverly wrought up to date by Messrs. Miller and Manners by placing the first act in Africa during the famous struggle of the Boers. Soon after Hester Trent appears as the nurse, her father is shot and a bursting shell so seriously wounds Ruth Wilding that Hester thinks her dead and takes her passport and veil. In the second act she is popularly called 'Zira' by the family with whom she is masquerading as cousin. She has won real love by her womanly charms. Her nature craves affection, as she ran away from her brute of a father when only a slip of a girl with a man she afterward found was already married.

"When the wounded woman for whom she has substituted herself appears in the third act, Zira begs her not to insist in disgracing her before those who have learned to love her, for whom she would die. Met by stern politeness, Zira finally turns on the woman whose place she has usurped in a whirlwind of desperation and dares her to tell her story. This climax, following a finely played scene of pathetic pleading, wrought the house into such enthusiasm that one not knowing Miss Anglin's reserve powers would have trembled for any further demands upon her, for none but a powerful actress could top that scene. All such fears would have been groundless. In the following scene of abject remorse for what she has so unworthily done, Miss Anglin as Zira rose to such heights of sincerity and artistic conviction that, when the curtain finally came down on her last pitiable plea of 'only don't hate me,' there arose shouts of enthusiasm."



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#### HALL CAINE

He says he would rather be novelist than President of the United States, and has come to this country to superintend the dramatization of his latest novel, "The Prodigal Son"



AUGUSTUS THOMAS

"One of the strong men of our theatre." His new play, "De Lancey," deals with society life in New York

#### "DE LANCEY"

The title rôle of Augustus Thomas's new play is generally conceded to fit John Drew like a glove, but more than one critic voices the opinion that, in the hands of a less capable actor, the fate of the piece would be in question, "It is certainly not Thomas at his best," remarks The Theatre Magazine, "but this dramatist never fails to have scenes that show ... skill and freshness of invention."

De Lancev is a "man about town," living in bachelor apartments and divorced by his wife, who was jealous of an innocent girl, Jacqueline. He is really in love with Jacqueline, but she has become engaged to his intimate friend. Dr. Morton, and when she comes to his apartments to confess her love, he denies his own because of her engagement. The physician subsequently falls in love with another woman, a florist's daughter; but now Jacqueline rejects the proffered love of De Lancey, thinking that he is marrying her from motives of pity. Ingenious dialogue prepares the way for a glad understanding and happy ending.

"'De Lancey' will probably please a great many people," says The Times, "but it will fail to please a discriminating number who have come to look upon its author as one of the strong men of our theatre." The Stage, however, regards the play as "clever and spontaneous and al-

together delightful,"

#### "HER OWN MATCH"

This play of Clyde Fitch's has something of the flavor of Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda," and tells of a love-affair between an American girl and the heir to a Ruritanian The Crown Prince abdicates his kingdom. throne for the woman he loves. The American girl has an adventuress stepmother fash-



A SHAW ENTHUSIAST DRAWING-ROOM COMEDY

SHAKESPEARE THE THEATRE FACE

MUSICAL COMEDY

MELODRAMA

Types generally identified with the various forms of stage entertainment, as seen by Fornaro -The Theatre Magazine (New York)

ioned in the image of the notorious Cassie Chadwick, and a German-English brewer, seeking a baronetcy, provides the opportunity for much wholesome fun.

The main situation of the play, says Mr. John Corbin, of *The Sun*, is the most hackneyed known to the modern novel and stage; and yet, he admits, Mr. Fitch has triumphed over his materials, and, in doing so, has given "the strongest possible evidence of the vitality and exuberance of his gift of sentimental comedy." The same writer adds:

"For all of its deftness and poignancy of sentimental appeal I do not personally think this sort of thing as interesting or as important as Mr. Fitch's comedy of manners, for instance in 'The Climbers,' or his comedy of character and emotion, as in 'The Girl With the Green Eyes.' But taken for what it is, it is a full lift above anything any other American playwright has shown himself capable of. And vastly as the English playwrights surpass us, both in intelligence and any of their plays which is more spontaneously and irresistibly charming."

"THE BAD SAMARITAN" AND "JUST OUT OF COLLEGE"

"The Bad Samaritan" is an effort to dramatize the troubles of a philanthropist—to show on the stage the pitfalls that beset even the humblest Rockefeller or Carnegie. As *The* Evening Post puts it:

"There is a rich old dealer in tallow and hides who is induced to sign over his property and business to his nephew and niece, and thereafter is most shamefully bullied and neglected by them. Then, a flaw having been discovered in the deed, he resumes control of his money, sends his ungrateful relatives to the rightabout, and undertakes to become the patron and supporter of a miscellaneous group of cranks, frauds, or eccentrics, with whom he has been on friendly terms in the country village to which he had been practically banished. Transporting his wards to the city, and pledging himself to furnish all the money they may require to gratify their individual ambitions, he finds himself at the mercy of a band of unscrupulous harpies, and, in the end, wholly disgusted by their selfishness and rapacity, dismisses the whole pack, and, abandoning the part of universal benefactor, seeks his own happiness in quiet domestic life."

"Just Out of College" has something of the humor and sparkle of "The College Widow," and carries forward the tradition of Mr. Ade's earlier and very successful play. Edward Worthington Swinger, "just out of college," asks the hand of the daughter of Septimus Pickering, a wealthy pickle manufacturer. He is inexperienced and penniless, but contrives to get \$20,000 of the father's money to show his business ability. At the



Author of "The Music Master," a play which is nearing its 350th performance in New York

right time the young man falls in with a woman who is promoting a home-made pickle enterprise, but who has been rebuffed by the conservative Pickering. The two pool their fortunes, beat the merchant at his own business, and make it possible for Swinger to win the prize that he seeks.

"Just Out of College" is conceded to be a better play than "The Bad Samaritan," but both are severly criticized. The Sun declares: "This much is clear, that Mr. Ade has not only failed to live up to his early promise, but has raised the question whether he has not already given us the full measure of his capacities." And The Tribune comments:

"George Ade is quite evidently a man wholly at the mercy of his inspiration. Until 'The Bad Samaritan' his inspiration did not desert him, but in that play he foundered. The Ade formula was there, flashes of the Ade wi illuminated it, but spontaneity and life were lacking. In 'Just Out of College,' shown at the Lyceum Theatre with Joseph Wheelock, jr., as the star, his inspiration has by fits deserted him, by fits been kind. The new piece is a curious mixture of truthful, sympathetic, merry satire and commonplace, familiar farce. The first act is Mr. Ade at his very best; the other two acts are only



MME. BERTHA KALISH

Who is appearing, under Mr. Fiske's management, in Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna"

flavored by Mr. Ade—their substance is as old as farce, and that is very old, indeed. That the whole play is amusing and likely to please many people it would be useless to deny. But it is not another 'College Widow,' nor anything better than 'The College Widow.' It marks, as a whole, no advance in Mr. Ade's art and a diminution in the vitality of his inspiration. To those who have looked on him for fine things in the future it is a disappointment."

#### "THE WALLS OF JERICHO"

Alfred Sutro, the author of "The Walls of Jericho," is a dramatist of remarkable versa-He has translated the writings of Maeterlinck, and is the author of several plays on his own account. "Mollentrave on Woman" and "The Way of a Fool" both enjoyed a certain vogue in London, and "A Maker of Men" has served as a curtain-raiser at the famous Lyceum Theater. In his latest play, Mr. Sutro may be said to dramatize the foibles of the "smart set." To Mr. Corbin, of The Sun, "it suggests the primal earnestness of popular melodrama." "Even those who, like myself, were inclined to smile at the play as a whole," he adds, "trembled with Eighth avenue fervor when Jack Frobisher, the Joshua from Queensland, lifted up the ram's horn of his eloquence before the walls of the Jericho of Mayfair, England, and when those walls crumbled and fell we felt exalted in proportion. Let us count all this to the good. The note of simple earnestness is far too rare in the modern drama."

Jack Frobisher is a millionaire ex-sheep raiser who returns from Australia to his native land with uncontaminated virtue and unblighted aspirations. His money makes him the mark of all the dowagers with marriageable daughters, and before long he is the sonin-law of a profligate old marquis and plunged into the whirl of fashionable life in London. Soon he is sickened by the atmosphere of folly, treachery, meanness, selfishness and debauchery, and feels that his moral and mental forces are undergoing a process of gradual suffocation. At last, Samson-like, he resolves to burst the fetters which bind him. In a splendidly dramatic climax he indicts the whole rotten world around him, and announces his resolve to return to the antipodes with his wife and child.

The Evening Post, which yields this account of the plot of "The Walls of Jericho," regards the piece as "a downright good play." "Without a tithe of the cunning, adroitness and observation of Pinero," it says, "or of the coruscating but delusive brilliancy of Bernard Shaw, Mr. Sutro has produced a piece incomparably superior in essential worth and durable influence to any of the productions of either of these dramatists, for the simple reason that its satire rings true, with all the resounding energy of well-directed blows." The Sun adds: "Not in many years, if ever, has either Mr. Hackett or Miss Mannering been seen to such advantage. The great scene of the third act roused the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm that spelled success."

#### "THE PRODIGAL SON"

Hall Caine regards this as his first real play. "The others," he says, "were merely scenes strung together, for effect in the theater, from my books." The story is laid in Iceland, and is based on his novel, "The Prodigal Son." Both in London and New York it has scored a popular, but not a literary, success. "It is a great story of its kind," says The Dramatic Mirror, "almost as vital as that of Cain and Abel, and not much further along in the Great Book. This version will probably have a popular success, but will not live as long as if

treated with the directness and simple power worthy and suitable to its theme." The Theatre Magazine adds:

"The play in every way is large and cumbrous. Instead of being didactic and impressive, as the author intended, it is a melodrama pure and simple, with sensational effects. To lay the scene in Iceland gives the story no appreciable newness. Certainly the Prodigal Son is not a new subject. It should be treated in new ways, as in "The Old Homestead," but there is nothing new in Mr. Caine's play, absolutely nothing that could be seriously considered as new. The structure is as old as the drama. . . . The pretension of it is appalling, the result such as to make one weep. Tons of scenery are used. The gambling scene employs scores of people, including bevies of gaily-dressed carnival revelers. From the point of stage management, the play is pictorial and picturesque, abounding in color and in characters."

#### "THE PRINCE CHAP"

Here is a play, by a writer almost unknown, which is considered of exceptional promise. The story has been published in the form of a novel, but Mr. Peple says the play was written first. Beatrice Sturges, a writer in *Public* 

Opinion, expresses her conviction that "The Prince Chap" is "the only new thing of the season with any genuine feeling in it"; and The Critic says editorially:

"By all the laws it would seem that the dramatization of Edward Peple's novel, 'The Prince Chap,' should make an over-sentimental play. Those laws are broken, though the performance comes perilously near that maudlin state while in process of giving to its audience the old-fashioned sniffle and snicker. Sincerity and humor in lines and acting, however, save the day. Here is no problem to exercise seriously inclined minds, no strength that hine times out of ten means a plot carried to the bounds of indelicacy, but a gentle creation of the type of Pinero's 'Sweet Lavender.' The person who wishes to be amused without effort by a succession of delicately made touches in incident and business, who wishes to laugh without hesitancy at bright, unaffected lines, and who wishes to wipe his eyes a little 'tween times at the oldest and friendliest of pathos, that person can do no better than go to the Madison Square Theatre. The story of the struggling artist who ultimately marries the waif he adopts has been told before now, but the sentiment therein is genuine, the London local color real enough from this side of the water, and the acting without exception alive and deft and well rehearsed.'

## A Plea for the Suppression of Decadent Plays

Mr. William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, has come to the conclusion that "decadent" plays should be suppressed. He refers to the decadent drama in general and to seven plays in particular. These plays-most of them world-famoushe specifies: "Camille," "Magda," "Ghosts," "Sapho," "Iris," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Gay Lord Quex"; declaring that their production is "an offence against public decency." He adds: "The season that is now beginning promises to be active, and also it promises to provide many fabrics of this nauseous filth. These plays should be prohibited and prevented. They have never done even the slightest good, and they have wrought a prodigious amount of evil. They are bad in morals, bad in taste, and (with here and there an exception, for verbal vivacity), bad in style."

It has been the custom, says Mr. Winter, to defend the production of decadent plays on the ground that they are "strong." On this he comments (in *The Tribune*):

"'Strong' these rancid pieces certainly are; but so is an onion, or a polecat. It is no adequate defence of a filthy stage exhibition that it is made in a clever way. It should not be made at all. The rectitude of the moral does not atone for the defilement of the mind. The greater the cleverness, the greater the offence, and the greater the mischief. Some things can be taken for granted—sewer gas, for instance, and garbage. The fact that these things are 'strong' has been ascertained. People are not made wiser or better by being deluged with 'strength' of that kind"

A second defense of decadent plays, based on the argument that they teach a good and much-needed "lesson," is disposed of in this fashion:

"Carnal, libidinous plays, like 'Sapho,' 'Quex' and 'Iris'; the dull, dissecting-room dramas of Mr. Ibsen and Mr. Sudermann; or the morbid, prolix and base ebullitions of Mr. D'Annunzio are not moral and have no moral effect. The dramatic scavenger is not made clean because you put a surplice on him. A theatrical audience, in contact with one of these vile plays, is first drenched with slime and then instructed to avoid it—and this is called 'morality.' Nothing more clearly demonstrates the futility of such 'moral' precept than the complete practical disregard with which it is received. There never was any virtue yet in the force of 'the frightful example.' People are not deterred from sin merely by knowledge

of its evil consequences. Experience is full of proof that men and women do wrong with complete and present knowledge both of the wrong and its probable or certain results. The fact is that, whatever may be the high and holy truth with which this form of drama is freighted, the 'lesson' is so absolutely trite as to be of no value. These concoctions of amatory frenzy and distress only present for public consideration questions that cannot be publicly discussed without offence to decency,—obtruding, equally by picture and suggestion, spectacles of licentiousness, disease, and crime. The bare existence of such stuff is in itself, a crime against art. The subjects might, perhaps, properly be analyzed in a medical treatise or by a convention of social philosophers; they have no right to presentation on the stage.

they have no right to presentation on the stage.

"No human being,—certainly no creature who is likely to enter a supposedly respectable theatre,—stands in need of illumination as to the duty of fidelity in the marriage vow, or as to the general consequences of a fracture of the Seventh Commandment. It is folly to set up, in extenuation of such muck, that it either clarifies the views of men, or fortifies the virtue of women, or expounds any practical truth that is not already a thing of common knowledge. All that such pieces accomplish is the befoulment of the spectator's mind with a sickening sense of human

weakness, wickedness and vice, and of social corruption and decay. And perhaps the most vicious of all the results of such tainted trash is that it tends to darken the mood and defile the tone of even the purest mind that is compelled to consider it. When the proposition is advanced, as it has been, time and again, on the local stage, that a wife who is convinced of her husband's infidelity should thereupon seek a paramour, and either commit, or seem to commit, adultery, it matters not that this atrocious theme is peppered with fine moral maxims and florid fulminations of the excellence of virtue. The 'lesson' is not only supersiduous but insolent."

The time has been, concludes Mr. Winter, when the stage was made an eminent institution and useful to society, by reason of splendid acting and the presentment of ennobling works of art; and "to a limited extent," he says, "it is so now." But the influence of noble thought, conduct and spectacle should be revived. It never will be revived, he thinks, "until the public becomes sufficiently wise, intelligent and decent to stay away from all theatres in which the decadent drama is presented."

#### A German Tribute to American Music

A significant sign of the times is afforded by growing German interest in American music. One of the leading musical publications of Germany, Die Musik, of Berlin and Leipsic, devotes the whole of a recent issue to the works of American composers and the development of musical taste in this country. Of the several articles printed, the most interesting and encouraging is one by Felix Weingartner, the well-known composer and orchestral conductor of Munich. It will be remembered that Mr. Weingartner visited this country last winter, by invitation of the Philharmonic Society, and conducted several concerts with marked success. He is to visit us again this winter. He seems to have been delighted with his reception, and his article contains nil nisi bonum in regard to America in general and American music in particular.

The Boston Symphony, he declares, is "a musical body of the first rank, splendid in details and producing an ensemble of marvelous effect." In even perfection, he thinks, the members of this orchestra surpass those of the Philharmonic Society. He goes on to speak in detail of his experiences as a Philharmonic conductor:

"The rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society were very inspiring. Everything was talked over and arranged beforehand so that no hitch occurred. The musicians, for the most part Germans, appeared very punctually and followed my lead with great fidelity. In response to the request that I give some of my own compositions, I rendered my second symphony, which has been repeatedly played in America. My suggestions in the way of artistic programs were readily accepted. The only arrangement that appeared somewhat venturesome was the last program of the year, consisting solely of two great symphonies, the 'Harold' of Berlioz and Bee-thoven's 'Ninth.' All misgivings, however, proved groundless. The public filled the great Carnegie Hall to the last seat and received Berlioz's work with great warmth. I shall never forget in my life the enthusiasm that the Ninth Symphony aroused. For its excellent rendition I am indebted to the gentlemen of the orchestra, as well as to the magnificent chorus trained by Mr. Chapman. Wherever this marvellous, work of the greatest of the great is executed in a worthy fashion, time and space, nationality and language, tendency and party vanish. 'The brotherhood of man! The kiss of the universe!' -these were the words that seemed to echo forth, as the last tones of the symphony died away, from the enthusiasm and joy that seized us all, and that appeared but a continuation of the tones that had just fallen on our ears.'

In terms almost as glowing, Mr. Weingart-

ner writes of the performances of grand opera in New York. He praises the "excellent" singing and speaks of the "splendid audiences," but evidently feels a touch of incongruity in the "too extravagant" costumes of many of the ladies. The American custom of giving each opera in the original language he would like to see introduced into Germany. He witnessed a performance of "Parsifal," and states emphatically he does not share the view that Mr. Conried desecrated the work by dragging it from the Holy of Holies in Bayreuth. On this point he writes:

"We cannot rightly blame Mr. Conried for producing 'Parsifal' in New York. On the other hand, we ought to give him credit for executing his task well-nay, very well. Without entering into details, I wish to call attention to one scene in which he has introduced new features constituting a positive improvement upon the Bayreuth performance; I refer to the scene of the 'Flower Girls.' The costumes were not as strong as those in Bayreuth. In the German performance, the tasteless little coats and the formless flower caps in which the poor creatures of Klingsor must needs decoy the pure fool, inspired some souls with honest doubts even at the time when Wagner was still alive; while in New York a light, gentle, fragrant heaving of slightly covered, graceful forms, combined with the fresh and charming music, produced a wonderful, intoxicating general effect. Holy spirit of the great Richard, forgive me, but at the conclusion of this scene I almost called out 'Encore,' and would not have felt angry if it had been played again!"

In spite of his admiration for the New York rendition of "Parsifal," Mr. Weingartner admits that he was forced to change an opinion that he had formerly entertained, that the production of the opera should not be confined to Bayreuth alone; and he justifies this change of mind by the following remark:

"There are works that possess the power to transform the place in which they are produced into a sanctuary. This power 'Parsifal' does not possess. 'Parsifal' requires a sanctuary in order to produce an effect. That which fills us with deep religious sentiment in the atmosphere of incense-smoke that rises up around the Mount of Bayreuth and penetrates the entire festal house, makes but a very sober impression in the New York production."

Mr. Weingartner has a good word even for American "commercialism." Speaking of his business relations with the Philharmonic Society, he says:

"The commercial transactions are always carried on in a strictly correct and sympathetic manner, so that the interests of both sides are conserved. I have noticed this trait as often as I had to deal with Americans. I do not believe that even the inexperienced artist runs any danger of being unduly exploited, in so far, of course, as he has



FELIX WEINGARTNER

Composer and orchestral conductor of Munich, He visited this country last winter, and declares that he was profoundly impressed by the extraordinary improvement in American musical taste

to do with institutions and individuals of high standing. The artist, on the other hand, must also be careful. He must deal squarely if he wishes to receive fair play. The American pays very well, especially from the foreigner's point of view. He can afford it because money there has a different value than with us, and he does it gladly, not only because he achieves financial success by a favorable engagement, but also because he respects and honors the artist, the disseminator of culture, and wishes to learn from him. On account of favorable financial conditions, Americans have been enabled to hear the best that Europe has produced, and the taste of the American public has improved in an extraordinary degree, far more so than is generally known here. Art is cultivated with a zeal and earnestness that must really arouse sincere admiration, and the high standard required from the artist makes America impossible for mediocrity. He who relies on his European fame, and thinks that he can do well enough for Americans without trying to do his best, who forgets his dignity so far that he strives only to get home with his pockets full, will find his reputation with the American public irretrievably gone. There is no more serious and inexcusable crime in America than not to act as a gentleman, and this circumstance gives every artist who is a gentleman—would that they were all, all, gentlemen!—a sure foothold upon American soil. The measure of his success will be the repeated invitations he will get to cross the Atlantic."

## Two New French Operas: "Les Hérétiques" and "La Petite Bohème"

More new operas are produced now by French than by Italian composers, and some of them, according to the French critics, are certain to achieve international popularity. Already two new operas have been produced this season in France, one at Havre and the other at Béziers. Both are praised highly, especially on their musical side, although the "books" are also declared to be distinctly above the present average in libretto literature.

The more ambitious of the two is "Les Hérétiques," by A. Ferdinand-Herald, a wellknown critic and journalist, and Charles Levadé, a favorite pupil of Massenet. It deals with a historical subject in a semi-historical manner. That is, the libretto has taken liberties with the actual events of the siege of 1209, in which the fanatical Simon de Montfort, a petty noble and crusader, butchered 30,000 "heretics" at Bèziers. These heretics were Albigenses, but the librettist, averse to theological controversy in opera, makes them social and secular heretics, as it were, or people who preferred happiness and gaiety on earth to rewards in heaven. The episode or story which he invents is as follows:

Behind the ramparts of Béziers the people are making preparations for a grand festival. They sing of freedom and the delights of mundane existence, and resent the attempt of Rome to impose a severe, austere religion upon them.

One of the people's leaders is the Viccount Roger de Béziers. He loves Belissende, his devout wife, but her religious convictions are opposed to his own. Belissende is under the influence of her sister, the abbess Almelys, and her affection for Roger is at war with her duty to the Church. She upbraids Roger for his participation in the irreligious popular celebration, but he avoids the remonstrance and speaks of his love for her.

Suddenly there appears in the square a crowd of dancers, clowns and revelers, and in the midst of it is a woman of strange and fascinating beauty—Daphne, who personifies the Pagan principle of joy as a contrast to the Catholic principle represented by Almelys and Belissende. Roger at once falls under the spell and is ready to forsake his wife. The papal legate appears, exhorts the populace and appeals to Roger to abjure his error and make peace with the Church. The mob divides and threatens the legate, and he withdraws in anger.

In the second act the legate has an interview with the violent and cruel Simon de Montfort, and the latter undertakes to attack the wicked, heretical city. Roger and Daphne are then seen arm-in-arm, and Belissende surprises the guilty lovers. Though outraged and wounded in her deepest sentiments, she tries to save Roger, whom she still loves passionately. Her pleas are vain,

and the legate then announces that the city is to be delivered up to the crusaders, led by de Montfort

The third act is full of action and tragic developments. War is in progress; the siege is on. Armed men rush forward, and Daphne urges Roger to hasten to the front. Belissende, who had begged him to flee, comes to ask his pardon. The crusaders meantime effect a breach in the city's fortifications and fill the streets. De Montfort encounters Roger and inflicts a fatal wound. As Roger falls, dying, Belissende seizes a dagger and stabs herself. Daphne kneels before the two victims and night descends upon the scene of blood and horror.

Of the music written by Levadé for this "open-air" drama, Stuart Merrill, the critic of the Mercure de France (Paris), writes as follows:

"The composer has with great skill profited by the librettist's theme. It has been said too often that Levadé's principal quality is charm, but he evinces distrust of this quality. If he has put into the duet between Roger and Daphne an enervating voluptuousness and languor, he has also found grave and large accents for the invocation to Venus by Daphne, and has raised himself to the summit in the orchestral lamentation at the

"M. Levadé is not an innovator in music, but he has a wealth of expression and feeling. Here and there one detects fugitive reminiscences; the surprise, however, is that there are so few of them in a work written with such facility and rapidity as this was. There are graceful and charming choruses in the first act, but it should be abridged by the excision of wearisome dialogue for which the composer was unable to find musical interpretation.

"In the second act, in portraying the character of Daphne, Levadé remembered that he was a disciple of Massenet. It is impossible to express with more suavity and sweetness the fascination of women, the poetry of love."

The other French operatic novelty of the season is Henri Hirschmann's "La Petite Bohème," based upon Murger's famous and repeatedly dramatized novel. The libretto is a selection of the gayest and most captivating scenes in the book. The music is declared by the French critics to be as spirited, melodious, fresh and charming as any produced in recent years. "It breathes the exquisite perfume of youth carelessly and madly happy," says one of them.

Hirschmann is known favorably as the composer of an opera called "Rolande." His orchestration is modern—rich and effective, and, as in Wagner's music, each melody has its appropriate accompaniment. He is at the same time a believer in pure melody and avoids dryness and monotony.

#### Is Bernard Shaw A Menace to Morals?

A rather lively discussion on this question has been provoked lately by the action of Prof. A. E. Bostwick, head of the circulating department of the New York Public Library, in placing Shaw's works on the restricted list. on the ground that, while it is all right for people of mature years to read these works, children are better off without them. This action has elicited some very caustic comments from Mr. Shaw himself, in which he has paid his disrespects to American "Comstockery," to the "petty domesticity" of the world, and to the marriage relation as "the most licentious of human institutions." of which, naturally, has made a good many people "sit up and take notice."

Professor Bostwick explained the reasons for his action (which, however, was shortly afterward rescinded) in an interview as fol-

"His [Shaw's] attacks on existing social conditions are very radical and are almost certain to be misinterpreted by children. Take 'Man and Superman,' for example. Supposing that play fell into the hands of a little east sider. Do you think it would do him any good to read that the criminal before the bar of justice is no more of a criminal than the Magistrate trying him? Do you think that would tend to lower the statistics of juvenile crime? I believe not, and for that reason have kept 'Man and Superman' off the open shelves. There is no personal motive in my action. I am merely doing what I believe to be right."

Mr. Shaw's view of the case is that he has received "a public and official insult from the American people," and he has published in the New York Times a spirited manifesto defending his claim to be considered a "public moralist." From this document we quote the following characteristic sentences:

"Comstockery is the world's standing joke at the expense of the United States. Europe likes to hear of such things. It confirms the deep-seated conviction of the Old World that America is a provincial place, a second-rate country-town civilization after all."

"I shall not suffer either in reputation or pocket. Everybody knows I know better than your public library officials what is proper for people to read, whether they are young or old." "This incident is only a symptom of what is

really a moral horror both in America and elsewhere, and that is the secret and intense resolve of the petty domesticity of the world to tolerate no criticism and suffer no invasion."

"The one refuge left in the world for unbridled

license is the married state."

''Man and Superman' contains an explicit attack on marriage as the most licentious of human

institutions. Consequently the domestic Alsatia, which has for so long wielded the stolen thunders of morality and religion to defend its excesses, with the result that man is the most morbid of all the animals, is terrified to find the thunderbolts burning its own hands and coming back like boomerangs at its own head. Well, let it defend itself if it can, how it can, and as long as it can."
"I have honor and humanity on my side, wit

in my head, skill in my hand, and a higher life

for my aim.

"Before you undertake to choose between evil and good in a public library or anywhere else, it is desirable that you should first learn to distinguish one from the other. The moment you do that, say, after forty years' study of social problems, you realize that you cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs; that is, you cannot have an advance in morality until you shake the prevailing sense of right and wrong sufficiently to compel a readjustment."

"Finally, I can promise the Comstockers that, startling as 'Man and Superman' may appear to them, it is the merest Sunday-school tract compared with my later play, 'Major Barbara,' with which they will presently be confronted."

Police Commissioner McAdoo, of New York, evidently shares Professor Bostwick's opinion. In a recent address he conceded that Shaw is "clever, able and witty," but went on to say: "If New York should adopt his moral code, I would resign my police commissionership in an hour."

The Times editorially treats the incident in humorous vein, declaring its conviction that "anybody who buys Mr. Shaw's books or goes to see Mr. Shaw's plays, upon the ground that he is buying indecent literature, or attending indecent representations, in any intelligible view of those transactions, will simply be sold, and served right." Others of the metropolitan papers take Mr. Shaw more seriously. The New York Mail thinks that his real grievance against this country lies in the fact that "the American outlook on life is fresher, more innocent, less pervaded by outright sensuality than that of the Old World"; and the New York Globe says: "Mr. Shaw made a great mistake when, laying aside his affected cynicism and pretense of insincerity, and abandoning the language of ambiguity, he raised the curtain on what he really believes. What he reveals has no element of novelty—is something as familiar as it is ugly."

In even stronger language, The Theatre Magazine (October) brands Mr. Shaw as "a menace to public morality."

"Who, whence, and wherefore this George Ber-

nard Shaw, the most brilliant man, with the keenest satire, in English literature to-day? Sharp in observation of character, quick in the invention of fable for his work, vitriolic in epithet and formidable in epigram, plausible and pleasing to those who seek the new and who are content with no established truth, holding to no opinion or theory that will stand the test of any honest man's common sense, revelling in the momentary success of his seduction of weak minds, capable of splendid service to the world with his pen, he is writing in sand, his brilliancy as useless as the flashes from an electric wire caused by some disturbance or diversion of the proper use of the current; seriously attempting, at times, to set the world afire merely to see it burn, and with the same idle purpose of the small boy who applies a match to the back stairs of a tenement house 'to see the engines run.' This is a wholly inadequate description of Shaw, for his chief claim to the homage of his admirers is that he cannot be understood,—as if a man who does not make himself intelligible is worth understanding! He is delightful at moments, but only when he applies his capacities as a dramatist in the way that is common to every true dramatist, as witness the admirably written scene of reconciliation be-tween Violet and Hector Malone, Sr., in the third act of 'Man and Superman.' We can accept that, for its truth is absolute and universal; but what do we want with Shaw's half truths and his falsities? When he is simply joking with us in attacking some of the absurdities of life, its customs and conventionalities, we can joke with him; but if he really means by it to start a new



ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

The leading dramatist of present-day Austria

system of philosophy, pernicious in every part of it, he is, if taken seriously, a menace to public morality."

### Arthur Schnitzler, the Austrian Hauptmann

Arthur Schnitzler is generally conceded to be the leading dramatist of present-day Austria. He is a modern of moderns, and, like Gerhart Hauptmann, is directly descended from the Ibsen school. His plays have been successfully given in Vienna and other European cities for years, and last winter his masterpiece, "Flirtation," was presented in New York by the Progressive Stage Society. Half decadent, always polished and graceful, he deals with "dangerous" subjects without offending the most delicate susceptibilities. Occupied mainly with themes of marital life and the problems arising therefrom, he portrays two kinds of women, the first class made up of what one might call the average type, which appears in a most unenviable light. The second type is endowed with intellectual qualities that are almost masculine, and this kind of woman Schnitzler accepts with a certain approbation, but never with admiration. The two types are strongly marked in almost all his dramas, from "Anatole," written in 1893, to his latest plays, "The Solitary Way," and "The Wife," which is published herewith.

Dr. Hans Landsberg, the author of a critical study\* of Schnitzler's work, furnishes the following biographical facts and appreciation:

"Schnitzler was born in Vienna in 1862, the son of a well-known laryngologist. He studied medicine and graduated as a physician in 1885. The following year he published poems, novels and plays. He achieved his first great success in 'Anatole' in 1892.

"The development of our author is artistically not yet terminated. He now stands in the first rank of those who strive for a re-awakening of the German drama. He has enriched it by his play, 'Flirtation,' which is not a play, but an event. He has at the same time accustomed his audiences to listen to the voice of a poet who would not stoop to lower his art for the sake of blind success and sordid gain. Whither this art tends we know not. We only know that it is noble and glorious."

<sup>\*</sup>ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. By Dr. Hans Landsberg. Gose & Tetzlaff, Berlin.

### The Wife. A Play by Schnitzler

The scene is laid in a summer resort in a suburb of Vienna. The persons of the drama number five-four men and a woman. They are: Prof. Robert Pilgram, his two friends, Professors Werkmann and Brand, his assistant, Dr. Alfred Hausmann, and Olga Mer-The play opens with the return, at dusk, of Professor Pilgram and his two friends from the burial services of his wife. There is some not important conversation about the services, and then the two friends go out, the professor accompanying them, to take a train for the city. While they are out Olga enters, and then the professor returns without noticing Olga.

(Robert sits down at the desk, takes the keys, and is about to unlock the drawers.)

Olga (stepping up behind him): Good evening.

Robert (in surprise): Olga?

Olga (endeavoring to conceal her embarrass-ment): I did not get a chance the whole day to press your hand.

Robert: That is so. We had scarcely time to speak a word with each other. Thank you. (Gives her his hand.)

Olga: You have many friends. This day has

proved it.

Robert: Yes, the last visitors have just gone way. . . . Some of my colleagues have interrupted their vacation in order to come here; it is really extremely—what is the word they use?—
"cordial," is it not?

Olga: But quite natural.

Robert: Natural? Yes. But I ask myself whether my grief is upon the whole worth this sympathy, or this expression of sympathy.

Olga (almost frightened): How can you speak

that way?

Robert: Because I feel so very little myself. I know only that she is dead. This, it is true, I am so vividly conscious of that it pains me; but everything is as cold and clear as the air in a bright wintry day.

Olga: It will not continue so. Grief will fol-

low, and then it will be much better.

Robert: Who knows whether it will ever come. It was too long ago.

Olga (in astonishment): Too long? What was

too long ago?

Robert: That she lived for me and I for her. Olga: Yes, that is the way with most marriages. (Steps out on the balcony and looks at the wreath.)

Robert: This arrived here late at night. It is

from Dr. Hausmann.

Olga: Ah! (She regards the ribbon.) Has

he not come back yet?

Robert: No. But I have telegraphed to him in Scheveningen, and it is possible that he will be here to-night. If he does not lose any time in changing trains at Vienna, he will get here in

Olga (with forced composure): What a dread-

ful shock it must have been to him!

Robert: Quite so. (Pause; then in a calm voice) Be honest with me, Olga. There must be some reason for your coming here again today. I can notice it by your bearing. Tell me frankly what has brought you here just now.

Olga: It is harder for me to do it than I had

thought.

Robert (controlling his impatience): Well? Olga: I have come with a request to you.

Robert: Glad to do anything for you if I can. Olga: You certainly can, very easily. I only wish you to give me back some letters that I have written to poor Eveline. I am very anxious to get them back.

Robert: Why such haste?
Olga: I thought that the first thing you will do when all is over will naturally be—

Robert: What?

Olga (pointing at the desk): Well, what you were going to do just as I entered. (Urgingly) I would do the same thing if anybody died whom I loved.

Robert: "Loved"?

Olga: Well, one who stood very near me. It is a way of recalling a person to yourself. (Recites the following as something learned verbatim). Now it might have chanced that my letters would fall into your hands first, and that is why I have come to-night. There are things in these letters which I would not have you read for the world, that were meant only for another woman, especially certain letters I wrote two or three years ago.

Robert: Where are they? Do you know, per-

haps, where she has put them?
Olga: I will find them at once, if you only

permit me.

Robert: You want to look for them yourself? Olga: I think that is the simplest way, as I know where they are. Or, if you prefer, open the drawer, and I will indicate exactly the place

where they are.

Robert: It is not necessary. Here is the key.

Olga: Thank you. But you must not consider

me dishonest on this account.

Robert: Why should I?

Olga: At some future time I will tell you all -I mean all that I have confided only to Eveline. This will be at the risk of my picture undergoing a transformation in your eyes, but I do not want you to come to the knowledge of it through an accident.

Robert: Your picture will never change for me. Olga: Who knows? You have always over-

estimated me.

Robert: I do not believe at all that I will learn anything new about you from these letters. What you are so anxious to secure in your possession is not your own secrets, I am sure.

Olga: What, then, is it?

Robert: Somebody else's secrets, I think.

Olga: The idea! How can you imagine it? Eveline kept no secrets from you.

Robert: I do not ask you any questions. Take your letters.

Olga (unlocks the drawer and searches): There they are! So. (Takes out a small package and puts it under her mantle.) Thank you very much! Now I am going. Au revoir! (Turns to go.)

Robert: You ought to be more careful and look in the other drawer too. If only one line remains, you know, all your trouble will have been in vain.

Olga: How so? "In vain"?

Robert: You could have spared yourself all

this, Olga.
Olga: What do you mean. I fail to comprehend you, absolutely.

Robert: You who knew so well the relations

between Eveline and myself?

Olga: As is usual after living ten long years together in a married state. But that has not the

least to do with my letters.

Robert: And do you think that I had any illusions in this regard ten years ago? That would have been very foolish in me, when one marries a wife who is twenty years younger than himself. I knew very well that I had two or three beautiful years before me at the most. Yes, that was as plain as day to me. Under such circumstances illusions are out of the question. But how many years are ours on the whole? Life is too short to permit us to trifle with a year's happiness, and I did not renounce it as a matter of course. Moreover, it is quite enough, especially as far as women are concerned—I mean, of course, women with whom one is in love. Such women one gets through with in very short order. There are some women who are of much greater significance.

Olga: That is possible, but one does not al-

ways know it.
Robert: I have always known it. She has never been the substance of my life, not even in that year of happiness. In a certain sense she was more than the substance—the fragrance, if you please; but just because it was so she was bound to lose it. These things are self-evident. (His excitement grows as he speaks, but he pre-serves an expression of outward composure.) We had nothing else in common except the memory of a brief period of happiness. And I tell you to possess such a memory in common serves rather to divide than to unite.

Olga: I can imagine things taking quite a dif-

ferent turn.

Robert: Certainly, certainly. But not with such a creature as Eveline was. She was created to be loved, but not to be a friend. You know it as well as I do.

Olga: "Friend"? That is a very large word. How many women in general will you find who

can be friends?

Robert: Very true. And therefore I have never demanded it from her. I have not felt lonely, I assure you. A man who has a calling, I do not mean a profession, but a calling, can never feel lonely.

Olga: This is the glorious thing about men;

I mean men such as you.

Robert: And when our happiness was at an end I retired back to my own life, of which she comprehended very little, as you know, and I traveled my own way as she did hers.

Olga: No, it was not so. Oh, no!

Robert: Indeed it was so. She has told you more than you will ever tell me. As far as I am concerned you need not take those letters away. You can not tell me or show me anything that will come to me as a surprise or as a discovery. What is it you desire? You are really pathetic. You are anxious to keep me in a delusion, or rather, to be more exact, to force an illusion upon me which I never had. I know that I lost her long ago. (More and more excitedly.) Or do you think that I imagined that Eveline concluded her existence the moment we parted from each That she suddenly grew into an old other? woman because she abandoned me or I her? I never believed that.

Olga: But, Robert, I am quite at a loss to understand how you could ever come to think of

such things.

Robert: I know whose letters these are; they are not yours. I know that there is a man living to-day who is to be more pitied than I am, one whom she has loved and who has lost her-not I, not I. You see, what you have done was quite superfluous. These letters can only be his.

Olga: You are laboring under a fearful mis-

understanding.

Robert: I beg of you, Olga, drop that tone. Else I might insist on reading those letters. (Olga starts back.) I am not going to do it, Olga. Let us burn them before he arrives.

Olga: Do you want to burn them?

Robert: Yes; I wanted to do that before you came. I would have thrown everything that this desk contains into the fire without looking at it.

Olga: No, I cannot believe you would have

done that.

Robert: You need not be sorry for what you have done. Perhaps it is best that I know everything now without my throwing a glance at it. At least I am now clear in regard to the matter, and that is after all the only thing that we can demand from life.

Olga (seriously): You should have had the

right to ask for more.

Robert: Some time ago, yes. And then I indeed asked for it, and not in vain. But now? She was young and I was old—that is the whole story. We understand it perfectly when it happens to others, why not also when it happens to oneself? (At this moment the whistle of the locomotive is heard from a distance.)

Olga (starts in a tremble. Pause): Don't re-

ceive him till to-morrow, I beg of you.

Robert: Do you think that I am not perfectly calm? Do you think that I am, after all-Now there is only one thing necessary: He must never learn that I know it. If he does, he will hear in every word that I say to him a forgiveness and haughtiness, and this I do not want. I don't feel anything of the kind. I have never hated him, I do not hate him now. In fact, there is no cause for any hatred. I understand it far too well: SHE BELONGED TO HIM. Let us not forget this essential point. Let us not be misled by the power of external relations. She belonged to him and not to me. And it could not have gone on like that much longer.

Olga: I entreat you, Robert, don't receive him

to-night.

Robert: You know very well that she wanted to leave me.

Olga: How could I?

Robert: Because she has confided everything

Ólga: Oh, no.

Robert: How then did you know where these

letters were? Olga: I happened to come in once when she was reading-one of these-I did not want to listen-but-

Robert: But she had to have a confidant, of course, and you could not refuse her. It is all perfectly clear to me. No, it could not continue so any longer. Do you think that I have not seen how they both were ashamed of their lies, and how they suffered? I was longing for the moment, I expected it—the moment in which they both would come to me and ask me: "Give us liberty!" Why did they not find the courage to do it? Why have I not said to them: "Go! I do not keep you." But we were all such cowards, she and I. This is the absurdity of it. We always wait for something external to come to relieve us from a false, from an impossible position, something that saves us the trouble of being honest in our relations to each other. And sometimes it does come, this external, this other thing -as in our case, for instance. (Roll of a carriage. Brief silence. Olgo greatly agitated. Robert continues with a forced air of composure.) And I must admit, after all, that it is the most impressive conclusion.

(The carriage halts.) Olga: Do you want to receive him? Robert: He must not see the letters.

Olga: Let me go, I will take them with me.

Robert: Down these steps. Olga: I hear him coming.

Robert: He must have come through the gar-den. (Takes the letters from Olga's hand and quickly locks them in the drawer.) Stay here. It is too late. (Alfred enters. Grows slightly embarrassed at seeing Olga. Brief pause.)

Alfred: Who could have dreamed of such a

meeting again?

Robert: You did not stop in the city.
Alfred: No. I wanted to see you to-day. I had to see you. (To Olga) Terrible! terrible! How did it happen? I have not the remotest idea. Just a word of explanation, please!

Olga: It happened quite suddenly.

Alfred: Heart failure? Robert: Yes.

Alfred: Without any previous symptoms? Robert: Without any previous symptoms.

Alfred: When, and where?

Robert: Two days ago in the afternoon as she was taking a walk in the garden. The gardener saw her fall near the river. I heard his cry in my room, and when I came down it was all over.

Alfred: My dear, my poor friend! How you must have suffered! I can scarcely conceive it. Such a blooming, budding, young-

Olga: It is perhaps the finest destiny to die so

young.

Alfred: This is but a scant consolation.

Robert: My telegram must have reached you

Alfred: Yes, else I would have come here this If there were such a thing as premonitions, I should have been impelled to come home before.

Olga: But there are none.

Alfred: That is true. It was just like any other day, except that it was brighter and even more cheerful than ordinarily.

Robert: More cheerful than ordinarily?

Alfred: It is natural that it should appear to me so now. We took a sail out to sea, and then we promenaded along the shore in the cool evening breeze.

Robert: "We"?

Alfred: Yes, a company of several persons. And when I came to my hotel I kept looking out from my window upon the sea for nearly a quarter of an hour. And then only I struck a light, and found the telegram upon the table. Ah! (Pause. He holds his hands up to his eyes. Olga regards Robert, who stares vacantly.)

Alfred (removing his hand from his eyes):

This is her room.

Robert: Yes.

Alfred: How often have we sat together here on the balcony! (Turns, looks out upon the street and the cemetery wall, trembles) There? (Robert nods.)

Alfred: We will go there together to-morrow

Robert: Then you can take the flowers there yourself. They were just brought here. (Pause.) Alfred: I am going to make a proposition to (Warmly) Come along with me. Give me two more days' vacation, and I will take you

with me. What do you say to it, lady?
Olga (wearily): That would be a very wise

thing to do.

Robert: Do you want to go away at this time? Alfred: I was going to ask you to allow me a few days more, anyway.

Robert: Where do you wish to go?

Alfred: I would like to go to the seashore again.

Robert: Back?

Alfred: Yes, but with you. It will do you good, believe me. Am I not right, Madame Olga? Olga: Oh, yes.

Alfred: You will go with us to Scheveningen, and will spend a few restful days with us.

Robert: With us? Did you say "us"?

Alfred (slightly embarrassed): Yes. Robert: What do you mean by us? Are you

not alone?

Alfred: Of course I am alone, but there are naturally some people in Scheveningen with whom I associate, some with whom I-

Robert: Well?

Alfred: I was not going to tell it to you before a couple of days, but since it so happens well, in short, I am engaged.

Robert (coldly): Ahl

Alfred: What is the difference whether I tell it to you to-day or to-morrow? Life must go on all the same. It is very strange that just now-

Robert: Yes, I congratulate you.

Alfred: That's why I said "with us," and you will understand now why I want to go back again.

Robert: That is not hard to understand.

Alfred: And I beg you to come along with me, also. Her parents would be really happy to meet you. I have told them so much about you. They are excellent people. And as concerns the girl,-

well, you will see her.

Robert. I do not think-I do not think-I shall have an opportunity later. (Makes an extraordinary effort to overcome his agitation; succeeds thoroughly, and continues to play the rôle of indifference.) It is really utterly absurd in you to expect me to go to the North Sea with you in order to be introduced to your girl. How many millions has she?

Alfred (in surprise): What makes you ask me such a question? You know well that it is not in my nature, for the sake of money, to-

Robert: What, then, a great passion?
Alfred. I implore you let us not talk about this any more. It is like—(wants to say

'profanation").

Robert: Why not? "Life must go on all the same," as you very justly remarked. Let us talk of the living. Where did you become acquainted with her?

Alfred: She is from Vienna. Robert: Ah, now I know all. Alfred: That's not very likely.

Robert: You told me once-do you remember? -about your early love with the blonde hair, when you were still a student.

Alfred: Well, what of her?
Robert: Well, chance has brought you together again, I suppose, after these many years, a reawakening of the old love, and-

Alfred: Can you imagine a thing of that kind? No, it is not that. I have known her only for the last two years, and it is for her sake that I went to the North Sea.

Robert: And did you fall in love with her

Alfred: Oh, I knew long ago that she would be my wife.

Robert: Really?

Alfred: We have been secretly engaged for a year.

Robert: And to me-to us-you have not said

a word about it?—Oh!-

Alfred: There were certain obstacles in the way of making it public. Her family at first rebut we were united all the time. I might say we loved each other from the first moment.

Robert: Two years? Alfred: Yes.

Robert: Did you love her?

Alfred: Yes.

Robert: And-she?

Alfred (almost mechanically): And she? Robert: And the other—the other one?

Alfred: Which other one?

Robert (holding him by his shoulder, and pointing to the street with his other hand): This one yonder?

(Alfred casts a glance at Olga.)

Robert: What have you made out of her? Alfred (is silent for a while, then breaks out indignanily): Why are you playing so long with me if you know it? Why have you spoken to me like a friend if you know it? You had a right to do with me what you pleased, but you have no right to play with me.

Robert: It was no play. I would have lifted you from the ground if grief had cast you down. I would have gone with you to her grave if she had been your love. But you have made her your drab, and this house you have filled to the roof with filth and lies, so that I feel disgusted and nauseated, and that is why-yes, that is why I turn you out.

Alfred: There is perhaps an answer to this

Robert: Go! Go! Go! (Alfred goes.)

Robert: This is what you wanted to guard me against? Now I understand you. It is well for her that she has gone without knowing what she was to him.

Olga: Without knowing? Robert: What do you mean? Olga: She did know it.

Robert . What? Olga: She knew very well what she was to

Don't you comprehend it yet? He has neither deceived her nor degraded her. She was long prepared for his marriage as for something quite self-evident, and when he wrote to her she mourned as little for him as he did for her. They would never have come to you to ask you to free them. The liberty they desired they had.

Robert: She knew it? And you tell me this, you who wanted to conceal these letters from me? Olga: Do I not thereby give you back your liberty? You have suffered on account of this woman for years. You have passed from one deception into another in order that you might continue to love her and to suffer. And now you would torture yourself again for the sake of something that you only imagine, something that this woman could not suffer because life was such a light thing for her that people of your kind cannot at all understand it.

Robert: And all this only to-day! For the first time to-day. Why have you looked on all this and not extricated me from my cowardice? Why did I not know it three years ago, three days ago?

Olga: This is just what I feared, even as you yourself, yes as you! You ought never to have

known it, not even to-day.

Robert: Does it make any difference now be-

cause she is dead?

Olga: It does. The case is not altered by her death, but it is plain and clear now as it could not have been otherwise. As long as she was alive this pitiable, trifling adventure would have assumed an aspect of significance from the mere fact of her existence, of her smile. But now that she is beyond your wrath and indignation, you will feel differently about it from what you would otherwise, and this will give you peace. How far, how infinitely distant, did that woman live from you! By an accident she happened to die in your house. (Exit.)

Robert (remains sitting a while, then locks the drawer, rises, goes to the door and calls): Franz!

Servant: Professor?

Rober:: I am going away to-morrow. Get everything ready for my journey, and see that the carriage is here at seven o'clock to-morrow morning.

Servant: Very well, professor. (Exit.)

(Robert remains standing at the door and examines the whole room once more. Takes a deep breath, smiles as if relieved, and goes.)

## Persons in the Foreground

#### The Man Jerome

"What profits now to understand The merits of a spotless shirt— A dapper boot—a little hand— If half the little soul is dirt."

These lines from Tennyson are a favorite quotation with William Travers Jerome, the district attorney of New York County. "How could I go home and tell my boy to be straight," he once said, "to be brave, to hate a lie, if I compromised and hedged and falsified and played the hypocrite myself?" There is the man's code of ethics in a nutshell. He has some personal characteristics that do not fit in with the ideal which many have formed of what a reformer should be. He smokes cigarettes almost incessantly. He swears when he feels that way. He is said to drink highballs at times with grace and gusto. He admits that, personally, he "likes to gamble." And when he sings for his own amusement he is apt to sing such unhallowed songs as "Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows" or "I'm the Ghost of a Show That Was Stranded in Pe-or-ia." But, on the other hand, he is fearless and he hates a lie; and courage and truthfulness will, when thoroughly genuine, and joined to ceaseless energy, take a man a long way in spite of many cigarettes and even a few high-balls.

Mr. Jerome's father, Lawrence Jerome, was a well-known New Yorker, entertaining much and spending freely. Lady Randolph Churchill, who was much talked about a few years ago for the brilliant assistance she gave to her husband in his political career, is the district attorney's cousin. William Travers Jerome was born and bred a New Yorker; but he went to Amherst for his college education, after preparation under tutors.

Here is a description of the man and the way he relaxes, as presented in World's Work by M. G. Cunniff:

"He is gray-eyed, stocky and athletic. His assistants call him 'Chief,' and his intimates call him 'Travers.' At home in Rutgers Street he cooks Bombay duck and other dishes with the enthusiasm of a boy who roasts potatoes in a bonfire, tells stories, reads before breakfast and in bed at night, smokes all the time, and is ready to talk at any time on any subject from Tam-

many district leaders, a breed of man he likes, to Thackeray and Emerson, his favorite authors, if he has any favorites, for his reading is omnivorous.

"Every week he goes to his place at Lakeville, a cozy, homelike dwelling whose windows look across Lake Wononscopomic to the Taconic range of mountains and the Berkshires in Massachusetts. The house is perched on a ledge,

and the surrounding acres are left untouched in their natural alternation of woods and pastures. Off some little distance from the house is a little machine shop where he takes h is recreation. steam engine furnishes the power for lathes and drills, and the walls are lined with a collection of tools that would delight a mechanic. Here he does work in brass, in wood, and in iron and steel. In grimy overalls he hammers and pounds and tugs at tough metal, or guides machines to do delicate work that must not vary from accuracy by a thousandth of an inch. It is an ideal relaxation, and the amount of exercise it gives is astonishing. Here and about the house he shows his many-sidedness. He has a huge Aeolian and a large collection of records of classical music. Sunday evenings he plays sometimes for hours. He will sit on his veranda looking across to the sunset over the Massachusetts hills and muse for long spaces. When his next remark comes it may be a slangy illuminating comment on New York politics, it may



York politics, it may A SNAP-SHOT OF be a plan for a new JEROME IN HIS OFFICE

kind of barometer, it may be a quotation from Epictetus."

To this picture may be added that given by a recent writer in *The Sun* (New York) of Mr. Jerome as a visitor not long ago found him, in blue overalls, pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with stone which he himself had quarried and out of which he was constructing a stone seat.

Mr. Jerome began his public career as an assistant district attorney, being appointed by District-Attorney Fellows, at the suggestion of Richard Croker. But he was too independent to suit Tammany. Word was passed to him one day to lose a case or not to prosecute it. He took particular pains to secure a conviction; but he went back to private practice not long after. He became conspicuous next as associate counsel in defense of Carlyle Harris in the celebrated poisoning case. Then he was an associate of Mr. Goff (now Judge Goff) in the Lexow investigation. Next he was appointed by Mayor Strong as Justice of the Court of Special Sessions, and it was in this capacity that he began to furnish material for unlimited newspaper "copy." Says Mr. Cunniff:

"The odious system had begun its carnival of corruption. The policemen, under the notorious Chief Devery, blackmailed gamblers and disorderly houses, which ran full blast under 'protection' bought by the tribute they paid. Daily Judge Jerome issued search-warrants and subpœnas. The chief attack was on the gambling houses that the police professed themselves unable to find. Raid after raid took place. Judge Jerome took part in some himself. He would smash all precedent by holding court in a raided gambling house. The men caught would be examined in the hope of furnishing evidence for other raids. An unsuspecting patron would enter only to meet the stern greeting: 'This is a court room. Take off your hat; hold up your hand and be sworn.'

"Judge Jerome was not far from being policeman, prosecuting attorney and judge in one. Gambler after gambler was convicted. Gambling became a precarious business in New York. Disorderly houses were closed. The System, though worried, still lived, but New York had become acquainted with Judge Jerome."

When Seth Low was nominated for mayor on the "fusion" ticket, Jerome was nominated for district attorney. "His whirlwind campaign" carried both Low and himself into office; but the term of office of mayor—a city office—being then but two years, while that of district attorney—a county office—was four years, Mr. Jerome did not go out of office with the rest of the Low administration. His

term ends this year, and he is up for re-elec-

His career as district attorney has excited various emotions, and he is not without critics who insist that he has been more spectacular than effective. But there is an imposing array of eminent men in both political parties who have come out in a public statement urging his re-election, and the Citizen's Union even tried to induce him to accept a nomination for mayor. It is said for him that "after the first few weeks, political leaders came no longer to use their influence with the district attornev's office"; that the work of the office was reduced to system, and files and card catalogues introduced, by means of which the average time that elapses between a criminal indictment and trial has been diminished from a month to a week; that he has stopped open gambling, sent Al Adams, the "policy king," to Sing Sing and driven Canfield from the city, going before the State Legislature and securing, for this purpose, the enactment of a new law compelling testimony from unwilling witnesses in gambling cases; that he has had ten dishonest lawyers indicted, had one judge who had become notorious unseated, another escaped indictment by dying, and the case against a third is pending.

It is said for him also that he is one of the most approachable of district attorneys. In his office one of the first things a visitor sees is a plain cardboard sign which reads:

OPEN GAME.

It was posted years ago over a gaming table in one of the resorts raided by Jerome, and now is used to announce that the door of his office is open to anyone who has business with him. "There is a back door to his office, but it is seldom used. You go in the front door and come out the same way." Moreover, when elected to his present office, he engaged apartments down in the crowded East Side of New York City, where he is as accessible by night as he is by day in his office. Says the Sun writer:

"His East Side home is now at 3 Rutgers street, in a tenement. It is an ordinary tenement of the district; a little better, maybe, than some of the others. There are four families on a floor. On the ground floor is a drug store—a nice, clean drug shop. The entrance is of marble. Mr. Jerome's apartments are on the second floor,

up two flights of winding stairs. He has five rooms and a bath." He makes the front room, which has four windows, a sort of a workroom and sitting room. There is a big desk in the center. Around the room are books—lawbooks, fiction, poetry. Next to that is the dining room. There are books there too and an Acolian. They

say in Rutgers street that that Aeolian can play "Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows" and lively comic opera airs in good style. Mr. Jerome likes a light opera if the music is good and there is some fun in it. Then there are the bedrooms.

"It is a nice, cozy, compact little flat, but a lot of persons can't understand why he lives in it."

### The Most Sorely Tried Character in Modern History

Francis Joseph, King of Hungary, Austrian Emperor—not "Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary," as some style him—is "the most mournful," the most appealing figure on any throne for a century and more, thinks the London Morning Post. "Almost every agony that the human spirit can endure without breaking has been visited upon him." No ignominy that can befall a king has been spared from the list of his sorrows. Our contemporary supplies the catalogue:

"Blow after blow has fallen upon him. His only son died a violent death under circumstances of scandal and mystery. His brother Maximilian went to Mexico to establish an em-. pire, but, as it turned out, only to find a grave. And seven years ago, just when the nation was about to celebrate the jubilee of his accession, his wife was murdered by an Italian anarchist. Yet he still holds on. . . . One of his own pre-miers described Francis Joseph as the most industrious man in the realm, and Bismarck, who was a good judge of work, endorsed the state-ment. He has a full measure of that retentiveness of mind and memory that seems to be one of nature's gifts to sovereigns; an instinct and a capacity for affairs developed and perfected by hard and accurate practice; and a conscientiousness such as made the recent rumors of his abdication, for all who have studied his character and career, the idlest of gossip. The paternal system in the hands of a man of his simple, frank, dependable and sympathetic nature, shows itself at its kindliest."

A day in the life of this ruler is fully as strenuous, "if not more so," than a day in the life of the President of the United States, according to a writer in the Paris Gaulois:

"The Emperor is one of the very first to leave his bed in the morning. During the long working day he cuts out for himself, he loses not a moment of time worth losing. The aged monarch is up and at his work by five in the morning. When the army maneuvres are in season, he is up and ready for business by half past one. This does not mean going earlier to bed the night before. He always retires at nine o'clock at night except when he visits the theatre or attends a ball or a dinner.

"Winter and summer, breakfast is brought to him at five in the morning. There is no ceremony. The valet places the meal on his table. It consists, this royal meal, of tea, two rolls and a cut of meat. The morning newspapers are read while breakfast is eaten. At six precisely the adjutant enters with his bundle of documents and for four hours the monarch and his military secretary are hard at work. Then the general audiences of the day begin.

"Every subject has the right to attend those audiences. Francis Joseph makes it a rule to receive petitioners and the humbler classes of his subjects in private audience. Then they may speak freely, then their tale of sorrow or distress will be unheard by any outsider. No one fears to speak to him without reserve for his manner is so kindly and paternal that even the humblest express their sentiments with a sense that they will obtain a sympathetic hearing."

Luncheon, like breakfast, is served in the workroom. Francis Joseph is one of the most abstemious of mortals, and his midday meal is seldom more than "two light dishes and beer in a stone mug." At twelve His Majesty goes for a drive unless a throng of petitioners and a press of official business combine to detain him. State affairs are disposed of between one and three in the afternoon, as a rule. Dinner comes at five. It never exceeds three courses. The King-Emperor tries by this example of abstemiousness to correct the tendency to eat excessively, a tendency pronounced by him fatal to industry and achievement. He opposes champagne drinking and the practice of spending more than an hour at the dinner table. His recreation is hunting, and this he indulges in at night, that the labors of the day may not be interfered with. The Emperor-King, by the way, speaks all the tongues of his dominions-German, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Ruthenian, Croatian, Slavonic, Italian, to say nothing of French and English.

Perhaps the most original feature in the royal routine of His Majesty is the well-known ceremony of washing the feet of twelve poor old men on Maunday Thursday. The Edinburgh Scotsman gives this account of what then transpires:

"The old men who have to be honored have



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#### A HALT ON THE ROAD

The President and companions, near Newcastle, Colo., returning from bear-hunt,

waited excitedly for days for this holy hour. Before they enter the Rittersaal it is filled with those who come by right or the favoured holders of tickets All the ladies are in sombre colors, the men in uniform.

"When all are assembled, the old men are marshalled in, each one being allowed to have some one he is accustomed to—a wife, a son or a daughter, a grand-child—near him, that he may not feel uneasy in that crowd of strangers. Behind each chair is a Life Guard in full dress uniform and helmet with white plume.

"All is ready, the Emperor enters, followed by the archdukes and surrounded by the dignitaries of the Court. The moment is a very solemn one, for the Emperor advances to the long table covered with a white linen cloth where the old men are sitting in expectant awe. The twelve officers in waiting have already taken off each veteran's right boot and stocking, and spread a linen cloth over their knees. The Hungarian Guards advance with the loaves of bread on silver trays; these the Archdukes take from them and hand to the Emperor, who himself places the bread before his honoured guests.

cleared, the Archdukes performing this duty, the ceremony of foot-washing begins, the Court chaplain chanting the prayers. Two Archdukes advance, the one holding the golden basin, the other the ewer. The Emperor falls on his knees, in this position

washing the feet of each old man, and afterwards drying them on fine linen. Then a present of money is bestowed, and the old men are driven home."

### Our Many-Sided President

Aristides the Just, as most schoolboys know, was banished because he had but one rôle in his repertoire. Theodore Roosevelt will never weary his countrymen in the same way. After all these years of prominence, during many of which he has been the most bewritten and bepictured man in the country, one might suppose, from looking at recent magazines and newspapers, that his is a personality newly discovered and about whom popular curiosity is clamoring for more knowledge. Here is Scribner's featuring his Colorado bear-hunt, McClure's doing the same with Charles Wagner's visit to the White House, the Ladies' Home Journal laying stress upon Dr. Lyman Abbott's analysis of the President's character and the qualities that have made him popular,

the Metropolitan with an illustrated article on his prestige in the West, and a multitude of other periodicals, good, bad and indifferent, describing, moralizing, quoting, on the same subject.

Charles Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life," recently spent "long, restful hours" under the President's roof-tree. It seems incredible that the hours could have been restful for anybody with the President about, but we have Mr. Wagner's word for it. The Alsatian pastor is as appreciative but not quite as gushing as Jacob Riis, in description of these hours. Here is one quotation from his article in McClure's:

"I would that I might fix here the physiognomy of the President, as I have seen it; his extraordinary mobile face is rebellious toward the camera or the brush. His portraits all play him false, showing his face at rest. No one who hasn't seen him can picture him as he is, for everything that he says is accompanied by its corresponding facial expression. There is one word in particular that he often uses, always with its typical play of the features—the word exactly. He is alive, and puts himself simply and wholly into every manifestation of himself.

"His greeting is genial and direct; not a sign, even the slightest, of the grand personage. And this is not a mere democratic simplicity; it is a broad and hospitable human simplicity. You feel that he is a man who would find himself at home with all classes, the peer of the highest, the brother of the humblest. It brought joy to my heart to find him like this, for to be natural, without pretension, free from the petty care that some men take to bring their person into relief, is the sign of true greatness.

the sign of true greatness.

"The President of the United States is, quite simply, a man—one of the members of the race that do most credit to our old human family. He gives the impression of concentrated force, of a spring at tension. You feel that he is ready at any mo-

ment for a supreme effort, to expend himself in any cause that demands it. Above his worktable he is pictured on a horse that is leaping an obstacle. It is the image of his fine temperament—generous, brave, daring, devoted even to the point of sacrifice. Here is a man who will never retreat before anything, unless it be evildoing; for he is as scrupulous as he is determined and brave, a leader who obeys the inner law. This chief of a republican state, armed by its constitution with more authority than most sovereigns enjoy, has the sensitive conscience of a child. He is—to sum it up justly—an honest man. He will never be made to follow crooked paths; whatever end he chooses to pursue, you may be sure that he will move straight toward it."

But it was not the head of the household only who gave delight to the Frenchman. He says: "In the family drawing-room, where Mrs. Roosevelt had now begged us to go, the first word of the 'ladies was, 'Let us speak French! We love your language.' And, indeed, they spoke it with perfect ease." Again, when Mr. Wagner came across the younger boys of the family carving heads out of chestnuts, one of them said to him: "It is you, Mr. Wagner, who wrote some droll stories to amuse children. We don't understand French,



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THE PRESIDENT AND HIS GUIDES

"The horses were stout, tough, shaggy beasts, able to climb like cats."

but Mamma has translated them for us." And Mr. Wagner adds this little touch to the picture: "Now, bareheaded, in simple blue cotton blouses, and with books under their arms, they [the boys] were on their way to the public school."

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in his article on "Why the President is so Popular," tells us nothing new, but tells old things with his usual lucidity. He thinks that none of our Presidents -neither Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, nor any other-had a more widespread popularity in his lifetime than Mr. Roosevelt now possesses. Whether it will prove as enduring "only time can show." He has earned it, we are told, not by "playing to the galleries," by "trimming his sails," or by "preaching platitudes," but by having ideals, by having faith in them, and by his qualities of courage, self-control, patience and sympathy with (not simply for) men in general. Dr. Abbott, in one of those illuminative generalizations in which he is so adept, thus groups the President's principles and aspirations around a central thought.

"He is, first of all, a man of ideals. It is not without significance that a volume of his essays bears the title 'American Ideals.' This distinbears the title 'American Ideals.' guishing characteristic of a statesman is the possession of an ideal toward the realization of which all his efforts are directed. So Bismarck bent all his energy to a unification of Germany, and Cavour to the emancipation and nationalization of Italy, and Gladstone to the conversion of England from a feudal to a democratic Commonwealth, and Lincoln to the maintenance of a union of the States in which a free people should be united in a sovereign nation. Mr. Roosevelt's ideal cannot be so easily defined. Perhaps the best indication of it is afforded by his favorite phrase, 'a square deal.' It is because he believes in a square deal that he is a Civil-Service Re-former: he wishes all Americans to have an equal chance on the basis of merit for the honor of serving the Republic. It is because he believes in a square deal that he was the enemy of police graft: he was resolved that the law should not be turned into a club in the hands of a blackmailer. It is because he believes in a square deal that he was an ardent advocate of the Spanish-American war: the Cubans were not getting a square deal from Spain. It is because he believes in a square deal that he persisted in appointing some colored men to office in the South: he would not close the door of opportunity upon any man, black or white. It is because he believes in a square deal that he advocates government regulation of railroad rates: the people have not been getting a square deal on the national highways. It is because he believes in a square deal that he recognized the Republic of Panama so promptly: it was his earnest conviction that neither Panama, the United States nor the world was getting a square deal from Columbia.'

Dr. Abbott goes on to describe the President's personal elements of strength—his self-control, patience and sympathy with men. Of the first two he says:

"A very narrow meaning has been given in the American vernacular to the Scriptural word temperance, even among those who do not regard it as synonymous with total abstinence. It hardly needs to be said that Mr. Roosevelt is in that narrow meaning a temperance man: He is always in training. His food, his exercise, his rest, his recreation are all adjusted with reference to keeping his body in the best condition for its work. He is abstemious in the use of wine, and he does not smoke. But temperance has a much larger significance, and that larger significance he illustrates most forcibly.

"He is a man of ardent impulses, and he can

"He is a man of ardent impulses, and he can be very angry. The flames of his indignation burn sometimes at white heat; but they are always under the control of his reason. Passion, like fire, makes a good servant, but a bad master; and passion is Mr. Roosevelt's servant, not his master. He is habitually self-controlled under provocation, and it is needless to say that his life brings him at times strong provocations. He rarely defends himself, even to his friends; and attacks upon him usually he dismisses either with indifference or with a laugh. It is injustice to

others which arouses his pugnacity; but even then he does not strike unless he is quite sure the blow will tell. He rides himself as a sure rider rides a mettlesome steed; he has plenty of mettle, but the steed is always well in hand.

mettle, but the steed is always well in hand.
"No man can control others if he cannot control himself; and it is this combination of strong passions and self-mastery which gives Mr. Roosevelt his commanding influence among strong men. No one who has seen him in conference with his contemporaries-and for his political advisers he selects the strongest men-can doubt that he has such a commanding influence. Young as he is, he is a master among masters, a leader among leaders. One phase of his self-control is his pa-He has staying power: he can wait. tience. Rapid as is the movement of his own mind, he knows how to moderate his speed and adjust his pace to those who are cooperating with him. He believes that patient waiting is no loss. patient temper the impatient independent cannot understand, but it enables Mr. Roosevelt to get along with the "machine" and make it serve the ends of a good government, and so gives him a power that self-willed impetuosity would sacri-

Coming now to Mr. Roosevelt's own story of his Colorado bear hunt last April, we get some interesting snap-shots of the President on a vacation. Here again there is no new revelation regarding his personality, except, perhaps, a new evidence of the man's ability to keep himself entirely free of any exhibition of self-consciousness, even when talking of himself. It is a good hunting story he tells, direct, informing and with "things doing"; but there is rather more about Johnny Goff and Jake Borah, the guides, and Shorty and Skip and Rowdy, the dogs, than about Roosevelt himself. There were thirty dogs in all twenty-six hounds and four half-blood terriers. We get a description of some of them:

"The four terriers included a heavy, livercolored half-breed bull-dog, a preposterous animal who looked as if his ancestry had included a toadfish. He was a terrible fighter, but his unvarying attitude toward mankind was one of effusive and rather foolish affection. In a fight he could whip any of the hounds save Badge, and he was far more willing than Badge to accept punishment. There was also a funny little black and tan, named Skip, a most friendly little fellow, especially fond of riding in front or behind the saddle of any one of us who would take him up, although perfectly able to travel forty miles a day on his own sturdy legs if he had to, and then to join in the worry of the quarry when once it had been shot. Porcupines abounded in the woods, and one or two of the terriers and half a dozen of the hounds positively refused to learn any wisdom, invariably attacking each porcupine they found; the result being that we had to spend many minutes in removing the quills from their mouths, eyes, etc. A white bullterrier would come in from such a combat with his nose literally looking like a glorified pincushion, and many of the spines we had to take out with nippers. The terriers never ran with the hounds, but stayed behind with the horses until they heard the hounds barking 'bayed' or 'treed,' when they forthwith tore toward them. Skip adopted me as his special master, rode with me whenever I would let him, and slept on the foot of my bed at night, growling defiance at anything that came near. I grew attached to the friendly, bright little fellow, and at the end of the hunt took him home with me as a playmate for the children."

That is fairly good, but there is better farther along, where we are told about the remarkable exploits of Skip and Shorty in climbing trees after bobcats. No pictures, unfortunately, were taken of these exploits:

"Sometimes riding, sometimes leading the horses, we went up the steep hillside, and as soon as we reached the crest heard the hounds barking treed. Shorty and Skip, who always trotted after the horses while the hounds were in full cry on a trail, recognized the change of note immediately, and tore off in the direction of the bay, while we followed as best we could, hoping to get there in time for Stewart and Lambert to take photographs of the lynx in a tree. But we were too late. Both Shorty and Skip could climb trees, and although Skip was too light to tackle a bobcat by himself. Shorty, a heavy, formidable dog, of unflinching courage and great physical strength, was altogether too much for any bobcat. When we reached the place we found the bobcat in the top of a piñon,

and Shorty steadily working his way up through the branches and very near the quarry. Evidently the bobcat felt that the situation needed the taking of desperate chances, and just before Shorty reached it out it jumped, Shorty



THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

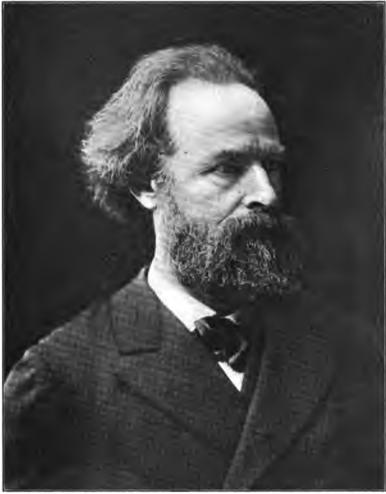
yelling with excitement as he plunged down through the branches after it. But the cat did not jump far enough. One of the hounds seized it by the hind leg and in another second everything was over."

### Elisee Reclus-Geographer, Philosopher, Anarchist

President Lincoln was the first man in high place to pay a tribute to the genius of Elisée Reclus. The eminent geographer and thinker—who died last July at the age of seventy-six—was the most vehement French champion of the North against the South in our Civil War. He wrote in defense of Lincoln when all Continental Europe was denouncing the Washington Government. The United States Minister was instructed by Secretary Seward to convey to Reclus the high appreciation of his course with which our Government had become inspired. Reclus was at this time a distinguished contributor to the Revue des

Deux Mondes and other Paris publications, his subjects being physical geography and exploration. Nor was this his only title to fame. He had been driven from France after the coup d'étât. The ensuing six years had been spent by him in scientific tours of North and South America and the less known regions of Europe. Had he never been inclined to revolution and communism, says the Indépendance Belge (Brussels), he might never have achieved his scientific renown. His life story tells us why:

"Jean Jacques Elisée Reclus was born in the Gironde on March 15, 1830. He was the second



ELISÉE RECLUS

"His manners were of the sweetest and gentlest. His eyes brimmed over with humanity."

son of a pastor in the reformed church and one of a family of twelve children, some of whom have attained distinction besides himself. He was sent to Prussia and the University of Berlin to train for the Protestant ministry, but he early showed a marked inclination for geographical studies and an equally marked tendency to revolutionary ideas of all kinds. Returning to his native soil, he championed the cause of republicanism against Napoleon III. and had to fly the land. Thereupon he turned his geographical science to account in those tours of study and exploration which led to the publication of that monumental work, 'The Earth.' He was back in Paris by 1857, however, taking an active interest in movements for the popular well being."

When the Franco-Prussian War came, entailing in the end the siege of Paris, Reclus, now enjoying world-wide fame as a man of science, served in the "National Guard." He

did much to promote those experiments in ballooning which impart such unique importance to this siege. "His convictions led him later to side with the communists, but he did his best to restrain their violence and vandalism." He was soon taken prisoner after a fierce skirmish in which he sustained severe wounds. His captors confined him in a military prison, where he spent the time teaching mathematics to his companions in captivity. Finally he was condemned to transportation, but upon the petition of distinguished men of science all over the world-including Darwin, Wallace and Carpenterthe French Government had him banished for life from his native land. A general amnesty enabled him to return to France after an interval of seven years. Then was begun the great scientific work of his life, "the work which gives him a claim to be regarded

as one of the greatest geographers of the nineteenth century:"

"The first volume of the 'New Universal Geography' was issued in 1876, while Reclus was still in banishment. It was issued in parts, and in this way a volume a year was published, until in 1894 the great work was completed—19 volumes of some 800 pages each, richly furnished with illustrations, all of them bearing upon the subject matter and all of them especially made with great care and trouble. The work was almost entirely written in Reclus's own small, neat hand, and although he had the co-operation of various friends the great work is essentially his own. Only by following rigidly a well thought out method, by consulting whole libraries of works, by personally visiting many of the countries dealt with, was it possible to produce a work which still stands and must stand for many years, as the most comprehensive description of the world

and its peoples. For the 'universal geography' of Reclus deals as much with the latter as with the former, fulfilling the best conception of geography—the science which deals with the earth as the environment of humanity. The work is written with admirable dignity without a touch of dulness. The interest is sustained from stage to stage as the story of a country or a region is unfolded on the basis of its geographical condition."

Reclus lived for some years in Paris after the amnesty, we are told by the London Times. He was energetically seconding his friend Prince Krapotkine in the promotion of anarchistic ideals, "though, unlike his friend, he succeeded in escaping the clutches of the French law." Later he went to Brussels and was a professor in the university known as "Libre." "A small man," we are told, "of extremely spare habit, his health must have suffered under the hardships he had to endure during the period of the commune." His personal habits were those of the ascetic. He subsisted almost wholly upon a vegetarian diet. "His

manners were of the sweetest and gentlest."
"His eyes brimmed over with humanity." This intense human sympathy, rather than any reasoned political creed, adds the British daily, "led Elisée Reclus into the Anarchist camp." His later years were spent in dire poverty on account of his liberality to anarchists and communists. "Mistaken though his political creed may have been, he was a man actuated only by the loftiest, purest and most unselfish motives." His "last word" in the famous "Universal Geography" runs:

"I have sought to depict clearly the lands I have described as if I had really seen them at the very moment I was writing and were still studying the inhabitants as if I were yet living among them. Everywhere I have found myself at home, still, as it were, in my own native land, among my brethren. I believe that I have never been inspired by any other sentiment than one of sympathy and respect for all the dwellers in the great universal fatherland of all. On this ball, revolving so rapidly in space, a grain of sand in the midst of infinity. is it worth while to hate one another?"

### Emperor William Without Any Halo

The divinity which "doth hedge a king" has not, in the case of Emperor William of Germany, proved sufficient to protect him, even during his lifetime, from the quick eyes and the gossipy pen of the Countess of Eppinghoven, who was for years in the personal suite of the present German Empress. The countess kept a diary, and what she saw and heard and inferred was committed to its pages without reserve. This diary and other papers

of the countess (who is no longer living) have supplied the material for Mr. Henry W. Fischer's decidedly sensational volume, \* a new edition of which has just been issued. The pen-portraits which the countess and Mr. Fischer together give us of the Emperor have evidently been inspired by violent dislike; but as she dined at the royal table, spending hours of many a day in the society of both William II

and his consort, her assertions, supported often by many collateral circumstances, must carry a weight which no mere hearsay evidence can neutralize. Mr. Fischer makes the most of his pungent material. His instinct is that of a trained journalist with a keen sense of dramatic fitness and of historical value. His Imperial Majesty comes forth from the inquisition imperious rather than imperial, and far from majestic. He is presented to the



GIVING THE EMPEROR'S DACHSHUNDS A BATH

<sup>\*</sup>PRIVATE LIVES OF KAISER WILLIAM II AND HIS CONSORT AND SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT OF BERLIN. By Henry W. Fischer. Fis her's Foreign Letters, Bensonhurst, New York. Illustrated.

world as without courage, without strength, without chivalry, and possessing only the talents of imposture and only the knowledge needed to assist them. He has, so we are told, the meanest of souls, the least worthy of appetites, the most pettily spiteful of dispositions and the weakest of characters. He inspires "abject fear" in most members of his household, lives in perpetual dread of diphtheria, takes every precaution to hide from the world a growing tendency to epilepsy and is quite frantic from outraged personal vanity when reference is made to the malformed left arm, for which he holds his mother responsible! How intimately such personal details are revealed appears from the statements concerning this unfortunate arm:

"This fateful left arm the Kaiser hugs closely to his body, allowing the hand, which is not deformed, but puny like a child's, to rest against his waist, or upon his hip, if on horseback. Anyone following the German papers will probably remember that the official journals issue 'trial balloons' from time to time to ascertain public sentiment in respect to the introduction of a belt for army officers, an article of accoutrement foreign to the Prussian uniform and out of harmony with its general style. As the Empress Eugenie re-established the crinoline in the sixties to hide her interesting condition, so William wants to change military dress to find a convenient resting place for his poor left hand and arm, which, being about six inches shorter than his right, would attach to a belt unostentationsly. But alas! the majority of officers feign to regard those reoccurring proposals as maneuvres of mercenary army contractors and treat them with fine scorn, so that William, unwilling to own his secret reason for the innovation sought, must go without relief.

"Those are gloomy days in the palace when the pros and cons of opinion on the subject are read by the Emperor, who, after carefully perusing the clippings, recognizes the repeated failure of his pet scheme. It puts him into the mood for smashing things, and his famous speech to the Brandenburgers on March 5, 1890 [he then said: 'those who oppose me I will crush to pieces'] was made under just such circumstances.

"Of course, he could use the regulation silk scarf for the purpose; but that is only permissible with gala uniform and to wear it always would

be awkward as well as expensive.

"As already intimated, the fingers of the crippled hand are movable, for, although the head of the radius of the forearm does not set properly into the condyles of the humerus, the limb is not altogether inert. There is consequently no reason for doubting the late Major von Normann's assertion that the Kaiser clutched his sword with the left hand. This was in a moment I have seen him do the same of strong feeling. thing quite often when angry. But while he can take hold of an article, he can not for the life of him lift it. For instance, he holds the reins in his left hand but is powerless to direct the horse except with his right or with his knees."

Emperor William's treatment of his widowed mother and of his sisters is represented to have been "heartless." When his father died he turned his mother out of the palace as if she were a tenant undergoing eviction. His fear that she might secrete important papers caused him to place sentinels on guard at all exits and to institute a search involving personal humiliation to the royal ladies before they quitted the place of their bereavement. This lack of consideration for the feelings of those with whom he comes into personal contact is said to be a conspicuous trait in the Emperor's character. Not only has his rudeness infected the whole tone of court society, but "his grossness of speech is notorious enough to find an echo even in the imperial nursery." Of ability he is held to be totally destitute, notwithstanding legends to the contrary:

"There is, among the numberless speeches and sayings reported of the Kaiser, not one pithy remark that has become a byword in every day speech or letters. In all this dreary wilderness of imperial verbosity we find no 'mot' that outlived the hour of its birth, and the Kaiser's observations, as a general thing, are too commonplace and insignificant even to permit dressing up. Other important persons are made to say clever things, often without their knowledge or consent, but William's friends and admirers scour his speeches vainly for a peg upon which to hang some witticism, or some flash of genius that might eventually be credited to the royal tattler. The Emperor, who claims to be a student of the older French literature, probably got far enough in Rivarol to learn that 'it is an immense advantage to have never said anything.' The sentence following, namely: 'but one should not abuse it,' he must have overlooked, for he certainly does abuse the privilege. And in a twofold manner, too: he keeps on saying nothing and misquotes history at the same time.

"A continuous source of amusement to his Majesty are the minute accounts of his daily labors in the vineyard of statecraft, and of almost any other vocation imaginable, published in books, magazines, pamphlets and newspapers, with a minuteness of detail and conceived in a know-all vein of assurance, interlarded with 'deepest' and 'highest' admiration that make them soul-stirring and pathetic. These descriptions of what is in-desribable (for the greater part of the labors ascribed to his Majesty are creations of the authors' fancies) commenced to pour in on us almost with the beginning of the present reign.

"The underlying idea of Bigelow's and kindred efforts is to keep up the myth of incessant service rendered to the crown, a martyrdom of work broken occasionally by a stroke of genius such as writing a novel, painting a landscape, conceiving a series of allegorical pictures, composing music, or inventing this, that or the other thing.

His "boundless love of self" dominates every

private and public act of the Emperor. "As in those awful days at San Remo, when he claimed, as representative of the old Emperor, precedence over his afflicted mother on the way to the village church, so he uses his present supreme position as a club to intimidate all directly depending upon him into a state of quiet but utter submissiveness." Only sycophants and fawning hypocrites can expect advancement in this reign. All original talent is crushed and "one man power" reduces everybody to a deal level of servility. William's "strong character" is but a court dogma in which nobody has any faith and in which all must pretend to believe. "This parading with plumes borrowed and stolen, the many bids for popular applause through newspaper adulation smacking of the methods of the press agent, William's public lecturing and preaching, his coquetting with the stage and letters—all is but part of a system carefully pieced together to uphold the pretence of imperial omnipotence." The real man has "hardness of heart," "egotism" and no consideration for others. Here is an illustration of the antithesis between his precept and his practice:

"Who has not read of William's thundering philippics against luxury in the officers' corps of the army? 'The Prussian lieutenant, captain and colonel must find supreme satisfaction in a frugal life.' 'To live above one's income is the source of all social evil.' 'Only the commanding generals have duties of representation to fulfil, and their Excellencies shall not spend more for the purpose than the state appropriation permits,' are stock phrases of his pronunciamentos issued from time to time. .

"Such is the theoretical side of the question.

Now to the practical.

"In order to see whether his commands are strictly obeyed, the Kaiser invites himself to breakfast at the casino of some regiment every little while, announcing that he will pay ten marks for his suite's and his own entertainment,

not a penny more.

'Now, the managers of these institutions know that his Majesty has his preferences as to wines and victuals, and the imperial Court-Marshal is only too ready to enumerate them to the anxious. So French champagne of the highest grade, costly Rhine wines and Burgundy, imported cordials and cognacs are bought, also game and fresh sea food, which latter is a luxury with us. Further-more, the exterior and interior of the club are decorated and often partly renovated, and when, after all these preparations, the lavish outlay made, the imperial master departs with his corporal's guard of attendants (when he has to pay for them he never brings more than half a dozen gentlemen), and on taking leave remarks with self-satisfied emphasis: 'You see, my dear colonel, ten marks is quite enough for anybody to spend on his stomach; I have had a very good breakfast (or dinner) indeed, for that amount, at your



VERY MUCH INTERESTED Emperor William on ship-board on the way to meet the Czar.

house,' you should study the faces of the sub-altern officers, say the Kaiser's adjutants. 'We poor devils will have to pay. . . .

"As a matter of fact, it costs a regimental mess from five hundred to fifteen hundred marks [\$100 to \$300] every time the war lord tries its ten marks' menu [according to the decorations and renovations deemed necessary], and the officers have to make up the difference. There have been times when the pleasure of feasting the sovereign cost the lieutenants of the Potsdam garrison one tenth part of their pay for several months in succession and when the uniformed servants of these pretty young fellows had to go without their more than modest wages in consequence. But that is not all. The Kaiser's adjutants report from time to time stories of wrecked lives-lives of army men who were lured upon the path that killeth by the all-highest example or in consequence of William's casino visitations.'

## Recent Poetry

There is infinite pathos in the story which Arthur Symons tells us of Ernest Dowson. Dowson was the young British poet who died in 1900 at the age of thirty-three. Three months ago we referred to the publication of his poetry in England, reprinting one of his poems-"Sapientia Lunæ"-together with comment of the London Times Literary Supplement. The volume has now been published in this country (John Lane). Perhaps the best thing in it is Mr. Symons's introduction, with its perfectly frank yet exquisitely tender description of Dowson's life and personality. He was, as Mr. Symons says, "undoubtedly a man of genius, not a great poet, but a poet, one of the very few writers of our generation to whom that name can be applied in its most intimate sense." His life-story is of the same sad sort that has become all too familiar to us in connection with many French and a few British and American writers—the story of exquisite artistic sensibilities joined to a lack of will-power sufficient to control the bestial appetites, or to a false theory of life that utterly confounds sensual and spiritual things. "A soul 'unspotted from the world' in a body which one sees visibly soiling under one's eyes," is Mr. Symons's phrase, in speaking of Mr. Dowson.

Dowson's poetry is, for the most part, erotic and hectic; but there is about it all a rarity that gives unfailing distinction. It conveys moods rather than ideas. It has beauty, but it is the beauty of the flush on the cheek of the consumptive. His singing is of love and death, desire and regret. There is little else. It has the true lyric quality: he was able and willing to strip his soul naked and hold it up before the whole world; but it is not a great soul, and his poetry, in consequence, while true and genuine, is not great.

What Mr. Symons calls his "most beautiful" poem is the one with the refrain

"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion."

It has already been widely reprinted, but, while it has a haunting quality, it represents Dowson, in some respects, at his worst, not his best. We prefer to quote verses less crotic. Here, for instance, is a little poem that seems to us as beautiful as anything in the volume, and its beauty is as free from dross as that of a perfect gem:

## Ad Domnulam Suam By Ernest Dowson

Little lady of my heart!

Just a little longer,

Love me: we will pass and part,

Ere this love grow stronger.

I have loved thee, Child! too well, To do aught but leave thee: Nay! my lips should never tell Any tale to grieve thee.

Little lady of my heart!
Just a little longer
I may love thee: we will part
Ere my love grow stronger.

Soon thou leavest fairy-land; Darker grow thy tresses: Soon no more of hand in hand; Soon no more caresses!

Little lady of my heart!

Just a little longer

Be a child: then we will part,

Ere this love grow stronger.

Mr. Dowson was fond of Latin titles; one-third of his poems have them. "He was Latin by all his affinities," says Mr. Symons again, "quite Latin in his feeling for youth, and death, and 'the old age of roses,' and the pathos of our little hour in which to live and love; Latin in his elegance, reticence, and simple grace in the treatment of these motives; Latin, finally, in his sense of their sufficiency for the whole of one's mental attitude." We print two more of his poems:

#### Amor Profanus

By Ernest Dowson

Beyond the pale of memory, In some mysterious dusky grove; A place of shadows utterly, Where never coos the turtle-dove, A world forgotten of the sun: I dreamed we met when day was done, And marvelled at our ancient love.

Met there by chance, long kept apart, We wandered through the darkling glades; And that old language of the heart We sought to speak! alas! poor shades! Over our pallid lips had run The waters of oblivion, Which crown all loves of men or maids. In vain we stammered: from afar Our old desire shone cold and dead: That time was distant as a star, When eyes were bright and lips were red. And still we went with downcast eye And no delight in being nigh, Poor shadows most uncomforted.

Ah Lalage! while life is ours, Hoard not thy beauty rose and white, But pluck the pretty fleeting hours That deck our little path of light: For all too soon we twain shall tread The bitter pastures of the dead: Estranged, sad specters of the night.

## Ad Manus Puellæ By Ernest Dowson

I was always a lover of ladies' hands!
Or ever my heart came here to tryst,
For the sake of your carved white hands' commands;

The tapering fingers, the dainty wrist; The hands of a girl were what I kissed.

I remember a hand like a fleur-de-lys
When it slid from its silken sheath, her glove;
With its odors passing ambergris:
And that was the empty husk of a love.
Oh, how shall I kiss your hands enough?

They are pale with the pallor of ivories;
But they blush to the tips like a curled seashell;

What treasures in kingly treasuries
Of gold, and spice for the thurible,
Is sweet as her hands to hoard and tell?

I know not the way from your finger-tips, Nor how I shall gain the higher lands, The citadel of your sacred lips: I am captive still of my pleasant bands, The hands of a girl, and most your hands.

What Mr. Symons says of Dowson's Latin affinities is illustrated also in the appeal which the Roman Catholic service and institutions seem to have made upon him. Several of his poems indicate this. We reprint one of them:

## Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration By Ernest Dowson

Calm, sad, secure; behind high convent walls, These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray,

And it is one with them when evening falls, And one with them the cold return of day.

These heed not time; their nights and days they make

Into a long returning rosary, Whereon their lives are threaded for Christ's sake,

Meekness and vigilance and chastity.

A vowed patrol, in silent companies, Lifelong they keep before the living Christ: In the dim church, their prayers and penances Are fragrant incense to the Sacrificed. Outside the world is wild and passionate;
Man's weary laughter and his sick despair
Entreat at their impenetrable gate:
They heed no voices in their dream of prayer.

They saw the glory of the world displayed;
They saw the bitter of it and the sweet;
They knew the roses of the world should fade,
And be trod under by the hurrying feet.

Therefore they rather put away desire, And crossed their hands and came to sanctuary; And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire; Because their comeliness was vanity.

And there they rest; they have serene insight Of the illuminating dawn to be: Mary's sweet star dispels for them the night, The proper darkness of humanity.

Calm, sad, secure; with faces worn and mild: Surely their choice of vigil is the best? Yea! for our roses fade, the world is wide; But there, beside the altar, there, is rest.

Turning from Dowson to another young poet, but an American, who has recently died, we come to a contrast in personalities that is very striking. Mr. Frederic Lawrence Knowles is neither erotic nor hectic. Yet he was as true a poet as Dowson, with an ear for melody, an eye for beauty, and with a capacity for development, as we believe, such as neither Dowson nor any of the decadent school ever has. "He was of a distinctly happy, optimistic, sunny nature," says the Boston Transcript, "and had friends everywhere who esteemed him as much for his fine personal qualities as for his rare mental gifts." One of the Boston editors, indeed, in expressing his regret over Mr. Knowles's premature death (he was but thirty-six) expresses the belief that had he lived he would have become the leading poet of his day. Nor was this an absurd hope. Here are two of his poems on the theme of all poets:

# Love Triumphant By Frederic Lawrence Knowles

Helen's lips are drifting dust; Ilion is consumed with rust; All the galleons of Greece Drink the ocean's dreamless peace; Lost was Solomon's purple show Restless centuries ago; Stately empires wax and wane—Babylon, Barbary, and Spain; Only one thing, undefaced, Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste And the heavens are overturned.—Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun, Sound that lives when sounds are done, Music that rebukes the birds, Language lovelier than words, O World, with steady keel Traverse the wave. Long may your timbers feel The pulls I gave!

Feeble indeed they were, Yet, as we are, Our weakest breath must stir The furthest star.

I've done a little harm, A little good,— But never has my arm Done half it would.

Good bye, dear Mother Earth, We've loved each other. Now for another birth, Another mother.

The secret sense I see Of shroud and tomb.
The coffin is for me
Another womb.

And tho the fates may bless, And tho they damn, I never can be less Than what I am.

Science has taken from us the mystery—and with the mystery the poetry—of many phases of life, but she has disclosed new mysteries, or new depths in old mysteries. One of these—heredity—is the theme of a poem in the London Speaker:

#### Chosts

### BY ARTHUR L. SALMON

Ghosts of the dead abide with me By day and night, continually; In all I do, and all I will, Ghosts of the dead are with me still.

Their thoughts with mine are interfused. They bring their habits, long disused, To bear upon my daily walk, My simple deeds, my common talk.

I have no secret to divine What things are theirs and what are mine, Nor with whose moods I am perplexed, Or by whose lurking fancies vexed.

I sometimes, with a sense of dread, Feel like a paper of the dead, So subtle is their potency To live and breathe and move in me.

I know them gazing through mine eyes Upon the sun's imperial rise; And with their thought mine eyes are wet When tender suns of Springtime set. I dream of some vast life before
I sailed to touch on earth's dim shore;
It is the dead who wake in me
This glimpse that looks like memory.

Theirs the old fault to which I yield, The weeds that curse a sterile field; And theirs, I timidly confess, The shreds of goodness I possess.

Can I achieve the rule, and reign In this ghost-tenanted domain, Or must I be for ever led By hands and voices of the dead?

The death of Sir Henry Irving, the tragedian, elicits from Mr. Arthur Stringer the following poetical tribute.

### Sir Henry Irving

### By ARTHUR STRINGER

Much was it once, to move o'erwearied life To wholesome laughter: much it was to lure From withered hearts the enriching tears of grief! Much was it once, in motley and in mask, To lead this cynic and too saddened age Far out to life's lost Islands of Romance! Much was it, in the midst of emptier fires, Of transient moods and momentary ways, To guard with jealous hands the Calmer Light! Much was it, when the years all arid seemed, To freshen, as at cooling founts, our souls Whereon obliterating dust and hate Too heavy lay!

Oh, much indeed it was
To charm Earth's fretting children to forget!
But more than all Art's dream and anodyne
For languid sorrow were the clash and war
Of Wrong with timeless Right, the wider view,
The tangled years made lucid to the eye,
The mimic hopes and loves that chasten men,
The broken threads of life caught up and held
One whole again, the Good made Beautiful!

All this was much, and with it brought its bay; All this is old, and earned long since its crown; Its thundered thanks, impassioned quick applause! But, oh, how loftier than fame is love, In this great heart that warmed to little things! The hand not once withheld, the valiant will Made quick with stooping kindliness of soul, The mind austere and calm that mourned amid Illusions lost, yet laughed, and lived, and loved!

This, this it is that still makes silence best!
This weaves its aureole of softer lights
About the honored brow, and stands enough!
Yet we, one hour inadequate, must turn
With fond and broken words for memory,
And now the final curtain drops about
That thrice crowned head, in pride and silence lay
Love's unreluctant tribute at the feet
Of him who under cloak and domino
And flash of nimble wit forever held
That Love was best, and for the elusive Dream
Gave youth and age, and left more rich the world!

## Recent Fiction and the Critics

The best critics on both sides of the sea agree that Anthony Hope's latest novel\* is his best. The word "profound," even, is applied to the

A Servant of the Public book more than once, though with no intention of intimating that it is also heavy. It is a psychological study of an ac-

tress, and more especially of the effect of her profession and her artistic temperament upon her relations to life and the world aside from the stage. The theme is one of the very best and is handled with adequate skill. "It is with surprise which soon becomes admiration," says the (New York) *Evening Post*, that one reads the book, remembering Mr. Hope's former "witty," "smart," but usually "superficial" work. And it adds:

"'A Servant of the Public' is a psychological study unfolded with the skill of Mrs. Humphry Ward at her best, and made convincing as well as attractive by dialogue which is often brilliant and humor which is never forced or unreal. . . . The influence of the life on the stage upon the life off the stage is over it all. The price of public service of this kind has to be paid, and even the author is forced at the last to cry: 'If she sacrificed others, if her nature were shaped to that, was she not a sacrifice herself—sacrificed that beautiful things might be set before the eyes and in the hearts of men?'"

The character of the actress, Ora Pinsent, around whom the story revolves, is thus sketched by the critic of the (London) Times:

"In Ora Pinsent this [artistic] temperament hers, no doubt, from birth-had been so indulged by success on the stage that she saw the world as a stage, with herself always in a leading part. She had all but lost the power to distinguish between sincere and feigned emotion; quick to feel, she was quick to forget; and the truth about herself was veiled in a haze of sentiment drawn by the sun of admiration out of her own fluid feelings. Like all sentimentalists, she was, at bottom, entirely selfish; she lived for herself and for the moment. And that was not all. Her life was perfectly respectable, though she had parted with her worthless husband; yet, with her perception of truth, her sensibility had become blunted. She was unscrupulous, not from any evil motives, but from her failure to see the difference between fair and unfair. Fascinating, even lovable as she was (and as Mr. Hope makes us feel that she was), she belonged, in fact, to that other world, the world in which the old standards of fair play have dropped out or never were, and the niceties of honour are not distinguished. . . . There can be no question of the power, the fearlessness, and the profundity with which Mr. Hope has studied the theatrical temperament."

The Saturday Review (London) especially admires the art with which Mr. Hope finishes the story—"an art of which Anthony Hope is attaining real control":

"He gives by a very delicate succession of blunting touches, an admirable imitation of the dulling effect of time. . . . Here he has transposed, almost perfectly, from the big scale of life to the brief one of his pages, the insensible wearying by circumstance of a delightful passion; no rupture, no disillusionment; just wearing out. One can think of no one who could do it better, nor of anyone whose earliest efforts suggested the doing of it less."

The London Athenaeum thinks the novel marks an improvement on the author's former work, but it finds, nevertheless, a "radical defect." It says:

"Instead of relying on the essential side of the heroine's nature and his own capacity to treat it the author calls in external and adventitious aids. In short—not trusting himself for her conduct and evolution, and these are the true problem—he falls back on the exigencies of the theatrical profession and the long-suffering artistic temperament. Now what there is of good (or bad) in his actress is that she is 'just a woman.' All else called into service is for the moment ineffectual. The book is not a picture of stage life, nor even of one stage person. To attempt to make it so is to fail in that, and to lose as well a possible study in feminine nature."

The London *Speaker* regards the story as "artistically the best piece of work" the author has produced.

"Bound to be the literary sensation of the hour, whatever its intrinsic merits," is the way in which *The Sun* (New York) refers to Mrs.

The rec

Thurston's new novel.\* Such a reception, it thinks, is certain because of the "phenomenal success" of her former novel, "The

Masquerader." A comparison of the two works seems inevitable, and nearly every review of "The Gambler" is taken up largely with such a comparison. Thus *The Sun*, treating the novel without the overdone flippancy which marks nearly all of its reviews of fiction, says:

<sup>\*</sup>A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC. By Anthony Hope. F. A. Stokes & Co.

<sup>\*</sup>THE GAMBLER. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. Harper & Brothers.

"'The Masquerader' is a story of men and their affairs which might have been written by a man for men to read. 'The Gambler' is essentially feminine in material and workmanship—the story of a woman, spun out with all the delicate niceties of psychological analysis and sympathetic portraiture which only a woman could write and which most women will enjoy reading. 'The Masquerader' deals with situations. 'The Gambler' revels in subtleties. The earlier story has a daring plot, unique and audacious, presented with such force, insistence and impetuosity that it compels credulity. 'The Gambler' reveals no such audacity of plot, dramatic if improbable novelty of situation, and results in no such debatable question to prolong interest. Lacking these, it loses with them the virility of style, the swiftness of narration, which made the earlier story forceful, and appeals for distinction upon fine craftsmanship in the manipulation of an old theme to baffle anticipation and prolong suspense, and in cleverness of character drawing. The whole scheme and intention of 'The Masquerader' is suggested in the first chapter—there are six-teen chapters of introduction to 'The Gambler' before the story begins. It is a woman's way of getting ready—the man plunges in with his boots

The gambler in the story is the heroine, a young Irish girl, Clodagh Asshlin, and gambling is with her an inherited propensity, not a profession; and her fight against this propensity is the theme of the story. Clodagh's father, a big-hearted, dissolute Irish gentleman, is ruined by his gambling and when he dies leaves her, at the age of eighteen, with a younger sister, an impoverished aunt and cousin, and any number of "debts of honor" on her hands. An elderly friend of her father, James Milbanke, an archeologist, comes forward to redeem the situation, falls in love with Clodagh and wins her consent to marry him by reason of her gratitude for his kindness. Going to Italy, Clodagh meets in Venice some of London's fast set, the inherited gambling spirit is aroused, and she is saved from ruin by the timely warning of Sir Walter Gore. Later, however, after the death of her husband, she returns to London, gets into the fast set, and starts in to get out of life "all there is in it," when Gore appears again and saves her. Clodagh's sister Nance thus describes her and her needs to Gore:

"What Clo needs is not to be idealized, but to be taken care of; not to be praised or blamed, but to be taken care of. All her life she has wanted to be taken care of—and all her life she has been thrown back upon herself. When I was little I had her, but when she was little she had no one. Our mother died when I was born.

. . . Our father was a spendthrift—a gambler—a man without principles. . . . I wonder, considering everything, that she hasn't done really wrong things, instead of just terribly foolish ones."

Mrs. Thurston, says The Evening Post (New York), "has revealed the Irish temperament so that the dullest may understand something of its remarkable attractiveness and its exasperating defects. As a transcript from life, "The Gambler' is a book worthy of serious consideration." The story is excellently worked out, the same critic thinks, "holding the attention to the last"; but—

"The main fault lies in the crudity of the use of foils, the sharpness of contrasts between the good and the bad, and a too great reliance on the conventional sneer and shrug of the villain of melodrama. The story is not a melodrama. It is a penetrating study of the development of a beautiful Irish girl's character. Whatever of theatrical detail Mrs. Thurston uses, therefore, only detracts from the novel's strength."

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, writing in the London Sphere, while the story was still running as a serial in Harper's Weekly, expressed the view that "The Gambler" is "very much superior" to either of Mrs. Thurston's preceding novels. In Harper's Weekly, where the story appeared, Mr. James MacArthur reviews it, and, as one would expect, very appreciatively. He says:

"In 'The Gambler' there is not only the attraction of a highly interesting story—the power to entertain; there is also the attraction of a moral conflict-the power to move and uplift. More ambitious, ranging farther afield in human society, delving deeper into human motives, and covering a wider scope of dramatic action, 'The Gambler' is more alive, more athrill with the passionate realities of life, and superior in workmanship to Mrs. Thurston's previous work. Serious criticism must admit—as has, indeed, already been conceded—that 'The Gambler' is so far her best book. 'The Masquerader' was the story of an episode; 'The Gambler' is the story of a life. It might be called a study in heredity, if it were not that Mrs. Thurston's art conceals the underlying purpose in the more engrossing interest of her characters and the scenes through which they move. . . . It is a high tribute to Mrs. Thurston's art that she has the power to invest Clodagh Asshlin with that living appeal which enlists the warm sympathy of her readers, and compels us to hurry through the chapters of Clodagh's history that we may learn the outcome of her struggle for mastery. Which shall win? The terrifying and constraining passion in her blood that is her inheritance and threatens her ruin, or the pure and lofty passion that has come to possess and inspire her, and works for her salvation? That is the pivot upon which the story is suspended until the end.'

The New York *Times* takes about the same view as above. It thinks that "The Gambler" is "not inferior in interest" to "The Masquerader," and greatly surpasses it "in the vitality of its characters, the cohesion of its plot, the fidelity of both to possibility, and its literary art."

Mr. Norman Duncan turns from his Labrador folk and gives us now a story that grows, evidently, out of his experiences as a newspaper

The is a story that appeals to the heart and has pretty nearly disarmed most of the critics who

have so far reviewed it. Here, for instance, is the way in which *The Book News* speaks of it:

"One has the feeling that here is a new thing—an original piece of work. We do not exaggerate when we say that it is a wonderful piece of work. It is a fragment right out of the Book of Life; it is realism without the smirk that has made the term stand for all that is abominable; it is the realism of Dickens himself in a new world; from a broader viewpoint, with a more stable art to give it precisely the right setting and form.

One smiles through the tears in reading 'The Mother;' one recognizes that here is a sermon without a line of cant—the sermon of a touching, tender picture, the significance of which goes straight to the heart."

Here is an almost equally enthusiastic description of the story, taken from the Boston Herald:

"The keynote of Norman Duncan's novelette of New York life is simplicity and pathos. It is just the story to appeal to the reader of homely and moving fiction, and few will question its power to dim the eyes and bring a lump in the throat. It pictures the life of a woman of the Bowery stage and her innocent boy, whom she loves fiercely and self-sacrificingly. She hides from him her true station in life, tells him lies about herself, and, taking him to the funeral of a very great man, affirms that the flower-decked casket contains the remains of his father, while from the room in the Box street tenement, meantime, the body of Dick Slade had been taken in a department wagon to a resting place befitting in degree. In the midst of the wickedness of the slums, their closest companion being Mr. Poodle, the Dog-Faced Man, the mother shields the boy and keeps him pure and sweet by the magic of her mother love. To her all the world was a temple, undefiled, wherein the child was a Presence, purifying every place. The scene in which the boy discovers his mother at a 'show,' exposing her charms as one of Flannigan's Forty Flirts, is a pitiful one. It is delicately handled, showing the shrinking horror of the boy and the infinite distress of the mother as she moaned, 'Oh, if I'd only had time to pad!' This was the greater tragedy of her situation; that she misunderstood, until later there came to transform her a revelation, that of the spiritual significance of her motherhood.

A reviewer in *The Evening Post* (New York) speaks of the "marvelous mingling of delicacy and boldness"—"the finest kind of idealism side by side with a realism as unlovely as that of Zola himself," and expresses a personal preference for Mr. Duncan's Labrador tales. *The Evening Sun* admits the "fine touches" of the

story, but finds it "weakened by a too sentimental turn which involves not only mother and son but the lover and even the dog-faced man."

Still another spiritualistic novel! The author of "Dodo" has tried his hand at the occult and his 'new story\* has to do with a midnight in-

The Image in the Sand

cantation and the appearance of a very ancient and very baneful spirit, who mixes up a girl's loveaffairs and brings about very se-

rious complications. The scene opens in Egypt, where an Englishman and his daughter, Ida, are sojourning. The father, with the aid of an English spiritualist and his amulet, calls one Setnecht from the vasty deep, who through an accident then gains an ascendency over the daughter. When her father dies and Ida, later on, returns to England and is about to be married, this English spiritualist sends Set-necht to bring her to him, which he proceeds to do, and is prevented only by her Arab servant, Abdul, who sees through the whole occult business and simplifies matters by putting an end to the spiritualist's life and the Egyptian demon's power.

There is a general agreement that the novel is not a shining success. The story is carefully conceived and well written, in the opinion of the London Athenacum; but Mr. Benson started out to "make our flesh creep" and does not succeed. We are not thrilled. The London Spectator thinks the latter part of the story, which is laid in England, is worked out with much skill and would be convincing and powerful if only the author had succeeded in making the scenes laid in Egypt properly impressive. "But when we should be thrilled, we are only puzzled." "The reason why Mr. Benson has not succeeded better," says The Independent, "is that he lets us too much behind the scenes. The occult is interesting only when it is mysterious." The Boston Transcript finds unmistakable power in the novel, a telling analysis of human motives, extremely vigorous style; but "as a study in the phenomena of the hereafter, it is scarcely less than a failure." The Boston Herald calls it a "subtle study . . . of unusual dramatic power'; but The Bookman (New York) thinks the author has "failed ludicrously, pathetically," and the cause of the failure it finds in his lack of a sense of the ridiculous. "Now, when a man without a sense of humor," it says, "writes tragedy, he is almost irresistibly funny; and tragedy 'The Image in the Sand' sets out to be—unless you prefer to call it melodrama."

THE MOTHER. By Norman Duncan. Fleming H. Revell Company.

<sup>\*</sup>THE IMAGE IN THE SAND. By E. F. Benson. J. B. Lippincott Company.

## Lazy Beppo.—By Hans Hoffmann\*

Among the active, bustling populace of Capri, young Beppo was justly regarded as a veritable monstrosity of indolence and uselessness. There was no way of turning him to any profitable labor and all his parents' attempts in that direction proved futile. He was put to work in the vine-yards, on the olive plantations; he was sent out to sea with the fishermen; he was given a chance at stone carrying, an occupation which the inhabitants of Capri usually leave to the girls, but he lost every job within a few days, being dismissed in disgrace by reason of his insurmountable laziness. "È una bestia!" was the final verdict invariably passed upon him, and where he worked once he was never accepted a second time.

Thus the poor parents had no choice but to feed the boy at their common meager table as a good-for-nothing parasite whom they could not turn out of the house offhand because it unfortunately happened that he was born there. It is true he was not accorded very respectful treatment because of this fact. "È una bestia!" was the summary estimate of him here also.

Lazy Beppo lay on the Marina Grande in the sun and seemed to be asleep, but in fact he was rather dreaming in a wakeful state, with half-closed eyes, for it would be contrary to his principles to be really sleeping in his leisure hours, for the simple reason that he would thereby deprive himself of the full and sweet consciousness of doing nothing.

At times he blinked benevolently at the steamer that came piping and snuffing toward the shore, and silently felicitated himself on not having to work as this poor groaning machine had to. The steamer put off its passengers, and boys, girls and men began to press around the landing boats in mad confusion, crying aloud, pushing, rushing and striking each other, so that they had the appearance of furious brigands who wanted to rob the visitors of their life and property, rather than of humble people, half tramps, who tried to earn an honest bajochi by carrying the baggage and offering their services in any capacity to the new arrivals.

Beppo smiled with an air of superiority as he watched this mad scramble, and tranquilly continued his reclining position in the soft sand, save that he put his hands under his head, thereby

raising it a little higher, that he might the better observe the ridiculous but none the less fascinating spectacle.

Most of the travelers gave all their things in helpless bewilderment to the first best fellow that rushed upon them. But there was among them one spruce married couple that did not seem to be particularly edified by this wild scramble, and, fighting bravely for the maintenance of their possessions, made their way safely through the crowd, and then suddenly espied the contemplative young philosopher as he lay upon the sand in tranquil felicity. The contrast of this picture of dignified calm with the wild hubbub from which they had with difficulty extracted themselves seemed to attract them, and they approached the peaceful, contented young man and stopped to look at him. He did not budge, but likewise regarded them with a frank, open gaze.

"He seems to be a first-rate sluggard," said the husband, somewhat irritated at this unexampled equanimity. The pretty young woman, however, was more mildly disposed. She nodded to the boy with a smile and said in fairly intelligible Italian: "Would you take these handbags up to the city for us, my good fellow?"

The first answer to this cruel demand was a soft, plaintive look full of tender reproach from Beppo's soul-breathing, expressive brown eyes, which immediately won the heart of the young lady to such a degree that she at once determined in her mind to reward him with an extraordinarily handsome fee. However, after thinking the matter over, a process that took him some time, he formed the resolve to do a superfluous thing for once and to meet the presumptuous demand. Slowly and with graceful composure he arose from the seat of his innocent beatitude, and, having stationed himself on his feet, he dreamily contemplated the figure impressed in the sand by his body as if in surprise at the extraordinary feat of exertion that he had already accomplished. But when he caught sight of the two dainty portmanteaus of the strangers the fine features of his face assumed a touching expression of gloomy melancholy as if each of them weighed at least one hundred pounds. An encouraging look from the young lady, however, gave him the power to undertake this unusual venture.

The bags were so light that they seemed to

<sup>\*</sup>Translated from the German, for CURRENT LITERA-TURE, by Thomas Seltzer.

jump up of themselves when he lifted them with his powerful hands upon his shoulders; yet he plodded on wearily and panting as if a mountain weighed down upon him. Amid sighs he showed the cheerful couple the way up to the city between the vineyard walls, and pushed on sadly behind them. Every two minutes he stopped and leaned on the wall in the attitude of a person who is about to break down from exhaustion. The man was several times on the point of growing indignant and hurrying him along with harsh words to a prompter fulfilment of the task he had assumed; but his pretty little wife anticipated every threatening outbreak and asked him to utilize the moment for the enjoyment of the glorious landscape. In spite of the attacks of faintness of the overcharged carrier, that increased in frequency as they proceeded, the travelers at length reached the celebrated Hotel Pagano, the last arrivals at Capri on that day.

Beppo was now to receive his reward for all the hardships that he had undergone; but before he obtained his fee he showed by a brief question that a thinking soul dwelt in his lazy body. In the trying journey that he had made he had found time, in spite of his zealous nature studies, to make silent observations also on the young married couple that had entrusted themselves to his guidance, and he arrived at the conclusion that they radiated with quite an inordinate, soulful and charming happiness that was plainly written on the features of both of them. This recognition he now voiced in the following simple manner: He put the portmanteaus down on the ground, and suddenly forgetting his weariness he turned confidentially to the charming young lady and remarked seriously: "The Signora must be very happy?"

"Yes, indeed, I am, my boy!" she answered, laughing merrily. In fact, she needed but to laugh and the question was well answered. Her husband also laughed heartily.

"Because your husband is very rich, isn't that why?" continued Beppo, in his psychological investigation. Now both of them broke out into an exuberant guffaw, and it took them fully a minute before they came to. Beppo did not feel offended in the least; he waited patiently, and fixed his beautiful eyes with deep earnestness upon the happy young wife. Why should he not permit people to laugh at him, a mere "bestia"? Neither do the droll little kittens or kids take offense when their pranks are laughed at.

Finally the lady answered somewhat more seriously and in a warm, tender voice:

"Oh, no, you foolish boy. I would not be so downright happy even if my husband were really

rich, not for that reason alone. But he is not rich at all, not at all; all that he has and that he gives me he earns from year to year by his industry and skill. But because I love him with all my heart, that is why I am the happiest of all the women that travel about in your beautiful Italy, and I think that he also feels a tiny little bit happy by the side of his cheerful wife." At these words she flung her arm with joyous tenderness around her husband's waist, and he stroked his beard, smiling contentedly, and listening with flattered pride to the sweet confession from her lips.

"Give the boy an extra franc!" she whispered to him with a smile, and the obedient husband immediately put his hand in his pocket with a joyous will and came down as handsomely for Beppo as if he had really been charged with an enormous load. And Beppo did not even suspect that he owed his munificent award not to his inordinate diligence but to his ingenious and graceful questions.

Beppo remained standing while the kind donors disappeared into the interior of the hotel, and deliberated as to whether he was in a condition to start out on his distant journey homeward, a journey of about two minutes. He played with his money and rolled over in his reflective soul certain cogitations concerning earthly happiness.

"If only my poor sister, Concetta, could become as happy as they!" he announced aloud as the result of his deliberations.

At this wish tears appeared in his otherwise so serene eyes, and finally he resolved to start on his way home.

It was a miserable little shanty in a dark, narrow street that was his home. Mother and sister sat at the spinning-wheel as he entered, and they opened their eyes in astonishment on hearing of the great sum of money that he had so unexpectedly earned, and which, with scrupulous honesty, he instantly deposited in the general treasury.

But the pleasure was not of long duration. In a few minutes Concetta again let her tears roll down profusely over the flax, and Beppo learned that her sweetheart, Giuliano, had been in their house just before, and that he again brought the old, sad news that his father, an old, hard-hearted, grasping miser, still refused to be softened and would not give his consent to his son's marriage with a poor girl.

At this intelligence Beppo's heart sank within him, for he loved his sister with all the power of his soul. It was not that she treated him much better than the rest, or that she esteemed him more highly to any considerable degree; but she was so pretty and dainty, and of such a light and cheerful disposition. It was such a pleasure to lazy Beppo to look at her as she spun on and on, mingling her lively favorite tune with the soft, monotonous hum of the spinning wheel. Nor was she given to disturb him in this, his innocent enjoyment, for it gave her quite a deal of pleasure to be conscious of having an interested audience, even though it were only her poor brother. For this quiet joy that she afforded him daily he was heartily grateful and devoted to her; and then he was so infinitely proud of her, When the young Caprians followed her with admiring looks, as with her slender, pliant figure, she moved springily across the market, or when even a signore would praise her steady, certain grace, when she condescended to dance the tarantella before strange eyes, then always it was a precious occasion for Beppo to lie stretched upon the sand, basking in the sun the whole day long, enjoying the great family triumph, and endeavoring by profound thought to solve the riddle as to how it was possible that just he, to wit, Beppo, should be able to call that individual who was so nearly a type of perfection his sister.

Finally the father came home and brought an item of news that, according to ordinary human standards, was not a cheerful one.

"The mail steamer has brought the intelligence that my sister died in Naples. Somebody must go there to see after her things. She has no relatives except us. It's not a great deal she could have left, but two or three scudi will come in handy for us when we have to feed every day such a lazy, good-for-nothing like Beppo. Then it is nothing but right anyway that somebody should be present at her funeral; she was my only sister."

This side-thrust passed at Beppo left him as serene as usual on such occasions, but Concetta felt called upon this time to defend him by pointing at his rich reward.

"So?" said his father, "he has already learned how to take money? Then here is a fine opportunity for him to practice this art without doing any work. Beppo, you will sail with the steamer to Naples to-morrow, take possession of the inheritance, and attend at the funeral and the mass. Do you understand?"

Beppo understood and nodded in token of assent. The errand was very acceptable to him, inasmuch as it seemed to consist in the main of a pleasure trip, and promised to widen considerably his sphere of observation and his knowledge of the world. He rose in the morning beaming with good cheer. In his countenance was written all the joy of a philosopher who had suc-

ceeded in unraveling a complicated thought process and to solve beyond dispute a problem of epoch-making import. He started on his journey with as light and cheerful a spirit as if he were going to his own wedding and not to the funeral of a dear relative.

But he did not come back. The steamer arrived from Naples two or three times without bringing either himself or any intelligence of him, and his folks began gradually to abandon themselves to the sad conviction that he had lost himself in the enormous city and that he could never be found again; for how is it possible to fish out from a huge river a single little drop that has strayed into it?

Meanwhile, not only they, but the entire little town of Capri, were thrown into a lively excitement by another unheard-of and terrible event, the like of which the island had not known within the memory of any man living. Giuliano, Concetta's lover, precipitated himself one morning into their house, and, uttering a loud shriek, proceeded amid heart-rending gestures and movements of his whole body to announce that his father had in some mysterious way been robbed of all his money during the night. The old man kept all his property, after the manner of country misers, in cash or in banknotes in a chest which stood under his bed, and this chest had disappeared with all that it contained. The old miser was reduced to poverty in one night, for the part of his property that he had in active use was insignificant. The old man abandoned himself to his pain with the insane frenzy of which only a Southerner is capable. Giuliano was also overcome with grief, for it is no small matter to be suddenly metamorphosed from a prospective heir of a large fortune into an insignificant, propertyless, workaday individual, notwithstanding that the riches of his father thus far had brought him more trouble than good.

Together with the entire community, the police was aroused from its profound mental torpor and instituted extensive searches. But this expert investigation proved nothing further than that the thief must have climbed through the window or entered stealthily through the door, and with remarkable circumspection cribbed the money-chest from under the miser's bed. By having established this fact in due and formal order, it is true, neither was the thief caught nor was a single piece of the many coins restored to its former owner. There was not even a trace of the money-chest found.

Fortunately, this state of general anxiety was soon overcome by the attention of the Capri public being turned to a new event of no less universal consequence: Beppo returned to Capri and brought a large, rich inheritance in hard cash. In explanation of this astounding stroke of fortune he deposed that their dear aunt had of late years, according to the general report, become a very stingy, miserly old hag, and had quietly accumulated an immense fortune without giving the slightest inkling about it to anyone. Now was the jubilation in the house of Beppo great, and the poor aunt had certainly never dreamed that her departure would occasion such joy among her nearest relatives. The entire city, however, was more heartily stirred to sympathy by the enrichment of the poor family than by the impoverishment of the old miser.

Beppo received the news of the great robbery with the most stoical unconcern, that accorded completely with his philosophical view of life. But he was instantly led to a conclusion therefrom, the pronouncement of which caused general astonishment at the wisdom that he had so rapidly acquired in the capital. He was of opinion that, now that the tables were turned, and Concetta was the daughter of a rich father, while her sweetheart became but the ordinary son of a poor father, there could be no valid reason why, under these changed circumstances, the marriage of the young loving pair should not become an established fact.

The argument was without a flaw, and every-body saw it. The father and mother betook themselves forthwith to the miser, and when they were gone, Concetta fell on the neck of her wise brother, weeping with joy and blessed expectation, and she kissed him with as warm and tender gratitude as if he were not merely lazy Beppo, but a real, sensible and useful man. To Beppo it seemed the most beautiful moment of his life.

And as if to make this day a day of sheer wonders, Beppo now suddenly declared that he wanted to do some work. The prudent sister availed herself instantly of this favorable disposition and put him to breaking up a pile of brushwood into small pieces ready for use as fuel in their house.

With a fiery zeal he seized the first dry piece of wood and with a light hand shivered it into small splinters. Thereupon he looked proudly around to see whether anyone was witness of his fruitful activity; but there was nobody in the street.

Five minutes later he took the second piece of brushwood and broke it into about half; then he regarded with profound contemplation the work that his hand had already accomplished. What will Concetta say if he is able to show her this whole gigantic task completed? For fully a quarter of an hour Beppo lost himself in the sweet reverie that this thought stirred up in him. Then he seized the piece of brushwood anew and broke it up to the end without any pause. Two pieces of brushwood done! Ten more such, or twenty at the utmost, and all is completed! In happy anticipation of his continued, indefatigable energy, he leaned on the wall of the house with a contented smile, and sank in deep thought. Gradually his feet gave way underneath him, his back sank softly down on the heap of brushwood, and his eyes, clear and open, looked up into the benign sky. Thus his parents found him as they returned home two hours later.

And when his father muttered something between his teeth from which there came out distinctly enough the familiar word "bestia," it smote Beppo's ear in quite an unaccustomed way; bitter and odious was its sound now, and he dared not show himself in the presence of his sister.

Fortunately, neither she nor anyone else paid the least attention to him. For under the changed aspect of things the old miser gave his assent readily, and there was cheer and jubilation galore. The day of the wedding was soon to be, and until then Beppo never made another attempt to work.

The day of the marriage ceremony came. Concetta looked more charming than ever as she walked to church, just as Beppo had imagined it in his dreams, and his pride passed into something like haughtiness when he noticed among the onlookers the blond signora, who, it seemed to him now, did not look half as beautiful as his sister. After the sacred ceremony the guests went to the house of the miser, and sat down to a slight banquet, to which, beside a few friends, were also invited the priest and the mayor, as the spiritual and mundane representatives for gracing the occasion.

Beppo sat unnoticed at the farthermost end of the table, and at first helped himself liberally to the food and drink. When he reached the point at which with the best of will he could take no more unto himself, he leaned back in his chair, crossed his arms proudly over his chest and looked with exultant ecstasy at the radiant young couple, "Now she is happier than even the strange signora," thought he.

Suddenly he rose from his chair and in a loud and solemn voice asked the priest and the mayor whether, according to all the laws of the state and of the Church, Concetta and Giuliano were now man and wife and irrevocably and indissolubly united to each other. When with a nod of their heads and in a serious and positive tone they both answered him in the affirmative, he put another and yet stranger question, namely,

whether in prison or in the galleys a man was compelled to work. They answered this question also in the affirmative, and assured him that the convicts were kept very strictly to their work, for it was the best means to insure their betterment. Thereat Beppo laughed slyly, yet with a tinge of melancholy, and, turning to the mayor, addressed to him the longest speech of his life:

"Since, then, this marriage can never be broken, I will tell all and confess all that I know. Be it known to you, your honor, that it was I who stole the money from this old miser, in order that Concetta should be able to marry Giuliano. went on foot from Naples to Massa, and from there I came here at night and stole into his house through the door, that was not bolted and which I opened easily. But I was awfully afraid that he might awaken, and it took me almost an hour before I got the chest from under the bed. Then I ran for my life and came to Massa before morning. I threw the chest into the sea, pocketed the money, went back to Naples and then brought the money here pretending that it was the fortune left us by my father's sister. But she died so poor that she did not leave as much as half a scudo. Now the old man can get his money back. It is all the same. He can't turn Concetta out of his house any more. And, Mr. Mayor, if I am locked up I should like to be sent to the island of Nisida, in the Bagno prison, so that I can look over to Capri from there."

Thereupon he stretched forth his hands as if offering them for the chains, and burst out into violent tears. A terrible screaming and wailing and cursing broke forth in wild confusion from the entire audience. Beppo was the only one who remained calm. But there was no help for it. The mayor had to arrest him and deliver him into the hands of justice, however much he regretted to be compelled to do it. Yet he comforted the relatives of the young criminal, and

especially Concetta, who was in utter despair, as much as he could. Of course, Beppo would have to be punished, for the law must be upheld under all circumstances. Robbery is robbery, and burglary is the worst form of robbery. But the punishment, the mayor assured them, would not be severe, for jurymen are also human beings and would take into consideration the good motive of the bad act. He himself would personally throw his influence in his favor to the furthest extent possible and the priest would do likewise. And however long the term might be made, there was still the possibility of a royal pardon that might so reduce it as to make it only a serviceable warning, so that the prison would become his school in which he would learn to do steady and regular work. These words had the effect of soothing the minds of his parents and Concetta to some extent. But in spite of this, when Beppo was about to be taken to the mainland to await a trial there, as he entered the boat his father was overcome with grief and anger, and cried aloud: "O Beppo, who could have thought that you would bring this shame upon our house! Oh, che bestia che tu sei l"

But Beppo laughed in an unconcerned and kind way and said: "Father, I had to learn how to work sometime."

When the boat sailed off, he called again: "Remember me to the beautiful blonde lady who stays in the Pagano Hotel; you have good reason to be thankful to her."

At this instant he perceived that his sister sank on her knees at the shore and buried her beautiful countenance in her hands; but Giuliano raised her and put her head on his bosom, and there it remained as long as Beppo could distinguish her. And then he stretched himself supinely on the boat at full length, looked dreamily into the blue sky and abandoned himself to a full and hearty enjoyment of his last free "dolce far niente."

### Solomon Improved On

"Go to the ant," may be advice
That's very good, 'tis true;
But simply have a picnic, and
The ants will come to you.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Much the Same

"She told him she simply could not make up her mind to be the wife of a poor man."
"He isn't a poor man, though."

"No; but he soon would be if she married him."

—Brooklyn Life.

### Philosophy from the Philistine

Men who say they have exhausted life, merely mean that life has exhausted them.

When we reach Utopia we always find the map has deceived us, and so we sail on. This is Progress.

The New Thought is that peculiar proclivity to explain the thing before you understand it.

If you must disparage a bit, speak ill of the dead—they can stand it.



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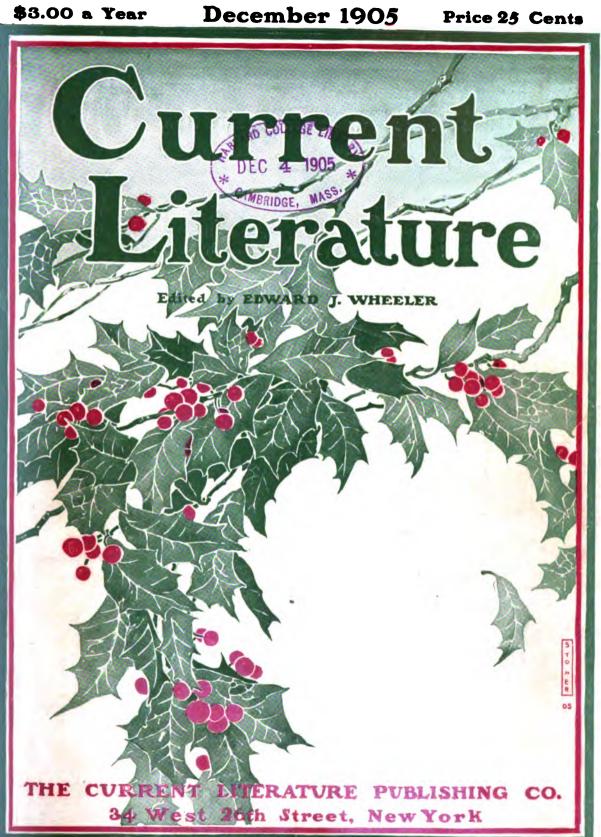
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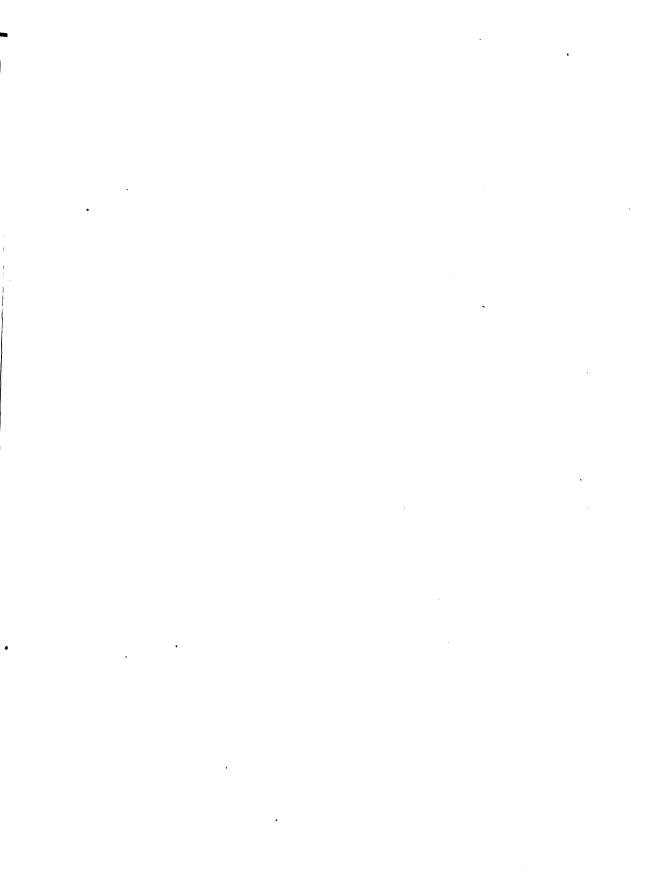
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MR. HEARST AND HISISON "BUSTER"

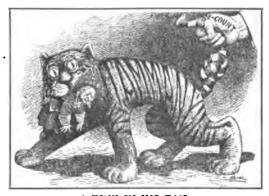
This picture was reproduced in Mr. Hearst's papers in the heat of the campaign, apparently to counteract certain aspersions on Mr. Hearst's moral character. The real name of the boy is George Randolph Hearst and his father says he shall go to the public schools

it so." Mr. Jerome, more perhaps than any other one man in the country, embodied in himself the opposition to party machines. That issue was not forced upon him by circumstances. He seems deliberately to have chosen it at a time when not one man in a hundred thought his choice meant anything but defeat. Before any nominations were made and when it was generally thought he might easily secure a renomination at the hands of either Tammany Hall or the Republican party, or both, he announced that he would stand as an independent candidate. He did so, being nominated by petition, and though the Republican nominee afterward declined and Jerome was nominated in his place, it was too late to change the official ballot, and Jerome's name was consequently on a ballot by itself. Under

the circumstances, his election is taken as the most signal triumph of independent voting "It was the ever recorded. greatest moral victory of election day in this country," says the Boston Transcript (Rep.). "and its value is immeasurable." "Many a man on Tuesday beat a boss of one party." says the Cleveland Plain-Dealer (Dem.), "but it remained for William Travers Jerome to beat all the bosses of all parties."

C IMILAR comment comes from all sections, most journals, however, making the mistake of assuming that Jerome had no organization whatever behind him. That is not strictly true. Even before Ierome had announced his intention of standing as an independent candidate, the Citizens' Union, under the leadership of R. Fulton Cutting, had taken the position, by formal resolution, that the renomination of Jerome was a sine quâ non to any fusion movement; and the failure of the Republican conferees and the conferees of the Municipal Ownership League to agree to this nomination in advance was, it is generally understood, the chief cause of the failure of the

fusion movement. When that failure came about, the Citizens' Union devoted all its time



A KINK IN HIS TAIL

—Culver in Baltimore American.

and means to the one object of Jerome's election. One other comment on Jerome's candidacy we quote here, not because it is representative, but because it is exceptional in the flood of laudatory press utterances. It is from the New York *Mail*, and it undoubtedly voices the partizan view of Jerome's case:

"District Attorney Jerome, by his 'declaration of independence' and the course he took to vindicate it, turned an easy victory into a very difficult one. The returns show that plainly. His appeal to the people 'over the heads of the bosses' was heeded by a little over one-third of District Attorney, as his record in office amply entitled him to be, but this time he is the choice of a small minority of the electorate where four years ago he was the choice of an absolute majority. . . . His record as an official should have made him far stronger with the people, but as a candidate he kept getting in the way of his record. His narrow plurality when every circumstance worked in his favor, except the position of his name on the official ballot, registered a sentiment of criticism and personal disfavor which his undiscriminating friends may charge off to machine politics.' It is in fact the gratuitous product of his own persistent indiscretions and extravagances of utterance, and the measure of just resentment at his selfish playing of the lone hand to the disaster of the anti-Tammany cause."

The New York World, however, calls attention to the fact that if the void, defective and protested ballots, most of which were intended for Jerome, were counted for him, his plurality



THE POLITICAL ELAINES

"And the dead, steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood"

-Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle

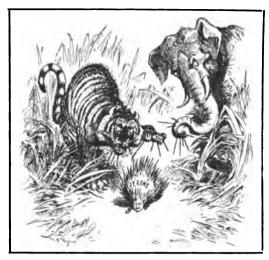


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### ON THE STEPS OF THE CITY HALL

The question is, Is Mayor McClellan going up and in or coming down and out? On the face of the returns he is reflected by 4,000 plurality, but the count is being protested

would be about 20,000, secured "against every difficulty that bossism could invent." And the Connecticut Courant says: "Jerome's canvass has been like a great rush of fresh, cold, sweet out-door air into our vitiated politics. His re-election is a thing to thank God for. Every sordid political boss between the two oceans holds by a more precarious tenure be-



HOT STUFF
-Rogers in N. Y. Herald

cause of him, and American citizenship stock has risen in every market."

NEW YORK CITY'S mayoralty election is, at this writing, still to be definitely decided. On the face of the returns, George B. McClellan, the Tammany candidate, who at the beginning of the campaign was generally thought to have a "sure thing," is elected by a plurality of about four thousand. It was the closest election held in New York City since 1834, when Cornelius W. Lawrence was elected



ONTHEIR NECKS
-Bush in N. Y. World

the second mayor of the city by a plurality of but 203 votes. A protest against the count has been made by William R. Hearst, the Municipal Ownership League candidate, and the final result will rest with the courts, and it may be weeks before a decision is reached. Whether or not Mr. Hearst is to be seated as mayor, the vote he received has startled the country, and is variously interpreted. While nominally he stood as a representative of municipal ownership of public utilities, as a matter of fact his campaign was conducted chiefly in protest against "bossism" and "graft." The municipal ownership issue was never very clearly drawn. The Republican candidate. Mr. Ivins, was almost as radical in many of his utterances as Hearst himself. and Mr. McClellan laid stress upon the municipal ferry and municipal gas plant which were brought to pass under his administration and for which he claimed credit. So far as we have noted, the Springfield Republican is the only journal that calls the Hearst vote "a municipal ownership victory," and it goes on to modify somewhat that expression so as to include in it the general feeling of protest against all corporate abuse. It says:

"This is one of the most extraordinary upheavals in recent American politics. Nor is the significance of it hard to find. There is little of the personal in this demonstration; it represents rather a great popular uprising over an issue, and that issue is the plundering of our American cities, through the bosses, by corrupting and aggrandizing corporations engaged in exploiting for private profit monopoly franchises of untold value. What has now happened in New York is a repetition of what has been happening in Chicago—a demonstration of strong popular favor, whenever it has had a chance to express itself, for the policy of public ownership of public service enterprises, as against the policy of giving over these privileges to private monopoly working in league with the dominant political machine."

OTHER interpreters of the Hearst vote lay less stress upon the municipal ownership idea and more upon the feeling of general protest against corporate jobbery and its alliance with political organizations. The New York Times, for instance, calls it "a passionate resentment against what those who participate in it call the 'money power,' " and it goes on to say:

"It is worth while for this community to understand that the Hearst movement is not remedial, reformatory, constructive, or reconstructive. It is altogether destructive. Aggregations of men moved by such passions and under such leadership are invariably destructive. Sometimes these



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THE BEST PICTURE EVER MADE OF JEROME

"Many a man on Tuesday beat a boss of one party, but it remained for William Travers Jerome to beat all the bosses of all parties"

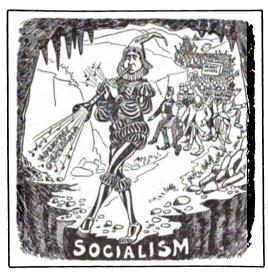


TAMMANY: GREAT SCOTT, WHAT WAS THAT I SWALLOWED"

-McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

forces may come into play in the course of nature as a corrective. They do their work of tearing down as a preliminary to the work of building up—by quite other hands. The Hearst forces have no thought of building up, they have not got so far as that, and never will under his leadership."

The New York Evening Post, in an editorial



THE PIED PIPER OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand.
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew
And flowers put on a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new.
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle wings.

—Robert Browning

-Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle

just before the election on "Our New Found Yellow Peril," spoke of the "Hearst raid upon the government of the City of New York" in terms of strongest disgust, called him "disreputable," his journal "a yellow newspaper pouring out filth, defying public decency, inculcating contempt for civilized morals and for law, scattering broadcast the poison of class hatred." While it has not, since the election, modified its views of Hearst himself or his papers, it sees in the vote cast for him something of "tremendous significance." It says:

"It was only in small part a tribute to the municipal ownership fad. It was not wholly a demonstration of the power of notoriety and sensationalism. Nor did Hearst's personal character figure very largely. Thousands of people were looking about for a missile to hurl, did not much care whether it was clean or not, and so took him. And what were they aiming at? Many of them, undoubtedly, at corrupt and hated bosses and party organizations which they believed to be rotten. But still greater numbers voted for Hearst to register their protest, in a blind and mistaken way, no doubt, but none the less with pathetic earnestness, against a social and financial system which they have come to feel to be permeated with injustice and oppression."

It goes on to assert that the most effective promoters of the Hearst vote were Chauncey M. Depew, James H. Hyde, John A. McCall, President McCurdy, "with every other respectable and whited grafter whose misdeeds have leaped to light in recent weeks." This same view is earnestly urged by the Chicago Tribune, which says that the sentiment which found expression in the Hearst vote is found in every part of the country, and it finds the cause for this not alone in the life insurance disclosures, but in the extortions practised by the beef, coal and other trusts, in the railway rebates and discriminations, and in the corruption of city councils by municipal public utility corporations. These are "the real promoters of Socialism." The Socialists, by the way, strenuously oppose Hearst and the municipal ownership idea. Mr. W. J. Ghent, one of their most influential writers, issued an appeal which was extensively circulated before election in New York, calling the promises of the Hearst party "mere buncombe," and municipal ownership "a humbug issue" which, even at its best, could only slightly reduce carfares and gas bills, a gain which would at once go into the pockets of landlords and other "capitalist exploiters." The vote of the two Socialist parties in New York City was, nevertheless, despite the efforts of Socialist leaders, cut almost in half by the Hearst movement.

HEN the election in Philadelphia was over and the general result was known, about the first thing the chairman of the City party, Franklin S. Edmonds, did was to send two telegrams, announcing the victory for "good government," one to President Roosevelt and one to Secretary Root. The responses, if any, have not been made known, but Mayor Weaver received from Secretary Root a despatch the next morning reading as follows: "Hearty congratulations on your great victory. have made every American your debtor." In view of the fact that the victory for which the Secretary was offering congratulations was a victory over the regular Republican organization, considerable significance attaches to this little incident. It does not stand alone, however. The attitude of the administration had already been shown not only in relation to the election in Philadelphia, but in relation to contests elsewhere. Secretary Taft's campaign speech in Akron, Ohio, was one of the sensations of the campaign. He said:

"If I were able, as I fear I shall not be, because public duty calls me elsewhere, to cast my vote in Cincinnati in the coming election, I should vote against the municipal ticket nominated by the Republican organization, and for the State ticket."

In addition to the attitude of Secretary Root and Secretary Taft, that of Secretary Bonaparte is also of interest. He was one of the active leaders in the contest waged in Maryland against the Poe amendment. Further

than this, Secretary Root let his views on the candidacy of Jerome in New York City be known in emphatic terms. He said: "The selection of a District-Attorney is not so much a question of one party against another as it is of all honest people against all the crooks and criminals of every kind. Jerome now seems to have a good chance of election, and his election would be a great thing for New York."

HE claim that the elections were an administration victory is, in the light of these events, made with emphasis in various Jerome was elected; the Poe amendment was defeated, discrediting Senator Gorman, whose public policy has been described as the simple one of finding out what President Roosevelt wants and then opposing it; Cox, the Republican "boss" of Cincinnati, was defeated so signally that he has since announced his permanent "retirement" from politics; and the Republican machine in Philadelphia, characterized by Mr. Root as "a corrupt and criminal combination masquerading as Republicans," has been overthrown with such emphasis that even Governor Pennypacker has heard the sound thereof and has



THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF OHIO

The name of John M. Pattison is not in 'Who's Who," but it will be. In a State that gave a Republican plurality last year of 250.000, he obtains this year a handsome plurality as Democratic candidate for Governor. And the Anti-Saloon League rejoices, It made the greatest fight of its existence against Herrick and for Pattison



THE GOVERNOR OF "LITTLE RHODY"

George H. Utter was reelected to Rhode Island's gubernatorial chair by an increased majority. He is a Republican, and will have behind him a big Republican majority in the Legislature



"TOM JOHNSON," OF CLEVELAND

This millionaire follower of Henry George has just been reelected Mayor of Cleveland

hastened to issue a call for an extra session of the legislature to carry out reforms demanded by the City party. The Washington correspondent of a Democratic paper—the New York Times—recalls these various incidents and the somewhat Krugerish speech of Mr. Roosevelt himself not long ago to the effect that unfit candidates should be smitten with "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and says:

"One great result, in the opinions of the politicians, is that the anti-boss campaigns have been a distinct indorsement for Mr. Roosevelt. . . . In all the local anti-boss fights the leaders of revolt have conjured with the President's name and he has been hardly less prominently mentioned than the candidates. Failure of the anti-boss campaigns would have been, in the estimation of conservative judges here, a setback for the President."

The New York Tribune (Rep.) makes the same claim:

"One of the most significant facts during the recent mayoralty campaign in this city was that wherever and whenever President Roosevelt's name was mentioned, whether in McClellan, Hearst or Ivins meetings, it was the signal for tumultuous applause. Perhaps not since the Monroe 'era of good feeling' has there ever been

a period in American history when a living President was thus acclaimed by representatives of all parties, especially at campaign meetings. . . . The President is himself the hero of the new revolt against blind partisanship, which is the most distinctive and hopeful feature and political indication of our time. Jerome in New York had but to follow along that line for a county office in order to make himself a national figure."

HE effect on national politics that the various elections will have is the subject of many interesting speculations. The Chicago Inter-Ocean (Rep.) does not feel like tossing any bouquets to the President just now. The elections, it thinks, "certainly give a vast amount of food for reflection to Theodore Roosevelt, as well as to every Republican who believes his party's historic principles worth organizing and fighting to maintain." This utterance displays a point of view that seems to the New York Sun as "hopelessly antiquated" as a sedan chair would be in Broadway. "President Roosevelt," it remarks. "cheered on the fight against the bosses and grafters, against Odell, Durham and Penrose, Gorman, Cox; and he is glad, as every decent Republican ought to be, that the People won the fight. Neither the 'historic' nor the present principles of the Republican party include boss rule and graft." The Washington correspondent of the New York Chamber of Commerce agrees with the Times correspondent that the general outcome of the election "has been satisfactory to the Administration," and he furnishes this additional item of information as to the interpretation that has been reached in Washington:

"There are a good many factors in the present rather complex feeling on this subject, but perhaps the dominant one is that of satisfaction at the supposedly improved prospects of railroad rate legislation. This is voiced by some persons in the statement that some of the local Republican bosses who received defeats or rebukes were men who were antagonistic to rate legislation."

The Spokesman-Review (Rep.), of Spokane, Washington, also sees in the elections an important bearing on railroad rate-regulalation. It says:

"If the corporation owned and railroad directed senators can not read the handwriting on the wall after yesterday's elections, nothing can save them from their folly. . . . If the railroad controlled senators can not see that the people are tremendously in earnest, and are going to support policies advocated by men like Roosevelt, Taft, Folk and LaFollette, and set their heel upon the shifty, tricky policies of men like Foraker, Penrose and Cox, they must, indeed, be hopelessly

dense, or irreclaimably bought and tagged by the railroads. It is hoped that this wholesome lesson will be taken to mind and heart by all those Pacific coast senators who have been trying hard to find a way to oppose the President's policy of railway regulation."

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* says that Senator Gorman's ability to lead the Senate Democrats as a body is now out of the question, and many of them are likely to follow the advice of Bryan and John Sharp Williams and support the President's rate-regulation policy. "It will not be surprising," he adds, "to experienced politicians here if there is a Democratic stampede to the President."

NOTHER interesting line of speculation is the effect the elections will have upon the national leadership of the Democratic party. The Cleveland Leader (Rep.) thinks that the signs of the times all point to domination of the radicals in the Democratic National Convention of 1908, and it picks out Governor Folk, of Missouri, as the likely winner, for he is the most noted reformer in the party, yet he stands "regular," has had no falling out with powerful Democratic leaders, and Bryan and Tom Johnson are both favorably disposed toward him. Henry Watterson, shortly before the recent election, expressed the opinion that the next Democratic candidate will be either Bryan or Hearst, but that neither of them will be strong enough to carry the country. The Spokesman-Review thinks that Mr. Hearst's vote in New York makes him much more formidable now than when Mr. Watterson spoke. It forecasts events as follows:

"Those who believed that Mr. Hearst was nothing but a rampant yellow journalist are learning that behind his sensationalism there is a power strong enough to elect him to congress and almost able to down the most powerful democratic machine in the country. He may be able to win over that same machine to his own side, if he desires its support in the presidential field, and the race in the national convention between him and Bryan, as predicted by Mr. Watterson, may be a very interesting one."

Whoever the national Democratic leader is to be, now is the time, the Macon *Telegraph* thinks, for him to make himself heard:

"The opportunity of the Democratic party has come again. The results of Tuesday's election are revivifying. The voice of a leader should now be heard in the land and there should be a rallying of forces and due organization so that that wedge which has now entered shall be driven in at the national elections of a year hence."



MAYOR AGAIN OF SAN FRANCISCO

Eugene E. Schmitz defeated the candidate on which Republicans and Democrats had combined

ONGRESS is on the eve of assembling, and if the forecasts of the Washington correspondents of some European journals are trustworthy, the next session of our highest legislative body will be distinguished by an heroic effort and an heroic failure on the part of President Roosevelt to free this country from the "sordid domination" of United States Senators. That is the view the London Outlook takes of the situation. The Hamburger Nachrichten, of Berlin, also looks for a titanic struggle and remarks sarcastically that Mr. Roosevelt, however successfully he may manage the affairs of the world at large, is about to find the job before him at Washington "a tax upon his prodigious capacity." Mr. A. Maurice Low, the intelligent correspondent of the London Morning Post, views the situation through lenses of the same hue. The President, he tells his countrymen, has committed himself to a policy on railroad rate regulation which is "violently opposed by the great forces within his own party." He must fight or stultify himself, and in the fight courage of the highest order will be required of him, we are told, because his success may mean "Mr. Roosevelt," Mr. Low party disaster. goes on to add, "gives no indication of not facing the fire."

F THESE European prophets prove - as European prophets frequently do prove to be false predicters of events in America, they will be able to point to many of our own political weather-sharps who are laboring under much the same delusions. But it is not the integrity of one party alone that is thought to be menaced by the coming Congress. The New York Times (Dem.) is appealing earnestly to the Democrats to quit "playing the Republican game." That game it assumes to be to divert Democratic attention from the subject of tariff revision and reciprocity by precipitating a discussion over rate regula-"It is better Republican politics than Democratic politics," cries The Times, "to dodge on the tariff and muddle with railroad rates, respecting which nothing is practicable." It points to the late election in Massachusetts where the Republican candidate for lieutenantgovernor, who represented the less progressive protectionists, was elected by a scant plurality of about 2,000, while the candidate for governor, representing the more liberal wing, was elected by a plurality ten times as large, and says:

"If reciprocity is a good enough cry to come near carrying Massachusetts and to be taken up by the Governor of Iowa, it is a better reliance than rate regulation, which follows no line of cleavage in either party, but splits them both, and exposes the country to the revival of sectional politics."

The correspondent of that stanch Republican paper, the Boston Transcript, also sees, as the principal feature of the Congress about to assemble, this mix-up of parties which its Democratic neighbor in New York is seeking to prevent. Old timers in politics, we are told, cannot recall the time when partizanship was at so low an ebb. The coming Congress, these old timers think, will see Republicans and Democrats voting together upon more than one question, and Republicans and Democrats again breaking from their upon other questions. This Congress, it is predicted, will be a do-nothing Congress, because of the great conflict of interests and conglomeration of opinions. All the great issues, the Cincinnati Enquirer thinks, may be passed over, and Congress finally adjourn with the simple record of having made generous appropriations for the public expenses.

T HE national issue that is to-day, from a purely political point of view at least, of the first consequence is, as we pointed out last

month, the question of Federal regulation of railroad rates. Already the issue has called into existence a national convention on the subject, which promptly split into two conventions and resulted in two national organizations antagonistic to each other. The two conventions met in the closing days of October in Chicago. The call had been issued by an organization called the Interstate Commerce Association, which came into existence several years ago. It requested chambers of commerce and governors of States to appoint delegates to the convention, and about 900 delegates assembled in response. The association leaders, professing to have learned that the railroad interests were trying to pack the convention, decreed that no delegate should be admitted unless he would sign a statement in advance in favor of the President's plan for rate regulation. About one-half of the delegates-435, to be exact-refused to do this. They marched to the hall with conspicuous badges bearing the legend "Supervision, not Commercial Revolution," and as they were refused admission one by one, they departed to reassemble in another hall and form an opposing organization. The newspaper views of the bisected convention are naturally conflicting, but the weight of opinion seems to be to the effect that a convention whose members must pledge themselves in advance of discussion to a specific action is not a convention whose conclusions carry very considerable weight. The occurrence was interesting chiefly as an indication of the wide divergence of opinion among commercial men on this issue and the warm conflict that is thus presaged almost at the beginning of the agitation.

THE line-up of Senators and Congressmen on rate regulation is developing gradually. Senator Foraker's "defiance" of the President in his speech opening the Ohio campaign was followed by Secretary Taft in a speech defending the President's policy. Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, has spoken emphatically in favor of the President's policy, and Senator Morgan, of Alabama, is fundamentally opposed to it, as lodging too much power in the Federal Government. Ex-Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, is quoted to the effect that there are but three members of the Senate-Dolliver, Clapp and Tillman-who can be counted as sincerely on the President's side. This statement the St. Louis Globe-Democrat declares to be undoubtedly an exaggeration.

It thinks that a majority of the Democratic Senators "must be" in favor of rate regulation on the Roosevelt plan, and that the chances are, when the test vote comes, a good deal more than half the Republican Senators will be found there. The speech of the President at Raleigh, N. C., has given a new phase to the question. His use of the two words "maximum rate" is considered very important if the words were used designedly. The difference between a law giving the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to fix an absolute rate (the rate to be subject to review by the courts but to prevail until overruled by them) and a law giving the commission power to fix a "maximum rate" is declared by Samuel Spencer, the prominent railroad president, to be "vital." "To fix absolute rates," says Mr. Spencer, "unalterable by the carrier, in many cases, is to determine definitely and arbitrarily by governmental tribunal the relative advantages of competing cities or regions. To prescribe maximum rates only leaves the carrier free to make reductions, and may, and generally will, result in adjustments which will bring down whole tiers of rates, leaving the rela-

tions of rates as they were, and entailing enormous losses to the railways."

The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, a journal heretofore strenuously opposed to the President's rate-fixing policy, interprets the opinion of railway experts to be that it will be "very much easier" for the President to obtain "maximumrate" legislation, if that is what he wants, than to obtain "absolute-rate" legislation, which it has been supposed he wanted. Along this line, therefore, it is possible that we may yet see averted the proverbial catastrophe of an irresistible force (the President with the lower house behind him) impinged upon an immovable body (the Senate with the railroads and most of the big shipping interests behind it). The next message is awaited with interest.



THEY CALL HIM "UNCLE JOE" CANNON

His reelection as Speaker of the House of Representatives will, it is predicted, be without opposition in Republican ranks. He has declared himself for railroad rate-regulation.

POUR men—Nicholas II, Witte, Trepoff, Khilkoff-and four "freedoms"-those of person, press, speech and meeting—stand out to-day in Russia after a memorable month that has brought with it the ruin of an autocracy proudly proclaiming itself indestructible since Peter the Great expelled the wild geese from a Finnish marsh and built himself a new capital there. On paper, Russia has been free these four weeks past; but she will no longer be put off with paper. She shows her resentment of mere documents by repudiating the "constitution" spoon-fed to her by the cowed autocrat in minimum doses, of which the last completely turned the nation's stom-"The supreme duty imposed on us by our sovereign mission," ran this last of the manifestoes, "requires us to efface ourself."



THE HEIR TO THE CZAR'S THRONE IN THE ARMS OF HIS BEST FRIEND

Admiral Birileff had been charged with personal responsibility for their safety in the contemplated flight by sea three weeks ago

Which Nicholas thought he had done by the grant of civic freedom, a further extension of a highly complicated suffrage, the bestowal upon the Duma so soon to assemble of a right to reject government proposals, and recognition of ministerial responsibility with Count Witte as Prime Minister. "Shams, shams, shams!" commented the radical daily of St. Petersburg, refusing to delete the words when the censor saw them in proof. The paper was suppressed; but the Russian people refused to be suppressed.

FIRST came the railway strike, embracing the triangle of which St. Petersburg, Warsaw and Moscow are the corners. Those three communities speeded from riot to a state of primitive savagery grosser than Cæsar found in Gaul. Trepoff in return caused an effusion of human blood which, says the correspondent of the Paris Temps, made many a street slippery. "Government by ball cartridge," the London Telegraph called it while it lasted.

The climax of this phase came with the fall of Trepoff as Governor-General of St. Petersburg. The people thought they had won until Nicholas raised this detested soldier to the command of his personal bodyguard and entrusted him with the arrangements to insure the safety of the imperial palaces should efforts. be made to repeat the tactics of Father Gapon. This brought the universal strike. Every railway radiating from Moscow as a center came to a standstill. From every great station-Niini Novgorod, Kazan and Kharkoff, down to the Crimea and Kieff-came stories like details of the siege of Port Arthur. Infants died by the score for lack of milk and medi-Private residences were invaded by famished mobs that threw furniture, vases and bureaucrats into the street. Odessa, helpless because of the impossibility of moving troops along a paralyzed railway, glutted its fury upon the Jews, whose corpses are now reported to be choking the sewers. Meanwhile the Czar from his palace windows saw the heavens reddened by the conflagration kindled at Kronstadt by the sailors of a whole squadron in revolt. Authentic news was scarce in any quarter because the populace had everywhere attacked the telegraph and telephone.

NLY a few days before, the Czar had been blithe and hopeful, says the correspondent of the London Telegraph, Witte's mouthpiece to Western Europe. Nicholas. says this authority—confirmed by others—had regarded the situation with an optimist's eve. A grand hunt was scheduled for the very evening on which came this strike. It is still a strike to the court, which at once got together to consider it from that point of view. The most exalted Russian royalties are revealed to us, by the correspondents, in the palace of a grand duchess high in the Czar's favor. That Count Ignatieff who succeeded the assassinated Von Plehve in the confidence of the bombed Sergius appears to have taken the lead in this conference of reactionaries. Witte, too, had his place at the carved mahogany. The Czar was in hiding at Peterhof. The events of three hours had put so new a face upon affairs that an imperial yacht, "rhythmically rising and falling with the gentle swell of the windless waters in the Finnish Gulf," as that keen evewitness, Dr. E. J. Dillon, puts it in the London Telegraph, was ready at a moment's notice to welcome the successor of Ivan the Terrible with wife and child. Picked men made up the crew, while Admiral Birileff, whose prowess has just led to the slaughter of three hundred mutineers at Kronstadt, was to take command and make for blue water. Printed and ready for distribution to the censors were official announcements that Nicholas II, eager to recuperate from the continuous strain of the past ten months, had determined to pay a two months' visit to the court of Denmark. A Paris Figaro despatch shows the Czar's mother warning her younger son to contemplate a possible regency.

NO loss of nerve is attributed to the reactionaries summoned, with Witte and Ignatieff, to consider these embarrassments in the palace of the favored grand duchess. Dr. Dillon compares the coterie with the members of the Venetian Secret Council, stricken with blindness of the mind's eye or arrived at the imbecility of dotage. Witte was looked upon as a Mirabeau, his supporters as Jacobins. The soul of the court party is represented as having shed bitter tears at the suggestion that the Russia of Peter the Great must pass away. Every reactionary present urged that the Czar be at once implored to keep autocracy going with machine guns and the knout. All were men who, say those with knowledge, have had the Czar's ear for months and who have shaped his policy. The debate resulted in the choice of a former high official of the navy to urge this type of firmness in a personal audience with

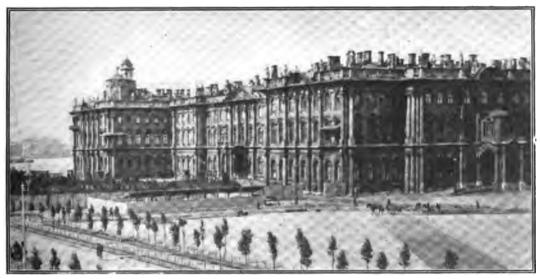


Stereograph co; yright by H. C. White Co., N. Y.

### WHERE THE CZAR LIVES WHEN IN POLAND

The Lazienski Palace, Warsaw, was the place alleged to have been selected for the assassination of Nicholas II. The Czar was to have gone there at the time of his appointment with William II., says one version of this suppressed bit of history. The palace was built by Poniatowski and is at the southern end of Warsaw.

the Czar. To Peterhoff, accordingly, went this emissary, and Nicholas heard him courteously. The autocrat answered then that he was desirous of maintaining unimpaired the autocratic system of his ancestors. But he



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### WHERE NICHOLAS II LIVES UNDER GUARD IN ST. PETERSBURG

This is the winter palace. It faces the Neva, this view being taken from Nevsky Prospect. Nicholas II was to have gone here from Peterhof last month, but there was a change of plan at the last moment and the Czar went to Tsarskoe-Selo.



THE GRAND DUKE WHO WANTS NO RUSSIAN CONSTITUTION

Vladimir is the Czar's uncie, besides being father of the Grand Duke Boris, who struck Kuropatkin at Mukden and of the Grand Duke Cyril, who has just forfeited his position at home by a marriage not to his relatives' liking. Vladimir urges Nicholas to defy the cities and lean upon the peasentry.

could find no one with sufficient capacity for the task. The audience came to nothing, although the Czar offered the vacant post of Trepoff to the naval hero who had come to plead with him. Nicholas merely stipulated that his hearer undertake the execution of the reactionary policy himself. From that the naval hero shrank. This detailed story is vouched for in some of the most careful European dailies as a faithful guide to the Czar's state of mind to-day. Manifesto follows manifesto. but Nicholas II yearns to retain every vestige of an autocracy that breaks to pieces all around him. Therefore he alludes, in every new grant of freedom to his people, to "the inflexible autocratic will" and to his own absolute authority. His grant of whole imperial estates, vast in acreage, to the peasants on long-term payments and in small holdings seems ominous of more urban upheaval. It is the old policy of the Grand Duke Sergius-"retain peasant loyalty and defy the godless mob." Reactionaries were sending committees to the Czar when Odessa's streets were heaped with Jewish dead, and Nicholas replied that they must find their man. But the only man is Witte, and the task is a more appalling one than that which he so brilliantly executed at Portsmouth.

ITTE left the conference of reactionaries and found the streets of St. Petersburg in an uproar. But the troops had not got out of hand and only a few dozen deaths had taken place. But the greatest Russian of his time had to proceed on foot to his gloomy stone residence on the western bank of the Neva. He looked on while crowds surged into a university building to be addressed by an army officer who preached liberty and covered his epaulets with a handkerchief to evade the military regulations. Upon arriving home Witte found a deputation of strikers awaiting him. He took them into his study and, like the liberty-loving army officer, proceeded to evade the regulations. He told the deputation that it was contrary to law for him to hear their grievances in his official capacity. He could only hear them in a personal capacity. Then Witte made those declarations of principle and policy which, says the Paris Temps, give us the clue to all that will happen when the Duma meets. count spoke, first of all, against a constituent assembly, so far as that term denotes a na-



THE REVOLUTIONARY MAGGOTS IN THE AUTO-CRATIC CHEESE

Chef Nicholas (to Pobiedonostseff): "The mice can be got rid of, but what is to be done about the worms?"

—Kladderadatsch (Beilin)

tional representative body based upon democratic ideas. The thing is impossible in Russia at present, declared Witte. Universal suffrage, according to him, merely hands political influence over to those who are rich enough to purchase it. "There is not in all the world," Witte is quoted as having said, "one cultivated man who believes in universal suffrage." The remark confirms the opinion of the London Spectator that Witte, when in this country, was only pretending to be a democrat.

IBERTY of the press and freedom of speech, Witte next said, would be upheld in good faith. Martial law, he added, would not be arbitrarily proclaimed in peaceful communities. The deputation returned to the railway congress which had sent it with the report that nothing had been gained. Nor is there any doubt in the minds of the workmen in the great cities, according to the Nasha Zhizn—still fitfully appearing—that Witte is upholding the Czar's determination to keep the labor element out of the Duma. At this date the first stages of the indirect elections for members of that body have come and gone. The representation from Moscow, Odessa, St. Petersburg and Kieff will sustain no numerical comparison with the representation from the rural districts. the series of indirect elections began in the closing days of October the rural police and the local bureaucrats saw to it that the peasants' deputies were shepherded at every

stage. If no unlooked for change of front is made, the Duma will assemble early next year. Witte has assured the Czar that it can only prove a most loyal body. The liberal landowners have striven to influence the elections. They have succeeded to some extent—to what extent is conjectural, as the struggle is proceeding in the rural villages and details are kept from the world. Socialist organs speak of



"THE BRAVEST HEART AND WISEST HEAD IN RUSSIA"

Michael Ivanovitch Khilkoff—with the title of Prince—who as Minister of Railways broke the great strike of engineers, firemen and brakemen and thus made it possible to despatch troops in any direction

a highly organized intimidation of the constituencies and of the electoral colleges.

I F THE revolts in the Russian cities can be checked in time, thinks a writer in the Neue Freie Presse (Vienna), the reactionaries will capture the Duma. There will be no town proletariat clamoring for freedom with the

tongues of labor members and the pens of liberal professors. That much is well understood by the population in the cities. Consequently, the present upheaval was made to synchronize with the date first fixed for the opening of the series of elections. But the Czar leaned upon Trepoff, notes the Rome Avanti on this point. Trepoff had made all his arrangements in the style of the Grand-Duke Sergius. He had college professors jailed and their classes shot down. Working men's meetings were made illegal and their appearance in the streets a misdemeanor. But the bureaucrats were taken entirely by sur-



A HURRY CALL FROM RUSSIA

-- May in Detroit Journal.



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THE MOSCOW GATE OF ST. PETERSBURG

By order of Grand Duke Vladimir some 250 strikers were shot dead here

prise when the railway strike spread like wildfire. The situation became one to which the parochial militarism of Trepoff was inadequate. The proletariat of the cities had brought about a pandemonium from which the only escape seemed their representation in the Duma. In the emergency, says the Paris Action, Nicholas issued the manifesto bestowing the "four freedoms." The Czar's generalities about a larger participation of the unrepresented in the labor of all for the com-



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CATHEDRAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION, MOSCOW

It is in the Kremlin, and through the gate at the right
the Grand Duke Sergius had barely ridden when he was
assassinated

mon good did not delude the college professors and the striking workmen. They accepted a freedom of the press that was found to entail suppression of objectionable editorials in the spirit in which it had been granted—that of temporizing. Finally, the disorders were renewed with universal suffrage as their aim. Witte sided with Nicholas here, and both called in the genius who alone could apply the physical remedy. Prince Khilkoff—the man who kept the Siberian Railway going throughout the war with Japan—was called to the palace.

looks to the safety of an autocrat who contemplates the possibility of a flight from his dominions cloaked as a visit to his relatives, Prince Khilkoff reveals himself the one great man of action. He has saved the government twice in the past fortnight by blending the methods of Farley, the strike breaker, with the timeliness of George Washington in retiring beyond the reach of defeat. Though St. Petersburg, Moscow and Warsaw were cut off from railway communication with the rest of Russia, though the strikers, inspired by political ideals, were revealing a power of combination and a unanimity quite staggering in Slavs, Prince Khilkoff went from the Czar's befuddled council firmly bent on obeying his master's personal entreaty to put an end to autocracy's humiliation. So impotent had the railway organization of the land now become that the British ambassador had to start for London by a tramp steamer. The fact that Sir Charles Hardinge quitted his post at all last month persuades the Paris Temps that his negotiations for an Anglo-Russian pact of some sort have led to something very tangible. Prince Khilkoff aided the ambassador in getting away, and then addressed himself to his stupendous task.

M OSCOW was by this time totally isolated. Telegrams—nothing could come through the post-office—were accumulating for Khilkoff with the tidings that milk was unobtainable, coal and meat exhausted and mobs driving police before them. Two hours were fruitlessly consumed in Khilkoff's efforts to induce the locomotive engineers to go back to work. The prince, like the practical railroad man he has ever been, finally took charge of a train himself. He was opening the throttle to make a run for the scene of greatest disturbance when the strike leaders implored a hearing.

Khilkoff had donned overalls to impress upon the multitude, declares the Novove Vremva, that he was in reality one of their class. The strikers formulated their political demands while passengers swarmed to the very roofs of cars. Khilkoff answered that he was simply the Czar's Minister of Railways and Communications, powerless, in that capacity, to grant constitutional reforms or to release political prisoners. Thereupon the strike feaders spoke of their long hours of labor. Khilkoff retorted that he had worked as a railroad brakeman once and that his hours had been sixteen out of the twenty-four. More, he had liked it. In fact, he had even worked overtime. That had enabled him to earn extra pay. In the United States, where he had worked as a brakeman, the hours were very long, added the prince. American labor was superior to Russian labor, but the prince told his hearers that relatively it was not better paid. But the strikers replied emphatically that the Muscovite wage-earners of the twentieth century thirsted for knowledge. wished a little leisure for reading. Khilkoff told the strikers they could labor sixteen hours out of twenty-four and still have an hour left out of each day to do their reading in. That made 365 hours a year devoted to intellectual "My own working hours are now uplift. longer than yours," added Khilkoff. He said he had injured his evesight through excess of work. Thus the interview ended with little definite result beyond the temporary suppression of a radical daily for denouncing Khilkoff's attitude. It merely reflects that of the bureaucracy, says the Nasha Zhizn.

THER Russian dailies are going into Khilkoff's American record. He came to this country on an emigrant ship in the Reaching Philadelphia penniless, he lived the life of a tramp until he got a job in a machine-shop as an oiler. After two years' hard work he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the capacity of stoker. He was soon made driver of a freight engine-"an enormous bound in social standing in America," says the Syn Otechestvoand at last attained the post of engineer on a passenger express. "He spent every available moment intellectually," says another Russian daily. But one day the Pennsylvania Railroad train run by Khilkoff broke down in a region described by our authority as "the remote New Jersey plain." One of the anxious passengers happened to be Minister of Railways of "a



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THE FOUNTAIN TERRACE AT PETERHOF

Here, according to despatches, Nicholas II was to give
the signal for his flight, should that be necessary

government quick in discerning talent"—Venezuela. Khilkoff repaired his engine while the Venezuelan statesman looked on. The Russian's capacity was so evident that he received on the spot an offer to go to Caracas as chief engineer of a line then building—the line now involving Castro with German bondholders. Khilkoff remained two years in Venezuela, grew homesick, returned to Russia,



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### THE CZAR'S GOLDEN STAIRCASE

It forms one of the show features of the palace at Peterhof, and from its steps was seen, it for conflagration kindled by the Kronstadt muticipal



"THE BLOODIEST STREET IN KIEF"
It is a main thoroughfare, known as the Krestchatik, the scene of many onslaughts of the military against mobs

and was made station master at a town too small to appear on most maps. Khilkoff's rise was steady until last month made him the hope of an autocrat withstanding a revolution.

NOR was that hope a vain one. Khilkoff, by causing a resumption of railway traffic. made it possible for the bureaucracy to mobilize troops in any direction. It is a feat which made Poland's planned rising for autonomy impossible. Otherwise, says the Berlin Vorwärts, Poland must have won her autonomy, and autonomy in Poland, says Witte, would have meant the doom of the Russian Empire of the Czars. London papers say William II would have thrown 200,000 of his troops into Warsaw had Khilkoff failed to relieve the railway congestion. The statement is inherently probable to the London Spectator, which tells us that the German Emperor dreads a successful rising in Warsaw as a prelude to a revolt of his own Poles. The new concessions to Finland will be modified in spirit, if not in letter, says the London Standard, if Khilkoff can keep the railways going. Thus the prince takes his place beside Witte-another railroad man-as one of the few living Russians who have displayed first-class capacity in the Czar's service. The reactionaries have taken heart of grace, and universal suffrage and a constituent assembly go by the board. So, at any rate, proclaims Trepoff. The city mobs are inflamed at this defeat when victory seemed so near. If the Berlin Post sees the situation in its true light, the workmen are likely to be checked. Thus ends what is a preliminary, if tremendous, skirmish. With the gathering of the Duma, the heat of real battle begins.

T IS because its eyes are fixed on the coming Duma, therefore, that autocracy persists in a policy of sham concession and genuine defiance which to the press of France herself seems stupid and vindictive. As very few suicides seem committed on the spur of the moment, the act being generally premeditated and its consummation postponed again and again, so autocracy, shrinking from self-destruction, entertains its hope to the very end that universal suffrage need not be. So provincial officials rain secret circulars on peasant elders strictly forbidding meetings or the distribution of newspapers and political pamphlets. A liberty-loving countess whose leaflets were confiscated by village magnates protested to Trepoff that her writings had been passed by the censor. The general warned the lady that various agitators who persisted in political speeches to village voters would be deported to Siberia. No one, declared Trepoff, must advise a peasant how to vote. He pro-



THE RETURN OF RUSSIA'S ARMY FROM MANCHURIA

The veterans serenade Nicholas as the great military genius of the day

-Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart)

nounced it seditious for a workman in a city to write home to his peasant father on the subject. Bureaucracy's power was everywhere in the rural districts when the elections were held for a fresh set of electoral colleges in the second week of the month just expiring. Ukases, decrees and circulars relating to the voting came out all through the period of strike disturbance. "But it is generally recognized," says the London Times, "that the illorganized police forces of Russia are utterly incapable of coping with properly concerted efforts such as the progressives of all shades are capable of making." Even so, reports the London Standard's correspondent, a recrudescence of the sentiment in favor of boycotting the Duma may be noted among the "intellectuals." But a majority of the "intellectuals" tried to exert some influence over the elections to the Duma, in spite of Trepoff.



PEACE IN EUROPE

- Wahre Jacob · Stuttgart)



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THE SCENE OF TREPOFF'S TRIUMPH

This is the famous Nevsky Prospect, looking east. Trepoff's troops have held it with shot and shell against popular demonstrations

ITTE has become the arch-enemy to those university democrats who saw in the Duma a field for their political agitation. Some liberals have pledged themselves to obstruct the count's legislative work when his cabinet and his policy run the gauntlet of the Duma. He is even held responsible for the shrinkage of St. Petersburg's qualified voters from 25,000 to 8,500. He is accused of constantly shifting his ground without ever saying anything definite. But Witte replies that he is opposed to all persecution and bloodshed and remains the partizan of the greatest amount of liberty. There seems no doubt that he tried to save the Jews from the butcheries of the month. The wholesale massacres were connived at by autocracy, say socialist papers like the Rome Avanti and the Paris Action, for the purpose of diverting the city mobs from the suffrage crusade. Von Plehve had taught the reactionaries how to organize Jewish butchery as a branch of the police power. Secret societies, sworn to massacre the chosen people, can be turned loose at a nod. The streets of Odessa bore witness to the survival of the Plehve system when five thousand Jewish dead and wounded were counted after a twenty-four hours' period of pagan orgy and Carthaginian cruelty. There was slaughter for the men, the leer of the satyr for the women, while the lives of their children were stamped out with the feet of horses and troops. The latest of all the Russian dissolving views reveals

Nicholas II and

the court depart-

ing from Peter-

hof, now con-

of Tsarskoe-Selo

and the Winter

Palace. The high-

est officers of the

Trepoff at their

head, and each

with a lady on

his arm, march in

procession to the

arrive. Nicholas

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A MEMORIAL OF RUSSIA AS A GREAT WAR POWER

The St. Petersburg triumphal column and monument, made of cannon captured in the war with Turkey

a blue Siberian fox coat braided with gold, tight trousers and half boots. The magnificence of his uniform and its glittering decorations, says the Paris Gaulois, showed his Majesty's graceful figure to great advantage.

NOT in her domestic affairs alone, but in her foreign relations as well, Russia seems to have just undergone a revolution. Into the news that Emperor William has permitted his ambassador at St. Petersburg to resign. London's jubilant press reads a British triumph in a struggle waged for weeks with the sole purpose of drawing Russia into line with the Anglo-French combination. We have here, conjectures the London press, the greatest event in European diplomacy since the practical disintegration of that union of Old-World powers known as the concert of Europe. The whole foreign policy of Russia seems, last month, to have been wrested from its moorings. As the London Times and Post explain it all. Russian world politics has almost revolutionized itself in a conflict of two tendencies. One ranges in a single camp the so-called liberal powers-Great Britain, France and Italy. In the opposite camp, until the German Emperor's ambassador resigned last month, stood Russia and the powers which have inherited the reactionary traditions of the Holy

Alliance—Russia herself, Germany and Austria. The tendencies of the liberal powers are toward democracy, representative institutions, equality of opportunity. The tendencies of the other group of powers are dynastic, inclining to militarism, a close union of Church and State, and negation of the democratic idea in polity and in economics. The news that Russia has abandoned the reactionary camp for the liberal camp is not a whit less important, aver the newspapers of all Europe, than the fact that the Czar yielded to the insistence of his people upon a grant of freedom. The tangle of covenants assuming shape in the triple alliance, the dual alliance, the Austro-Russian agreement regarding Turkey, and the Bismarckian system of diplomatic reinsurance behind an ally's back, went into the wastebasket together when Emperor William's ambassador quitted St. Petersburg. At the same time the alliance of France, Russia and Great Britain was made probable before long-inevitable in any event. Such is the reasoning which many dailies abroad, of weight and influence, accept as correct.



Nicholas, the Muscovite Marvel: "Dead frost that war turn. I'll give 'em the Hague business again. Hurry up with the dove and olive branch!"

-London Punch

BEFORE this result was achieved, the Czar's court had been the scene of a struggle between the British ambassador and the German ambassador. The German ambassador had promised, according to the Petit Parisien, that if Russia held aloof from Great Britain, Germany would promote a partition of Austria which would give the Czar Bohemia, the Polish provinces and other Slav districts. Count Witte is said by this authority to have given a tentative assent to the scheme. He had not calculated upon the vigor of French opposition. Paris is reported to have strained its official influence with the Czar to the utmost during the past month, and the result is believed in French papers to be one of the most signal purely diplomatic victories ever won. Russia, which had forfeited her prestige through the war with Japan, now regains her position as a great European power. British ambassador went to London last month for the purpose of outlining with Lord Lansdowne the terms upon which Russia could be admitted into the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. while Great Britain takes membership in the dual alliance. This is an elaborate superstructure to rear upon the basis of the superannuation of Emperor William's ambassador. declares the Berlin Kreuz Zeitung. The Paris Aurore retorts that the superstructure is not too elaborate for the foundation.



RUSSIA'S CONSTITUTION

How the way to freedom is opened up to the mujik

—Simplicissimus (Munich)



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IN WARSAW'S JEWISH QUARTER
About a third of the inhabitants of the capital of Russian Poland are Jews. They form the backbone of the Socialist agitation according to Trepoff, who denounces them sternly

PRINCE LOUIS, of Battenberg, with his squadron of six British cruisers (for he is admiral as well as prince), has come and gone, after a strenuous round of functions, the quick succession of which, he said, gave him on an average but five minutes between times to change his clothes. He has Newport, Annapolis, Washington, visited New York (including Coney Island) and West Point, and if he failed to enjoy himself, all the press reporters interpreted his looks amiss. Admiral Evans, with eight battleships, and Rear-Admiral Brownson, with four cruisers, contrived to live through the festivities, which included calls, receptions, dinners and luncheons galore, fireworks, the Horse Show, launch races, football and a dance on the British admiral's flag-ship, the Drake, with the temperature at about the frost line. thing beside festivity, however, was produced. The Anti-Anglo-American Alliance League (did you ever hear of it before?) applied to the Commissioner of Police of New York City for a permit to parade the streets in token of its disapproval of the prince's coming, or something, and of course received the permit. The parade, if it occurred, did not shake the world. Similar disapproval of the visit existed in Berlin, where the Kreuz Zeitung, edited by Emperor William's personal adviser in international—especially Russian—affairs, criticized in advance the reception to be given to the prince, asserting that it was planned for



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### THE ADMIRAL OF THE BRITISH SQUADRON ON THE DECK OF HIS FLAGSHIP

Prince Louis of Battenberg, during the sojourn of his warships in New York Harbor, declared that it would be very easy for a fleet of warships to reduce the metropolis to a heap of ruins in less than half an hour. The New York Times says the Prince was joking.

the purpose of promoting Great Britain's claim that she is a virtual ally of the United States. That claim the Berlin paper considers both laughable and serious—laughable because England and the United States are sure to fall

out sooner or later over Canada or the Monroe doctrine, and serious because our naval officers take their cue from this claim and look upon a fight with Germany as the only one thinkable in the near future for this country. We don't know whether the Berlin editor is a diligent reader of Mr. Hearst's papers, but if he is he must have noted with joy that one of the indictments urged in the recent campaign by Mr. Hearst's editors against Mayor McClellan was the fact that the latter was to participate in the festivities of welcome to the prince—a fact that seemed very reprehensible indeed to those papers. Still another part of the world seems to have been stirred up over the matter. The Paris Européen has been telling its readers of an ugly row between President Roosevelt and Mayor McClellan because the latter had refused positively to assist in any welcome to the prince, declaring that if that distinguished scion of royalty did come to New York, he, the mayor, would leave town and never return until the British cruisers were again hull down in the distance. It would be impossible, said the mayor to the President (so runs this interesting tale), for the police of New York to preserve order if the admiral's squadron came to New York, and he, the mayor, would not be responsible for the "regrettable incidents" that would be certain to occur.

HE President's Southern tour lasted but ten days; but it is doubtful if there have ever been ten more memorable days even in his eventful life. It was described even by one of the few Southern journals that found the occasion an appropriate one for hostile comment-the Charleston News and Courieras "a triumphal progress." It had seemed before this trip that the President had reached the apex of his career when, ax in hand, among the trees at Sagamore Hill, he was found by Secretary Loeb and informed of the peace agreement at Portsmouth. Nothing, it seemed, could come after that that would not seem like an anticlimax. But reading the accounts of the greetings, from the first day, October 18, when he began his tour in the Confederate capital, to the last day, October 26, when, as Collier's Weekly puts it, "he went down to the shore [at New Orleans] like a Mardi Gras King of the Carnival and disappeared into space," one can hardly consider the journey secondary to any other event in his career. Even after he thus "disappeared into space" the noteworthy features of the trip

were not ended. For out of that space came a wireless message which traveled one thousand miles to Washington to tell that the President's little squadron had been maintaining a speed of twenty knots an hour, breaking all records of our navy for squadron speed. "The tour of President Roosevelt through the South," says a Virginia paper, "was the most notable and, we may say, the most successful, tour made in this generation by any public man." "For a parallel," says Harper's Weekly, "to the fervor and sincerity of the greeting given him in States which had withheld from him their electoral votes we should have to pass over the long list of Presidents who perforce had to content themselves with a sectional popularity, and go back to the visit paid to New England some hundred and ten years ago, by George Washington." Not an untoward incident of consequence marred the trip.

THE reception in Richmond was an auspicious beginning. With an escort preceded and followed by eight mounted howitzers, the President proceeded down Main Street in a carriage drawn by two coal-black steeds, driven by a negro. At the corner of Sixth Street, an "immaculate phalanx of beauty," consisting of 150 young ladies, were waiting, and they promptly raised the strains of our national hymn. In the reception rooms illustrious Virginians looked down from the walls upon an animated scene. The President gave every manifestation of delight. "Oh, gentlemen." he remarked, "do you know this people and this mansion are ideal! I am captivated with it all; I am tempted to stay here." Then he talked of the illustrious ones whose portraits were on the wall almost as if he had known them. "Anecdote after anecdote of the great Virginians represented there he told,



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#### THE PRESIDENT AT THE OLD HOME OF HIS MOTHER

Just behind and at his left is Mrs. Roosevelt. At his right is Mammy Grace, who was his mother's nurse. The old man at the end of the front row is Daddy William, who decorated the house when the President's mother was married. The tall man in the rear row, a little to the right of the President, is Senator Clay.



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#### IN ACTION

President Roosevelt at Raleigh, N. C., calling for a "square deal" for the people from the railroads

beginning with a live bit of repartee attributed to John Randolph of Roanoke, and following with comment on the knightly Spottswood, in his stiff court costume, Governor Berkeley, Fitzhugh Lee, Mr. Montague himself and others, to the great delight of his hearers." The President, it must be remembered, is a historian as well as many other things.

I N HIS formal address—which the once fiery Henry Watterson, of Louisville, declares ought to be recorded in letters of gold alongside the Gettysburg speech of Lincoln—the President said, among other things:

"Here I greet you in the shadow of the statue of your mighty commander, General Robert E. Lee. You and he left us memories which, inasmuch as they are part of the memories bequeathed to the entire country by all the Americans who fought in the Civil war, are to serve forevermore as spurs and incentives to the generations coming after, to teach us and our descendants that alike in peace and in war, whenever the times that try men's souls may come, we are to rise level to the opportunity, as you rose level to your opportunity, and to be ready to prove, as you proved, our willingness to prove our worth by our endeavor."

The response, not only of Richmond but of the whole South, to this seems to have been immediate. Thinking it over a little later, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* explains that quick response as follows:

"Doubtless many of our Northern friends are saying within themselves that the Southern people are fickle; that they are a people who denounce a man one year and the next year take him to their hearts. The simple fact is that the Southern people have not understood President Roosevelt until recently. They thought that he was disposed to treat them with contempt, to disregard their traditions, and to defy their instincts. . . . But we discovered some time ago that we had misunderstood President Roosevelt, and his visit to the South has confirmed it. He has shown us that the Southern blood in his veins is still red and that his Southern instincts are still dominant. He has shown us that he not only has profound respect for our view of this [race] question, but that he is in sympathy with us, and he even went so far as to say in one of his speeches that these questions were questions for the South to settle for itself. We have found Mr. Roosevelt to be sensible, brave, chivalrous, friendly and sympathetic, and such a man will always command our respect, no matter what an impassable gulf may separate us politically.

Colonel Watterson's editorial comment (in the Louisville Courier Journal) has already been referred to. But he said more, and his tribute to Roosevelt has attracted wider attention in the North than that paid to any other single comment on the tour. Here is a part of his tribute:

"The South has wandered 40 years through a wilderness of sectionalism for this vision of the promised land of perfect nationality. It has longed for some Messiah of patriotism and broth-

erhood to rise in the North and to reach out to it the hand of equality having a heart in it. To Theodore Roosevelt this happy lot has fallen. Though we differ to-morrow, never again shall there be from us acerbity of thought or speech.

. . Room, room alone, while the President passes through 'the States lately in rebellion' for the grandeur of the nation and the majesty of the people."

And a little later still, when the campaign was on in Virginia, a Democratic party rally was held in Richmond, and, according to The Times-Dispatch, a straight Democratic paper, "the decided feature of the spellbinding was an appeal from Democratic orators to Democratic voters to roll up big majorities by way of rendering support to the Republican President now traveling through the South, calling for reforms in the federal government." Oldline Democrats sat upon the stage and joined in the cheers elicited by this appeal. Truly, as the Chicago Evening Post remarks, "the softening touch of time somehow has blended the blue and the gray into the colors of Old Glory."

HE event of most interest in the President's brief sojourn in North Carolina was his and Mrs. Roosevelt's meeting in Charlotte with the widow of General Stonewall Jackson. He took occasion not only to express his high esteem for the character of her husband, but also to praise warmly her grandson, whom he has recently appointed to West Point. And he remarked afterward that it was worth a trip South just to shake hands with Stonewall Jackson's widow-a remark for which the Columbia State forgives him many things. The crowds that turned out both in Charlotte and in Raleigh are said to have been the largest that ever assembled in the State on any occasion. At the latter place, the President spoke on the Philippines and on railroad rate regulation, reaffirming his position on the latter subject, but indicating that he favors legislation enabling the Interstate Commerce Commission not to fix rates that shall be unalterable, but, in cases where it is persuaded abuse has existed, to fix a "maximum



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THE AUDIENCE THAT CHEERED THE UTTERANCE AGAINST LYNCHING

At Little Rock the President declared that when a heinous crime is committed by one man to avenge a heinous crime by another both men place themselves on the same bestial level.

rate." The use of the term "maximum rate" gives very considerable importance to the speech, which we consider elsewhere in this number. Commenting on the President's meeting with Mrs. Jackson, and his "capture" of Charlotte in thirty minutes, the New York Times (Dem.) remarked: "The bitter cry of the Democratic politician in Texas may well be echoed by the Democratic politicians of the Southern States through which the President is now passing: 'You get that man out of here, or there won't be a Democratic vote left in the State." But the South's reception of Mr. Roosevelt, the Boston Transcript (Rep.) more seriously remarks, "implies no relaxation of its old-time party allegiance," and it expresses the belief that the South is "more Democratically solid" south of Virginia than at any other time in its history.

W HEN the President reached Georgia, he visited at Roswell the old home of his mother. No other part of the record of his entire journey, The Independent (New York) thinks, will live so long and so brightly in the memories of the American people as the account of his visit to Roswell. When, with Mrs. Roosevelt, he entered Barrington Hall, the home of his mother in her girlhood, they found sitting there Mrs. W. E. Baker, who was bridesmaid at his mother's wedding. She was dressed in a black gown, we are told, frilled with white lace about the collar and cuffs, and on her head was a lace cap. "And this is

Theodore," she exclaimed, extending her hand and patting him on the shoulder. "I am so glad to see you, Theodore." And she proceeded to tell him how his mother looked as a bride. It is a charming little scene, and the President's little speech afterward to citizens of Roswell goes well with it. He said in part:

"It has been my very great good fortune to have the right to claim that my blood is half Southern and half Northern, and I would deny the right of any man here to feel a greater pride in the deeds of every Southerner than I feel. Of the children, the brothers and sisters of my mother, who were born and brought up in that house on the hill there. my two uncles afterward entered the Confederate service and served in the Confederate navy. One, the younger man, served on the Alabama as the youngest officer aboard her. He was captain of one of her broadside 32pounders in her final fight, and when at the very end the Alabama was sinking and the Kearsarge passed under



THE PRESIDENT'S AUDIENCE AT ATLANTA

One report says there were 40,000, another that there were 60,000 in the assemblage



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THE PRESIDENT'S GUARD OF HONOR AT LITTLE ROCK

Twelve Union veterans in blue and twelve confederate veterans in gray rode side by side as his escort

her stern and came up along the side that had not been engaged hitherto my uncle, Irving Bulloch, shifted his gun from one side to the other and fired the two last shots fired from the Alabama. James Dunwoody Bulloch was an

Admiral in the Confederate service. Of all the people whom I have ever met he was the one that came nearest to that beautiful creation of Thackeray Colonel Newcome."

And now, down there in Georgia, so the despatches say, Senator Clay and Congressman Livingstone are openly declaring that the best thing the Democratic party can do in 1908 i s to renominate Theodore Roosevelt for President, and make his election At the unanimous! reception in Atlanta. after several speakers

had expressed their belief that Mr. Roosevelt is the greatest and most popular man in the world to-day, someone in the audience shouted out to him: "We want you for another term

because you are an honest man." Mr. Roosevelt then, we are told, smiled but "shook his head emphatically."

HE race question was one which the President faced when he stood. October 25, before the students at Tuskegee Institute. He faced it, too, and neither in the South nor the North have we seen any expression of dissatisfaction with what he found to say, though the New York World thinks he might have said more, remarking that what the South



A CHANCE MEETING IN THE SOUTH

-Webster in Chicago Inter-Ocean

needs is to wake up, and "Mr. Roosevelt is too cautious about launching into the negro question to give it a chance." The President was driven to the Institute buildings in a handsome carriage made by the students, drawn by horses reared on the Institute farm, and followed by four other carriages also made at the Institute. A procession of the black students greeted him, 1,500 strong, the young men in blue suits with brass buttons, and wearing white gloves and cadet caps; the young women in blue dresses and blue straw hats, and each carrying a stalk of sugar-cane raised at the institute, tipped with a cotton boll, also raised at the agricultural station of the school. Then came sixty-one floats that the students had been weeks in preparing, each one representing some phase of the work in the academic or industrial departments of the institute. The President in his address congratulated the Institute on its aims and its re-Then he took up the relation of the two races. "In the interest of humanity, of justice and of self-protection every white man in America, no matter where he lives, should try to help the negro to help himself," he said. Again: "Every time a law is broken every individual in the community has the moral tone of his life lowered." He praised the men who have done "such heroic work in the South in arousing public opinion against lawlessness in all its forms and especially against lynching." If a misunderstanding between the two races arises, he advised as the best way out "a prompt, frank and full conference" between representative whites and blacks. Further:

"It is the Southern people themselves who must and can solve the difficulties that exist in the South; of course what help the people of the rest of the Union can give them must and will be gladly and cheerfully given. The hope of advancement for the colored man in the South lies in his steady, commonsense effort to improve his moral and material condition, and to work in harmony with the white man in upbuilding the commonwealth. The future of the South now depends upon the people of both races living up to the spirit and letter of the laws of their several States and working out the destinies of both races, not as races, but as law-abiding American citizens."

These utterances—"strong and tactful, the New York Evening Post calls them—were delivered within thirty miles of "one of the worst lynching regions in the United States." The Savannah News expresses its satisfaction with the speech because "the tone of the address made it clear that Mr. Roosevelt regards this as a white man's country," inasmuch as this

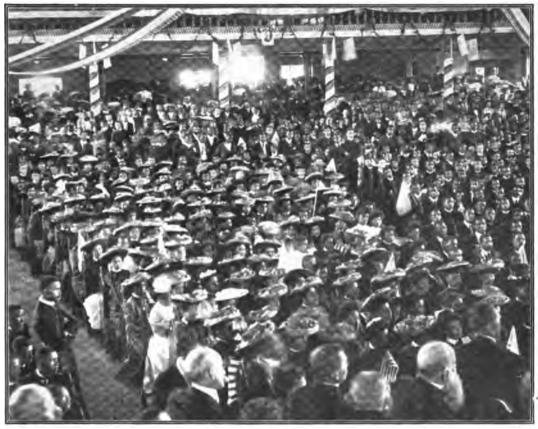
address and other addresses "were delivered in the manner of a representative of a superior race giving good advice to audiences of an inferior race."

THE subject of lynching was again taken up by the President before a vast audience (numbering not less than 60,000, one reports says) of blacks and whites in Little Rock, Arkansas. His speech followed that of the Governor, Jefferson Davis, who referred to the subject, laying stress upon the heinousness of the crime that most often provokes a lynching. What the President said is construed in the press despatches as a "rebuke" to the governor. Mr. Roosevelt also emphasized the heinousness of the crime and declared that the worst enemy the negro race has is the negro criminal of that particular stamp, and every reputable negro "owes it as his first duty to himself and to that race to hunt down that criminal with all his soul and strength." But, he added, "to avenge one heinous crime by another heinous crime is to reduce the man doing it to the bestial level of the man who committed the bestial crime." And at this point in the speech the report indicates "great applause and cheers." The guard of honor that attended the President at Little Rock was composed of twelve Union Army veterans led by Colonel Fowler, and twelve Confederate veterans led by ex-Governor Jones. They rode in pairs, blue and gray side by side. One other feature of the parade that caused great cheering and brought a smile to the President's face, was the release, just as the President passed under the arch of welcome, of twelve white doves that had been caged on the apex of the arch.

THE rest of the story of the trip—the reception at Mobile and New Orleans—is of the same sort. The President's speech at Mobile referred to the Panama Canal and to the opposition of "great commercial interests which did not wish to see it completed." He added significantly:

"It seems to me evident from certain things I see in a portion of the daily papers that these forces are still active and that they are going to try to becloud the issue with the hope of putting off for ten or fifteen years the digging of that canal. Their weapons will be and are every form of misrepresentation; but, gentlemen, they will fail. You need not have the slightest alarm. Uncle Sam has started to dig that canal, and it will be dug, and soon."

The crowd at New Orleans was so great



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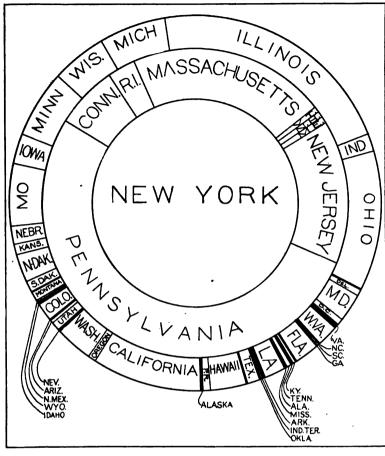
TUSKEGEE STUDENTS LISTENING TO THE PRESIDENT

"In the interest of humanity, of justice, and self protection, every white man in America should try to help the negro to help himself."

that the President was afraid of a catastrophe, and after a sentence or two of greeting from the steps of the city hall, he abandoned the effort. Before the city's celebration, it is said, all former celebrations in New Orleans sink into insignificance. The reception of President McKinley a few years ago was mild in comparison and the carnivals of past years were like mere mockeries. The people of New Orleans attribute the quick work in stamping out yellow fever this fall to the prompt action of the President in assigning to the work the United States Marine Hospital Service, and he was introduced not only as the President but as the savior of the city. He made seven speeches in one day, beside half a dozen brief talks at different points in the parade. It was a fitting finale to a great trip. But it was a trip that, it is estimated, cost the President himself between five and six thousand dollars, as there is no public fund out of which his exexpenses may be met without a special appropriation by Congress. The Savannah *News* says on this point:

"Are the United States generous enough with their President? . . . For the traveling expenses of others connected with the government ample allowance is made. Senators and representatives receive travel pay. Sometimes some of them do not ret all they would like to, as was the case in the last Congress, yet they get quite a considerable amount. Even when they go on their last travels the cost of the hearse and other funeral expenses is met. Congressional junkets are paid for by the government, but when the President visits distant sections of the country he must pay his way. He goes at the invitation of the people, and they do not like the idea of his having to pay personally when he accepts their invitations."

OVER one million immigrants—an average of about 3,000 for every day of the year—will, it is estimated, have entered the ports of the United States in the year 1905.



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly
DISTRIBUTION OF FOREIGN LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES

The tide has risen steadily for the last seven years, except for a slight decrease in 1903. There were twice as many immigrants this year as four years ago, three times as many as six years ago. And yet the other day a convention was held in Chattanooga, attended by representatives of fourteen States-all the Southern States except Delaware and Texas -for the purpose of devising some means of securing more immigrants! Six governors, two Senators and eighteen Congressmen participated, and resolutions were unanimously adopted denouncing as a slander any statement to the effect that the South does not want honest and industrious white immigrants. All the Southern States were called on to establish immigration bureaus - most have already done so-to help solve the problem that confronts the South in a very serious way-the problem of finding laborers enough

to till her fields, run her factories and develop her mines. This is one phase of the immigration question. To further consider this and other phases that confront other sections, the National Civic Federation has called another national conference on the subject of immigration, to meet in New York City, December 6, 7 and 8. This conference "will be an open forum for debate," no attitude at all having been as yet adopted.

'HE South is evigrowing dently hungry for laborers, especially agricultural laborers. Although the value of the cotton crop has in the last six years averaged half a billion dollars a year, it is estimated that not more than one-eighth of the cotton lands are even now in cultivation. negro agricul-Free tural labor is proving,

according to reports, a dismal failure in most places except in the Yazoo delta. "Agricultural development in the black belt," says Walter L. Fleming in The Political Science Quarterly, "is at a standstill because of the worthlessness of the black and the difficulty of getting more white labor." In 1876 the negroes produced 60 per cent. of the cotton crop; in 1899 they produced but 40 per cent. "Every year the negro produces less, proportionately as well as actually, in agriculture." There has been great industrial progress, Mr. Fleming says, but it has been "almost all" in the white counties. And it is not only the farms that are calling for more laborers, but every branch of industry. Last year, for instance, in South Carolina, there was a time when one-third of the spindles were idle for lack of labor. The development of industry has far outrun the increase of population.

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YET with this loud call for toilers and with over 3,000 foreigners a day coming to our shores, the tide of immigration to the South has been relatively "insignificant." Since the Civil War the South has lost to the North and West about 2,500,000 of its white population and has received less than half that many. Alabama has now but 35 persons to the square mile, Arkansas 24, Louisiana 30, North Carolina 39, South Carolina 41, Florida 9, Texas 11; while in the North New York has 152, Illinois 86, Ohio 102, Pennsylvania 140 and Massachusetts 349. "If South Carolina were as densely populated as Massachusetts, it would have 10,500,000 people." In 1900, according to the census, the entire South, including the old "border States," had only about 620,000 inhabitants of foreign birth—about as many as Michigan alone had. Five of the great producing States—Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina—had but 45,000 foreign-born inhabitants, or about as many as Vermont alone. with one-thirtieth the total population, had.

THE hopeless failure of negro labor to meet the needs of the South in its rapid industrial advancement is attested by many writers. Robert De Courcy Ward, writing in The Atlantic Monthly, bears witness that "there is in the South a widespread and decided reaction against the negro." He says:

"Many of the white population are losing patience with him. He is charged with being less efficient than before the war; with incapacity, irresponsibility, and instability; with unfitness for and dissatisfaction with his work; with demanding too much pay and requiring too many holidays. Most of these complaints, it may be noted, are similar to those which are heard in the North with regard to white laborers and servants. Furthermore, many negroes, in common with the whites, are leaving the country and flocking to the cities, often making it impossible to secure negro labor for cotton picking or for work on the sugar plantations."

Even with the small number of immigrants that the South is now receiving, the negro is being displaced, we are told, on the sugar plantations and truck farms by alien labor. We quote again from Mr. Ward:

"On plantation and truck farms; in furnaces and mines; in factories and mills; in the occupations of city and country; even in domestic service, the black is steadily losing ground to the alien white. The result is twofold; there is a tendency for the negro to leave the occupations which require greater skill and intelligence, and to take refuge in those which require less, or the

negro gives up the struggle and goes to the city, especially in the North."

This migration of the negroes to the North, Mr. Ward thinks, has only just begun. Last winter there came to one Massachusetts city of 100,000 inhabitants 750 Southern negroes. To emphasize his statement that "the Southern negro is now engaged in a life and death struggle," he quotes a negro editor as follows: "The negro must now fight for his very existence. All along the line the battle is on.

The white races . . . are disputing the negro's usefulness in those strongholds heretofore deemed impregnable to white attack."

THE conditions set forth by Mr. Ward and Mr. Fleming are confirmed by every newspaper in the South that has commented on the subject of immigration. Says the Atlanta Journal:

"The problem of immigration is one which is vital to the South as a whole, since labor conditions all over the South are much the same. At a time when the whole section is forging ahead rapidly in an industrial way, the South is finding its supply of unskilled labor growing less and less. The negroes are leaving the farms and coming to the towns and cities. Most people who have thought about the southern immigration question at all have seen the necessity for encouraging some sort of immigration to take the place of the negroes. The problem then resolves itself into the question of 'What sort of people shall we get—what sort can we get—to take the place of the negro on the farms?"

Apparently the problem has reached the stage of being very clearly and generally recognized. It has yet to be solved, and the Chattanooga conference does not seem to have gone very far toward solving it. Congressman John Sharp Williams thinks that immigrants from northern Italy.—especially Piedmont-are what are wanted. Those from southern Italy are far less desirable and, after the recent experience with them in the yellowfever outbreak in New Orleans, they seem less desirable than ever. As a result of inquiries sent to public men throughout the South by Mr. Ward, the sentiment is seen to be practically unanimous against the importation of Asiatics and illiterates and aliens who naturally gravitate into the cities. What are most wanted are native Americans from the North and immigrants from the northern countries of Europe, skilled in intensive and diversified farming, who can depend on their own exertions, manage their own business, market their own crops and save money.

S EPARATION of charen and France was temporarily checked a fortnight PEPARATION of church and state in or so ago by attempts to talk the measure down in the senate and by a demonstration in the chamber against Prime-Minister Rouvier's alleged subordination to Germany. But Paris organs accept separation as inevitable. It will come before the end of the present month, says that great anticlerical, Emile Combes. Yet the past three weeks have shown that Prime-Minister Rouvier is now unable to hold together the powerful combination of various anticlerical groups known as the "bloc." The "bloc" has ruled France for over five years. It is now breaking up, thinks the Journal des Débats. The final break-up, should it come, must be attributed to the friends of former Foreign-Minister Delcassé. Sensational revelations in the Paris Matin seem to prove that he was ousted from the ministry to please Berlin. Rouvier meets the political difficulty by reconstructing the cabinet in a way unsatisfactory, on the whole, to the "bloc." His difficulties are enhanced by the coming presidential election. The successor to M. Loubet will be chosen in an atmosphere clouded by the anticlerical storm and the international fog. Were Rouvier to fall in such a complication and were the "bloc" to go to pieces. some very exciting events would attend the choice of a new chief magistrate of the repub-Extreme radical organs like the Paris Lanterne and Action accuse the clericals of making Delcassé their stalking-horse. want a coup d'état, we are assured, and not a presidential election, their aim being reunion of church and state.

NORWAY voted herself a monarchical system of government in the great referendum last month. Rejecting a republic by a majority of three to one, this youngest of the sisterhood of nations has summoned Prince Charles of Denmark to her throne as King Hakon, according to the London Times, and as King Charles, according to the Christiania Aftonbladet. The new constitution is to be based upon that of Great Britain. Norway would probably have set up as a republic, say many liberal European dailies, were it not for the active efforts of her provisional government, headed by Prime-Minister Michelsen. Had Michelsen and his party remained neutral, the result might have been very different. The monarchists controlled the utterances of the leading newspapers. They issued proclamations warning Norwegians that the country would be embarrassed in its relations with the other Scandinavian nations were a republic proclaimed. The new Queen of Norway, daughter of King Edward VII, hailed the result with anything but enthusiasm. We read in the Christiania Morgenblad, however, that Norway could not have maintained her independence in "the dangerous isolation" of republican institutions. That is understood to reflect the view of the strongest statesman in Norway, Christian Michelsen. He could have made his country a republic, according to the Paris Européen. It seems to be taken for granted that King Charles will make Michelsen prime minister. Mr. Michelsen came rather suddenly into the world's notice. He is fortyeight, a lawyer by profession, and at the same time partner in a large shipping firm. has represented Bergen in the Storthing for some years. His monarchical proclivities are said to be due in part to his warm personal friendship with Emperor William.

() NE more humiliating defeat for German arms in Southwest Africa brings the two years' war of Emperor William's forces against the revolted Herreros to a pass which prompts the London Mail to assert that the prestige of the white man is endangered in these regions and that a rising of South African blacks may spread too far. The intimation is maddening to the anti-British Berlin press, which beholds in it a London purpose to absorb Germany's African possessions. But nearly two years have passed since these rebels first defeated the German troops, replies the London Standard to this. Emperor William increased his forces to 20,000 men recently, bidding his commander hang the whole rebel population of Southwest Africa from trees. And the month brings another setback—how serious the unofficial world does not yet know. It is well established that in addition to the 20,000 German troops, Boers have been enlisted from the contiguous British possessions. Over \$100,000,000 has been spent by Berlin in the effort to quell the rising, which, says the Indépendance Belge (Brussels), is now more ominous than ever. To make matters additionally serious, it begins to appear that the native insurrection in German East Africa is not quelled either, although official accounts implied the contrary. All the trouble is ascribed by the Paris Temps to a colonial policy of the mailed-fist type. revolted Africans are given a good character as regards their conduct of their campaign.

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### Literature and Art

#### EDGAR ALLAN POE AND THE HALL OF FAME

There is felt to be a certain incongruity in the fact that Edgar Allan Poe is as yet denied a place in the New York Hall of Fame. Emerson, Longfellow, Washington Irving, Hawthorne, Lowell and Whittier have all been awarded commemorative tablets in the stately temple overlooking the Hudson, but Poe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Fenimore Cooper and William Cullen Bryant have been excluded by the committee in charge. This committee includes ex-President Grover Cleveland, Vice-President Charles Warren Fairbanks, Chief-Justice Fuller, President Eliot of Harvard University, President Hadley of Yale University, Whitelaw Reid, Andrew D. White, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Watson Gilder, and many more. The first decision of the committee in regard to enrolments in the Hall of Fame was rendered in 1900, it having been agreed that no names were to be considered except those of citizens who had been dead at least ten years, and that fifty-one votes were necessary to admit. The following twenty-nine names were chosen:

George Washington97	Henry Clay74
Abraham Lincoln96	George Peabody74
Daniel Webster96	Nathaniel Hawthorne 73
Benjamin Franklin94	Peter Cooper69
Ulysses Simpson Grant.93	Eli Whitney69
John Marshall91	Robert E. Lee68
Thomas Jefferson 01	Horace Mann67
Ralph Waldo Emerson87	John James Audubon67
Robert Fulton86	James Kent65
Henry Wadsworth	Henry Ward Beecher 64
Longfellow85	Joseph Story64
Washington Irving83	John Adams62
Jonathan Edwards82	William Ellery
Samuel Finley Breese	Channing58
Morse82	Gilbert Charles Stuart .52
David Glascoe Farragut.70	Asa Gray
David Glascoe Patragut./y	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·

As the result of a second election which took place October 10, 1905, these eleven names were added:

James Russell Lowell John Greenleaf Whittier John Quincy Adams James Madison John Paul Jones Alexander Hamilton William T. Sherman Louis Agassiz Maria Mitchell Emma Willard Mary Lyon

A considerable number of names remained unelected because they received less than fifty-one votes. The following are the most important:

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 48; James Fenimore Cooper, 48; Bdyar Allan Poe 43; William Cullen Bryant, 46; John L. Motley, 40; Francis Parkman, 46; George Barcroft, 39; Horace Greely, 34; Noah Webster, 32; William H. Prescott, 25; William Lloyd Garrison, 20; Mark Hopkins, 38; and Matthew Simpson, 29.

Press discussion of the new election is widespread, and centers, for the most part, on the exclusion of Poe. Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University, evidently feels that the vote needs some explanation. In making the list public, he denied that Poe's private character had anything to do with the decision, and intimated that the reason for his exclusion was a literary one:

"The American people has not yet come to the stage when it prefers form to substance, and many are inclined to believe that Poe is attitudinizing in regard to Annabel Lee. Judged by Milton's criterion, that poetry should be simple, sensuous, and passionate, Poe's poetry has the first two qualities, but it is lacking in the third. Poe's poetry possesses the necessary simplicity of form to be easily understood, and the rhythm and picture-making quality meant by Milton's 'sensuous,' but it does not suggest the wide range of feelings, nor does it give one the impression that Poe felt any very deeply. This is my idea why he has not been elected."

The San Francisco Argonaut thinks that many people will agree with Lowell in his estimate of Poe when he said that he was "three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer "fudge." It adds: "Still genius is so rare that even sixty per cent. is a high rating. It seems odd to find Poe excluded when Lowell and Whittier are enrolled in the Hall of Fame." In more emphatic terms, the St. Louis Mirror declares: "Poe is our greatest artist of the imagination, as Hawthorne is our greatest genius. Both are universal in their appeal and beyond the power of any committee, however parochial, to place or rank them."

The Columbia (S. C.) State charges that "the venom of sectional prejudice" lies behind the present decision. "Since its founding," it says, "the 'Hall of Fame' seems to have been conducted as a purely sectional enterprise, to attempt to bestow 'fame' upon certain northern and eastern worthies, to the neglect, for sectional reasons or bias, of some far abler worthies of other sections, especially the South." To this and other criticisms the New York Tribune replies as follows:

"So much comment has been made upon the failure of one name to receive a majority of votes that a few words concerning it will not be amiss. We refer to the name of Edgar Allan

Poe, which received only forty-three out of the required fifty-one votes. There are some who affect to regard that result as condemnatory of the whole Hall of Fame, while others affect to see in it the pernicious persistence of sectional animosity or of Puritanical intolerance, saying that Poe was rejected through New-England influence because he was a Southerner. Such views are without warrant. The fact is, we believe, that Poe-who, by the way, was born in Bostonreceived his principal support in the North and East. Moreover, the same electoral body that left him out also left out a whole company of eminent New-Englanders and New-Yorkers, including Motley, Bancroft, Holmes, Bryant, Parkman, Greeley, Choate, Brooks, Hopkins and Henry. It may be widely regretted that most or all of these were not elected; but the fact remains that, of a hundred of the best representative men of America, in all parts of the country and in all the learned professions, a majority did not vote in favor of them. It would be folly to charge such an electorate with incompetence or with prejudice. At most we can only express surprise, and perhaps regret, at its extreme conservatism.

"But, after all, it is not so much who are not

chosen as who are chosen that counts, and there can be no hesitation in saying that every name thus far chosen has been chosen well. With a single exception, every name inscribed in the pantheon at University Heights has been all but universally approved, and approval of even that one has been, we believe, overwhelming. It is far better to make a dozen worthy candidates wait another five years than it would be to admit a single unworthy name. The Hall of Fame probably will not at any time contain the name of every famous American; but it does not, and we may confidently hope it never will, contain the name of one who is not truly entitled to a place there. Those who are really great can afford to wait. Their fame will not languish through failure to inscribe their names in the Hall."

The London Spectator makes this comment: "The preference of Whittier to Poe is remarkable, if literary genius is to be taken as a test of merit. It seems to indicate that character is regarded as an indispensable passport to the Hall of Fame, which in that case would more truly be styled the Hall of Worthies."

#### THE TALKATIVE ASPECT OF LOWELL'S GENIUS

Lowell is to be classed among the "great Anglo-Saxon talkers," and it is through the medium of this fact—in part, at least—that his genius should be studied. Dr. Ferris Greenslet, to whom belongs the credit for this idea, reveals the why and the wherefore in the course of his new work\* on the career and genius of one who all his life long, we are assured, was a great talker. And one knowing whereof she spoke is quoted by Dr. Greenslet as having declared, "Mr. Lowell was more fond of talking than anyone else I ever knew." Dr. Greenslet himself tells us:

"In Lowell's conversation, as in all his expression, we discover the essential puzzling antinomy between the simple transparent nature of the man and his complex and willful intellect. Finally to characterize his talk we shall have to resort to manifold comparison. Perhaps we shall describe it most exactly if we say that to something of the vast and ready learning of Macaulay's, the homely wisdom of Franklin's, the nimble-footed, sweetly-stuttered fantasy of Lamb's, it united a human friendliness, a moral sincerity, all its own. This is not saying that Lowell's talk as talk was better than that of any or all of these famous talkers. Very likely in a competitive conversation it would have suffered precisely from its variety of modes, its lack of permanent pose, of artful manner. Yet Lowell's talk was always his talk, and always good talk. If we may adapt to our uses Bronson Alcott's

\*JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: HIS LIFE AND WORK, By Perris Greenslet. & Houghton Mifflin & Co.

pleasant formula and suppose that Shakespeare had visited Cambridge at any time between 1856 and 1872, no lover of Lowell can doubt for whom he would have inquired first."

Lowell's talk was never prosy. Leslie Stephen, who had every opportunity of knowing, said that Lowell "could not possibly come within measurable distance of boring," and Dr. Greenslet is of the same mind. "In the offices of his publishers," he avers, "there is still a tradition that he never called on the most casual business without leaving behind him something quotable that would be passed from mouth to mouth for days." And the fact is made out to be a literary one thus:

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"His talk was singularly of a piece with his letters and his essays. In a real and underogatory sense Lowell 'talked prose.' So, in dealing with his 'spontaneous, enthusiastic and versatile' expression—to employ a convenient formula which, however it may fit American literature as a whole, is strikingly applicable to Lowell—it will be of advantage to consider it when most spontaneous, most enthusiastic, most versatile—in short, his familiar talk. . . .

"The idiosyncrasy of Lowell's talk was its flexibility. . . . As he grew older, the lecture habit grew upon him and he came to have at times, as an English friend complains, 'an airy omniscience,' 'a minute and circumstantial way of laying down the law.' Yet for him talk never ceased to mean conversation, lively with give and take, picturesque with curious allusion and racy phrase, pliant and cordial with sincere friendliness



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Copyright, 1903.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND LESLIE STEPHEN IN THE FORMER'S LIBRARY Lowell, according to Stephen, was "one of the great Anglo-Saxon talkers," his fluency attaining a perfection greater than Dr. Johnson's.

and never marred by a mean or an ill-natured judgment."

When in the mood for it, Lowell "could talk in paragraphs." He then endeavored with patience "to thread the difficult needle of truth." However:

"His more characteristic manner in conversation, as in letter writing or essay writing, was discursive and vivid. He was never able to resist the seduction of the fantastic, the paradoxical, the daring. He abounded in quips and cranks, recondite jokes and puns. His applying to an unintelligent person 'the quadrisyllabic name of the brother of Agis, King of Sparta,' which after much research was discovered to have been Eudamidas, seems to have been a jest of a type he was fond of, but too elaborate to be fairly typical of his conversational style. Longfellow records in his 'Journal' that at Lowell's supper to Thackeray the latter said in bidding his host farewell, 'We have stayed too long.' 'I should say,' replied Lowell, 'one long and two short, a dactylic supper.' Some of his witticisms were reminiscent of his reading rather than strictly original. He wrote in a letter of a talk between Dr. Holmes and Anthony Trollope, that 'it was pelting a rhinoceros with seed pearls.' Leigh Hunt, in his 'Autobiography,' had recently written of Charles Lamb's dealing with an hypothetical antagonist of similar stamp that he would have 'pelted his head with pearls.' Such in-

stances are numerous, yet there is no hint of conscious or laborious artifice in their use."

Lowell's good things "came up as spontaneously as bubbles in a spring." It is in this quality, asserts Dr. Greenslet, that the unity of his oral and written prose becomes most apparent:

"Lowell seems to have caught the light on nearly every facet of his many-faceted mind. He displayed an astonishingly minute and accurate familiarity with all the details of Parisian local history; he discoursed at large, as was his wont, upon the Jews, and his own peculiar gift of detecting hidden strains of Hebrew blood in the most unlikely persons; he extemporized in French a witty fantastic letter from a French doll to an English doll. Yet underneath this medley of learning, paradox and wit, the listener was conscious of the fine single-mindedness, the incorruptible Puritanism of the man: Moral judgments were constantly uppermost in his mind and he was always rapping out some terse, unconventional, sincere expression of righteous feeling. Mr. Barrett Wendell has told of going as an undergraduate to call upon Lowell, unwittingly on an evening when he had heard of the death of an old and dear friend, and of hearing, or, as it were, overhearing from Lowell a series of deep musings upon death that had something of the solemn sentiment, the elegiac cadence of a great prose threnody by Browne or Bossuet."

# WHY FRENCH FICTION IS COMPELLED TO MALIGN FRENCH MORALS

Persons who have lived among the French in France for any length of time need not be told, remarks Miss Betham-Edwards in the course of her lately published study of home life under the third republic,\* that the average novel from Paris is a preposterous libel on French morals. Why should this be so? she inquires. Many students of French life have striven with indifferent success to disabuse the alien mind of the notion that France, as the late Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe put it, is a land where "matrons are not chaste." the vogue of French fiction is so great, Miss Edwards thinks, that the outside world will always incline, perhaps, to view French morals through a disturbing medium. She attributes the dilemma to the conditions under which the French novelist must work:

"Society is so constituted in France that the novelist is forced back upon the exceptional and far-fetched, the annals of vice and crime. Nowadays readers require a different sensationalism in literature to that furnished by their predecessors, Eugene Sue and Dumas. And as French firesides are the reverse of sensational, popular

writers look for inspiration elsewhere.

"Whilst being in no sense an apology for the bad novel, such a fact may be accepted as, at least, partly explanative. We must remember that there are no romantic marriages in France, very little that falls under the head of love-making and nothing whatever that answers to German schwärmerei, an intensive expression of our own sentimentality. To be fantasque, that is to say, to have romantic, unconventional notions, is a term of severe reproach; woe to that French-woman who incurs it. Tradition, bringing up, material interests, are all opposed to the freedom which renders English girlhood a prolific theme for the novelist. No well-bred French girl ever enjoys an innocent flirtation, much more a harmless escapade. Nor must she relish them on paper till she has entered into the partnership of marriage."

Again, says Miss Edwards, the domestic circle in France is essentially domestic, rarely anything more. The vast majority of the well-to-do, the comfortably off and the prosperous spend their entire lives within narrowly circumscribed limits. We quote again:

"When I look back upon twenty-five years' experience of French domestic life, I can only recall two incidents which a novelist could have turned to good account. The first was an affair involving family honor and good repute, several households being brought low by the malversations of

one member. The second was a case of mistaken identity that very nearly proved as tragic. A young man, the son of friends, was charged with robbery and murder, and although the accusation was disproved a few hours later, the shock almost killed his father.

"Both circumstances lent themselves admirably to dramatic treatment; and more than once have I said to myself: If only a novelist had the slightest chance of being true to foreign life, here were abundant materials for my pen. Quieter themes have also tempted me from time to time. But no matter how well we may know our neighbors, English stories of French life are doomed to failure.

"One novelette coming under this category affords a striking instance in point. An English writer had set himself the somewhat difficult task of describing a clerical interior, the home of a village priest. Two egregious incongruities

marked the attempt.

"Here was a country curé listening in the evening to Beethoven's sonatas played by a young niece!
"Now, in the first place, you might search France through without finding a piano in a rustic presbytère; in the second, you would as vainly seek a village priest appreciative of German classical music; and thirdly, the notion of a young girl keeping house for a bachelor uncle, above all, an ecclesiastic, is in the highest degree preposterous."

Altogether, concludes Miss Edwards. "French home life is unsuitable for romance" and the French novelist is handicapped as is the novelist of no other country in the world. Where talent alone will suffice for the production of a first-rate novel from the pen of an English or an American writer, the novelist who happens to be French must possess at least genius, or something extraordinarily like it, before he can undertake a work of fiction that any publisher would look at. And the most fertile field workable in English fiction cannot even be entered by the French novelist. There are no more exceptions than prove "Minded to produce a story after the English model, that is to say, one that should be irreproachable, M. Rod gives us 'Mademoiselle Annette,' which can no more be compared in interest and vivacity to the 'Small House at Allington' or 'The Chronicles of Carlingford' than Daudet's 'Jack' can be compared to the 'David Copperfield' of his great forerunner and model."

The profound influence which these circumstances have exerted upon French literature should not, concludes Miss Betham-Edwards,

be misunderstood.

<sup>\*</sup>Home Life in France. By Miss Betham-Edwards. A. C. McClurg & Co.

#### GIBSON'S ABANDONMENT OF THE PEN FOR THE BRUSH

"I've simply come to a point where I feel I can do better work in broader fields." In this simple fashion, Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the "Gibson girl," and famous throughout the world as a master of "black-and-white," recently announced his intention of abandoning the artistic work which has brought him a yearly income of \$65,000, and of seeking a new reputation. His tenth annual book of collected drawings, just published under the

title, "Our Neighbors," he declares will be his last. He expects to go to Europe in the near future, to study the old masters, and to devote the rest of his life to painting. So radical a departure, on the part of an eminent artist. from previous successful work, is almost unparalleled. The nearest analogies in our own times are probably those afforded by Gérôme, Macmonnies and Du Maurier. Says the New York World:

"When Gérôme, the famous French painter, in his last years essayed sculpture he seemed to have exhausted the resources of his palette, but he could not resist the temptation to seek new conquests. Local customs officials were cruel enough the other day to debate whether his figure of Bellona should be classified as a work of art or manu-

facture. Macmonnies, whose 'Horse-Tamer' and groups on the Army and Navy Memorial Arch are the glory of Prospect Park in Brooklyn, ventured into painting a few years ago. The critics treated his exhibition here respectfully, but they showed no disposition to dissuade him from modelling more statues. Fortunately he treated his painting rather as a recreation than his life's business, and from Paris he continues to send new contributions to American art, such as the Slocum statue unveiled a few weeks ago in Brooklyn.

"Du Maurier's social satires in *Punch* had made him the most popular of pen-and-ink artists long before he tried his hand at writing novels. He was a much older man than Gibson, but had relatively small means and his eyesight was failing. 'Peter Ibbetson,' 'The Martian,' and especially 'Trilby,' added to his popularity and greatly to his income. The vogue of 'Trilby' was stimulated by his pictures of the heroine and Svengali and Little Billee. Who knows but that Gibson may some day tell the love affairs of the 'Gibson girls' in words instead of lines? He would be sure at any rate of ranking among the successful writers if he brightened his pages with his own sketches as Du Maurier did."



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CHARLES DANA GIBSON IN HIS STUDIO

"Nobody now living," says Robert W. Chambers, the novelist, "can compare with Dana Gibson as a worker with the pen's point."

Richard Harding Davis, an old and intimate friend of Gibson's, throws some interesting sidelights on the artist's influence and character, in an interview with a World reporter. Gibson is a man "absolutely without vanity, and yet with tremendous respect for his work," Mr. Davis says. Furthermore: "No black-and-white artist has had the monetary success he has had, and, unlike most artists, he has had a sane business head." Mr. Davis continues:



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### SERIOUS BUSINESS: A YOUNG LAWYER ARGUING HIS FIRST IMPORTANT CASE

(By Charles Dana Gibson)

"As to his future I can say this: Men often change from one business to another because they have failed in the last one. But Dana changes because he has succeeded in the last one. Therefore, he needn't worry about his future, because he can always go back to his past.

"I do not believe people in America know, and

"I do not believe people in America know, and I am sure Dana doesn't know, how widely popular his pictures are, because he has not travelled

much.

"Editors send me all over the world. I find wherever I go Dana's pictures.

"In the Lane & Crawford department store windows, in Yokohama, I found his books used to fill double window displays. I took a photo-

graph of the windows and sent it to Dana.

"I know several people who were presented to the Emperor of Germany, who asked him, while discussing art topics, who was his favorite in American art work. He went into a long encomium on Dana Gibson, and said he loved to look at his 'Bachelor Supper' picture. The King and Queen of England, when they were the Prince and Princess of Wales, purchased his pictures in the Strand. I have seen them decorating the palm

leaf shacks in Central America. In Durban, South Africa, I have seen them stuck on the walls of houses.

"Personally I owe Dana a great deal, apart from what I've got out of his friendship. The aid he has given me in selling my books by means of his illustrations has been incalculable. And this is no idle compliment but purely a busi-

ness fact.
"Where a book of mine without illustrations

would sell ten copies, if Dana put a few pictures of long-legged men in it it would sell twenty."

In even more glowing terms, Robert W. Chambers, a nother close friend of Gibson's, pays a tribute of affection and appreciation. Writing in Collier's . Weekly (New York), he says:

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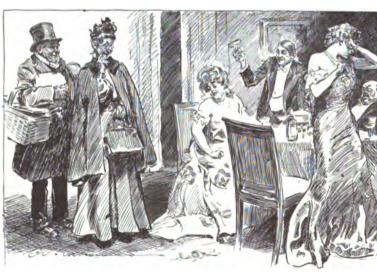
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"For twenty years Charles Dana Gibson has had a nation for his audience, and he has never betrayed it or proved false to himself.

"Guiltless of self-consciousness, of any attitude or pose, clean of insincerity, modest, cool, self-reliant, steadied by that fine faith in himself to lack is a weak-



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THEIR DAUGHTER IN THE CITY
(By Charles Dana Gibson)

ness, he has from the first step moved forward, halting at brief periods for a keen, serene survey, but never taking one step backward in the ceaseless progress of his development. To mere genius, which is not uncommon among Americans, but which alone is so pitiable, so sterile, the progenitors of his race have added to him a terrific capacity for work, the unquestioning and delicate patience of a woman, the wholesome, clean-minded, restless intelligence of an adolescent, the mental and bodily vigor, the fine, unswerving, fighting capacity of a man."

Mr. Chambers lays still further stress on Mr. Gibson's "cleanminded" manhood:



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#### THE STORY OF AN EMPTY SLEEVE

(By Charles Dana Gibson)

"First of all, and always and last, in the work of Dana Gibson, is one aware of the splendid vigor of a wholesome and clean-minded man. Lacking that inherent decency, no man can hold a nation as he holds it; lacking that, the dazzling technical qualities of his work were vain as the flicker of northern lights. That he has evolved types of loveliness and beauty, making women and children what they sometimes are and what they were meant to be, is important; that he has created man as he sometimes is and was always meant to be; that his humor is the truest humor,

his wit crystalline, his pathos true pathos, his observation faultless, his satire generous—all this is important. It is of every importance, too, that he is technically capable; but it is of the greatest importance that he who wields these powers is a clean, highminded gentleman.

"To compare the work of Gibson, ethically, one naturally recalls Du Maurier; and there is, in Gibson, much of the gentle wit, the charm, the delicate satire and true inspiration of Du Maurier. Technique is the personal method of expressing any inspira-tion. So it is unnecessary to compare the two masters in black and white on that score.

"There is, however, a brilliant facility, partly academical, usually known as technique; and on this plane I know of but one man who might endure a comparison with Dana Gibson: and that man is no longer living; I speak of the great Marold.

"In point work other men have perhaps taught him something; the Leloirs, Roybet, that neverto-be-forgotten master Alphonse de Neuville; then from the men of one idea—a brilliant one, but only one—he may have learned at least enough to generously appreciate the one idea and avoid it—men like Willette, Louis Le Grand,



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MAKING UP HIS MIND (By Charles Dana Gibson) Steinlen, Bac, Myrbach, Rossi-men like Phil May, like Sambourne, like Raven Hill, men like

"I do not know what he has been taught by our own men who work with the point, as the majority of our own men now living have been

inspired by him.
"He could not have had a purer inspiration than the rare penwork of Robert Blum, of Abbey at his best; he, better than I, knows what he may owe to them—perhaps to Reinhart, too, and to the brilliant Wenzell."

Mr. Chambers registers his conviction that "nobody now living can compare with Dana Gibson as a worker with the pen's point"; and he adds: "I doubt that there are many men in the world, personally unknown to millions, who are as personally beloved by those millions as Dana Gibson." He says, in concluding:

"Whether or not this great change contemplated in his career is justified, nobody except Mr. Gibson can judge.

"I do not know what he means to do, whether through all these years of self-denial he has worked patiently for the right to experiment in mediums still scarcely touched by him; whether, always restlessly developing, he now craves great surfaces to cover, or the delight of outdoor color, or the sombre fascination of indoor half lights and shadows.

"But I am sure that whatever he desires is fine. wholesome, and worthy, and, in the lessons of his

past career, justified.

"I do not exactly know what we Americans shall do without him. We have his pictures and the memory of them; we still have the man, and, in him, the recognition and respect of intellectual Europe and Great Britain. It is well for us that we have produced such men as he to command that respect; it is to our honor that we yield nowise to aliens in our love and respect for this man.

"Wherever he goes, whatever he purposes, let him remember that we do not forget him nor forget what he has done for us; let him remember that we wish him well; that we believe in him; that we will be unchanged when, in his own time, he returns to his own people."

#### LAMARTINE'S NEWLY DISCOVERED LOVE-LETTERS

Lamartine, speaking literally from the grave, tells us that a man can love fervently, truly, with all his soul, a second time. He proves it to the satisfaction of an eminent French critic who has made a "find," consisting of a number of the great poet's love-letters. They were addressed to a sensible, and not very young. Scotch lady who had heard of Lamartine's former affairs of the heart with more than one soulful and sympathetic recipient of his vows and verses. Indeed, the Scotch lady had been afforded the benefit of a warning from one of her own sex who knew all about Lamartine's first love, or thought she did. The poet's later love-making, therefore, in its initial stage, had to take practically the form of a thesis to the effect that he was really in love and that his second love was all and more than a first love could ever possibly be. "Can there be such a thing as second love?" he wrote (while in the first throes of this new Scotch thraldom) to one of the innumerable lady friends made for him by his verses. "At any rate, is the second love but a shadow of the first one? I strive to render myself as much in love as possible." And the Scotch lady, after a long delay, became the bride of Lamartine. She had thought the matter over carefully and she finally concluded that Lamartine had proved his case.

M. René Doumic, who has unearthed Lamartine's side of the correspondence—for the lady was won with love-letters—agrees with the woman in the case. How she arrived at her conclusion is a theme regarding which we can only sigh with M. Doumic because of the impossibility of definite information. He could not come by the lady's letters at all. Hence they do not appear with Lamartine's in the Revue des Deux Mondes.

Lamartine opened his case with the plea known to lawyers as "confession and avoidance." He admitted the fervor of his first love; but that was before he met the object of his second love. M. Doumic draws the following portrait of the second lady, whose name was Marianne Eliza Birch:

"Was she pretty? Lacking a genuine beauty—'a gift often more dangerous than useful,' in the phrase of the excellent Madame de Lamartine -she possessed charm, a 'gracious exterior' which heightened a certain exotic character in her at a time when the British type was in the fashion. It was all the more satisfactory that this exterior was not destructive of the very penetrating charm and the very real seductiveness of her mind. Lamartine was at once struck by the harmony he discerned between the young lady's tastes and his own. She loved poetry, nature, melancholy reverie. Well educated, a musician, a painter, she possessed, if not talent, at any rate artistic intelligence. Add to these a perfect sim-





From "More Misrepresentative Men," Copyrighted, 1905, by Fox, Duffield & Co.



OMAR KHAYYAM "For he, without the least misgiving, Combined High Thinking and High Living."

BURNS

"In judging poets it suffices
To scan their verses, not their
vices."

"And first and second childhood On common ground at Barrie's feet,"

CARTOONS BY MALCOLM STRAUSS

plicity, a modesty which was not studied, an evanescent something which had to be discovered and which could not be forgotten, a firmness of character allied to much sweetness of disposition. The maturity of her mind-she was twenty-nine —was already that of a woman. Here was the companion longed for. Lamartine came across her at the very moment he was seeking her. The vicinity of a watering place, the freshness and enchantment of a beautiful panorama of nature, did the rest."

There was a "drama" in this "idyl," we are told by M. Doumic and "there is in this drama a traitor's part." It was played by a certain Mademoiselle Clementine de la Pierre, who did her best to convince the Scotch young lady, visibly impressed by the personality of the young poet rapidly rising to fame, that there is neither strength nor fervor in any man's second love. It would be "the last indiscretion" to surmise why this Mademoiselle Clementine took such trouble to make the course of true love run unsmoothly, says M. Doumic. But Lamartine had been apprised of the machinations of his fair enemy. He tried conclusions with her in one of his first epistles to the Miss Marianne Eliza Birch who was destined to become Madame de Lamartine:

"It is true that I have loved once in my life and that I have lost through death the object of this only and constant love. Ever since that time I have dwelt in the most absolute indif-ference until the moment I met you. And I shall never love elsewhere if ever I am so happy as to find your heart answering to mine. It is as much opposed to my character as it is opposed to the nature of the affection I feel to vary in the sentiments of this nature which I experience. And I even vow to you that were I to marry a person whom I had neither known nor loved beforehand, I would remain inviolably and solely devoted to her. The person who delineates me so ill and so unjustly to you wholly misrepresents my character and my life. The opposite of that she describes to you is and has been my life."

And in truth, asks M. Doumic, if Lamartine had been incapable of forming this second genuine attachment, what could have drawn him to this girl instead of to another? This union offered him no particular advantage, neither as regards fortune nor as regards social position. Nor could the marriage facilitate his entrance upon a diplomatic career, to which he aspired. For but one reason did he long to marry a lady of another land, another religion, whose relatives opposed the match: He loved her. She inspired his poetry anew. "Love is destroyed by love only," wrote Lamartine in his next letter to Miss Birch, and M. Doumic sees a whole argument herein. As for the fervor of the passion itself, we have Lamartine describing it to its object: "We shall love each other forever! That word 'love' alone shall suffice to render vain for all time the direct and indirect persecutions by which we are mutually hedged about. Adieu! Adieu! You and I! Let there be for us only those two words in the world."

He was in dread at this time because his thesis was being attacked by Mademoiselle Clementine. Here is one of Lamartine's next transports:

"When I love it is for life! It is in a manner that is complete, absolute, unshakable. You may break this sentiment in my heart, but never will you wrench it thence. All the friends in the world might combine to cast aspersions upon my love, to censure it, to vilify it, but I would simply bear it aloft the more triumphantly. Is it with their eyes that I see? Is it with their souls that I feel? Is it with their reason that I judge? Our love! that is the most intimate part of our being. It is ourselves wholly. To immolate it. or to subject it to the sentiments or to the will of another is to bind oneself with chains, is to surrender one's own individuality, to make oneself a slave through one's own soul. And this you have not perceived!"

The fact is, M. Doumic explains, that Lamartine had a bad sentimental reputation. His name had been connected with that of other and less rigid ladies than was Miss Birch. Miss Birch's mother objected to poets on general principles—that is, as husbands. Lamartine was not yet the great figure in literature he was soon to become. Above all. he lacked what the French call "an assured existence." His family had some money-not much. To put it even more bluntly, Lamartine had no particular means of support. Not that all this mattered to Miss Birch, apparently. She was perturbed only by the first love. If, adds M. Doumic again, we only had her letters to Lamartine! But we have this to her, and he is still at his theme:

"Is my love dependent upon the opinion it may form of the object of my love? If—to assume the impossible—you fell into a state of abjectness, into the contempt of the universe, would I cease to love you on that account? Would I cease to glory in my love? I should blush for myself if that were possible. I should not deem myself worthy of having received a soul. I should have no need to. The opinion of others would be my soul!"

The lady was showing weakness now. Lamartine, at any rate, accuses her of that. And he warns her:

"Your few days' weakness will have poisoned the life of a man who thought he was giving himself up to a love as absolute as his own and who will never survive it. But what does it matter? Be happy. Forget. Betray the sentiments of a few days since friendship did not endorse them. I would rather a thousand times-if I must die -have a sudden and single blow than live in the perpetual dread of that which your weakness would reserve for me sooner or later."

It seems that Mademoiselle Clementine was still harping on that first-love string. had been arguing with Miss Birch, urging the inconstancy of man generally, but more particularly, it seems, recalling "calumnious insinuations" already disposed of, the poet thought, by the candor of his admission concerning the prior attachment. Doumic wonders if there were not times when Lamartine might have felt afresh "emotions

which made his heart beat so fast when, in the month of December, 1817, he hastened at the call of Elvira." But Lamartine says nothing of Elvira. He is distracted by the things Mademoiselle Clementine is saying to Miss Birch:

"If she [Mademoiselle Clementine] prefers her happiness to your own and if she persists in the inexplicable conduct and in the calumnious and perfidious insinuations—I dare affirm them such which you have sufficiently indicated, either we shall still triumph through love over this additional obstacle or you will give yourself up for good to her domination after having incidentally caused the misfortune of my life. But never will I strive to conquer her or to convince her. That is beneath me, beneath love, beneath reason.

What right has she beyond that which you permit her to assume? If you take it from her

she will no longer have it, that is all.
"Adieu! I wish to depart. Would that I were already gone. Why prolong the most beautiful, the final dream of my life, if the awakening must be so frightful? I bear away with me your image, but the image such as you were up to the moment Clementine spoke to you. I behold you tender, constant, immovable, absolute in your sentiment as I in mine, standing firmly against every obstacle, resting in your love and triumphing finally in my arms over all the resistance that can be in store for us. Tell me-must I behold you ever thus? Or am I henceforth to see you only as a dire apparition heaven had in reserve for me after so many misfortunes, to give love and hope back to me and then wrest them from

"Violence" this, notes M. Doumic; nevertheless "delicious" to a woman who appreciated its sincerity, for by this time Miss Birch was in the position said to be the most thrilling of all positions to her sex; she felt that she had found her master! "She had the means of calming this tempest," thus the sympathetic M. Doumic. Love! he writes. She knew he had felt it for another. The image of that other was stamped upon some moving verses. "But in what way was she afflicted by this? By knowing so well how to love that she loved the poet. It was to the plaint of a passion broken by death that her own love at once gave an echo." She dreamed of "reconciling to hope" this man's heart, now wearied with everything! But her mother dreamed differently. She would take her daughter far from poet and poetry. Then Lamartine's father, mother, aunts, come to the fore. They agree to settle the financial side of the difficulty. Next the Minister of Foreign Affairs overcomes his reluctance to appoint to a diplomatic post one whose only recommendation as yet was the quality of his verse. Mademoiselle Clementine disappears from the scene.

All is love in the next letters. "I love you more than I thought could be possible after having loved you so much already," writes Lamartine. "He knew," observes M. Doumic, "how to plead his case and win it."

As a winsome sequel to the story that M. Doumic gives us in the foregoing, we may reproduce here a passage from the correspondence of the historian, George Bancroft, whose letters and diaries are being published in Scribner's. In the November number appears a letter dated April 4, 1847, in which he writes as follows:

"After dinner I went to Lamartine's reception. He is a tall man, with the manners of the world. His work just published has the greatest success of almost anything that has yet appeared. The third volume was on a table, and is to appear on Monday. . . . Madame Lamartine, who is not thought here a person so distinguished as not to be excelled by a great many, corrects her husband's proof-sheets herself entirely, tells him what pages to rewrite, points out the repetition in the same page of the same word, or the too frequent recurrence of the same phrase; and revises again the revise. Nay, when he has written, the copy of the amanuensis is made for the press from his papers, and madame compares them, and she alone. When Lamartine writes letters she sits by and folds them and he writes almost as fast as she can direct and seal."

#### THE LITERARY AND ARTISTIC RENAISSANCE IN POLAND

Little is known concerning the literary, dramatic and artistic activities of Poland. The political struggles, troubles and aspirations of the Poles, especially of those under Russian rule, the world is interested in, and correspondents keep it informed of the course of events in those directions. What is going on in the intellectual life of Poland? The names of one or two novelists are familiar, but it is hardly even suspected that in literature and art Poland is something more than "a geographical expression."

It appears, however, that Poland is enjoying a veritable renaissance and doing work that is worthy of sympathetic study and attention. In fiction, in the drama, in poetry, in painting, she is displaying new energy, new capacity, and giving promise of even greater achievements in the future.

A work in four volumes by Wilhelm Feldman, editor of the Revue Krytyka, published at Lemberg, traces the literary development of Poland since 1880 and claims for the last few years a remarkable and fruitful revival. The work is entitled "Pismiennictivo Polskie" (Polish Literature), and introduces many new names to the reading and thinking elements of the world.

Polish letters and art, according to this author, have even placed themselves at the service of new national ideas and currents, and several distinct stages may be identified in the productions of the period.

In the eighties romanticism was dying and positivism was the dominant tendency. Nov-

elists and playwrights were busying themselves with social themes—the misery of the people, iniquity and oppression. Art was abstract and philosophical, and its message was one of Beauty and Reason and Evolution.

This stage was followed by a reaction of sentiment-primarily of national and patriotic sentiment. Sienkiewicz was the leader in the new movement. His earliest novels had been distinguished by quaint humor and keen observation of Polish character. His drama, "On a Card," and his stories, "Hanja" and "The Tartar Bondage," increased his popularity. In 1884 he wrote his great historical and patriotic novel, "With Fire and Sword," the first of the famous trilogy which included "The Deluge" (1886) and "Pan Michael" (1888), and has been translated into many foreign languages. These have been universally pronounced the greatest novels dealing with the struggle of the Poles and Cossacks. They reveal a Dumas-like power of evoking historical characters and enveloping them in a halo of romance. The trilogy recalled past grandeur and opened a window into a better and radiant future. It became the bible of the Polish youth.

But this phase was short-lived. Naturalism succeeded it under the influence of Zola and Maupassant. It gave Poland some fine pictures and some strong fiction, but it lacked originality; there was nothing national about it.

It passed away; a period of uncertainty and

pessimism and mysticism followed. The art and poetry of the time had a certain charm and beauty, but it was essentially decadent, sensual in some cases, and indicative of lassitude and national stagnation.

To-day Poland is witnessing an amazing revival, an unexpected blossoming forth of talent. New writers, whose names were all but unknown yesterday, have at a bound placed themselves in the front rank; old writers, silent for years, have resumed creative work and have new messages for their readers. So much light, color and variety of genius fairly dazzle one. "We are," says M. Feldman, "in the midst of a splendid regeneration of the spirit and art of Poland."

In the domain of fiction the great names of the present epoch are Przybyszewski, Sicroszewski, Reymont, Zerowski, Danilowski; in poetry and the drama, the first-named and several others—Kasprawicz, Stapf, Wyspianski; in painting, Malczewski, Mehoffer, Ruszczyc and others. The renaissance dates back to 1898; it was due to an impulse from the West, chiefly to the work of the French symbolists and of Maeterlinck. The center of the new movement was Cracow, and all the ardent, young, vigorous talents grouped themselves around the review Zycie (Life). In "Confiteor" Przybyszewski gave the most idealistic expression of the new spirit. He proclaimed a new religion, the cult of the inmost recesses of the human soul. And the new art is robust, racial, progressive, national.

In the plays and novels of recent production the "note" is the subordination of individual happiness to social service, the emptiness of selfish existence, the illusion of beauty for beauty's sake. To be happy, these artists say, one must pursue high and noble aims, live a full, rich life, share the joys and sorrows of the nation and work for and with it. And therefore it must be that he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so. All else is vanity and worse.



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#### MASTERPIECES OF RUSSIAN ART IN AMERICA

Russian art, in its broadest sense, is finding more and more sympathetic interpretation in this country. The literary creations of Turgenieff, Tolstoy and Gorky have become familiar to us through numerous translations. The music of Tschaikowsky and the modern school of Russian composers has aroused interest and appreciation sufficient to justify the

burg company. And now, following a comparatively recent exhibition of Verestchagin's paintings held in the leading cities of the United States, a collection of Russian pictures and art treasures, shown at the St. Louis Exposition and declared to be "by far the most remarkable and interesting revelation of the huge northern empire ever afforded this coun-



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MAXIM GORKY
(By S. A. Sorin)

establishment of a "Russian Symphony Society" in New York. The dramas of Dostoyevsky and Tchirikoff have been given here by Paul Orleneff and his St. Peters-

try," is being exhibited in New York. The characterization just quoted is that of a writer in the New York *Herald*, who goes on to say:

"A very train-load of masterpieces and curios,

ranging from ingenious toys, such as delight the little Tsarowitz Alexis at Peterhof, to almost priceless paintings by Verestchagin, Repin, Vladimir, Pirogoff, Makofsky, Venig, Dubofsky, Adamson and Von Liebhardt, among others, has been making ready for the first Russian Fine Arts Exposition in America.

Exposition in America.

"One may venture to say without exaggeration that a genuine surprise awaits connoisseurs and the general visiting public at this storehouse of Russian workmanship. Chicago and Paris, with their respective universal expositions, have had nothing comparable with the Russian paint-

ings on view."

For the opportunity to see these pictures the American public is indebted to Mr. E. M. Grunwaldt, Councilor of Commerce in St. Petersburg, who, at a time when the Russian Government, on account of its war with Japan, decided to withdraw from participation in the World's Fair, himself took the initiative in organizing the Russian art exhibit, and brought it to this country. His honorary committee includes Baron de Rosen and Count Tolstoy. No less than a hundred and fortyeight Russian artists and ten different art societies are represented. Of the exhibition as a whole the art critic of the New York Evening Post says:

"As a national exhibit representative of the various tendencies alive in contemporary Russian art, the collection shows existing side by side a spirit and a technique outgrown in other European countries fifty years ago, and the work of a younger set of artists who are in sympathy with

the spirit and the technique of impressionism. Reminiscent throughout of foreign influence incompletely assimilated, nearly all this work is related more nearly to Munich than to Parismore nearly, in its conventions, to German conventions; more nearly, in its attempts to break free from them, to the impressionism of the Munich secessionists.

"The works here exhibited of the older Russian artists, whose popularity is established in Russia—Soukhorofsky, Kosheleff, Venig, Verestchagin, and many others—seem curiously in the spirit of many of the older canvases in the Munich 'Neue Pinakoteke.' These artists deal chiefly with grandiose subjects drawn from history and poetry, a manner that combines the academic and the melodramatic. . . .

"It is apparent, however, that the more modern spirit in the work of the members of the new society of St. Petersburg, and of many others is breaking away from the traditions of the older men. In the sympathy which these younger artists feel for the actual conditions of life in Russia, they affect a certain broad, even rude, manner of painting, in which the rudeness is meant to count for vigor, and which they would probably not wish to be confused with the too frequent crudity of their technique."

Especially notable are the historical paintings of this collection, which tell the story of Russian oppression and of Russian national progress from the days of Ivan the Terrible until now. One of these is "The Czar Ivan IV (the Terrible) and the Hermit Nicholas Salos," by P. T. Heller, and shows an episode in Ivan's expedition to Pskoff.



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ROMEO AND JULIET



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IVAN THE TE

IVAN THE TERRIBLE AND THE HERMIT (By the Russian painter, P. T. Heller.)

Tradition says that the Czar, on one of his forays, put up at the Monastery of Pskoff. and there visited the hermit Nicholas. The hermit feigned madness, and instead of presenting the Czar with the customary bread and salt of welcome, offered His Majesty a piece of raw meat. The Czar refused to take it, saying that he was a Christian and did not eat flesh during Lent, whereupon the anchorite replied: "You do worse: you nourish yourself with human blood, and forget the laws of God and the Christian religion." The bloodthirsty tyrant was so staggered by this home-thrust that he promptly quitted the town, and thus Pskoff was saved from the cruelty and massacres perpetrated at the neighboring city of Novgorod.

Another striking historical picture is J. K. Feodoroff's "Napoleon's Last Day in Moscow." Napoleon made his solemn and triumphal entry into Moscow on the morning of September 2, 1812, and took up his residence in, the Czar's palace within the Kremlin. Many shops were on fire, and the flames spread until they threatened the Kremlin itself. An alarm was raised that the Kremlin was undermined and then that it was on fire. Murat

Beauharnais and others besought Napoleon on their knees to retire from the city. This picture shows Napoleon within the palace, flames entering the window, his generals leaving by the door.

"The Consecration of a State Drain-Shop." by N. V. Orloff, is a typical painting showing the consecration of a new gin-store in a Russian village, on the introduction of the State monopoly for the sale of spirits. The shop has just been sprinkled with holy water, and now the priest, with the cross, is blessing the new tenant, and reminding him that the main object of the monopolization of the traffic in spirituous liquors by the State is not to increase the consumption of vodka, but rather to save the people from the evils of drunkenness. The former proprietor of the shop, the stout old man standing apart, is lost in thought, for the introduction of the monopoly deprives him of a lucrative business.

One of the most striking pictures of the exhibit, "Romeo and Juliet," by Prof. K. B. Venig, of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, is reproduced herewith; and an excellent portrait of Gorky, by S. A. Sorin, will interest his American admirers.



CONSECRATION OF A STATE DRAM-SHOP
(By N. V. Orloff.)

#### THE CUBAN POET WHO DEFEATED ZOLA

"The greatest of all our contemporary French poets," is the way in which André Beaunier, writing in the Figaro, speaks of José Maria de Heredia, who died a short time ago. "He will increase silently in reputation," writes Hilaire Belloc in the London Post of the same poet, "until we, in old age, shall be surprised to find our sons and grandsons taking him for granted and speaking of him as one speaks of the permanent lights of poetry." And the Journal des Débats adds that Heredia was "a paradox threefold"—the greatest of French poets, yet a Spaniard and a colonial Spaniard at that: a most exquisite master of style, and yet least known (to lovers of style) among all the members of the French Academy; and finally, a detester of notoriety, but plunged into publicity by the spirited campaign against Émile Zola for a seat among the forty immortals. The great novelist, Zola, consoled himself for that defeat with the reflection that "Heredia's one thin volume" would never enjoy the thousandth part of the circulation of "Nana."

José Maria de Heredia, recounts the Paris Temps, was born in 1842 among the mountains frowning over Santiago de Cuba. His Spanish ancestors had been in the New World for generations. He received his early training in his native isle and in Paris, while his university studies were prosecuted in both Havana and the French capital. But he began his literary career in Paris, and it was an early beginning, too. He was barely twenty when his first verse began to attract attention in the old Revue de Paris and in the Revue des Deux Mondes. Théophile Gautier first recognized Heredia's talent; but in spite of the instant success achieved by Heredia's poetry among Frenchmen of taste, it remains "oddly true" that he never won what the "advertising public" knows as fame. Until his contest against Zola for a seat in the French Academy, he was all but obscure. His thin volume of verse had appeared but a year prior to this dramatic defeat of Zola. To quote Jules Claretie:

"When de Heredia determined to publish in a single volume those wonderful sonnets which had so long been the admiration of men of letters, the event was to many a revelation and to all the entrance of a beautiful and perfect work into the history of French literature. This son of Cuba added a ray of his country's sun to the glory of our fatherland.

"It is a great poet who is dead, a master workman in the French idiom. Heredia's verses, brilliant, sonorous, solid, are imperishable. Catulle Mendès, in his able 'Report on the French poetic movement,' has compared the sonnets of his boyhood comrade to a cascade of gems so gleaming bright as never to be obscured by eclipse. Indeed, no poet, no master in the incomparable art of verse making, has surpassed the perfection of this shaper and cutter in precious metals."

Not that Heredia was a mere master of technique, the Gaulois explains. He had technique beyond all the poets of his time in France. But there was a "wedding of technique and thought" until one so complemented the other as to be "twin perfection." Greater than anything he ever attempted was his sonnet-sequence. This series of "masterpieces" was an organic unit, yet each stood alone. Hilaire Belloc, in the London Morning Post, strives to set down the distinctive qualities of a talent which he finds "so élusive, so amazing":

"The French have a phrase 'la beauté du verbe' by which they would express a something in the sound and in the arrangement of words which supplements whatever mere thought those words were intended to express. It is evident that no definition of this beauty can be given, but it is also evident that without it letters would not exist. How it arises we cannot explain, yet the process is familiar to us in everything we do when we are attempting to fulfil an impulse towards whatever is good. An integration not of many small things but of an infinite series of infinitely small things build up the perfect gesture, the perfect line, the perfect intonation, and the perfect phrase. So indeed are all things significant built up: every tone of the voice, every arrangement of landscape or of notes in music which awake us and reveal the things beyond.

"It has been said that the material in which he works affects the achievement of the artist: it is truer to say that it helps him. A man designing a sculpture in marble knows very well what he is about to do. A man attempting the exact and restrained rendering of tragedy upon the stage does not choose the stage as one among many methods, he is drawn to it: he needs it; the audience, the light, the evening, the very slope of the boards all minister to his efforts. And so a man determined to produce the greatest things in verse takes up by nature exact and thoughtful words and finds that their rhythm, their combination, and their sound turn under his hand to something greater than he himself at first intended; he becomes a creator, and his name is linked with the name of a masterpiece. The material in which he has worked is hard; the price he has paid is an exceeding effort; the reward he has earned is permanence.

"José de Heredia was an artist of this kind."



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THE MOTHER'S LOVE (By G. Lawrence Bulleid)

## Religion and Ethics

#### IS THE MORAL SUPREMACY OF CHRISTENDOM IN DANGER?

This startling question has been projected into the field of active discussion by the editor of the well-known theological quarterly, The Hibbert Journal (London), as the result of his observation of what he calls "the most important event in religious history since the call of the Gentiles"—namely, the rise of Japan as a world-power. For the first time in many centuries, he declares, Christianity "has received a shock from without," Christendom, as a whole, long accustomed to treat all pagan races as morally inferior to herself, "now stands confronted by a non-Christian civilization, of vast power and splendid promise, whose claims to moral equality, at least, cannot be disregarded, except by those who are morally blind." According to this writer, Japan, in her hour of trial, "has shown a degree of calmness, moderation, self-restraint and dignity which are strange to the working moral standards of Europe," and "has set a new example to the civilized world." further classifies the special Japanese virtues under three heads. Speaking, first of all, of the Buddhist religion, with its negation of individuality, he says: "The spirit of Buddhism, entering into the lifeblood of Japan, has produced an ethical result of a character exactly opposite to that which we have been accustomed to expect. Instead of crippling individual endeavour, it has checked the operation of personal selfishness—the chief source of the ugliness, the misery, the wickedness of the civilization of the West." Proceeding to an analysis of the elements of Japanese education, he points out that moral idealism is the basis of the Japanese system. He adds:

"What the fruit of such a system may be in dealing with the problems of international ethics is now written in letters so large that all the world may read. The action of Japan in waiving her claim to a Russian indemnity can be understood only by assuming that her statesmen have therein acted as the representatives of a nation whose moral instincts have been trained to a high level of discernment and vigour. Sordid explanations cannot rob her conduct of its due: beyond all gainsaying she has rendered the most illustrious service of modern times towards raising the standard by which the nations are to be judged."

Referring, thirdly, to the influence of Jap-

anese art, he lays stress on the love of beauty as "an active force in the daily life of the whole Japanese nation." He goes on to say:

"To many persons it may appear incredible that the consistence of Japan's statesmanship and strategy, the far reach of her military plans, the splendid qualities of her soldiers and sailors, the steadiness of nerve, the accuracy of aim, the coolness of advance, the deadliness of attack, the self-immolation of regiments at the word of command, are not unconnected with the fact that she alone among living nations has a truly national art, that her senses are refined and her taste fastidious, that her poor love beauty and seek their pleasure among flowers."

The hold of Christianity upon the peoples of the Western World, we are reminded, is rooted in the conviction that it is the religion which produces the best men. "To a greater degree than is commonly recognized," says the writer, "each church or sect of Christendom thus derives its confidence from the final court of ethical appeal." He continues:

"Accepting the ethical test in the sense indicated, I submit the following question: How would the general status of Christianity be affected by the appearance in the world of a religion which should stand the test better than Or, slightly varying the terms of the problem, let us suppose that a race of non-Christian men should appear who, when judged by accepted standards of character, should be at once pronounced the moral superiors of the Christian races. I am far from asserting that such a thing has happened; I offer the question in a strictly hypothetical form—how would Christianity stand affected if it were to happen? The answer is that the whole edifice would be shaken to its very foundations. Not the united zeal and ingenuity of all the doctors of Christendom could secure her against the shock of the discovery that another religion produced better nations and better men. That we should all hasten to become adherents of this other religion does not follow, but we should at once be compelled to reexamine and perhaps reform our own. All differences among ourselves would be merged in a common insignificance. As the wild creatures of the prairie suspend their wars when they scent the fumes of the oncoming fire—as the pursuer forgets his chase and the victim his flight, as the panther and the hart seek a common hiding-place from destruction—so would it be with us and with our controversies in the day when this thing should come to pass. Reason and Au-thority, Christian metaphysics and Christian evidence, dogma and apology Catholic and Protestant. Churchman and Dissenter-of what consequence would these distinctions be in face of the advent of another religion which produced better men? The defence and the propagation of Christianity would alike come to a dead stop. The Church could no longer chant her favorite text about the gates of hell, for she would be stricken utterly dumb. The Dean of Canterbury would forget his appeal to the first six centuries; Harnack would find his occupation gone; a mightier force would put M. Loisy to silence; Dr. Beet would be left unmolested; foreign missions would collapse; Messrs. Torrey and Alexander would have to close; no one would trouble about the lost end of St. Mark; works of Newman and of Matthew Arnold would alike become obsolete; busy pens would stop writing, and even the cheap edition of Haeckel would cease to sell."

The editor of *The Hibbert Journal* supplements this hypothetical question with the words:

"I make no prediction whatever. The contention is that a serious challenge to the moral hegemony of Christendom is not, a priori, impossible; that such a challenge has actually been offered; that Buddhism, represented for the moment by Japan, is even now in the field as a claimant for that position which the vast majority of Christians regard as the indisputable birthright of their own religion. What verdict history will finally pass upon this claim no one can tell."

Writing in the same issue of The Hibbert

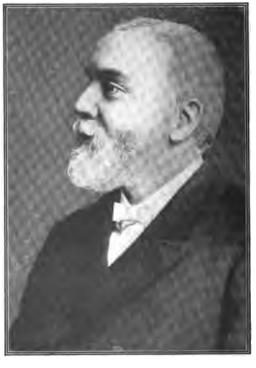
Journal in which this remarkable paper appears, M. Anesaki, Professor of the Philosophy of Religion in the Imperial University of Japan, compares Christianity with Buddhism. He concedes that Christianity is an absolute religion, but claims that Buddhism is also absolute, and suggests, in the following series of questions, a reconciliation between the two:

"Is the harmony of these two absolute religions not as much a question of the future as is the harmony of various forms of Christianity? Speaking more concretely, should Buddhism wholly yield its claim and mission to Christianity? Can a Buddhist nation contribute nothing to the civilisation of the world and to the progress of humanity without being converted to Christianity? Might she not remain Buddhist and be Christianised in spirit, and, in this way, enter into the world-concert of the future civilisation? On the other side, is it impossible that the Christian nations and the Christian civilisation, adhering to Christianity, should keep harmony with the Buddhist nations and the Buddhist civilisation?"

These articles have aroused unusual interest in the religious press. The Christian Work and Evangelist (New York) thinks there is a disposition, at the present time, to exaggerate the moral qualities of the Japanese; but the New York Churchman takes a more serious



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view of the issues raised. It comments, in part:

"We cannot too frankly understand that God is not limited to us and to our ways. We may boast of our lineage and our prerogatives. But these were given us for God's purposes, not ours. He wills the moral supremacy of His people, and if the moral supremacy of Christendom is in danger at any point, the responsibility lies not

with Him or with His system, but with those who profess Christ's name but do not produce the fruits of the religion they profess. To bring the matter directly home to ourselves, unless our church, local and national, proves itself a present power in shaping the lives of men to the betterment of city and nation, we shall be discredited and it will be discredited through us. Christianity—Christ—cannot fail us, but we may, and do too often, fail him."

#### CHURCH FEDERATION AND THE UNITARIANS

The Inter-Church Conference on Federation, held in Carnegie Hall, New York, from November 15 to 21, is characterized by the New York Independent as "the most important and impressive religious gathering ever held in this country." No less than twenty-seven denominations, representing a membership of about 18,000,000, accepted invitations to the convention and took part in what is probably the most widely representative of any delegated assembly known to history. The conference was planned and promoted by the National Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations, a voluntary body formed in New York in the winter of 1900 for the purpose of securing "cooperation among churches and Christian workers throughout the United States for the more effective promotion of the interests of the Kingdom of God." In the support of this purpose, the President and Vice-President of the United States, the Governor of New York State, the Mayor of '

New York City, and many of the most eminent men from church and laity in all parts of the country have been enlisted.

In view of the influence of the New York conference and the large degree of success attending its deliberations, it is peculiarly appropriate at this time to inquire just what has been accomplished in the United States in the direction of church federation. In an article in *The Methodist Review* (New York), the Rev. Dr. Frank Mason North writes:

"The federation between the two great branches of the Methodist Church, the continued efficiency of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, the achievement of a formal national union between the Baptists of the North and South, the advance of the project to unite the Presbyterian and the Cumberland Presbyterian Churches, the union of the Congregationalist, Methodist Protestant, and United Brethren Churches—these and similar projects disclose the spirit which is at work in the new century."

Dr. North also refers at length to the work



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of the great interdenominational societies in promoting Christian unity:

"The American Bible Society, now near the end of its ninth decade, was organized by sixty delegates from twenty-eight local societies representing seven denominations, the Congregational, Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Reformed Dutch, Baptist, and the Society of Friends. Its influence, despite the one break in the harmony of its constituents, which without discussion we may profoundly deplore, has told incalculably for the unification of the churches. The American Tract Society, founded in 1825, drew together from various religious bodies members already closely related in local publication societies, and its constitution requires that on its important committees six different denominations shall be represented. Even stronger in its influence has been the

American Sunday School Union, since out of its great conventions has developed the international series of uniform lessons, and upon its authority, at the outset, was organized the International Lesson Committee, than whom no leaders in the church have affected so wide a constituency in the interest of a common understanding and a united service. The American and Foreign Christian Union, though its objective was beyond the seas, was for many years, in the third quarter of the last century, a strong illustration of the cooperation of Christians of different communions, and did its part toward bringing in the better day. The Young Men's Christian Association has not for one of its specific objects the promotion of church union. Indeed, the candid scrutiny invited and given at its recent gathering in Buffalo has raised the question whether it always promotes church efficiency. But that this marvelous organization, with its sister associa-



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Chairman of Publication Committee of Inter-Church Conference.



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tion founded only a few years later, has been a mighty leveler of denominational prejudices, from its close fellowship reacting upon the vital beliefs and the traditional methods of all the churches, may be gratefully acknowledged. The cruel exigencies of the civil war brought into common service Christians of every name in the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission, and such powerful organizations as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the National Temperance Union, the National Temperance Society, the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and the Student Volunteers, have undoubtedly helped to clear the way for the larger activities of a federated church. This enumeration shows how persistent has been the centripetal force which is drawing all Christians to one center and holding them to a single orbit."

Mr. D. F. St. Clair, a writer in *The Homiletic Review* (New York), points out that the new consciousness of unity has so affected the churches that not one of them has attempted within recent years to launch any distinct religious movement. He continues:

"Every revival worth mentioning is the result of the cooperation of all the churches in a place. In St. Louis, in Denver, in Schenectady, in Syracuse, as elsewhere, it was not the Presbyterians nor the Methodists nor the Baptists nor the Episcopalians who stirred the community, but all of them together. Such events go a long way to produce that state of mind that demands not only spasmodic cooperation, but practical federation. Indeed, the churches are fully conscious of their individual weakness, and of their great power when united.

"Federation here and there, however, has been attempted for ten years or more. Eleven States—Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Nebraska, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Michigan, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, California—have been organized, and in the cities of New York, Syracuse, Utica, Providence, Hartford, Cleveland, and Toledo, and others, local federations have been formed."

While the general prospects for a greater comity between the churches may be said to be bright, it would be idle to deny that there are almost insuperable difficulties in the way of any close identification of the various sects. The Roman Catholics, Jews, Universalists and Unitarians were not invited to the recent New York conference. No feature of the convention attracted more attention or elicited more comment than the exclusion of the three Unitarian delegates, the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Chaplain of the United States Senate; ex-Secretary of the Navy John D. Long; and the Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association. Rev. Dr. E. B. Sandford, the secretary of the conference, justified this action on the ground that the object of the gathering was not humanitarianism, but "unity in the spreading of the gospel of salvation through Christ." If the Unitarians had been admitted, he said, there would have been "a general quiet disapproval and a courteous refusal," on the part of other leading denominations, to take part in the conference. That he correctly gaged the temper of many of the churches is made clear by subsequent comment. Chicago Interior (Presbyterian) declared: "It is for practical reasons of efficiency, and not for any unkindness of regard, that the Unitarian gentlemen who applied for seats in the New York meeting have been refused admission." The Philadelphia organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church, The Church Standard, said: "We are profoundly thankful that this matter has been brought up, and a line drawn at which American Protestants are brought face to face with the question whether the Christian faith, when reduced to its lowest conceivable terms, is worth saving; or whether it is to be surrendered bodily to a shallow sentimentalism in which the name of Christ is all that will be left of him." And The Christian Advocate (New York), the leading Methodist paper, concluded a trenchant defense of the evangelical position, as fol-

"Among our best friends are Unitarian ministers and laymen. Most gladly do we coöperate with them as patriots, philanthropists, moralists, and educators, and there are some of these whose shoes we are unworthy to unloose; but the greater part of the work discussed by the conference depends upon the evangelical interpretation of the person and mission of Christ, and by their own confession their Christ is as far from ours as the best strictly human being that ever lived is from God."

The Unitarian organ, The Christian Register (Boston), in its rejoinder, declared it "a pitiful thing that at this time there should be belated ecclesiastics and theologians who hark back to the creeds and methods of medieval times, and judge all religious movements by their antiquated standards." It said further:

"Overtures from Unitarians looking toward comity and fellowship have been received with enthusiasm by individuals, but not, so far as we know, at the headquarters of any denomination. Now the Church Federation must deal with men in masses and with whole denominations, and not with the liberal portion in any denomination. The Presbyterians, for instance, acting as a body, could not agree to fellowship with Unitarians under any circumstances without an immediate internal convulsion. Dr. Hale and others have occasionally appeared at orthodox Congregational meetings and councils, and, as individuals, they have been courteously received, and by some

gladly received, but they were never invited, we believe, by any executive authority. These liberal men, who are to be found in all churches, are now those who are most compromised and embarrassed by this act of exclusion. Their sympathies go with us, but their fellowship must go with those who exclude us, unless they secede from their own denominations. . . .

"The action of the Federation simply brings to light facts as they are, and, although they are surprising to many liberal people and to the editors of the secular press, who commonly condemn the act of exclusion, it ought not to surprise any one who has seen that behind the narrow fringe of liberal thought and culture, which lies for the most part along the line of the Northern transcontinental railways, there are vast tracts inhabited by multitudes who, if they ever heard the word 'Unitarian,' associate it with evil things, like anarchy, Mormonism, and free love,—things to be abhorred and avoided. It may be that we shall now hear less from our own people about our work being done."

The New York Outlook, mediating between the Unitarians and the other denominations, makes this comment:

"The denominations will have a perfect right to decide that they will associate with one another only as long as they are mutually congenial. They can, if they choose, make of their Federation an ecclesiastical club. Into such a club, naturally, they will not invite any denomination which they regard as unconventional. If any church which does not follow their traditions applies for membership, they can perfectly properly say, You don't think as we do or talk as we do; why do you wish to associate with us? Such a club as this may promote ecclesiastical good-fellowship, but it will do little to promote church unity. It is a very different ideal from this which we have for this movement toward the federation of the churches. It is an ideal which comprises all who show themselves loyal to him from whom the Christian Church has taken its name."

#### CAN WE STILL PRAY TO JESUS?

The debate between the conservative and advanced schools of theology in Germany has recently taken a decidedly practical turn. The latter school is no longer satisfied to confine its work to the department of research and discussion, but has gone to work systematically to introduce its teachings in pulpit and pew, church and school. "Popularize modern theology" has become the battle-cry, and it is maintained that consistency demands that even the youth of the land must be made acquainted with the most radical results of newer criticism. Conservatives have accepted the challenge and are pointing out that the first practical consequence of this policy will be the breaking down in the minds of the masses of the old reverence for the person of Jesus Christ. The veteran conservative organ in Leipsic, the Evangelisch-Lutherische Kirchenzeitung, comments substantially as follows:

From the standpoint of modern advanced theology, Jesus Christ can no longer be regarded as an object of divine reverence and worship. The Christian who has accepted the teachings of modern theology can no longer pray to Jesus as he would pray to his God. Modern theology may seek to centre its thought upon Jesus, and may even adopt as its war cry, "Back to Jesus"; but the fact remains that, notwithstanding all this apparent reverence for the Nazarene, he is regarded not as a divine being, not as a God, but only as a man, though he may be the best of men. In the eyes of the modern theologian, Jesus is at most a religious genius, a man who has embodied in himself the highest principles and truths that

natural religious development may unfold; he was not aided by a divine nature nor by a supernatural revelation. What he taught was merely his own interpretation of religious ideas current in the world of thought in which he lived and moved and had his being. He was a religious master-mind, the greatest and noblest of men, whose life's work consisted chiefly in words and works which furnished the world a model for emulation; but he was not superhuman, was not divine. And can we pray to anybody who is not divine? Is it Christian to address petitions to anybody who is not God? Certainly it is only that inconsistency on the part of modern theologians to which the philosopher Jacobi referred, when he described himself as a Christian in his heart but a rationalist in his head, which still makes the adherent of modern theology bow the knee to Jesus Christ. He can no longer consistently pray to Jesus.

It is very apparent that this charge against modern theology has vexed and perplexed its representatives not a little, and they seem at a loss for an effective answer. Considerable discussion on the subject has been going on in the liberal organ, Die Christliche Welt (Marburg), between Professor Bousset, of Göttingen (author of the pamphlet "Jesus" in the Religiousgeschichtliche Handbücher, a new series aiming to initiate the average reader in the mysteries of newer theology), and a conservative pastor who rather vigorously puts the question: How can a denial of the divinity of Christ be reconciled with prayer that belongs only to God? Bousset takes the ground that prayer to Jesus is the outcome of prac-

Photo. by Vander Weyde.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.
A New Bust by William Ordway Partridge.

tical religious needs and not of a theoretical conception of his person and character. His argument is not unlike that afforded by the Kantian philosophy, in which the demands of practical reason furnish the ethical ideals that abstract reasoning cannot supply.

An answer of a somewhat different kind is made in the same paper by Pastor Font, who openly acknowledges that prayer to Jesus as advocated by advanced theology, is not based on clearness of thought, but who maintains that conservative theology is not in any better condition in this respect. He says:

"It is true that we cannot claim perfect clearness of thought for our position. We abstain from making any such claim. But, in return, we ask: Are those who recognize the divinity of Christ consistent and logical? Certainly not.

These people believe in the divinity of Christ, but they also believe in his perfect humanity. Theirs is a dogma of an undivided God and man in Christ. Now we can very properly ask: How can they escape the charge of worshipping a human being? In fact, they are practically in the same condition in which the advanced theologian is. Both worship a human being, the one a purely human being, the other such a being united with divinity. Clearness of thought and logical exactness can be claimed for neither party. But liberal theology will at all times continue to pray to Jesus because it is he who has taught us to know the true and living God as a Father who has loved us, and because we at all times need this Christ in order to find our gracious and merciful God. But we do not pray to him as to a second God to whom we are indebted for something which God himself could not give us. We pray to him because the one true God has through him become a reality for us."

#### THE SEX OF ANGELS

A controversy that has its serious as well as its frivolous aspects was started in New York recently as the result of a point of difference raised between the sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, and the building committee of the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Mr. Borglum was commissioned to execute for the cathedral some thirty or forty statues of angels, including one of Gabriel, the Angel of the Annunciation, and another of Michael, the Angel of the Resurrection. When completed, the statues, and especially those of Gabriel and Michael, were objected to on the ground that they were too markedly feminine; and Mr. Borglum, stung to the quick by this criticism, visited his workshop by night and smashed to pieces the two offending figures with a mallet and chisel. "I felt like a murderer," he confessed afterward, "but that was the only thing to do under the circumstances." In a later statement he said:

"I am just as sure as I ever was that the feminine side of our race must ever continue to be our chief source of inspiration, and will so remain, absolutely unaltered by all pedantic controversies. Of course, in making angels I knew very well that some essentially feminine attributes that bring the sex idea uppermost must not be accentuated. I did not accentuate them. On the other hand, I endeavored to bring out the spiritual and repress the sexual. In fact I am inclined to believe there is no sex in an angel. And with the exception of a certain touch in the attitude and an indefinable femininity of atmosphere, which artists have long held to be inherent

in the idea of angelic beings, I have made my angels as nearly sexless as possible."

With specific reference to the figure of the Angel of the Annunciation, the sculptor said that it seemed to him "repugnant to every gentlemanly sense to conceive of a man performing that rôle"—a suggestion that, in the opinion of the New York Independent, "places Mr. Borglum among the highest of the high critics." The same paper adds: "Who can say that there has been no advance in morality in two thousand years when men now criticize the conduct of angels?" The Christian Herald (New York) comments:

"We do not go to sculpture for our theology, nor would there be any serious harm done by the sculptor's conception in this case. He is naturally concerned about the artistic beauty of his work, and there can be no question of the female form lending itself better than the masculine to his purpose. If, however, the design is to be true to revelation, he must acknowledge that he has erred. Indeed, the criticism might go further. Where is the authority for the wings with which the figures are supplied? It is true that the seraphim whom Isaiah saw had six wings, and that the angel who visited Daniel said he had been caused to fly very swiftly; but in other descriptions of the heavenly messengers, they are represented as having the ordinary human form. The angels whom Abraham entertained in his tent appeared as men, took people by the hand, and ate with them. The angel who wrestled with Jacob appeared as a man; the angels who watched by Christ's empty sepulchre are described as looking like young men, and in other instances the form was apparently wingless.



GUTZON BORGLUM, THE NEW YORK SCULPTOR, AND THE ANGELS THAT HE DESTROYED.

"The fact appears to be that angels are a distinct creation—messengers sent from God to deliver his message, or execute his behests. We may safely conclude that they are endowed with natures adapted to the work they have to perform. That some of them must have the feminine nature seems reasonable. All the qualities we associate with woman—her gentleness, sweetness, and tenderness, would be needed by the angels of ministration and consolation, who are as active as angels of vengeance and destruction. It is not a question of form, but of nature and disposition. . . .

disposition. . . . "The real clue we have to the nature of angels is that which Christ himself furnishes. When the Sadducees, who did not believe in angels or spirits, came to him with a question about the status of a woman in the resurrection, Jesus waived the problem aside with a reply that is significant in this connection. He intimated that as spirits, the whole question of sex was in abeyance."

Swedenborg and the rabbinical wisdom have both been cited in this controversy to sustain Mr. Borglum's side of the argument. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* offers these passages from Swedenborg's text-book, "Heaven and Hell":

"Sec. 311. There is not one angel who was created such, nor in Hell any Devil who was

created an Angel . . . but all, in both Heaven and Hell, are from the human race. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . when he

"Sec. 329. Every little child . . . when he dies, is received by the Lord, and educated in Heaven . . . and afterwards as he is perfected in intelligence and wisdom . . . he becomes an Angel.

"Sec. 332. As soon as little children are raised from the dead . . . they are carried into Heaven and committed to the charge of Angels of the female sex, who have tenderly loved little children in the bodily life, and at the same time have loved God. . . .

"Sec. 349. All who in the world have acquired intelligence and wisdom are accepted in Heaven, and become Angels, everyone according to the quantity and quality of his intelligence and wisdom. . . .

"Sec. 367. Wherefore two married partners in Heaven are not called two, but one Angel."

Mr. Joseph Jacobs, revising editor of the new Jewish Encyclopædia, points out, in the same paper, that the angelology of Christianity is undoubtedly derived from Judaism, and goes on to say:

"Now in the later Jewish view the possibilities of male and female angels is allowed without question. Thus the Jewish bibliographer, Hayyim Azulai, wrote as follows in his 'Midbar

Kedemot,' page 96a, published at Leghorn in 1792: "The angels are called women, as it is written in Zechariah v. 9, "Then lifted I up mine eyes, and looked, and behold, there came out two women," which R. David Kimhi explained that it referred to the angels."

"Similarly in a collection of Cabalistic sayings entitled 'Yalkut Hadash,' page 118a we find the

"'Of angels we can speak both in masculine and in feminine: the angels of a superior degree are called men, and the angels of an inferior degree are called women.'

"And the following passage on page 119c:

"'The angels in waiting before the Holy One, blessed be He, are called young men; whilst those angels in waiting of the Shechina, are called maiden.

"These passages . . . conclusively prove that at any rate in the later Cabala two sexes

were recognized among the angels.
"It is a pity Mr. Borglum is not acquainted with rabbinic Hebrew, or perhaps I should rather say it is to be regretted that the ecclesiastical authorities who decided adversely against the possibility of lady angels appear to have been equally ignorant. But for that, Mr. Borglum would not have lost his temper or his angels.

#### A FALSTAFFIAN SANTA CLAUS

An interesting contrast to the Santa Claus of our childhood is furnished by the mythical patron of the little ones familiar in Japan for several centuries. In the Gartenlaube, of Berlin (a sort of German Ladies' Home Journal) is a description of this unique demigod. It seems that side by side with ideal representations of its divinities, the Buddhistic pantheon displays many realistic impersonations which, principally by exaggerations of certain physical peculiarities, are intended to arouse the fears or excite the laughter of the devout adorers of these grotesques. Of all, the merriest and most popular is Hotei, the Japanese children's god. His great protuberant paunch, his fat double chin, the round laughing face with its wide mouth and long ears, will linger long in the memory of anyone who has once become acquainted with this fun-loving, Falstaffian figure.



HOTEI The Japanese Children's God.

Hotei is one of the Seven Gods of Good Luck, and although—or perhaps because—the least reverend, he is the best beloved. Representations of him first became common in the fifteenth century. The legends tell that once upon a time in China there lived a monstrously corpulent priest whose chief delight it was to join the children in their pastimes on the streets. The story goes that he could sleep soundly in a snow-bank; that he eschewed water, and possessed the gift of foretelling the future. Thus he grew to be the most sought after, the best beloved and honored personage of the city thoroughfares, while his extraordinary figure came to be fondly cherished in the folk-lore of his fellow believers long after his death. The people generally regard him not so much as a god, but rather as a jovial old bachelor of supernatural endowments, whose heart never lost its youthful freshness. The children prize him as their gayest playmate, and for this reason he is often depicted as surrounded by frolicsome youngsters. Usually he carries a big bulging bag over his broad back, whereof the meaning has been very variously interpreted. In all likelihood, it was originally supposed to contain his bedding; but the old folks nowadays declare that he uses his sack to entrap naughty urchins. Curious or meddlesome boys and girls are induced to creep into it, in the hopes of getting a glimpse of its marvelous contents: once they are well within, Hotei ties it fast and, try as they may, he will not let his captives out till they have promised to behave themselves better. Thus some ethical significance has managed to attach itself to this comical monstrosity, and to divest these children of their prejudices would be like taking off their skin to make them feel better.

### FOUNDER OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

It is seldom the privilege of a man to see the realization of his plans and hopes to such an extent as was vouchsafed to Sir George Williams, who died in London a few days ago. Many papers are recalling at this time the remarkable history of the organization which he founded in 1844 and which now extends into thirty-nine countries and enrolls over 700,000 members. During early manhood Mr. Williams was employed in a dry-goods store. He roomed in the store building with eighty other young men whose habits were so repul-

sive to him that he invited a few of the Christian clerks to meet in his bedroom to talk over means for remedying the condition of life existing around them. This led to the forming of the first Young Men's Christian Association. For awhile the members met in one another's bedrooms. Later, George Hitchcock, the proprietor of the store, gave them a larger room for their meetings, and became the first president of the London Association. He was succeeded by Lord Shaftesbury. George Williams was the leading spirit in the movement from the beginning, was its treasurer for forty-one

years, and, when he became wealthy, made generous financial contributions to its work. Of the development of the society, the Baltimore American says:

"The activities of the Young Men's Christian Associations have been extended until they have touched almost every phase of spiritual, mental and physical endeavor. The religious gatherings of the early days of the organization have been supplemented by the educational departments and by the establishment of gymnasia and other means of athletic activity. The original plan of establishing such associations as meeting places for young men engaged in some particular occupation has been supplemented by the larger one, in which business men, clerks, railroad men and

students have a common interest. While figures can tell but little of the practical value of any activity, they do show to what a tremendous extent an idea may spread. According to the general report published two years ago, there were in all 6.624 associations in various parts of the world, Germany taking the lead with 1,784, North America coming next, with 1,736, and Great Britain standing third, with 1,736. The total value of the property owned by these organizations is startlingly large, amounting in all to nearly \$33,000,000, the North American associations, with their equipment valued at \$25,000,-000, taking the lead in this respect. In numbers, too, the North American societies stand at the

head, with a membership of 350,000 out of the total membership of 700,000 throughout the

The New York Outlook points out that Sir George Williams was a business man until the end, and that "he never made a vocation out of his interest in the Association." It continues:

"Until the day of his death he remained in the business in which he was engaged as 'junior as-sistant' when he started the first Association; but at the last, when he was a rich merchant, his interest in the Association was of the same sort as that which led him, when a young man receiving a hundred and fifty pounds a year, to give a third of his income to the Association. He was a member of the

Church of England, of the 'evangelical' type, very earnest, and at times emotional in public address, but broad-minded in accepting the more practical and less distinctly pietistic or devotional developments in the Association's progress.

"There have been few knights who more clearly earned their title," in the opinion of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The Chicago Evening Post adds: "As the accolade of no earthly sovereign could add to the knightliness of George Williams, the world will prefer to remember him, now that his useful active career has closed, without his title. At heart ---moner-one of the great-~ produced."

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS.

The society which he organized over a dry-goods store in London in 1844 now extends into thirty-nine countries and enrolls over 700,000 members.

#### AN AGNOSTIC'S VALUATION OF SPIRITUALITY

Spirituality, says Felix Adler, the agnostic and ethical culture leader, in a work\* which discusses the essentials of that quality, is sometimes spoken of as if it were a kind of moral luxury, or "a work of supererogation, a token of fastidiousness and refinement." This view of the case seems to him inadequate. He asserts that, so far from being described in the above terms, "spirituality is simply morality carried to its farthest bounds." If brought to the point of analysis, the spiritual life, he says. "depends on self-recollection and detachment from the rush of life; it depends on facing frankly the thought of death; it is signalized especially by the identification of self with others, even of the guiltless with the guilty." If one were to seek for spirituality in historic characters, Savonarola, for instance, would fail as an exemplar because "his nature was too passionate, he was too vehement in his philippics, too deeply engrossed in the attainment of immediate results, too stormy a soul to deserve the name of spiritual": Washington would fail because "there was mingled with his calmness a certain coldness"; philanthropists like John Howard and George Peabody would fail because "benevolence, be it never so tender and practical, does not reach the high marks of spirituality." Lincoln, says Professor Adler, came nearer to possessing the true spiritual quality. Further:

"The spiritual life may be described by its characteristic marks of serenity, a certain inwardness, a measure of saintliness. latter we are not to understand merely the aspiration after virtue or after a lofty ideal, still pursued and still eluding, but to a certain extent the embodiment of this ideal in the life-virtue become a normal experience like the inhalation and exhalation of breath. Moreover, the spiritually-minded seem always to be possessed of a great secret. This air of interior knowledge, of the perception of that which is hidden from the uninitiated, is a common mark of all refinement, æsthetic as well as moral. In studying the face of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Mona Lisa,' for instance, one will find that it is this interior insight that explains the so-called 'cryptic smile.' In the case of æsthetic refinement, the secret discloses itself as at bottom delicacy, the delicacy which prevents intrusion on the personality of others; which abhors a pry-ing curiosity; which finds subtle ways of conveying esteem and delicate modes of rendering service. But the secret of moral refinement is of a far higher order, transcending æsthetic refinement by as much as goodness is superior to mere

\*THE ESSENTIALS OF SPIRITUALITY. By Felix Adler. James Pott & Co.

charm. The secret in this case consists in the insight vouchsafed to the spiritually minded of the true end of human existence."

The second condition of the spiritual life is expressed in the precept, "Live as if this hour were thy last"—an attitude vastly different, the moralist asserts, from the prevailing attitude toward death, which is one of studied neglect. "Even those who look forward with apprehension to the last moment, and who, when it appears, cling desperately to life, are prudent enough to hold their peace. There is a general understanding that those who go shall not mar the composure of those who stay, and that public decorum shall not be disturbed by outcries." He adds:

"This is the baldly secular view of the matter, and this view, though based on low considerations, in some respects is sound enough. And yet I reiterate the opinion that to live as if this hour were our last—in other words, to frankly face the idea of death—is most conducive to the spiritual life. It is for the sake of the reflex action upon life that the practice of coming to a right understanding with death is so valuable. Take the case of a man who calls on his physician, and there unexpectedly discovers that he is afflicted with a fatal malady, and is told that he may have only a few months longer to live. This visit to the physician has changed the whole complexion of life for him. What will be the effect upon him? If he be a sane, strong, morally high-bred man, the effect will be ennobling; it will certainly not darken the face of nature for him. Matthew Arnold wished that when he died he might be placed at the open window, that he might see the sun shining on the landscape, and catch at evening the gleam of the rising star. Everything that is beautiful in the world will still be beautiful; he will thankfully accept the last draught of the joy which nature has poured into his goblet. . . . On the other hand, all that is vain or frivolous, every vile pleasure, gambling, cruelty, harsh lan-guage to wife or child, trickery in business, social snobbishness, all the baser traits that disfigure human conduct, he will now recoil from with horror, as being incongruous with the solemn realization of his condition. frank facing of death has the effect of sifting out the true values of life from the false, the things that are worth while from the things that are not worth while, the things that are related to the highest end from those that are related to the lower partial ends. The precept, 'Live as if this hour were thy last,' is enjoined as a touch-stone; not for the purpose of dampening the healthy relish of life, but as a means of enhancing the relish for real living, the kind of living that is devoted to things really worth while."

The third condition set down by Professor Adler comes nearer the heart of the matter, he declares, than any of those previously enun-

"Learn to look upon any pains and injuries which you may have to endure as you would upon the same pains and injuries endured by someone else. If sick and suffering, remember what you would say to someone else who is sick and suffering, remember how you would admonish him that he is not the first or the only one that has been in like case, how you would expect of him fortitude in bearing pain as an evidence of human dignity. Exhort yourself in like manner; expect the same fortitude of yourself. If anyone has done you a wrong, remember what you would adduce in palliation of the offence if another were in the same situation; remember how you would suggest that perhaps the one in-

jured had given some provocation to the wrongdoer, how you would perhaps have quoted the saying, Tout comprendre est tout pardonner-'to understand is to pardon'-how you would in any case have condemned vindictive resentment. In the moral world each one counts for one and not more than one. The judgment that you pass on others, pass on yourself, and the fact that you are able to do so, that you have the power to rise above your subjective self and take the public universal point of view with respect to yourself, will give you a wonderful sense of enfranchise ment and poise and spiritual dignity. . . . For the highest end with which we must ever be in touch, toward which we must be ever looking, is to make actual that unity between ourselves and others of which our moral nature is the prophecy. The realization of that unity is the goal toward which humanity tends.

### THE COMPULSION TO BELIEVE

Science, at whose doors has been laid the responsibility for most of the unbelief of the past in matters pertaining to religion, will come, says W. H. Mallock in his new work on "The Reconstruction of Religious Belief,"\* "to play a direct part in the stimulation of active religion, by forcing the waters of belief to flow in a given channel, and thus become capable, like a mill-stream, of doing active and definite work, instead of wasting themselves in impotent rivulets, or stagnating in a shallow flood." The will to believe, then, which has hitherto been on the part of many either a sentiment or an unemotional conviction, will attain such added impetus as to become a compulsion to belief.

More remarkable still, the writer points out, will be the work of science in rendering nil the very creed to which it gave birth. "It will gradually render impossible," says Mr. Mallock, "that absurd and unstable attitude which, at the close of the last century, was dignified by the name of Agnosticism." Says the writer:

"The real position of those who called themselves Agnostics was this. Science having, as they supposed, expelled God from nature, they practically looked on the change that was thus effected as comparable to man's loss of a sort of celestial schoolmaster, who had indeed managed his business for him, but in many ways was very objectionable; and, the schoolmaster being dead, they conceived of the human race as left in a free, even if in rather a forlorn, condition, to construct for itself, in defiance of nature, a little private universe of its own, like a sort of Dothe-

\*THE RECONSTRUCTION OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By W. H. Mallock. Harper & Brothers.

boys Hall which has got rid of its Squeers, and whose orphans propose henceforward to educate and to board themselves. But such Agnostics practically failed to realize what was in theory, even for themselves, a truism,-that the precise strain of reasoning which freed them from an intelligent God reduced them to mere puppets of that nature which it was their enlightened program to oppose. Man is either a free being, with an intelligent Deity as his counterpart, or else he and his fellows are a mere procession of marionettes, which strut, or jig, or laugh, or groan, or caper, according as their wires are pulled by forces admittedly less intelligent than themselves. In proportion as science becomes rationalized and its conclusions more clearly understood, this latter conception of existence will become more and more practically intolerable and our Agnostics will, whether they like the operation or no, be forced to accept the theism which is its only intellectual alternative.'

Science, Mr. Mallock reasons, in proportion as it is completely rationalized, "not only permits but compels the reason to recognize a purposive mind as the First Cause of the universe," and in doing so "completely revolutionizes the atheistic or agnostic conclusion to which it seemed to lead when its implications were insufficiently realized." He adds:

"It is difficult to exaggerate the profound change which must gradually take place when the recognition of this fact becomes general. The mere recognition, however, of a purposive cosmic Mind, though it constitutes a rudimentary theology, is not itself a religion. In order to become a religion it must be supplemented by two other beliefs, that the cosmic Mind is good, and that man is a free agent. Both these beset with difficulties which are free insoluble, and must be itansate.



W. H. MALLOCK

In his latest work, he says: "Man is either a free being, with an intelligent Deity as his counterpart, or else he and his fellows are a mere procession of marionettes, which strut, or jig, or laugh, or groan, or caper, according as their wires are pulled by forces admittedly less intelligent than themselves."

By attempting to solve them we merely make ourselves ludicrous. But though we cannot solve or even lessen them by any exercise of the pure reason, we have the highest warrant, in pure reason itself, for disregarding them, if the practical reason gives us grounds for doing so; and the practical reason is in this matter imperative. It coerces us partly by means of the religious impulse which is ingrained in us; but partly also by means of the common sense, the energies, the culture, and the intellectual shrewdness, which we possess as men who are civilized and who have every intention of remaining so."

When we confront the general problem of existence, and consider the various theories which it is possible to form in regard to it, recognizing at the same time the underlying contradictions everywhere to be met with, two courses, the writer affirms, are possible for us. One is to abstain deliberately from forming any theory at all which might reasonably affiliate our lives to the universal order of things—a course self-condemned "because, while affording us no escape from the difficulty which it aims at avoiding, it is simply an act of intellectual despair or fatuity, which reduces human existence to its bare, animal elements." The other course is to disregard the

"underlying contradictions" and "form some theory, or assent to some system of beliefs, in accordance with which man's higher life will be able to sustain and develop itself." Our concrete nature, which we possess as active and progressive beings, stands over us with a drawn sword, saying: "Believe or die!" "We must choose the beliefs which are most in consonance positively with our external environment on the one hand and with our internal needs on the other." And our conclusion seems to be:

"The only system of beliefs on which human civilization can sustain itself is a system of beliefs which, when brought into contact with the world of scientific knowledge, and when so analyzed that its logical implications will become explicit, emerges as the creed of theism—that is to say, a creed which attributes to the Cosmic Principle, as a whole, mind, intelligence, purpose, feeling, and goodness, in a sense congruous to the sense in which we recognize these qualities in ourselves; which, in spite of our own dependence on the universal Cause, attributes to ourselves also a true causal personality; and which, in spite of our dependence on the body of which our mind seems the mere function, attributes to ourselves individual permanence also."

Having established as a scientific necessity the permanence of religious belief, Mr. Mallock does not concern himself very long as to the type of religion which is likely ultimately to prevail. But he adds:

"Whichever may prevail, one thing may be said with confidence-that it will prevail, no matter whether it be Christian or non-Christian, owing to the same causes in virtue of which Christianity has prevailed hitherto. Christianity has prevailed for so many centuries and among so many nations, because, while its cosmogony, its anthropology, and its doctrinal system in general, has satisfied the human intellect during past conditions of knowledge, its moral and spiritual teaching has satisfied even more completely the moral and spiritual needs of all men, from kings to beggars. If it is to retain its ascendency, it must continue to fulfil the same functions; but in order to do this it must enlarge both its intellectual and its moral borders, purging its doctrines, on the one hand, of the now intolerable imagery derived from the old geometric vision of things; and taking to its heart, on the other hand, ideals of knowledge, culture, mundane progress, and enjoyment, which hitherto it has but barely tolerated, when it has not positively denounced them. If Christianity fails to effect this selfenlargement-or in other words, in proportion to the strength of those civilizing impulses which it leaves unsanctioned and unprovided for—its ascendency will inevitably decline; and the new wine must be trusted to find for itself new bottles,"

# Science and Discovery

# WHAT DO ANIMALS KNOW?

John Burroughs is now expressing regret at having made too much of the gleams of intelligence of birds and beasts that have come under his observation. He fears he has given them credit for more sense than they possess. The nature lover is always tempted to do this, he writes in the course of his latest work\* on nature study. His tendency is to humanize the wild life about him and to read his own traits and moods into whatever he looks upon. The every-day life of our fields and woods has thus, contends Mr. Burroughs, been misrepresented:

"The animals unite such ignorance with such apparent knowledge, such stupidity with such cleverness, that in our estimate of them we are likely to rate their wit either too high or too low. With them, knowledge does not fade into ignorance, as it does in man; the contrast is like that between night and day, with no twilight between. So keen one moment, so blind the next!

"Think of the ignorance of the horse after all

"Think of the ignorance of the horse after all his long association with man; of the trifling things along the street at which he will take fright, till he rushes off in a wild panic of fear, endangering his own neck and the neck of his driver. One would think that if he had a particle of sense he would know that an old hat or a bit of paper was harmless. But fear is deeply implanted in his nature; it has saved the lives of his ancestors countless times and it is still one of his ruling passions."

Thus Mr. Burroughs has known a cow to put her head between two trees and not have wit enough to get free by simply lifting her head. But the best example of the "grotesque ignorance" of a cow of which Mr. Burrough's knows anything is found in Hamerton's work on animals:

"The cow would not 'give down' her milk unless she had her calf before her. But her calf had died, so the herdsman took the skin of the calf, stuffed it with hay and stood it up before the inconsolable mother. Instantly she proceeded to lick it and to yield her milk. One day, in licking it, she ripped open the seams and out rolled the hay. This the mother at once proceeded to eat, without any look of surprise or alarm. She liked hay herself, her acquaintance with it was of long standing and what more natural to her than that her calf should turn out to be made of hay! Yet this very cow that did not know her calf from a bale of hay would have defended her young

\*WAY OF NATU F. By John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

against the attack of a bear or wolf in the most skillful and heroic manner; and the horse that was nearly frightened out of its skin by a white stone or by the flutter of a piece of newspaper by the roadside would find its way back home over a long stretch of country or find its way to water in the desert with a certainty you or I could not approach.

"The hen-hawk that the farm boy finds so difficult to approach with his gun will yet alight upon his steel trap fastened to the top of a pole in the fields. The rabbit that can be so easily caught in a snare or in a box trap will yet conceal its nest and young in the most ingenious manner. Where instinct or inherited knowledge can come into play, the animals are very wise; but new conditions, new problems, bring out their ignorance."

The ignorance of one of the lower animals, infers Mr. Burroughs, is "the ignorance of all," and "the knowledge of one is the knowledge of all" in a sense not applicable to the knowledge and the ignorance of men. Some animals are more stupid than others of the same species, "but probably, on the one hand, there are no idiots among them and, on the other, none is preeminent in wit." Animals, then, "take the first step" to knowledge—"they perceive things and discriminate between them; but they do not take the second step"combine, analyze, form "concepts" and "judgments." Hence, be the knowledge of the animals great or small in amount, Mr. Burroughs feels safe in saying that what they know "in the human way," by reasoning, must be slight:

"The animals all have in varying degrees perceptive intelligence. They know what they see, hear, smell, feel, so far as it concerns them to know it. They know their kind, their mates, their enemies, their food, heat from cold, hard from soft, and a thousand other things that it is important that they should know, and they know these things just as we know them, through their perceptive powers.

"We may ascribe intelligence to the animals in the same sense in which we ascribe it to a child, as the perception of the differences or of the likenesses and the relations of things—that is, perceptive intelligence, but not reasoning intelligence. When the child begins to notice things, to know its mother, to fear strangers, to be attracted by certain objects, we say it begins to show intelligence. Development in this direction goes on for a long time before it can form any proper judgment about things or take the step of reason.

"If we were to subtract from the sum of the intelligence of an animal that which it owes to nature or inherited knowledge, the amount left, representing its own power of thought, would be very small. Darwin tells of a pike in an aquarium separated by plate glass from fish which were its proper food, and that the pike, in trying to capture the fish, would often dash with such violence against the glass as to be completely stunned. This the pike did for three months before it learned caution. After the glass was removed, the pike would not attack those particular fishes, but would devour others that were introduced. It did not yet understand the situation, but merely associated the punishment it had received with a particular kind of fish.

Animals, therefore, are "wise as nature is wise"—they share, in a way, that "universal intelligence or mind stuff that is operative in all things" whether of the vegetable or of the animal world:

"Does the body, or the life that fills it, reason when it tries to get rid of or to neutralize the effects of a foreign substance, like a bullet, by encysting it? or when it thickens the skin on the hand or any other part of the body, even forming special pads called callosities, as a re-sult of the increased wear or friction? This may be called physiological intelligence.

"In the animal world this foresight becomes psychic intelligence, developing in man the highest form of all, reasoned intelligence. When an animal solves a new problem or meets a new condition as effectually as the tree or the body does, we are wont to ascribe it to powers of reason. Reason we may call it, but it is reason not its

"This universal or cosmic intelligence makes up by far the greater part of what animals know. The domestic animals, such as the dog, that have long been under the tutelage of man, of course, show more independent power of thought than the uneducated beasts of the fields and woods.

The plant is wise in all ways to reproduce and perpetuate itself; see the many ingenious devices for scattering seed. In the animal world this intelligence is most keen and active in the same direction. The wit of the animal comes out most clearly in looking for its food and safety. We are often ready to ascribe reason to it in feats shown in these directions.

"In man alone does this universal intelligence or mind-stuff reach out beyond these primary needs and become aware of itself. What the plant or the animal does without thought or rule, man takes thought about. He considers his

ways."

Therefore, all practice of the art of healing "by the application of external or foreign substances" is "a conception entirely beyond the capacity" of any lower animal:

"If such a practice had been necessary for the continuance of the species, it would probably have been used. The knowledge it implies could not be inherited; it must needs come by experience. When a fowl eats gravel or sand, is it probable that the fowl knows what the practice is for, or has any notion at all about the matter? It has a craving for the gravel, that is all. Nature is wise for it.

"The ostrich is described by those who know it intimately as the most stupid and witless of birds, and yet, before leaving its eggs exposed to the hot African sun, the parent bird knows enough to put a large pinch of sand on the top of each of them, in order, it is said, to shade and protect the germ, which always rises to the highest point of the egg. This act certainly can not be the result of knowledge, as we use the term; the young ostrich does it as well as the old. It is the inherited wisdom of the race, or instinct."

But Mr. Burroughs deems the lower animals incapable of taking the step from particulars to generals, "from the fact to the principle." They have perceptions, he says, but not conceptions. "They may recognize a certain fact, but any deduction from that fact to be applied to a different case, or to meet new conditions, is beyond them." It is at this point that the nature student falls into so many current blunders, blunders against which Mr. Burroughs warns us:

"Wolves and foxes soon learn to be afraid of poisoned meat; just what gives them the hint it would be hard to say, as the survivors could not know the poison's deadly effect from experience; their fear of it probably comes from seeing their fellows suffer and die after eating it.

"We do not expect rats to succeed in putting a bell on the cat, but if they were capable of conceiving such a thing, that would establish their claim to be regarded as reasonable beings. should as soon expect a fox or a wolf to make use of a trap to capture its prey as to make use of poison in any way. Why does not the fox take a stick and spring the trap he is so afraid of? Simply because the act would involve a mental process beyond him. .

"Such stories, too, as a chained fox or a coyote getting possession of corn or other grain and baiting the chickens with it—feigning sleep till the chicken gets within reach and then seizing it—are of the same class, incredible because transcending the inherited knowledge of those animals. I can believe that a fox might walk in a shallow creek to elude the hound, because he may inherit this kind of cunning, and in his own experience he may have come to associate loss of scent with water. Animals stalk their prey or lie in wait for it, instinctively, not from a process of calculation, as man does. If a fox would bait poultry with corn, why should he not, in his wild state, bait mice and squirrels with nuts and seeds? Has a cat ever been known to bait a rat with a piece of cheese?

"Animals seem to have a certain association of ideas; one thing suggests another to them, as with us. This fact is made use of by animal trainers. I can easily believe the story Charles St. John tells of the fox he saw waylaying some hares, and which, to screen himself the more completely from his quarry, scraped a small hollow in the ground and threw up the sand about it. But if St. John had said that the fox brought

weeds or brush to make himself a blind, as the hunter often does, I should have discredited him, just as I discredit the observation of a man, quoted by Romanes, who says that jackals, ambushing deer at the latter's watering place, deliberately wait till the deer have filled themselves with water, knowing that in that state they are more easily run down and captured."

In a word, concludes Mr. Burroughs, it is almost impossible for us not to interpret the lives of the lower animals in the terms of our own experience and our own psychology, but we err greviously when we do so. We err when we attribute to animals what we call sentiments or any of the emotions that spring from our moral and esthetic natures—the sentiments of justice, truth, beauty, altruism, goodness, duty and the like. These sentiments are the products of concepts and ideas to which the brute natures are strangers. But all the emotions of our animal natures—fear, anger, curiosity, local attachment, jealousy and rivalry—are undoubtedly the same in the lower orders of animal life. Nevertheless the tendency to humanize the animals is more and more marked among students of nature who write books that aim at popularity.

## THE QUALITIES REQUISITE FOR A PSYCHIC MEDIUM

That most eminent of all living observers of "psychic" and "metaphysical" phenomena, Dr. J. Maxwell, announces at the outset in his newly issued work\* that he may not be taken very seriously when he describes the kind of person through whom these much ridiculed phenomena can be observed. But Sir Oliver Lodge comes warmly to the defense of Dr. Maxwell on this point, observing that the latter is not only an eminent French lawver. but a learned and even eminent physician. He supplemented his legal training by going through a full six years' medical curriculum. and graduated M. D. in order to pursue psycho-physiological studies with more freedom and to be able to form a sounder and more instructed judgment on the strange phenomena which came under his notice. Even more emphatic in his endorsement of Dr. Maxwell is Prof. Charles Richet, the distinguished physiologist of Paris. Whatever be the fate in store for Dr. Maxwell's ideas, declares Professor Richet, "we may rest assured that the facts which he has well observed will remain." Professor Richet thinks he sees in Maxwell's work "the lineaments of a new science."

So far, then, as scientific standing is concerned, Dr. Maxwell appears with good credentials when he essays to reveal the right qualifications of a "medium" of psychic phenomena. And here are the doctor's own words on this subject:

"As a rule it is necessary to experiment with mediums in order to discover them. Their gifts are often latent and only reveal themselves if conditions favorable to their manifestation are

\*METAPHYSICAL PHENOMENA, METHODS AND OBSERVA-TIONS. By Dr. J. Maxwell, M. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. supplied. This is not always the case and there is generally a chance of coming across a medium when experimenting with persons in whose presence certain irregular abnormal noises are heard, certain movements of furniture are spontaneously produced. Such things are far from being as uncommon as one would think. This assertion may seem paradoxical, but such is not the case.

"I have met with good mediums who were ignorant of the existence of their faculties; yet when I questioned them, I discovered that they frequently heard little 'raps' upon the wood of their bed or upon their night table, without attaching any importance to it. Others have often noticed the displacement of ordinary articles. Sometimes, but more rarely, the facts observed are so intense that the house appears to be haunted. We are often tempted to attribute to fraud the phenomena of haunting. I believe accounts of this nature are not all false, and I shall perhaps try and show this in a future work. We must not reason like one of my friends, a man of vast erudition and superior intelligence, who one day said to me: 'A little girl from thirteen to sixteen years old is always to be found in haunted houses—as soon as the little girl is taken away, the phenomena cease.' Granted. Things generally happen thus; only the little girl may not be the voluntary cause of the phenomena: she may be the involuntary cause of them, a medium in activity, producing supernormal phenomena of the nature of those observed at spiritistic seances."

However, Dr. Maxwell admits that it is only rarely we have opportunities of experimenting with "ready made mediums" of this sort. As a general thing, we must "try on patiently" until "the longed-for phænix" is made to reveal himself or herself:

"At the same time, I ought to point out that the chances of encountering a medium will be greater if we look for him among nervous people. It seems to me that a certain impressionability—

stability—is a favorable condition

for the effervescence of medianity. I use the term 'nervous instability' for want of a better, but I do not use it in an ill sense. Hysterical people do not always give clear, decided phenomena; my best experiments have been made with those who were not in any way hysterical.

"Neurasthenics generally give no result what-

"The nervous instability of which I speak is, therefore, neither hysteria, nor neurasthenia, nor any nervous affection whatsoever. It is a state of the nervous system such as appears in hypertension. A lively impressionability, a delicate susceptibility, a certain unequalness of temper, establish analogy between mediums and certain neurotic patients; but they are to be dis-tinguished from the latter by the integrity of their sensibilities, of their reflex movements and of their visual range. As a rule, they have a lively intelligence, are susceptible to attention and do not lack energy; their artistic sentiments are relatively developed; they are confiding and un-reserved with those who show them sympathy, are distrustful and irritable if not treated gently. They pass easily from sadness to joy and experience an irresistible need of physical agitation; these two characteristics are just the ones which made me choose the expression of nervous instability.

"I say instability, I do not say want of equilibrium. Many mediums whom I have known have an extremely well balanced mind, from a mental and nervous point of view. My impression is that their nervous system is even superior to that of the average."

These are conspicuous, then, among the signs leading to the opinion that a certain given person is a medium. These signs are not certain, but they seem to Dr. Maxwell probable. Yet there is only one sure way of testing a medium—we must experiment:

"It has been observed that certain people do not obtain phenomena when they operate alone but obtain them, on the contrary, when with another person. I myself have not had occasion to remark this fact, but I have often noticed that the presence of certain people favored the attainment of results, while the presence of others troubled or stopped it. I have no explanation to offer for this fact. Certainly credulity or incredulity has no influence whatever on the results of an experiment. I have seen people who were very little inclined to allow themselves to be convinced make excellent auxiliaries. At the same time, I have seen convinced spiritists make detestable co-operators.

"It seems as if the faculty of giving forth this unknown force were unequally distributed, that it constitutes a physical property of the organism; that, in relation to it, some persons will be positive and others negative, some will emit and others absorb it."

Hence, adds Dr. Maxwell, the importance of the choice of co-operators, or, in other words, of the composition of what is styled the "circle":

"The number of experimenters is comparatively unimportant; in principle, the more numerous the circle the greater the force thrown out. But the presence of a large number of sitters is a bad condition for observation; it also enhances the difficulty of the realization of what spiritists call the harmony of the circle. But I ought to say that the first luminous phenomena which I have seen have been obtained when there were from fifteen to twenty people present. On the other hand, I have had the opportunity of experimenting several times alone with a non-professional medium, when I succeeded in seeing faces which I recognized."

And now we come to the environment most appropriate for a medium through whom a personification—the manifesting intelligence, whatever this may be, usually the soul or spirit of a deceased person—is to evince itself in a "circle":

"Sufficient light first of all—the personification must not acquire the habit of operating in darkness, for the brighter the light the more convincing the experiment; a small room, a light table with four legs, put together with wooden pegs rather than with nails; a cabinet of soft thin curtains; the experimenters to agree to experiment seriously without turning into ridicule the practices to which they submit themselves. It is a good plan to allow only one of their circle to direct the seance, to converse with the personification, to control the proceedings. They must try and keep up a spirit of good understanding and refrain from reciprocally accusing each other of pushing the table—novices do this regularly. Discussion should be relegated to the end and should never be provoked during the sitting. Finally, they should pay great attention to the susceptibility of the medium."

The sort of person through whom psychic phenomena most adequately manifest themselves is usually one of superior intelligence. More than this, such a person is free from the grosser traits of human character. Man's perception of psychic phenomena would appear to be impaired by a materialistic tendency in his environment. As the race grows more refined, more moral, more sensitive to good impressions, the number of psychic mediums should increase. It would appear that many persons who in private life suffer because they are misunderstood are psychic mediums whose powers are dormant. If Dr. Maxwell's conclusions be sound, it would seem that the immediate future will bring into notice innumerable persons of psychic insight. Psychic phenomena were much better understood in some portions of Europe during the Middle Ages than they have ever been understood since. Many obscure incidents in history will be made clear with the progress of psychical study.

#### THE DYNAMICS OF DREAMS

Dreaming and waking differ only in degree and form of manifestation. They do not differ So declares Dr. in principle and essence. Axel Emil Gibson in The Medical Record (New York). From a lengthy and exhaustive study of many cases he arrives at the conclusion that "like waking consciousness, dream reveals" although it does not create. "The same world that surrounds the waking individual," he tells us, "surrounds the dreaming, only the view points and media of observation are changed." The world-picture, "observed through the operation of new structural media," becomes visible in a new perspective—"a perspective which involves the relations not only of space but also of time." The rate of speed at which the events of a dream unfold themselves to is is quite incomprehensible. Space, as we have any notion of dream unfold themselves to us is quite incom-"But the workings of self-consciousness are identical." Further, we are morally responsible for the nature of our dreams:

As the life-experience of an individual in his waking consciousness receives its character and value by and through his power of response to environment, so in a similar way the value of a dream depends upon the power of the Ego to respond to consciousness in its various forms of emotions, ideas, and feelings which constitute the environments of the subjective of dream-plane. Waking or dreaming, the individual is or becomes what he chooses to be at any given moment of his existence. High standards of life will generate in him a power to respond to high ideals, accompanied by a corresponding growth in his moral nature of a high and sterling character. Nor has the memory of a dream much to do with its deeper evolutionary value. For, as the recollection of important changes in the working life of an individual is not a sine qua non for the value of these changes as characterbuilding forces, so the direct recollection of a dream is not a test condition, neither for its existence as such, nor for its value as ethical and moral force in our life. Dreams are concomitants to sleep, as inevitably as mental action and sensibility are to waking, but the recollection of dreams depends on the power of the mind to record the experiences of the subjective plane on the tablets of waking memory, and thus attune the corresponding cerebral structures to the scale of vibrations prevailing on the subjective or dream-plane. The somnambulist, while seldom remembering his dreams, yet by his pantomimes and soliloquies demonstrating that he is engaged on subjective planes, bears irrefutable testimony to the possibility of dreaming without the dreamer upon awakening having the slightest suspicion of having dreamed."

From what "mental or psychic storehouse"

does the dreaming ego obtain the material out of which to "rear its fairy structures"? We are induced to search for it, replies Dr. Gibson, in the "mind itself," and it would necessarily follow that the "motives, ideas, emotions, thoughts and feelings," with which we employ our minds at every moment, "go to form our character and to influence our lives for good or bad" whether we be awake or whether we happen to be dreaming.

What the writer says about dreams as prophetic is of equal interest:

"As the dream presents incidents and conditions unknown to the waking man, it might be said that to some extent all dreams are prophetic. If adjusted in consciousness to the memories of the cells of his body, the dreamer, in the quietude of the sensory exchanges, may become the recipient of truths concerning his physiological conditions.

"Such dreams are prognostic, and may, if the dreamer be sufficiently sensitive to the cellular consciousness of his body, also become prophylactic, and set free powers of self-prescription. With such powers is meant a function already present in animals and plants in the form of instinct. It is the power of self-preservation—the force back of natural evolution, which practically determines the survival value of every entity. In the absence of the storms of emotions and passions, which in the human mind continues to drown almost every other expression of consciousness than that of sensation, the nature of the animal is receptive and responsive to the needs of its cell-lives. From this springs the startling power of self-diagnosis and self-prescription, so frequently and incomprehensibly exhibited by the animals when overtaken by accident or ill

The entire optical apparatus is placed by sleep in a state of "temporary arrest." The function called sight, being dislodged from the channels of physical vision, is still intact, still seeks for expression and "reappears in a new mode of manifestation on the plane of dream." To explain away the power of sight in dream by designating it imagination in no sense detracts from its functional value. "for in its last analysis what is imagination but an expression of the same power which manifests in physical vision, though functioning through structures other and subtler than those of the cerebral nuclei and connected optic apparatus?" In waking consciousness, "while our minds are blinded by the blazing pyrotechnics and flitting apparitions of the senses, the vision of imagination remains dim and uncertain, and may even impart misleading representations to consciousness." And

as there is a difference between mere seeing and observing, so is there a difference between the idle day dreams of an untrained imagination and the strong, vivid realization of ideal prototypes, as experienced by poets and artists, in whom imagination is developed into a distinct and reliable function of subjective seeing. We quote further:

"Now in dream, when the turmoil and disturbance of the waking consciousness are kept in abeyance, the powers of imagination are set free, turning every individual, to some degree, into an artist and a seer. Manifesting along the lines of least resistance, the power of consciousness, when finding its sensory avenues through physical fatigue rendered unavailable, seeks expression through interior and more subtle structures. For the difference between visions of dream (imagina-

tion) and visions of waking (ordinary seeing) consists in the difference of the involved structural media, and as a change of octave in a musical instrument reveals new tonal powers, so the introduction through sleep of a new medium for vision gives to the world-picture a new perspective. Nothing new, however, has been brought out; dream reveals, but does not create. It presents the same seer, the same function, the same world; only the viewpoint is changed, which again results in the appearance of new aspects, with corresponding powers of universal expression."

One of Dr. Gibson's most striking conclusions relates to the extent to which dreams, or something analogous, are found not only in lower animal life, but even in plant life, "Whatever is susceptible of sleeping is also susceptible of dreaming."

# BIOLOGY'S VERDICT ON THE "DON JUAN" TYPE OF CHARACTER

In fulfilment of the function of perpetuating the human race on this planet, if the latest researches of that widely read German biologist, Prof. Dr. A. Rauber, go for anything, there is but one male available for each female available. As Dr. Rauber's views are set forth in the Leipsic Grenzboten, it would appear that erotic poetry, and more particularly that classical theme in it afforded by "Don Juan" and his sort, is unbiological. Dr. Rauber avers that the whole attitude of contemporary poetry and fiction is one of flat defiance of all that science has established regarding the adaptibility of species to environment. Were "Don Juan" to become normal the human race could not persist:

"To depict the delight of sensuality may unquestionably be a function of the poetic art. And beyond doubt in an age long since gone, the poet's art might even proclaim a right to be sensual in order that the springs of life might not run dry. But it is easy for the imaginative writer to get beyond bounds and to produce results equally prejudicial in a sense quite opposed to the drying up of life's springs. The proper limit is set by biological science, which demonstrates that for every man there is in existence but one woman. (To be sure, this had been demonstrated already by statistical science, and that, too, long prior to the evolution of the later science.)

"Whoever among men is united to more than one woman works ill not only to the female thus misused, not only to the progeny born out of monogamy, but likewise to the potential mate, the man for whom this woman was available and who thereafter must either be deprived of her altogether or receive her impaired. If females thus impaired descend to a lower level, injury is done not only to males in fugitive association with them but also to those females for whom those males were destined. From this series of injuries there ensues a heavy burden of indemnity for Don Juan to carry."

The "Medea" of Euripedes is, in this respect, in harmony with the established facts of biology, thinks Dr. Rauber. We see here the course of Jason, in violent opposition to a soundly scientific view of monogamic institutions as it was, fearfully punished. The masterpiece of Euripedes should be commended for its biology to the modern writer. latter is too apt to overlook or misunderstand biology. "Free love" is shown as unscientific by recent research, although the teachings of science on this head have yet to become current among poets and writers of polite literature. For every violation of the monogamic pact acts prejudicially not only to those immediately concerned but to the potential mate. Thus the perpetuation of our species is interrupted so far as its normal course is concerned. That its normal course is monogamic may be inferred from the circumstances antecedent to the establishment of any biological factor in the case:

"In the primitive period of the human species, all such clans and groups as possessed a considerable supply of the male element enjoyed advantages over those among whom a preponderating female element established itself through the birth rate. In every hostile collision, the former tribal groups tended more and more to gain ascendancy over the latter. Those primitive tribes, therefore, which were most liberally endowed with youths and men survived as the fittest in the struggle for existence. This tendency to a higher male birth rate was transmitted by heredity to the peoples of to-day."

Hence the tendency to a higher birth rate of boys than of girls, according to Dr. Rauber. Nature here corrects the balance with the progress of time, by reducing the male preponderance until old age is reached, when more women survivors are found than men survivors. All this is in the interest of the higher evolution. For in biology the practice of monogamy is to the human species what the practice of nest building is to birds—the function whereby the young are best facilitated in the attainment of maturity. And it is in regard to this fundamental factor in biological research—the perpetuation of the species—that the antagonism between the Don Juan type of human character and the law of nature comes most clearly into view.

### EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA

It is difficult to fix precise limits respecting the period during which the Isthmus of Panama was rent by volcanic eruptions, says Brig.-Gen. Henry L. Abbot, U. S. A., in what is perhaps the most authoritative study of the problems of the Panama Canal yet published.\* General Abbot was a member of the "Comité Technique" of the canal and subsequently consulting engineer of the New Panama Canal Company. He was afforded ample facilities for investigating the part which volcanic and earthquake shocks have played in the geological history of the Isthmus and for estimating correctly the relative advantages of the Panama route over the Nicaragua route on this important point. As a miscalculation of the water supply of the future canal "might be productive of consequences too serious to be contemplated," so, also, ignorance of the seismographical phenomena to be apprehended might undo or lead to the undoing of the labors of years. However, General Abbot has no misgivings on this head:

"The fact that volcanic activity has long ceased near the Panama route is of capital importance, inasmuch as earthquake disturbances are closely associated with volcanic action. Throughout the entire region between Chiriqui and Tolima, a distance of nearly six hundred miles, there are no intermediate active volcanoes. It is true that there are occasionally moderate earthquake shocks near Panama, but they can usually be traced to more violent disturbances elsewhere, transmitted with diminishing force to considerable distances. To obtain precise figures as to these earth movements, two delicate self-recording seismographs were established by the new Pana-

ma Company near Panama in September, 1900, and continuous records have been kept there until the property was turned over to the United States in April, 1904. A similar series of observations was kept near San José de Costa Rica by the government of that country, beginning in January, 1901. The results have been published monthly in the United States monthly weather review with only two months lacking (November, 1903, and March, 1904). The work was in charge of M. Enrique Pittier, the director of the Institute Fisico-Geografico, whose labors in science are widely known. The station is only about sixty miles from the locks of the projected Nicaragua Canal (eastern division) and a comparison of the two sets of records is interesting. The instruments at both stations were extremely delicate, recording movements of the earth crust too slight to be detected by the senses. Such movements are classed as 'tremors' while well defined movements are classed as 'tremors' while well defined movements are classed as 'tremors' while well defined movements in one or two of the 'light shocks' or as 'strong shocks,' according to their severity. M. Pittier notes in one or two of the 'light shocks' that people ran out of the houses."

Isthmian earthquake records, thus compiled, show one "tremor" in 1900, but no light or strong shocks. There was a "light shock" in 1901 and four "tremors" in the same year. The ensuing annual period, 1902, brought one "tremor" and one "light shock." One "light shock" was the sum total of all records for 1903, and in 1904 there was a "tremor" preceded by a "light shock." At San José, Costa Rica, there were throughout that identical period totals of 43 "tremors," 91 "light shocks" and 35 "strong shocks." General Abbot concludes:

"These figures place in strong relief the relative etability of the regions traversed by the two uring the forty-four months "mblings of the earth's crust h only four were sensible

<sup>\*</sup>PROBLEMS OF THE PANAMA CANAL, By Brig.-Ger Henry L. Abbot, U. S. A. (retired). The Macmille Company.

and they were too slight to cause alarm to the inhabitants. During the thirty-eight of these months for which we have corresponding records, there were at San José 169 earth movements, of which ninety-one were classed as light shocks and thirty-five as strong shocks. But even these figures fail to present the matter with sufficient force. The duration of the motion at Panama was insignificant, while at San José the earth

continued shaking during 966 seconds or more than sixteen minutes, giving a monthly mean average of about half a minute during the entire period. No records of this nature have been kept for the western division of the Nicaragua route, but it is well known to contain several volcanoes, with the attendant risks. The selection of the Panama route certainly was fortunate in this."

#### HAS BURBANK REVOLUTIONIZED BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE?

Physical aspects of life on our planet have been so affected by the results of Luther Burbank's life-work that biology and its subsidiary sciences appear to Mr. W. S. Harwood—Burbank's authorized exponent and interpreter—to be on the eve of revolution. "In his [Burbank's] study of the subtler life of nature," we are assured, "he has arrived at conclusions and developed theories and disproved so-called laws in so significant a manner as to entitle him to consideration among the foremost thinkers of his generation." Why all this is so Mr. Harwood sets forth in a work fresh from the press.\* He writes:

"For example, one man would arrive at a certain conclusion, or law, if he chose so to designate it, from the facts developed in a series of ex-periments with a dozen plants, carried on in a garden or conservatory. Possibly, from the study of these plants, their habits, their changes under breeding and selection, these conclusions would be held absolute and applicable to a far wider field than that in which these few individuals were found. Working with the same plant, a flower or a fruit as the case might be, Mr. Burbank arrived at absolutely opposite conclusions. But, in place of a dozen plants he used a hundred thousand; in place of a corner in a garden or a narrow space under the glass of a hothouse, he used an acre of ground in the open; in place of a dozen distinct plants from which to make conclusions, he dealt with over two thousand species; and thus he was able to command an outlook broader than man had ever had before. Willing at all points to yield the moment he was convinced of error, it was yet inevitable that his own sound judgment should tell him that when his vast experiments developed results diametrically opposed to the results of the scientists working in circumscribed quarters, he was bound to stand by his own."

This, we are told, may very clearly be seen in the outcome of Burbank's test of what are styled the Mendelian laws:

"Mendel, a parish priest in Brün, Austria, a devoted student of botany, prepared a paper in the year 1865 in which he showed, as a result of his years of investigation, that certain laws were bound to obtain in the breeding of plants. When two peas, for example, were crossed, two prevailing sets of characters or characteristics were developed. One of these he called 'dominant,'certain prominent characteristics of the parent disclosed in the offspring, as color of flower, length of stem, shape of leaves, form of seed, arrangement of flowers and so on. Certain other parental characters he called 'recessive,' appearing in lesser number in the new plant, or disappearing altogether. These characteristics ap-peared in the offspring in an invariable ratio, that of three to one. Seventy-five per cent. of the characters of the new plant-form,—color, development and so on,-would be 'dominant,' twentyfive per cent. would be 'recessive.' The recessive characters thereafter bred true, but the dominant ones produced progeny one-third genuine dominant—which also bred true to their own type; and two-thirds cross breeds, the latter, when self-fertilized, giving out the old ratio of seventy-five per cent. 'dominant' characters, twenty-five per cent. 'recessive.'

"These laws, so-called, would provide means for determining in advance what results would follow in the breeding of plants; and if carried forward into animal-breeding, would be of inconceivable value. Quite generally throughout Europe these laws have been accepted by the scientific world.

"Over and over again, through a series of many years, dealing with millions of plants and upon a scale which dwarfs all other experimentation, Mr. Burbank has disproved these laws. In the street in front of his home in Santa Rosa stands a row of walnut trees. These may be taken as a fair illustration of the manifold facts bearing on the points which have been developed by him. Instead of following any set proportion or ratio, the parental characteristics appeared in the children with absolutely no regard for law or even order, while many new characters were developed. Thousands of different forms were assumed by the leaves, for example, absolutely unlike the forms of the parent leaves. The nuts which came from the new trees were often wholly unlike those of either parent; indeed, very fre-quently they were wholly different from any walnuts ever known before. Sometimes there were five leaves on a stem, sometimes twenty or thirty, sometimes fifty. Many assumed, too, a most delicious fragrance, a character wholly lack-

<sup>\*</sup>New Creations in Plant Life. By W. S. Harwood. The Macmillan Company.

ing in either of their forebears. Nor did the new trees show any similarity in growth to the old, a new tree in thirteen years having grown six times as large of girth and six times as tall as the parents had grown in twenty-eight years."

In innumerable other instances coming under Burbank's own rules of experiment, the alleged laws have been "absolutely disproven" by the evidence afforded through tests on a proper scale. Here are other instances in which Mr. Harwood thinks Mr. Burbank has demonstrated "the absurdity of reasoning from inadequate data." One of them pertains to that vexed question, so prominent in recent scientific controversies about evolution, whether acquired characteristics are transmitted to offspring. Says Mr. Harwood:

"Leading scientists have maintained and their followers have added the weight of their evidence, that 'acquired characteristics are never transmitted.' In the limitless fields of operation before him, Mr. Burbank has not only disproven this over and over again, but has established the opposite, that acquired characteristics are the

only ones that are transmitted.

"Another theory, now widely accepted by scientific men, the theory of mutation, or saltation, new forms of life being produced by springing from the parents by a sudden leap or bound, evolution thus going on by rare and sudden leaps, appears to have been overthrown by Mr. Burbank. Instead of any law or other force governing these peculiar mutations—which mutations, it has been held, produce new and stable varieties from which nature selects those which are fit—Mr. Burbank times without number has produced these strange mutations at will. They can be produced, he says, by anybody who systematically sets to work to disturb the life habits of the plants. Thus the peculiar phenomena which scientific observers on a small field have so sedulously studied, and have at last come to consider the result of a supreme act of nature, are en-tirely within the province of any market gardener or amateur plant breeder. In addition to this, he has demonstrated that that which the scientists have called mutations are not periods in the plant life at all, but only states or conditions, the result of hereditary tendencies and environments."

Mr. Burbank himself epitomizes in these words: "By crossing different species we can form more variations and mutations in a half dozen generations than will be developed by ordinary variations in a thousand generations." Mr. Harwood notes, too, that Mr. Burbank has by this time reached certain well-defined theories, one of them relating to heredity. "Out of the years of his investigations, carried on upon such a colossal scale, he has established the principle that heredity is 'the sum of all the effects of the environment of all past generations, on the responsive, ever-

moving life forces; or, in other words, a record kept by the vital principle of its struggle onward and upward from simple forms of life; not vague in any respect, but indelibly fixed by repetition." And Burbank condenses this still further: "Heredity is the sum of all past environment." Heredity thus becomes an influence quite other than present-day science conceives it. "Every plant, animal and planet occupies its place in the order of nature by the action of two forces-the inherent constitutional life force with all its acquired habits, the sum of which is heredity; and the many complicated outside forces or environments. To guide the interaction of these two forces, both of which are only different expressions of the one eternal force, is and must be the sole object of the breeder, whether of plants or animals."

By the use of the term "vital principle" Mr. Burbank does not "attempt to establish its essence or identity," for, in his own words again: "When simple cells become joined together, mutual protection is assured, and we know that they exhibit organized forces in new directions which were impossible by any of the individual cells not associated in a cell colony with its fellows. These cell colonies will, if environment is favorable, increase in strength, while colonies less favorably situated may be crippled or destroyed. We see this natural selection in all life, every day all around us. But this is only one of the many forces at work in the upward, outward and onward movement of life."

Mr. Burbank, says Mr. Harwood, does not ignore the survival of the fittest or the principles of natural selection. "He goes beyond them." For "the grand principal cause of all existing species and varieties" throughout this globe he maintains to be "the crossing of species." In Burbank's own words once more:

"The very existence of the higher orders of plants which now inhabit the earth has been secured to them only by their power of adaptation to crossings, for through the variations produced by the combination of numerous tendencies, individuals are produced which are better endowed to meet the prevailing conditions of life. Thus, to nature's persistence in crossing do we owe all that earth now produces in man, animals or plants; and this magnificently stupendous fact may also be safely carried into the domain of chemistry as well; for what are common air and water but nature's earlier efforts in that line, and our nourishing foods but the result of myriad complex chemical affinities of later date?

"Past tendencies must fade somewhat as the new ones are added, and as each individual has ancestors in untold numbers, and as each is bound to the other like the numerous threads of a fabric, individuals within a species, by thus having very numerous similar lines of heredity, are very much alike; yet no two are just alike. Cross two species and see what the results will be: Sharp mutations and variations appear, not in the first generation, as the two are bound together in a mutual compact which, when unloosed by the next and succeeding generations, will branch in every direction as the myriad different lines of heredity combine and press forward in various new directions. A study of plants or animals belonging to widely different species and even genera which have been under similar environment for a long time will always show a similarity

in many respects in the various means they are compelled to adopt for defense in the preservation and reproduction of life. Desert plants often have thorns, acrid qualities and reduced foliage surface, while in moist climates thorns are seldom seen, and foliage is more abundant and not so often acrid or distasteful. Similar environments produce similar results on the life forces, even with the most distantly related plants or animals. This fact alone should be proof enough, if proof were still needed, that acquired characters are transmitted, even though in opposition to numerous popular theories. All characters which are transmitted have once been acquired."

#### THE "INFINITE MINUTENESS" OF CORPUSCLES

To obtain any adequate conception of the size of a corpuscle we must have recourse to what Prof. G. H. Darwin, president of the British Association, styles "a scheme of threefold magnification." Lord Kelvin has shown that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth, the molecules of water would be of a size intermediate between that of a cricket ball and of a marble. "Now," proceeds Professor Darwin (as quoted in London Nature), "each molecule contains three atoms, two being of hydrogen and one of oxygen." The molecular system in all likelihood has some sort of resemblance to that of a triple star: "The three atoms, replacing the stars, revolve about one another in some sort of dance which cannot be exactly described. I doubt whether it is possible to say how large a part of the space occupied by the whole molecule is occupied by the atoms; but perhaps the atoms bear to the molecule some such relationship as the molecule to the drop of water referred to. Finally, the corpuscles may stand to the atom in a similar scale of magnitude. Accordingly a threefold magnification would be needed to bring these ultimate parts of the atom within the range of our ordinary scales of measurement."

This, to Professor Darwin, seems the most striking of all the results flowing from the stream of "the new knowledge," if only for the reason that "the vast edifice of modern chemistry" must no longer be regarded as "built with atomic bricks." He writes:

"The atom, previously supposed to be indivisible, really consists of a large number of component parts. By various convergent lines of experiment it has been proved that the simplest of all atoms—namely, that of hydrogen—consists of

about 800 separate parts; while the number of parts in the atom of the denser metals must be counted by tens of thousands. These separate parts of the atom have been called corpuscles or electrons, and may be described as particles of negative electricity. It is paradoxical, yet true, that the physicist knows more about these ultraatomic corpuscles and can more easily count them than is the case with the atoms of which they form the parts. The corpuscles, being negatively electrified, repel one another just as the hairs on a person's head mutually repel one another when combed with a vulcanite comb. The mechanism is as yet obscure whereby the mutual repulsion of the negative corpuscles is restrained from breaking up the atom, but a positive electrical charge, or something equivalent thereto, must exist in the atom, so as to prevent disrup-The existence in the atom of this community of negative corpuscles is certain, and we know further that they are moving with speeds which may in some cases be comparable to the velocity of light, namely, 200,000 miles a second. But the mechanism whereby they are held to-gether in a group is hypothetical. It is only just a year ago that Thomson suggested, as representing the atom, a mechanical or electrical model whose properties could be accurately examined by mathematical methods. He would be the first to admit that his model is at most merely a crude representation of actuality, yet he has been able to show that such an atom must possess mechanical and electrical properties which simulate, with what Whetham describes as 'almost Satanic exactness,' some of the most obscure and yet most fundamental properties of the chemical elements. 'Se non è vero, è ben trovato,' and we are surely justified in believing that we have the clue which the alchemists sought in vain. Thomson's atom consists of a globe charged with positive electricity, inside which there are some thousand or thousands of corpuscles of negative electricity, revolving in regular orbits with great velocities. Since two electrical charges repel one another if they are of the same kind, and attract one another if they are of opposite kinds, the corpuscles mutually repel one another; but all are attracted by the globe containing them."

# HABITABILITY AND UNINHABITABILITY OF EARTH'S SISTER PLANETS

While it is reasonable enough to suppose that beings not only animated, but endowed with reason, inhabit countless worlds in space, writes Simon Newcomb in Harper's Magazine, it is entirely beyond the reach of our race to establish the fact one way or the other by actual observation in the present state of human knowledge. Even in the case of earth's sister planets, the question is one which completely transcends not only our powers of observation now, but "every appliance of research that we can conceive of men devising." If we imagine Mars to be inhabited, and if we further conceive its denizens as gifted with capacities equal to our own, "the problem of merely producing an illumination which could be seen in our most powerful telescope would be beyond all the ordinary efforts of an entire nation." We cannot, thinks Professor Newcomb, anticipate beholding any signs of the works of the dwellers even on Mars. As for the other planets, Mercury, to begin with, is in a position most ill adapted for observation from the earth. When nearest to ourselves it is between ourselves and the sun. Its dark hemisphere is then turned earthward. Nothing satisfactory has yet been made out relative to the condition of Mercury. We cannot be certain that it has an atmosphere. The temperature on its surface is probably far higher than any earthly animal could tolerate. "But this proves nothing."

Venus has an atmosphere. That atmosphere, however, is so charged with what may be clouds, if not vapor, that it seems highly improbable that man will ever be afforded a view of the solid substance of the planet itself through it. Certain observers have imagined they detected spots on this planet for days in succession. Other observers dispute the phenomenon. Assuming that Venus possesses rational denizens, it is not likely that they ever behold either the sun or the stars. "Instead of the sun they see only an effulgence in the vapory sky which disappears and reappears at regular intervals."

Our knowledge of Mars is more definite. There seem to Professor Newcomb to be greater possibilities that life exists on Mars than that it exists on any other of earth's sisters in our own solar system. We quote at some length:

"That there must be something in the nature of vapor at least seems to be shown by the formation and disappearance of the white polar caps of this planet. Every reader of astronomy at the present time knows that, during the Martian winter, white caps form around the pole of the planet which is turned away from the sun, and grow larger and larger until the sun begins to shine upon them, when they gradually grow smaller, and perhaps nearly disappear. It seems, therefore, fairly well proved that, under the influence of cold, some white substance forms around the polar regions of Mars which evaporates under the influence of the sun's rays. It has been supposed that this substance is snow produced in the same way that snow is produced on the earth, by the evaporation of water.

"But there are difficulties in the way of this explanation. The sun sends less than half as much heat to Mars as to the earth, and it does not seem likely that the polar regions can ever receive enough of heat to melt any considerable quantity of snow. Nor does it seem likely that any clouds from which snow could fall ever obscure the surface of Mars.

"But a very slight change in the explanation will make it tenable. Quite possibly the white deposits may be due to something like hoar frost condensed from slightly moist air, without the actual production of snow. This would produce the effect that we see. Even this explanation implies that Mars has air and water, rare though the former may be. It is quite possible that a density less than this would sustain life in some form. Life not totally unlike that on the earth may therefore exist upon Mars for anything that we know to the contrary. More than this we cannot say.

"In the case of the outer planets the answer to our question must be in the negative. It now seems likely that Jupiter is a body very much like our sun, only that the dark portion is too cool to emit much, if any, light. It is doubtful whether Jupiter has anything in the nature of a solid surface. Its interior is in all likelihood a mass of molten matter far above a red heat, which is surrounded by a comparatively cool, yet, to our measure, extremely hot, vapor. The belt-like clouds which surround the planet are due to this vapor combined with the rapid rotation. If there is any solid surface below the atmosphere that we can see, it is swept by winds such that nothing we have on earth could withstand them. But, as we have said, the probabilities are very much against there being anything like a surface. At some great depth in the fiery vapor there is a solid nucleus; that is all we can say.

"The planet Saturn seems to be very much like

"The planet Saturn seems to be very much like that of Jupiter in its composition. It receives so little heat from the sun that, unless it is a mass of fiery vapor like Jupiter, the surface must be far below the freezing-point.

"We cannot speak with such certainty of Uranus and Neptune."

## THE EARTHQUAKE A SIGN OF "PLANETARY VITALITY"

A moonquake is now unthinkable because the moon is as dead as a door nail. Our satellite is "ever foreshadowing our own ultimate doom, like the mummy at Egyptian banquets"; but in the meantime, if the Edinburgh Review (London) has correctly conceived the teachings of the new seismology, to which it devotes a recent and impressive article, the inhabitants of earth may console themselves for the havoc wrought through earthquakes by reflecting that they demonstrate the vitality of our planet. In that distant past when the moon actually quaked there may-some scientists declare there must-have been forms of animation upon its surface. "Though the moon, by reason of its smaller size, was bound to lose its atmosphere, it must have taken millions of years to do so, and there may have been time for the cycle of life, from the primeval germ up to sentient beings and down again to the hardiest lingering plant-cells, to run its full circle." The writer in The Edinburgh Review continues to develop his line of thought:

"Earthquakes are a sign of planetary vitality. They would seem to be characteristic of the terrestrial phase of development. Effete globes like the moon can scarcely be subject to the stresses to which they are due; nor can they be very suitably constituted for the propagation of elastic waves. Inchoate worlds such as Jupiter and Saturn are still less likely to be the scenes of reverberating concussions. Their materials have not yet acquired the necessary cohesion. They are pasty or fluid, if not partially vaporous. On the earth the seismic epoch presumably opened when, exterior solidification having commenced, the geo-logical ages began to run. It will last so long as peaks crumble and rivers carry sediment; so long as the areal distribution of loads fluctuates, and strains evoke forces adequate for their catastrophic relief. Our globe is, by its elasticity, kept habitable. The separation of sea from dry land is thus and no otherwise maintained; the alternations of elevation and subsidence manifest the continual activity of this reserve of energy. The dimensions of the globe we inhabit depend upon the balance of pressure and expansiveness. Relaxation or enhancement of either instantly occasions a bending inward or an arching out-ward of the crust. Just by these sensitive reac-tions the planet shows itself to be alive, and seisme thrillings are the breaths it draws.'

# WHEN THE MURDERER'S PHOTOGRAPH IS IN HIS VICTIM'S EYE

A butcher's portrait has been found on the retina of a slaughtered ox, or so, at any rate, it would appear from a communication in the London *Telegraph*. But Dr. George Lindsay Johnson, F. R. C. S., says the trace of truth underlying the slaughtered ox story is based upon experiments by Professor Kuehne, of Heidelberg, and Professor Boll, of Vienna:

"The latter discovered that the layer of pigment cells immediately behind the rods and cones of the retina secreted a pinkish purple colouringmatter which spread between the ends of the rods. He called this Sehpurpur (visual purple), and found that it became rapidly bleached by light. Kuehne succeeded in taking a photograph, or 'optogram,' as he called it, of a window showing the panes on a rabbit's eye, and fixing it in a solution of alum. The experiment is extremely difficult to perform, and requires the utmost care and precautions. To succeed in obtaining a portrait of anyone on the eye of a person suddenly killed, the following conditions are necessary, and the failure of anyone would probably prevent any portrait being formed at all. The victim would have to be chloroformed and fixed immovably in a dentist's chair, the eyelids held apart by an instrument, and the pupil dilated with a mydriatic. The murderer, in the same way, would have to have his face kept immovable, at a distance previously agreed upon, during the whole of the ten minutes' exposure, while his face was brilliantly illuminated—all extraneous light being carefully excluded. It would also be necessary for the refraction of the victim's eye to have been previously ascertained, and such a spectacle lens placed in front of it as would sharply define the face of the murderer on the victim's retina. The moment the exposure was sufficient the eye would have to be smeared over with lamp black, at once removed from the body in a subdued nonactinic light, divided in half, and the back half placed in a solution of alum. If all these directions were implicitly followed the result might yield an image sufficiently distinct to be recognized as a human face, but in any case it would be ridiculously small. If, for example, the murderer's face were nine and one-half inches long, and at a distance of one yard from the victim's eye, the size of the face on the retina would be under four millimètres—i. e., a little over an eighth of an inch, nor could it be enlarged, as the light used for that purpose would cause the image to fade.'

# Music and the Drama

#### NOTABLE PLAYS OF THE MONTH

Pessimistic reflections on the present condition of the American stage are continually being circulated through the magazines and literary journals; but a survey of the actual dramatic situation reveals a remarkable degree of health and vitality. The successes of the opening season in New York were chronicled in these pages last month. A continuation of the record leads to a consideration of at least two dramatic events of commanding importance. Richard Mansfield has rendered great service to the theatrical world by producing, for the first time on any Englishspeaking stage, Schiller's "Don Carlos"; and Harrison Grey Fiske deserves commendation for producing, also for the first time in English, the widely misunderstood but exquisitely beautiful drama of Maeterlinck's, "Monna Vanna." Apart from these European dramas. the American theater-going public has had an opportunity to see two native plays of distinction. David Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West," chosen to inaugurate the new Belasco Theater in Washington, was given its first performance before an audience which included prominent members of the Cabinet and the Diplomatic Corps, and it scored a pronounced success; while "The Squaw-Man," by Edwin Milton Royle, if not the "great American play" long hoped for, is yet, in the opinion of the New York Times, "a highly respectable contribution to a stage that has been none too rich in native works of even transient value." The irritating and stimulating Bernard Shaw still occupies a vantage place on our stage; but it is probably a tribute to American intelligence that his Irish tract, "John Bull's Other Island," and his clinical study, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," have been rejected. It may also be accounted a hopeful sign of the times that there is a marked revival of interest in Shakespeare's plays, to which Robert B. Mantell, Ben Greet and the Marlowe-Sothern combination have been the main contributing factors.

#### "DON CARLOS"

This tragedy of Schiller's was written in 1787, and is a crowning achievement of a dramatic period which embraced not only

Schiller, but Goethe and Lessing, and which touched heights that have never since been reached. Its first presentations in this country were given in Toledo and Chicago. As produced by Mr. Mansfield, it employs a cast of 117 persons, and requires eight massive tableaux of the court of the Escurial in Madrid. The motif of the play is thus described by James O'Donnell Bennett in the Chicago Record-Herald:

"The Mansfield version of 'Don Carlos' tells swiftly and with many beautiful embroideries of sentiment and language the tale of the unhappy Spanish crown prince, the Hamlet of the sixteenth century, who saw his father take as wife that Elizabeth of Valois to whom the son himself had been betrothed and whom he loved as only the Latin temperament is capable of loving—in a word, to distraction and to despair. How the crown prince, half crazed by melancholy and disappointment, lingered near the object of his hopeless passion; how slander coupled his name with that of his father's queen, how intrigue and jealousy accomplished his ruin and the ruin of all who had desired to serve him—that is the substance of this tragedy of domestic and official life in the gloomy palace of Philip II. in Madrid about the year 1568."

The same writer characterizes Mr. Mansfield's impersonation of this character as "weighty with conviction, fragrant with charm, animated by intense sympathy and made a wonder work by its masterful grasp, and, most of all, by its ever-shifting contradictions." He continues:

"When this man looked inward and considered his own sorrows his tones were heavy with moaning. When he looked outward and considered the treachery and tyranny of a cruel age, his tones bore scorn. When he remembered his destiny as inheritor of the empire of Charles V., he spoke as one blowing upon a trumpet, and his cry, 'I am a monarch's son,' caused an awed, almost an awful, hush to descend upon the house.

"Before that trumpet blast had died away he sighed, 'And not one in all the world can I call friend.' In one breath Mr. Mansfield had exalted the listeners, in the next he made them wish to

"In fine, here was Hamlet in the tenderness, the yearning, the affection, the sympathy, the sweetness of the character, and Hamlet, too, in the irony of the crown prince's author upon life. It was not the Hamlet of Statement because Schiller's Don Cardes; here the cards depth of understanding.

Mr. Mansfeld's, "The Cardes of the control of the control of the cards of

#### "MONNA VANNA"

"Monna Vanna" has achieved undesirable notoriety by reason of the fact that the London dramatic censor prohibited its presentation; but, as given at the Manhattan Theater, in New York, it is generally accepted as a vehicle of the loftiest idealism. In the opinion of the New York Sun, it is "one of the few modern pieces that combine dramatic strength with deep spiritual intuition"; and it has served both to introduce Maeterlinck as a writer of actable drama and to signalize the elevation of Bertha Kalich, the Yiddish actress, from the Bowery to Broadway. The story of the piece recalls Judith and Holofernes, and carries a suggestion of the Lady Godiva legend. It tells of a woman who is asked to sacrifice her chastity that a city may be saved. To quote from The Dramatic Mirror (New York):

"The place and time of the action is Pisa at the close of the Fifteenth Century. Pisa is surrounded, her inhabitants are starving and, ammunition failing, are about to fall into the hands of their enemies, the Florentines. The cru-



MADAME MAETERLINCK

Maeterlinck's play, "Monna Vanna," was written for her, and she has appeared in the title rôle in many European cities.

cial point of the play comes in the offer of the Florentine general, Prinzivalle, to save the city, if Guido Colonna, its commander, will send his wife, Vanna, alone, wrapped only in her mantle, to spend the night in the general's tent. In true, exalted, sacrificial spirit Monna Vanna, despite the commands of her husband and his repudiation of her, fulfils the demand. In the tent, Prinzivalle's love, born in their childhood, reawakens and in the purity of her presence turns to something finer and sweeter than his elemental passion, and he lets her go unharmed. Threatened by treacherous masters at home, doomed to death by this final mad act of rescuing Pisa, Prinzivalle gives Vanna what she calls the surest test of his love by agreeing to save himself by taking refuge in Pisa. Then tragedy follows Vanna. Her husband refuses to believe in her purity, refuses to keep her word of protection to Prinzivalle, accuses her of loving her destroyer and finally orders him killed. In the contrast between her husband's unseeing cruelty and her lover's sympathetic understanding, her woman's heart turns to the latter, and to save him she practices deception, crying out that she had hid, that he had harmed her, that she had brought him to Pisa by a trick, and she demands the key to the dungeon that she-she who has sufferedshall alone have the satisfaction of revenge. The play ends as she goes, her husband believes, to wreak her vengeance, in reality to join her lover and escape with him whom she has saved and, saving, loves. 'It was an evil dream,' Guido says. 'Yes,' Vanna answers, 'it was an evil dream. The beautiful dream is beginning.'"

That Maeterlinck's play is what the New York Evening Post declares it to be—"a fine poetic work, with a moving theme, throbbing with human passion"—is generally conceded; but opinions vary in regard to the adequacy of the New York performance and of Madame Kalich's part in it. The New York Times thinks that "there is much in this production to command respect, little to excite enthusiasm"; and Alan Dale, of the New York American, writes:

"'Monna Vanna' was presented with much dignity. It had a fine cast. It had adequate, but not ostentatious scenery. It was acted as a poem, rather than as a melodrama. Its mystic side was emphasized. Maeterlinck himself would have approved this performance. But it . . . did not 'touch.' It left us cold."

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

According to the Washington correspondent of *The Dramatic Mirror* (New York), Mr. Belasco's new play, given at the nation's capital with Blanche Bates in the title rôle, "made the biggest kind of a hit"; and the Washington *Star* refers to its first night as "one of the most brilliant events in local theatrical history." *The Star* says further:

"'The Girl of the Golden West' presents a



Courtesy of The Theatre Magazine

ARNOLD DALY

The leading exponent of Bernard Shaw's dramas in this country.

number of striking novelties. It is at least novel that the heroine of the piece is the keeper of a saloon and the hero a road agent, an outlaw, while the dominant male character is a gambler embodying both vice and virtue. The other figures in the piece are men of uncouth manners and rough, and at times profane, speech. To handle such a bold theme so as not to offend the sensibilities of intelligent auditors requires skill and cleverness in both author and players greater than the audacity of the undertaking. That this is done was attested by the favorable judgment passed upon the play last evening.

"There are many strong lines in the play and thrilling dramatic scenes and incidents compelling most intense interest and suspense. The climax of the play is at the close of the second act when 'The Girl' and Jack Rance play a desperate game of poker for possession of the road agent, whom Rance has found in the girl's mountain cabin.

"It is difficult to describe the suspense produced by this scene, which is only relieved when the girl, in her desperation to save her lover, pretends to faint, and while Rance is getting a restorative she slips three aces from her stocking and wins. Even the cheating, to which Rance would not resort, is forgiven in the girl."

Of Blanche Bates's acting in this play the Washington Times says: "Miss Bates's work is

always interesting. Her enthusiasm, her vivacity at all times and her charming and delicate sense of humor have given her a place with the best American actors. In her portrayal of the little saloon-keeper in the Sierras she brought together all these qualities."

#### "THE SQUAW MAN"

This is another play dealing with the "golden West," and aiming to hold a picturesque phase which is rapidly disappearing from American life. Its author, Edwin Milton Royle, is by no means a novice in playwriting, and his present success is the result of years of laborious and often discouraging labor. The title rôle is taken by William Faversham, and is felt to provide an exceptionally favorable opportunity for his talents. Mr. John Corbin, of the New York Sun, discusses the play thus:

"With the single exception of Leah Kleschna' it is many years since Broadway has seen so vigorous and compelling a melodrama as Mr. F Squaw Man,' in which ig at Wallack's; and



HENRY ARTHUR JONES

The eminent English playright now on a visit to this country Two of his dramas are to be given here later in the season.

the effect of the piece, like that of its predecessor, is due to a very rare combination of excellence in the writing and the acting. . . .

"The story of 'The Squaw Man' centres in one of those deeds of heroic self-sacrifice so long familiar to the popular stage. The hero [Jim Carston], an Englishman, in love with the wife of his cousin and brother officer, assumes the guilt of the other man's crime and buries himself in the American cattle country. . . . A young Indian girl who has fallen in love with him saves his life by shooting a 'bad man' who has the drop on him; and she subsequently rescues him from death by fever, and leaves her tribe to live with him and nurse him back to life. When a son is born, it is thoroughly in keeping with Carston's unselfish nature that, outcast and forlorn as he is, he should marry her. . .

"Admirable is the handling of the character of the squaw. In effect what she does is to kill herself so that her husband may return to England to claim the title to which he has fallen heir by the death of his cousin, and at the same time marry the English woman he has always loved. But her sacrifice is thoroughly rational. Her son has been taken away from her to be educated as heir to the Earldom, and at the same time she is run to earth by a sheriff and his posse to answer for killing the man who threatened Carston's life. Never for a moment is the old theme of self-sacrifice presented with melodramatic falsity. In all its main outlines the story is as true as it is moving."

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#### "JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND"

In England this has been proclaimed Bernard Shaw's best play; but in New York it has been roughly handled by the critics and only ran a few nights. It is "a sort of political

charade," says the New York Evening Post, "the meaning of which the audience are to guess, if they can." Alan Dale, of the New York American, refers to the play as "a thick, glutinous and impenetrable four-act tract," and says further:

"For more than three solid hours we sat, in our theater-faces, and listened to an Englishman and an Irishman holding forth on Tariff-reform League, Nationalists, Separatists, Protective Tariff, Free Trade, the Disestablished Church, the principles of the Liberal party, Home Rule, Mr. Gladstone, the Tories, the Unionists, the House of Commons, and—presumably—Mr. Bernard Shaw's own conception of the Trinity.

"It was not gay. The Irishman had one theory; the Englishman knocked it down. The Englishman had another theory; the Irishman pulverized it. This went on with dizzy persistence, but those who waited for the end found nothing settled. It was all admirably impartial, but it was a 'tie.' Mr. Shaw gave the Englishman and the Irishman a black eye apiece, and seemed to revel ghoulishly. But it was not amusing, and it was not 'play.' It was ineffably tedious, insufferably drawn out."

The Times is more favorable in its comment. "The play has not the superficial brightness of some of Shaw's other plays," it remarks, "but it is a poor mentality indeed that will confess itself unable to get a good deal of entertainment from it." The Sun comments: "It is Bernard Shaw at his best—and at his worst."

#### "MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION."

Turning from the comparative failure of "John Bull's Other Island" to recoup himself by performances of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Arnold Daly, already well known as the leading exponent of the Shaw drama in this country, encountered difficulties which were evidently unexpected by him. Upon the first performance of the play in New Haven, Conn., the mayor of that city revoked the license of the theater in which it had been presented, and forbade further performances on the ground that it was "grossly indecent and not fit for public presentation." In spite of this fact and a public warning addressed to him by Anthony Comstock, Mr. Daly took the play to New York, and gave it there in the Garrick Theater on the evening of October 30. The verdict of Police-Commissioner McAdoo and of the majority of metropolitan critics was substantially that of the mayor of New Haven, and the play was suppressed.

Mrs. Warren's "profession" is the profession that Kipling has called the oldest in the world

—that of the courtesan. According to The Sun:

"The play is, in fact, little more than the dramatization of a tract on the social evil, with much socialistic discussion of the right of women

to labor and be paid living wages.

"Mrs. Warren, a woman born of the slums, has preferred affluence as the manager of a syndicate operating 'private hotels' from Brussels to Budapest to poisoning paralysis and death as an operative in a white lead factory, and when her daughter, educated in innocence, arrives at an age to ask leading questions she defends her 'profession' with arguments which might have been, and perhaps were, derived from the social-

istic and materialistic Herr Bebel.
"Incidentally, the girl has fallen in love with one Frank Gardner, the worthless son of a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, and is entreated in marriage by her mother's business partner, a played out roué of a Baronet who, it seems, enjoys eminent social respecta-bility. It transpires that, in consequence of Frank's father's youthful oats (which he still feels at times in his clerical age, for, like all Socialists, Shaw is hard on respectability) the lovers are half brother and sister, and so cannot marry—a fact which, as it seems, causes very

little perturbation to anybody on any score. . . . "By all Victorian standards, the piece is impossible. Yet such a play was not dreamed of in

the philosophy of the past generation.

"Certainly, there is nothing in the law as lately quoted to warrant its suppression. It does not 'outrage' any decent 'decency' nor any humane 'humanity.' The worst thing about it is the atmosphere of salacious expectation which the self appointed moralists have conjured out of noth-

The one performance of the play given in New York was attended by a great crowd of theatre-goers. As high as \$30 was paid for a single seat. The comment of the metropolitan critics was unprecedented in its severity. The New York Tribune described the play as "an affront to decency and a blot on the theater." The New York Times said: "'Mrs. Warren's Profession' as an acted play bears about the same relation to the drama that the post-mortem bears to the science of which it is a part."

Bernard Shaw ingeniously defends his position as the author of this play in The Review of Reviews (London), in a letter addressed to Mr. Stead and published previously to the sensational developments in this country. He says, in part:

"If you produce plays of the Gaiety type, or dramas in which the heroine is a fascinating prostitute living in a halo of romance and luxury, you will not have the smallest difficulty in securing the King's two-guinea certificate that the performance 'does not, in its general tendency, contain anything immoral or otherwise improper for the stage.' . . .



Now appearing in New York in classic and Shakespearean roles.

"The objection to my play is its exposure of prostitution as a sordid commercial exploitation of female poverty, for which society, not the prostitute, is to blame, and its acceptance of certain obvious possibilities of consanguinity between the children of people whose relations have been irregular.

"The recommendation which secures a license for the plays which you describe as worthy of Gomorrah is that they make sexual adventures amusing and agreeable, and suppress every disgusting or horrifying association or contingency of such adventures.

"This is what English public opinion calls upholding morality.'

#### THE SHAKESPEAREAN REVIVAL.

Robert Mantell, whose acting in classic rôles is well and favorably known to theatre-goers throughout the country, calls attention, in a recent article (Broadway Magazine) to the fact that Shakespeare "has stood the test of three hundred years of constant usage." "Shakespearean drama never was and never will be a Standard Oil or a frenzied finance investment for the box office," he says, "but at no time within the memory of the present generation has it proven itself to be a losing speculation." This statement is suggested by his own experience, while dertake an ambition



SIR HENRYZIRVING AS DANTE

spearean plays in which he is now appearing at the Garden Theater, New York. Ben Greet is another Shakespearean enthusiast. "Henry V," "Macbeth," and "Julius Cæsar" are among the plays that he is presenting in Mendelssohn Hall, New York, in "the Elizabethan manner"—that is to say, on an open stage of the kind used in Shakespeare's time. Finally, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, whose performances of "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet" and "Much Ado about Nothing" last winter netted \$800,000, are producing this year "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night" and "The Merchant of Venice." The Shakespearean drama is knowing "a second spring," says Albert Everett in Leslie's Weekly. He continues:

"There is on an unprecedented popular revival. Out of the midst of a people seemingly insensible of finer feelings than those evoked by the Rogers Brothers has come an impulse for the other extreme—a thronging response to the three most elaborate Shakespearian productions the country has ever known. And it redounds to the credit of Mr. Charles Frohman that the supply was at hand as soon as the taste was manifested."

#### THE TRAGEDY OF HENRY IRVING'S CAREER

Beneath the panegyric of praise evoked by the death of Sir Henry Irving runs a note of pure tragedy. The feeling is insistently expressed, both in England and this country, that his career, in a certain high sense, was a failure. Bernard Shaw is the mouthpiece of an extreme phase of this sentiment when he says, in a letter to the Vienna Freie Presse, that Irving was "a narrow-minded egotist, without culture, living in a dream of his own greatness." More sober critics register their conviction that Irving was a great man, but not a great actor; that his most cherished plans were defeated and had to be abandoned; and that death came as a welcome release from increasing difficulties. Clara Morris, the American actress, writing in Collier's Weekly of his personal life and of his recent estrangement from Ellen Terry, says:

"Sickness, heavy losses, private sorrows could not break him. He gathered himself together and continued to climb upward—but on the heights the air is cold and man is very lonely!

"Receiving the adulation of the world, and the true affection of hundreds of friends, he yet described himself as 'the loneliest man in England."

Hall Caine, the famous novelist, and John Corbin, the well-equipped dramatic critic of the New York Sun, both paint Sir Henry's career in dark colors. The former tells, in the New York Herald, of his almost life-long friendship with the English actor. Of Irving's later days he writes:

"If at a later period his character seemed to develop for a while a certain bitterness, the change was not to be wondered at, in the light of the buffeting he suffered at the hands of an inscrutable fate. The old favorite of the footlights seemed to lose his hold; the public applauded but no longer followed him. He had never been a practical man in the commercial sense, and just as in his prosperous times he had sometimes spent more on some of his productions than could possibly return to him if he filled his theatre to its utmost capacity on every night of the season, so in his declining days he continued to present plays which the public did not want.

"Bad times came on rapidly; his treasures had to be disposed of and his rare books had to be sold as part of 'the library of a gentleman.' At last, with his other possessions, his theatre itself passed out of his hands, and then the head of the profession, the chief of English actors, the one player in England (perhaps in the world) who had become famous outside his own walk of life, and one of the men of the age, broken in health and now old before his time, became a rambler without a home."

In the same spirit, Mr. Corbin writes:

"To the interests of the English drama he gave the tireless energies of half a century, the unflinching devotion of an austere and noble mind—only to be virtually deserted by the intelligent public, and see the fabric he had reared, the memorable Lyceum Theatre, sold out and converted into a music hall. Less than two days before his death, at a public luncheon as guest of the Mayor of Bradford, he pleaded eloquently, as he had so often pleaded before, for the public recognition and support of the theatre as a prime factor in public education. But all that he achieved and all his earnest entreaties have proved futile."

#### Mr. Corbin savs further:

"Admired as he was, and justly, he had no firm hold upon his public. It is a mistake to say that he brought the art of scenic illusion to its highest modern development. Beerbohm Tree imitated his effects, and, thanks to the size of the stage of Her Majesty's, surpassed them in vastness and variety of effect. A public accustomed to delight in mere externals deserted Irving for a man of far inferior powers. For many years before the fall of the Lyceum the great actor's productions were failures, as regards the London public. In the provinces and in America his vogue lasted longer. In the spring, with the annual invasion of tourists, the Lyceum, which all winter had been all but empty, became suddenly crowded; and his annual tours continued profitable. But even we were ceasing to care for him. His last engagement here was an unmistakable failure. 'I have spent a princely fortune on Shakespeare,' he once remarked. It would have been nearer the mark to say that he had made a princely fortune on Shakespeare and spent it on scenery."

There is a sense in which the greatest tragedy of Sir Henry Irving's life lies in the fact that the stamp of critical approval on his work as an actor, which he must have craved above all else, was never indisputably his. It is true that so authoritative a critic as William Winter, of the New York Tribune, has declared, since Irving's death, that, in view of the number and variety of the parts he played, Irving may be regarded as "the greatest actor that ever lived." But this glowing estimate is isolated, and at variance with the most competent critical judgment. Mr. Corbin meets Mr. Winter's statement with the question, "When has the variety of an actor's powers been the sole test of his greatness?" and goes on to say (in The Sun):

"Irving's very features, beautiful and theatrically striking as they were, were almost as detrimental to the effects of pure tragedy and comedy as his speech and physique. Popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, the most useful face on the stage is that in which the features, while adequately marked, are of so neutral a cast as to be capable of being transformed to suit the needs not only of a variety of characters, but of each of the successive, often widely contrasted, of the same character. Such preeminently were the features of Garrick, and to them he must have owed no small measure of the intensity as well



SIR HENRY IRVING AS BECKET

as the variety of his effects. Such also are the features of Coquelin, except for the tendency to the grotesque, which stands in the way of success in serious roles. Irving, with his salient, unalterable masque, was predestined to fall short of the full range of both tragic and comic art. Whatever he did was inspired by a noble soul and a keenly artistic understanding. 'His whole being, as Mr. Winter says, 'was dominated by intellect. But what has intellect to do with the player? Plastic grace, vocal force and a face responsive to every mood of emotion, grave and gay—these are the substance of his art. Intelligence can do marvels in eking them out, but it can never really take their place. The dominant note in Irving's art was not so much dramatic as picturesque."

Mr. Corbin's position is evidently that of a majority of English critics. Three of the most influential weekly publications in London, The Spectator, The Saturday Review and The Outlook, have expressed regret that the Dean of Westminster sanctioned the interment in Westminster Abbey of the ashes of Sir Henry Irving, and deny to Irving greatness as an actor in the sense that Garrick was great. The London Speaker thinks that Irving owed his triumphs to brain power and a thorough understanding of the significance of his parts. It continues:

"He was not at his best in a great declamatory part or in a part of pure passion. He had neither the elocution nor the physical force of Salvini. He could not sweep an audience off its feet by a display of passionate virtuosity. Both his Othello and his Lear lacked force, and he at-

tempted to make up for this want by the introduction of subtleties that were not in the parts. Shakespeare may have intended all kinds of subtleties in Macbeth, as modern commentators in-geniously contend, but he also certainly meant him to be a fierce barbarian tyrant; and Irving's Macbeth was neither fierce nor barbaric. Seeing him on the stage one was profoundly interested in him; but one could not believe that he would ever do anything, least of all a series of designed and bloody murders. He was simply Hamlet in armor, and without his charm or problem. . . . Irving was trained in melodrama and in sentimental comedy to act between his parts, and he could not shake off the habit when he came to act Shakespearean parts that were not thoroughly suited to his temperament. Hence he was sometimes slow when he ought to have been quick, and would illustrate passages with gesture and by-play which only required a fine delivery to be understood.'

The London Academy takes the view that "it was not as an actor at all that Sir Henry Irving did his best work." Nor, it adds, does his fame rest on "what was, perhaps, strictly his most important achievement with regard to the stage—that is, his stage-management." His strength lay in his personality:

"We are driven back to the fact, inexplicable yet undeniable, that Henry Irving was a great man. It was as if the personal influence which

he exercised over the footlights night after night radiated through the world, convincing everybody—even those who did not agree with his rendering of such and such a part or his treatment of such and such a play—that this man was not as other men were, that he had something in him of a divine force, a superhuman genius which set him apart from even the ablest and most beloved of his fellows."

The sentiment here is in substantial agreement with Mr. Winter's tribute to Irving's personal qualities, printed in the New York Tribune:

"In his character he combined great wisdom with great simplicity. His whole being was dominated by intellect, but his sympathy extended to every suffering creature upon earth, and in practical charity his munificence was boundless. In many ways he was a lonely man-isolated in part by mental supremacy, in part by temperament, and in part by circumstances of cruel personal experience—but he loved to make others happy, and he gazed with eyes of benevolence on all the wide pageantry and pathos of this mortal scene. No mind more noble, no heart more tender, no spirit more pure and gentle ever came into this world. Henry Irving lived to bless mankind, and in his death-which is a universal bereavement-he leaves an immortal memory of genius and goodness and an immortal example of all that is heroic and beautiful in the conduct of life."

#### THE RISE AND DECLINE OF BERNARD SHAW

That Bernard Shaw's "bubble reputation" will collapse as rapidly as it has grown, is evidently the verdict of a majority of literary and dramatic critics in this country. eulogies which greeted "Candida" and Mr. Shaw's earlier dramatic work are giving place to bitterly hostile comment. Typical expressions of opinion from representative Americans are those of Police-Commissioner McAdoo, of New York, who forbade the performance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" on the ground that it is "revolting, indecent and nauseating," and of Thomas Nelson Page, the well-known novelist, who recently declared, in a New York Times interview, that he had not the least confidence in Mr. Shaw's sincerity. and that he found "Man and Superman" "as rotten as anything could well be." Even so friendly a commentator as Mr. Austin Lewis, a socialistic writer of San Francisco, speaks of Bernard Shaw as a man who has failed to "make good," whether considered from the intellectual or artistic point of view, and prophesies that the English playwright will shortly be overtaken by his "nemesis."

Mr. Lewis comes to these conclusions in an article in *The Overland Monthly* (October), in which he contends that "Man and Superman" marks at one and the same time Bernard Shaw's climax as a writer and the probable conclusion of his influence as a molder of opinion. All the brilliancy of the play, he says, and the literary skill of which Mr. Shaw is so pronounced a master, cannot successfully hide "a complete philosophic failure.' Bernard Shaw has made the fatal mistake of assuming an attitude of contempt toward humanity. He is "a workman quarreling with his tools." To quote further:

"All this has had the effect of destroying his literary work, a deplorable fact when we consider of what he is really capable, or rather of what he has promised to be capable, for it is true that he has never yet gone beyond the stage of brilliant promise. Apart from brilliant epigrams and witty sayings, which have never tasted so well as they did in the days of Wilde, and which are in fact in many instances but examples of clever fooling, what has 'Man and Superman' to offer us? An inversion of ordinary ideas on the marriage question, an inversion of extraordinary ideas on the subject of heaven and hell, an

analysis of the opinions of certain political and social types, never true to nature, always slightly distorted, adding no wit to the knowledge which the ordinary student possesses of these types, these with 'The Revolutionist's Handbook constitute the whole of Mr. Shaw's contribution. 'The Revolutionist's Handbook,' brilliant as it is, and daring as it professes to be, is actually not new-for the most part it is not original. It simply reiterates the complaint of the rebel, not always of the intelligent rebel, frequently a growl of the Max Nordau variety, whose 'Conventional Lies' and 'Paradoxes' could have furnished much of the thought, and it too often reproduces the incoherent anger of the baser sort of anarchist, so that Mr. Herbert Burrows in a critical essay says bluntly: 'Mr. Shaw is really an anarchist of a chaotic type, as his latest master, Nietzsche, really is, and the principle or want of principle

of life of both of them is disintegration."

"Mr. Shaw, by his ostentatious elimination of emotion, has placed himself in a position from which extrication must be difficult, if not impossible. A philosopher may be superior to emotions, or inferior, which is perhaps nearer the truth, but an artist can never be so, and Mr. Shaw chooses to appeal to us as an artist. He is thus driven, perforce, to that most barren of fields, literary art for the sake of literary art. But Mr. Shaw does not really want to be a literary artist—he uses the art medium as a means of dosing us with philosophy, and that is all. He despises art and artists, and gives his grounds in a fashion which makes dissent from him difficult. What, then, is left to him, except to continue his lamentations over the weakness and folly of his fellowmen, and to long, artistically, but in the very nature of things, vainly, for the Superman?"

Mr. Lionel Strachey, a writer in *The Critic* (November), thinks that the reputed "popularity" of Bernard Shaw in this country is in reality an illusion. He says in part:

"The average American is not more of a fooldespite his common sense (synonym for intellectual aridity)—in fact is rather less of a fool, than the ordinary European; but everywhere in the world does the mediocre man bristle up, like a porcupine at bay, against any idea or sentiment foreign to the habitual horizon.

"Consider, then, his stony wonder at being promised by the newspapers 'a dramatic travesty of the ideas of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, composed by an author professing 'no taste for what is called popular art, no respect for popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroics.' (See the preface 'Mainly about Myself.') Our sleeves are full of instructive and improving maxims from Shaw's plays, which we will proceed to shake out, inviting the glad, unspoilt to the feast. Here, for instance, is a brightly buoyant, hopeful Americanism: 'It's unwise to be born; it's unwise to be married; it 's unwise to live; and it 's wise to die.' And here is a saw for the good Christian citizen, the prop of the State, the pillar of the Church: 'A man should stand for his belief, against law and religion.' The fond, watchful parent and the sapient educator of the young may devoutly ponder the advice: 'Do not give your children moral and religious instruction unless you are quite sure they will not take it too seriously.' . . .

"The purity of the marriage relation in America, and its paramount moral force as the mainstay of American civilization, has long been the theme of American writers and orators, of journalists, essayists, novelists, of prelates, legislators, statesmen—aye, Presidents of This Great Republic!

"'It is a woman's business to get married as soon as possible, and a man's to keep unmarried as long as he can.'

"The confusion of marriage with morality has done more to destroy the conscience of the human race than any other single error.'

"'Marriage is the most licentious of human institutions; that is the secret of its popularity.'

"And the popularity of all these views, outspoken in the plays—what is the secret of that? Nobody knows, because there is no secret in a thing which never has existed, and never can exist. But if there be some, asserting in our teeth that Shaw has been, is, or will be, popular in the United States, let them give only one season's attention to the stage, not neglecting historical plays, patriotic plays, rural drama, melodrama, musical comedy, and vaudeville. Then may they get an inkling what a fatal gulf of hostility divides the spirit of the perfectly commonplace American from that of friend Bernard."

The Bookman (November) looks for "a sudden and somewhat pitiful extinction" of the Shaw vogue:

"It has been observed of the literary commentator, as of the blue-bottle fly, that he buzzes loudest just before he drops, and so while we read and listen to what is now being said of Mr. Shaw we may look for a sudden and somewhat pitiful extinction. Not that the Shaw plays will necessarily lose their present interest, but the Shaw commentator is certainly doomed. Excesses of this sort have of late years been invariably followed by periods of severe repression of silence almost proportionate to the degree of garrulity when the talking fit was on. The hush that settled upon 'Trilby' and Robert Els-mere' endures to this day. The reader of 'The Man with the Hoe,' if there be one, is as the owl in the desert; and upon the lips of the Omarian the spider builds its web. Men still find pleasure in the writings of Stevenson, but where are the Stevensonians? Where are the Smithites, Brownists and Robinsonians of yester-year? Let a subject once fall to the cult or the claque, let the lavish tongues of small expounders have their way, and the waters soon close over it. Let a man's name be the signal for lengthy and witless argument, like that now occasioned by Mr. Shaw's, and people soon learn to omit it.

A staff-writer on *The Dramatic Mirror* (New York) goes further:

"Shaw apparently is past his perihelion. It may sound of prejudice or of unwisdom to say it, but the prediction may be ventured that even twenty years from now Shaw's works will rest on those shelves of literary accumulation where

dust is most to be found and least frequently disturbed, and long before that time any public estimate of him whatever will have disappeared. He will be lost in a crowd of persons who once wrote and as to whom a literary encyclopædia is always necessary for identification."

#### BEETHOVEN AND HIS "IMMORTAL BELOVED"

The growth and perpetuation of purely legendary details involved in the lives of men of genius is one of the mysteries of history. An illustration of this is furnished by the story of Beethoven and the attempts to establish the identity of the woman whom he addressed as his "Immortal Beloved." Biographer after biographer, says Gustav Kobbé, in his new work,\* have attributed the object of this famous address, contained in a letter now preserved in the Berlin Library, to the Countess Giuletta Guicciardi, to whom Beethoven dedicated the "Moonlight Sonata." This error was first refuted by Alexander W. Thayer, the American biographer of Beethoven, whose work, unfortunately, has never been printed

\*The Loves of Great Composers. By Gustav Kobbé. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.



Courtesy of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

#### COUNTESS THERESE VON BRUNSWICK

"Only think of it! Just as a person sits to a painter for a portrait, Countess Therese Brunswick was the model for Beethoven's 'Leonore'."

in English. Mr. Thayer, who gathered together the most authentic data for a Beethoven biography, shows that the letter must have been written in 1806, and could not have been intended for the Countess Giuletta; but he did not venture to name the actual recipient. According to Mr. Kobbé, there is no longer any reason for doubt about her identity. The "undoubted recipient" was the Countess Therese Brunswick.

After Beethoven's death, in 1827, the letter, together with a portrait, was found in an old chest. None of the composer's family, into whose possession the portrait passed, knew of the identity of the woman whom it represented, though she was then alive and continued to live for more than thirty years thereafter. In 1863 the Beethoven family

presented the portrait to a Viennese musician, Joseph Hellmesberger, and it was later acquired by the Beethoven Museum, in Bonn, where the master was born in 1772. It still hangs there besides the portrait of the composer, and on the back can be read the inscription in a feminine hand: "To the rare genius, the great artist, and the good man, from T. B." Mr. Kobbé writes:

"Who was T. B.? If some one who had recently seen the Bonn portrait should chance to visit the National Museum in Budapest, he would come upon the bust of a woman whose features seemed familiar to him. They would grow upon him as those of the woman with the yellow shawl over her light brown hair, a drapery of red on her shoulders and fastened at her throat, who had looked out at him from the Bonn portrait. The bust, made at a more advanced age, he would find had been placed in the museum in honor of the woman who had founded the first home for friendless children in the Austrian Empire. And her name? Countess Therese Brunswick. She was Beethoven's 'Immortal Beloved.' 'T. B.'—Therese Brunswick. She was the woman who knew that the portrait found in the chest was hers; and that the letter

had been received by her shortly after her secret betrothal to Beethoven, and returned by her to him when he broke the engage-ment because he loved her too deeply to link her life to his."

The non-fulfilment of their romance partook of tragic elements for both of them, but the act of renunciation was consonant with the character of Beethoven. He had love to offer her. "but he was uncouth. stricken with deafness, and had many of the 'bad moments' of genius. He foresaw unhappiness for both of them, and to spare her took upon himself the great act of renunciation."

To this act of renunciation is attributed the melancholy of Beethoven. Its cause was divined by his friend Baron Spaun, and the knowledge of the romance was known to one other, the brother of the Countess, who was also a friend of Beethoven. Sympathetic he was with the love of his friend and his sister, he had the worldly patience to counsel moderation until Beethoven's worldly estate should improve. Reflection upon his friend's advice caused Beethoven to rerenounce what he felt could never be happily realized. The secret was

"Some years after the composer's death, Countess Therese Brunswick conceived a great liking for a young girl, Miriam Tenger, whom she had taken under her care for a short period, until a suitable school was selected for her in Vienna. When the time for parting came, Miriam burst into tears and clung to the Countess's hand.

once intimated by the countess. Thus:

"'Child, child,' exclaimed the lady, 'do you really love me so deeply?'

"'I love you, I love you so,' sobbed the child, 'that I could die for you.'

"The Countess placed her hand on the girl's head. 'My child,' she said, 'when you have grown older and wiser, you will understand what I mean when I say that to live for those we love shows a far greater love, because it requires so much more courage. But while you are in Vienna, there is one favor you can do me, which my heart will consider a great one. On the twenty-seventh of every March go to the Wahringer Cemetery and lay a wreath of immortelles on Beethoven's grave.'



Courtesy of T. Y Crowell & Co.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN After the painting by Stieler.

Another interesting incident is recorded by Mr. Kobbé:

"In 1860, when the leaves of thirty-three autumns had fallen upon the composer's grave and the countess had gone to her last resting-place, a voice, like an echo from a dead past, linked the names of Beethoven and the woman he had loved. There was at that time in Germany a virtuosa, Frau Hebenstrait, who when a young girl had been a pupil of Beethoven's friend, the violinist Schuppanzigh. At a musical, in the year men-tioned, she had just taken part in the per-formance of the third 'Leonore' overture, when, as if moved to speak by the beauty of the music, she suddenly said: 'Only think of it! Just as a person sits to a painter for a portrait, Countess Therese Brunswick was the model for Beethoven's "Leonore." What a debt the world owes her for it!' After a pause she went on: 'Beethoven never would have dared marry without money, and a countess, too-and so refined, and delicate enough to blow away. And he—an angel and a demon in one! What would have become of them both, and of his genius with him?' So far as I have been able to discover, this was the first even semi-public linking of the two names.

# GORKY'S PESSIMISTIC SOCIAL DRAMA, "THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN"

In the nature of an amende honorable to the "intellectuals" of Russia, Maxim Gorky's new play, "The Children of the Sun," declared by those who have heard it read to be the most powerful and moving and significant of the dramas yet produced by that master, is at the same time a highly pessimistic picture of contemporary conditions in Russia. It was written in the St. Petersburg prison during Gorky's confinement after the tragic events of last January, and was largely suggested by those events.

The object of the play is to present in realistic and strong colors the contrast that exists between the Russian intelligencia, the cultivated and civilized minority, and the mass of the people, the illiterate, superstitious, easily misled peasantry. The theme is old in Russian literature, but Gorky's treatment of it is original. And it assumes peculiar interest from the fact that the new drama is, as the author confesses, a sort of apology to the intelligencia, which he satirized and rebuked in the play of two years ago, called "Datchniki" (The Summer Cottagers).

In that play the intellectuals were represented as summer boarders, birds of passage, people without roots in the soil, without permanent interests or ties in the country that gives them all that they possess and live by, materially and morally. In a recent interview on the new drama in the St. Petersburg Russ. Gorky's view was very different. He said that the Russian intelligencia was the best in the world, and added: "Though it might be ridiculed and unmasked, as, for example, in 'Datchniki' (that feeble, tedious, abortive play which I did wrong in publishing), it is yet the best in the world, the best as regards its nobility, its disinterestedness, its devotion to the cause of the people."

"But how weak and insignificant it is in point of numbers," Gorky went on to say; "how slight is its influence; how little the masses understand it, and to what terrible, tragic results this misunderstanding might lead! There is danger of a collision between the mass and the minority, and in such a collision Russian culture may perish."

This interview furnishes the theme of the play, the key to it. It has been read to the members of the Moscow "Artistic Theater,"

where it will shortly be presented, and one of those who heard it sent the following account of it to the *Mercure de France* (Paris):

The children of the sun are those who enjoy the delights of the intellectual and æsthetic and higher life. The characters of the play are, with one or two exceptions, privileged to live and move in the light and warmth of the sun. They are, however, surrounded by and in contact with children of darkness, of a cold, cheerless, gloomy

atmosphere.

The leading characters are: a scientist who believes that truth, truth alone, will emancipate humanity and give it happiness, and who carries self-abnegation to an extreme in his pursuit of scientific truth; a great artist, who worships beauty and believes that it, even more than science, is essential to the salvation of mankind. and who, like the scientist, endeavors to spread the light and warmth of his sun among the unfortunate and disinherited children of darkness; Helen, the wife of the scientist, his true companion, equally devoted to the cause of truth and humanity; Lisa, a young girl whose nervous system has been shattered by bloody repression of political demonstrations she has witnessed; Tchepouriny, a brave, right-hearted, but rather skeptical youth who loves Lisa and who is ac-cused of indifference to the great cause of social reform, and of sentimental affection for animals (he is a veterinary surgeon); and a locksmith, a brutal, drunken savage who cruelly maltreats his sick, helpless wife.

The children of the sun have the most exalted ideas and standards of conduct. Helen is rather neglected by her husband, who thinks of no one and nothing except science, but is loved tenderly by the artist. The latter assures her that her husband no longer cares for her; she determines to learn the truth. If she is no longer dear or necessary to her husband, she will leave him, but for intrigue, falsehood, disloyalty, she has no ear or mind. She goes frankly to her husband, explanations take place, and the wedded pair will henceforth walk arm-in-arm and carry on their work with deeper sympathy and fervor than be-

fore.

Helen is interested in the locksmith and his unhappy wife. She pities both, and tries to succor and save the poor woman, who, however, dies from an attack of cholera which has invaded the provincial town that is the scene of the drama. The brutal locksmith, with the mob of the city, accuses the scientist and all his intellectual friends—physicians, sanitarians, philanthropic workers—of having caused the epidemic and facilitated its spread by their "hellish" liquids and laboratory experiments. The masses rise in revolt; an assault on the intellectuals is begun, the locksmith leading the infuriated, frenzied rabble. The scientist is pursued in the street, stoned and threatened with death. He succeeds in reaching his house. The mob storms the house, shouting,

"Death to the sorcerer!" Helen, seeing nothing but the danger, obeying her love instinct, seizes a pistol, fires on the mob and kills its leader.

Meantime Lisa, who has loved Tchepouriny without avowing her affection, alarmed by the revolt and the riotous scenes, rushes in asking where the young skeptic is. She fears the mob has killed him. A letter is handed to her in which Tchepouriny announces in cheerful, laconic terms that as his love for the people had been doubted and his skepticism disapproved, he, in view of the awful tragedy he knew not how to prevent, would prove his sincere devotion to humanity by hanging himself!

In discussing the play, E. Semienoff writes

in the Paris Mercure to the following effect:

"Here we see the source of Gorky's pessimism and anxiety. The children of darkness frighten him. The embittered and frenzied locksmith, conscious of the social disease, but impotent before it, is the symbol of the danger Gorky apprehends. The play is a cry of anguish, an appeal and a warning. The children of the sun are so few, so weak, that they may be overwhelmed, devoured, exterminated. In their ignorance and misery, the people attack their truest friends, who in self-protection must kill those for whom they would gladly make sacrifices. . . . Society must not forget those at the bottom, in obscurity and degradation."

## JOYZELLE AND LANCÉOR—A PLAY BY MAETERLINCK\*

Maurice Maeterlinck's drama, "Joyzelle," is surrounded by an atmosphere of mysticism, the scenes all being laid on the island of Merlin, the enchanter. There are but four characters: Merlin, Lancéor his son, Arielle, Merlin's genius (visible to him alone) and Joyzelle. The play opens with dialogue between Merlin and Arielle, by which it appears that the fate of Lancéor depends upon one thing. "If he love, if he be loved with a marvelous love . . . a love heroic and vet softer than a flower; with a love that takes all, but gives more than it takes: a love that hesitates never. deceives not; is disconcerted by nothing, obstructed by nothing; hearing nothing, seeing nothing beyond a mysterious happiness invisible to others, but apparent everywhere in all forms; advancing through all trials, even to crime to win it back"-if he be so loved, his life will be happier, longer and more beautiful than that of most men. If he be not so loved, death will soon claim him. So much, of the future can be read by Arielle; but whether Joyzelle is the maiden whose love shall save Lancéor is not revealed. To ascertain that, trials "exceedingly sharp and cruel" must be imposed upon her.

Lancéor is not aware that Merlin is his father. He has been shipwrecked (by Merlin's contrivance) and has found the palace of Merlin by chance, as he thinks. Here for the first time he meets Joyzelle, whose life has been in Merlin's keeping ever since he saved her from shipwreck on this same island.

Lancéor's coming arouses the feigned wrath of Merlin, who pretends to see in him the

emissary of an enemy. Lancéor is imprisoned in a part of the palace. If he goes beyond the assigned limits, he pronounces his own sentence. Joyzelle is forbidden to see him again. This brings us to ACT SECOND:

A wild abandoned garden, full of stalks and foul weeds. On the right, a high, sombre wall, pierced by a grilled gate.

Joyzelle (entering): Here is the garden that no one visits; the sun comes here no longer, the poor wild flowers on which war is made because they are not beautiful, here await death, and the birds are silent. Here is the violet without its perfume, the golden crowfoot, thin and trembling, and the poppy, falling continually. Here is the scabious begging for a little water, the poisonous spurge hiding its green blossoms, the bluebell shaking its useless buds in silence. I know you all, humble and despised, so good and so ugly. You might be attractive; so little is lacking, almost nothing—a ray of happiness, a minute of favor, a bolder breath to call a bee. But no eye sees you, no hand plants you, no hand plucks you; I, I also come among you only to be alone. How sad everything is here! The grass is withered and dry, the leaves are sick, the old trees are dying; and spring herself and the morning days are affaild them will become meeting. ing dew are afraid they will become woeful in this solitude.

(Lancéor appears at the grille.) Lancéor: Joyzelle. Joyzelle (turning hastily): Lancéor! Lancéor: Joyzelle. Joyzelle: Go away! Go away! Take care!

If he sees you, it is death. Lancéor: He will not see us: he's far away from here.

Jovselle: Where is he?

Lancéor: I saw him go away. I watched his departure from the top of the tower where I am a prisoner. He is at the end of the island, near that blue forest that shuts in the horizon.

Joyzelle: But he can come back; or some one may tell him. Go away! Go away, I tell you! It means your life!

<sup>\*</sup>The complete play, translated by Clarence Stratton. appears in the latest number of *Post Lore*, Boston, and is here reprinted, in part, by permission.

Lancéor: The palace is deserted: I have gone through the rooms, the garden and the court, the

long boxwood hedges, the marble stairways—

Joyzelle: Go away; it's only a trap. He wants your life, I know it, he has said so. He suspects that I love you. He merely wants an excuse to do his will. Go away! It is already too—

Lancéor: No.

Joyzelle: If you will not go away, I shall go. Lancéor: If you go, Joyzelle, I shall remain at this gate until night brings him back to the palace. He will find me on the forbidden threshold. I have crossed the bounds he gave me, I have already disobeyed; and I desire that he see it, I want him to know.

Joyselle: Lancéor, have pity! I beg you, Lancéor l You are risking our entire happiness! Do not think of yourself alone! I will go wherever you say, if you will only leave that grille! can see each other again somewhere else, later, another day. We must have time, we must be careful, we must scheme. See, I stretch out my arms, what do you want me to do? What must I promise you?

Lancéor: Open the gate.

Joyzelle: No, no, no, I cannot.

Lancéor: Open it, open it, Joyzelle, if you wish me to live.

Joyselle: Why do you wish me to open it?

Lanceor: I wish to see you closer, I wish to touch your hands that I have not touched, to look at you as I looked at you the first day. Open, or I shall wish to be lost; I shall not go away.

Joyselle: You will go away then?

Lancéor: I promise you, Joyzelle. As soon as you open, before a swallow, before a thought will have the time to pass from its present place to surprise my hand as it touches yours. I beg you, Joyzelle, this is too cruel. Here I am at this gate like a blind beggar. I can see only your shadow passing among the leaves. These hateful bars cut off your face. A single glance, Joyzelle, so I can see all; and then I shall slink away like a thief fleeing with a treasure that streams behind him. No one will know and we shall be happy.

Joyzelle: Lancéor, this is terrible! I nevertremble, but I am trembling now. Perhaps it means your life, as it already means mine. What brightness is that coming up so suddenly? comes to threaten us, it is going to betray us!

Lanceor: No, it's nothing but the sun mounting behind the wall. It's the innocent sun, the good sunlight of May, coming to inspirit us. Open now, open quickly, each passing minute adds its dangers to the dangers you fear. A single sign, Joyzelle, a raising of your hand, and you open to me the gates of life.

(Joyzelle turns the key; the gate opens; Lanceor crosses the threshold.)

Lancéor (seizing Joyzelle in his arms): Joyzelle.

Joyselle: I am here.

Lanceor: I have your hands and your eyes, your hair and your lips in the same kiss and at a single instant, all the gifts of love that I have never had and all its presence. My arms are so surprised that they cannot hold them, and my whole life cannot contain them. Do not turn away your face, do not take away your lips!

Joyselle: It is not to avoid you, but better to

approach-

Lanctor: Do not turn your head; do not rob me of a single shadow of your eyelids, a glance of your eyes; not hours, but minutes menace our happiness.

Joyzelle: I was seeking your smile.

Lanceor: And yours meets it in the first kiss of our lips to unite our destinies. It seems to me now that I have always seen you, and that I have always embraced you; and that I begin anew, in reality, on the threshold of Paradise what I did on earth in embracing your shadow.

Joyselle: I have enfolded you at night when I

have enfolded my dreams.

Lancéor: I have had no doubt. Joyselle: I have had no fear. Lancéor: And all is given me.

Joyselle: And everything makes me happy Lanceor: How deep are your eyes and full of

confidence!

Joyselle: And how pure are yours; and full of certitude!

Lancéor: How I know them!

Joyselle: And how I recognize yours!

Lancéor: Your hands on my shoulders make the same movement they made when I waited for them without daring to awaken.

Joyselle: And your arm on my neck takes the

same place.

Lanctor: Formerly, just as now, your eyes closed under the breath of love.

Joyselle: And just so tears came to your eyes as you opened them.

Lancéor: When happiness is such.

Joyzelle: Pain does not come so long as love prevents it.

Lancéor: You love me?

Joyzelle: Yes.

Lanceor: O, how you have said yes! Yes, from the bottom of your heart, from the depth of your mind and from the depth of your soul! I knew it perhaps, but you had to say it; and even our kisses without it mean nothing. Now, it is enough, it will nourish my life, all the hatred in the world could not blot it out, and thirty years of torture could not weaken it! I am in the light and the spring weighs me down! I look at heaven and the garden awakens! Listen to the birds making the trees sing, repeating your smile and that wonderful yes; and see the rays caressing your hair like diamonds sparkling among flames, and the thousands of flowers leaning over us to surprise in our eyes the mystery of a love they cannot know!

Joyselle (opening her eyes): There are only

poor dead flowers here-

(She looks around her, stupefied; for, as soon as Lancéor entered, though they did not notice, the desolate garden began to change gradually. The wild plants, the vile poisonous grasses, have grown, and each, according to its kind, has increased its weakly flowers to a prodigious fullblown size.)

Lanctor: Here are none but flowers of life! Look! They fall, they rustle down on us! They burst out on the branches, they bend down the trees, they impede our steps, they crowd, they crush, they open wide one within another, they blind the leaves, they dazzle the grass; I know none of them, springtime is intoxicated; I have

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deep retreat hides the marvel I hold in my arms! What trees, what grottoes, what towers, what walls can impede the brightness of this flesh. the perfume of this life, the flame of these eyes? Where, then, have you been hidden, you, whom even a blind man could find without trouble in a holiday crowd? No, do not start away; this is not passion, the intoxication of a moment; this is the enduring bedazzlement of love! I am at your knees, I embrace them humbly, I give myself to you alone. I ask nothing but a kiss from these lips to forget the past and seal the future. Incline your head. I see you bend down, I see you consent; and I call for the token that nothing will ever efface. (He kisses her passionately. A cry of distress is heard from behind the shrubs.) What is that?

(Arielle flees. Joyzelle enters.)

Joyselle (agitated): Lancéor! Lancéor: Where did you come from, Joyzelle?

Lancéor: Where use J. J. Joyzelle: I saw and heard.

Indeed, what? What did you see? Look around you, there is nothing to see. The laurels are in flower, the water in the basin is slumbering. The doves are cooing, the water lilies are opening; that is all I see, that is all you can see.

Joyselle: Do you love her?

Who? Lancéor:

Jovzelle: She who has just fled.

Lancéor: How then could I love her? I have never seen her. That woman was there, I was passing by chance. She uttered a cry. I ran to her. She seemed to lose her footing; and at the instant when I gave her my hand, she gave me the kiss you heard.

Joyzelle: Is it you who speak?

Lancéor: Yes, look at me then; I am indeed myself. Come nearer, touch me, if you doubt.

Joyzelle: This test is frightful; but this is mortal.

Lan-éor: What?

Joyzelle: This was the first time you saw this

Lancéor: Yes.

Joyzelle: I shall say no more. Perhaps I shall understand; at all events, I pardon you.

Lancéor: There is nothing to pardon.

Joyzelle: What are you saying?

Lancéor: I say that I can do nothing but accept a pardon that you accord a fault I have not committed.

Joyselle: That you have not committed? Then I have not seen what I have seen, heard what I have heard?

Lancéor: No. Joyzelle: Lancéor!

Lancéor: Lancéor! Lancéor! Though you should call me thus for more than a thousand years, nothing would change about what was

nothing !

Joyselle: I do not know what is passing between our two joys. But look at me and touch my hands that I may know where you are! If you speak thus, it was not you whom I saw this morning in the wonderful garden where I gave away my soul! No, something must be playing with our strength. No, it is not possible that all should be lost thus, because of a single word. I am seeking, I am losing my way. I saw you then, and all truth and all trust, as the sea is

suddenly seen between the trees! I was sure, Love does not deceive. Now it does deceive! It cannot be that all should be rolled away because of a yes or a no. No, no, I do not wish it! Come, it is not too late; we have not yet lost our happiness. It is within our hands, to be grasped by them. What you have just done was perhaps foolish. I shall forget it, I scoff at it; I saw nothing, I tell you! It did not happen; you wipe it out with a single word. You know well, as I do, that love has words that nothing resists; and that the greatest fault, when it is confessed in a loyal kiss, becomes a truth more beautiful than innocence. Speak to me that word; give me that kiss; confess the truth; admit what I saw, what I heard; and everything will be pure as it was; and I shall regain all that you gave me.

I have said what I have said; if Lancéor:

you do not believe me, go, you vex me.

Joyzelle: Look at me. You love her since you lie so?

Lancéor: No. I love no one, and you less than others.

Jovselle: Lancéor-What have I done?-

Perhaps without knowing?

Lancéor: Nothing, it is not that. But I, I am not what you believed, I feel I shall not be again. I am like others; I want you to know it, and accept it,-that all our promises be scattered on the wind of some new dream, as this dry leaf that I crush in my hand! Ah, the love of woman! Well, then, so much the worse for them! I will live like the others in a faithless world where no one loves, where all oaths give way before the first trial. Ah, tears! They were necessary and I was waiting for them! You necessary and I was waiting for them! You are hard, I know it, and your tears are rare. I count them, drop by drop! You have not loved me. Love that comes in this fashion, at the first call, is not the love to base happiness on. At any rate, I was not what I hoped for. Still more tears! They flow too late! You have not loved me, I have not loved you. Another would have said—Ah, another would have known! But you, no, no, go! Go now, I tell you!

(Joyzelle moves away silently, sobbing. After she has taken a few steps, she turns, hesitates,

looks sadly at Lancéor, then disappears, crying in a low voice, "I love you.") Lancéor: What have I done? I obeyed what? I know not. What have I said? It was not I that spoke. I have lost my happiness, the present, the future. I am no longer myself. I do that which I hate. I know not who I am. Joyzelle!—Ah, my Joyzelle.

Joyzelle's love having met this test and survived, despite Lancéor's apparent unfaithfulness and deceit, is subjected to other trials. The final test of all is that she must give her self for one night to Merlin, to save Lancéor from death. She promises. On the night in question, she appears according to promise, but with a poniard with which she strikes at Merlin, the blow being arrested by Arielle. The tests are ended. Joyzelle's love has dared even crime. The lovers are reunited.

# Persons in the Foreground

## JACK LONDON, APOSTLE OF THE PRIMITIVE

In the days before Jack London became famous he found a wealthy and kindly aunt in Chicago who was much impressed by the potentialities of her boy nephew. She "took him up," so to speak, clothed him in fine linen, and set him in high places. He played his part in conventional life for about a month, and then, at an evening reception, was overwhelmed by an impulse he could not resist. In the midnight hours he slipped away, divested himself of "the starched misery which had chafed his body but not chastened his spirit," and took trail for the open fields. The incident is narrated by Julian Hawthorne in the Los Angeles Examiner, and serves to emphasize a fundamental trait in the character of the man whom Mr. Hawthorne does not hesitate to describe as "the first American novelist, in originality, of the day." Jack London is the incarnation of what the Germans call Wanderlust—a spirit forever restless. Something of Byron there is, a dash of Gorky, too, in this "prodigious youngster of twentyeight," who is at once passionate idealist and brute materialist. The theme of his most ambitious novel, "The Sea Wolf," is just this conflict between idealism and materialism, and as one follows the steps in his career one cannot but wonder which of the two forces will triumph in his work and life.

Like Gorky, Jack London comes to us "out of the depths." The title of a book into which he has put his very heart is "The People of the Abyss." It describes the squalid "East End" of London, in which he chose to live for several months disguised as a dock laborer. In an autobiographical statement, "How I Became a Socialist," rescued from a defunct socialist monthly, and now displayed between the broad margins of a Macmillan book, he tells us that he started life as "a rampant individualist" and could see himself "only raging through life without end like one of Nietzsche's blond beasts, lustfully roving and conquering by sheer superiority and strength." But the hard knocks of life shattered this exultant optimism. As a young workman, he came from California to the congested labor centers of the East, and "dropped down from the proletariat into what sociologists love to call the 'submerged tenth.' He consorted with "sailor-men, soldier-men, labor-men, all wrenched and distorted and twisted out of shape by toil and accident, and cast adrift by their masters like so many old horses." To quote further:

"I battered on the drag and slammed back gates with them, or shivered with them in box cars and city parks, listening the while to life-histories which began under auspices as fair as mine. with digestions and bodies equal to and better than mine, and which ended there before my eyes in the shambles at the bottom of the Social Pit.

"And as I listened my brain began to work. The woman of the streets and the man of the gutter drew very close to me. I saw the picture of the Social Pit as vividly as though it were a concrete thing, and at the bottom of the Pit I saw them, myself above them, not far, and hanging on to the slippery wall by main strength and sweat. And I confess a terror seized me. What when my strength failed? when I should be unable to work shoulder to shoulder with the strong men who were as yet babes unborn? And there and then I swore a great oath. It ran something like this: All my days I have worked hard with my body, and according to the number of days I have worked, by just that much am I nearer the bottom of the Pit. I shall climb out of the Pit, but not by the muscles of my body shall I climb out. I shall do no more hard work, and may God strike me dead if I do another day's hard work with my body more than I absolutely have to do.

"Since that day I have opened many books, but no economic argument, no lucid demonstration of the logic and inevitableness of Socialism, affects me as profoundly and convincingly as I was affected on the day when I first saw the walls of the Social Pit rise around me and felt myself slipping down, down, into the shambles at the bottom."

This is a fair sample of the kind of writing that has earned for Jack London the qualifying term, "primitive." "He has lived brotherly to the great forces of nature," says Mr. Hawthorne; "the artificialities of society and of modern civilization have had practically no part in his development." Mr. Hawthorne continues:

"As he grew up, sturdy and strong, with the clamor of life in him, the adventures and romances of dead men no longer satisfied."

Nature, the world of sea and storm, of va-

and wide plains, called to him and he went to it. He met it first at fourteen, throwing in his lot with a gang of oyster pirates on the Pacific coast. These were stirring days for the boy; for the pirate sloop on which he lived was unduly active and many a race with the patrol boats, many a crash, a flare and a fight in the dark had Jack London known before his fifteenth year.

'Later it amused him to join the fish patrol, hunting law-breakers by day and breaking laws with his pirate friends by night. Fish patrolling was more dangerous than pirating and only men used to desperate and dangerous deeds could be induced to tackle the pirating fishers of the

Bay.

"At seventeen he left both the pirates and the patrol and shipped before the mast on a sealer where he spent nearly a year. Here he sounded the 'primitive' note to the full. Here he met Nature in its most brutal aspect, lived through experiences he considered too horrible to depict even in that book of horrors, 'The Sea Wolf.'"

Later, [ack London took a course at the University of California, and then, impelled by the old adventurous spirit, determined to try his luck in the Klondike. Out of that experience came "The White Silence," and some of the greatest short stories that have been written on this continent; also "The Call of the Wild," the book that made his reputation as a novelist.

Jack London's latest novel is built on a big motive. It is concerned with the universal love of woman for man and with the "game" that constantly encroaches on woman's domain and lures man from her. Its meaning is summed up in the following passage:

"This, then, was the end of it all—of the carpets and the furniture and the little rented house; of the meetings and walkings out, the thrilling nights of star-shine, the deliciousness of sur-render, the loving and being loved. She was stunned by the awful facts of this game she did not understand—the grip it laid on men's souls, its irony and its faithlessness, its risks and hazards and fierce insurgencies of the blood, making woman pitiful, not the be-all and end-all of man, but his toy and pastime. To women his mothering and care-taking, his moods and his moments, but to the game his days and nights of striving, the tribute of his head and hand, his most patient toil and wildest effort, all the strain and the stress of his being-to the game, his heart's desire."

Jack London strikes another great note, and comes near to revealing his own religion, in the eloquent close to the preface of his book of Socialist essays, "The War of the Classes":

"The capitalist must learn, first and for always, that Socialism is based, not upon the equality, but upon the inequality of men. Next, he must learn that no new birth into spiritual purity is necessary before Socialism becomes possible. He must learn that Socialism deals with what is, not with what ought to be; and that the material with which it deals is the 'clay of the common road,' the warm human, fallible and frail, sordid and petty, absurd and contradictory, even gro-tesque, and yet, withal, shot through with flashes and glimmerings of something finer and God-like, with here and there sweetnesses of service and unselfishness, desires for goodness, for renuncia-tion and sacrifice, and with conscience, stern and awful, at times blazingly imperious, demanding the right,—the right, nothing more nor less than the right."

# THE BEST DRESSED WOMAN IN THE WORLD

Insurance policies aggregating over \$300,000 were taken out on the hats, dresses and jewelry accompanying the Princess of Wales on the royal tour of India which has barely commenced and which is not to terminate until next March. Her Royal Highness now ranks, according to the mature judgment of the best informed dailies in London, as the best dressed woman in the world. That seems also the Indian verdict. Already the cables transmit details regarding innumerable pieces of headgear required for ceremonial occasions in the great dependency. One evening gown of white gauze embroidered with crystal and mother-ofpearl beads dazzles the eyes with the genuine sequins sparkling all over it. The effect was only enhanced when Her Royal Highness donned the diamond crown symbolizing her ank as future Empress of India.

Even radical newspapers in Europe misunderstand the princess egregiously if all this magnificence be quite congenial to her. She may be now the best dressed woman in the world, but she is always, as the Vienna Neue Freie Presse declares, one of the most retiring. Her tastes are decidedly literary, according to the well-informed writer in the Austrian daily. and she has always held carefully aloof from the "showy" side of royal existence. "Princess May," to give her the appellation most used in England, is typically English as regards appearance. Her hair is of "the goldish blonde" hue and her eyes are "pellucidly blue." She is "tallish," or looks it. She is fond of outdoors life and has won notice through her rare skill at tennis and for her even rarer skill in preparing the food of her numerous children. In addition to her housewifely skill, however, polite accomplishments seem to have been acquired by the princess without number. The Paris Gaulois praises her voice as "sympathetic." It was trained by an Italian master. The Vienna Fremdenblatt finds that her Highness speaks French and German "perfectly," and the Berlin Past speaks enthusiastically of her proficiency on the piano and the harp. The princess also, according to the Vienna Neue Freie Presse, is greatly interested in the University Extension movement. She read the works prescribed in the courses "diligently and with interest," taking her examination like any other student. Further:

"The Princess of Wales is a great lover of literature. Her favorite writers are Tennyson, Carlyle and Emerson. The novelist she prefers above all others is George Eliot. But in her well chosen personal library, the volumes which she takes down most frequently, next to her greatest favorites, are by Goethe, Moliére, Dante, Macaulay and John Morley. No matter how urgent may be the demands of her exalted station upon the minutes of her day, she never fails, some time in the twenty-four hours, to have recourse to some author she esteems and read him with eagerness."

It was by special command of the princess, notes the London Evening Standard, that a liberal supply of the best literature was placed aboard the battleship that conveyed her and her husband to India. But for an idea of her strictly domestic virtues we return to the Neue Freie Presse:

"The future Queen of England is a devoted, tender mother, who carefully and personally supervises the training of her children. The first rule in her nursery is simplicity. There is simplicity of surroundings, simplicity in clothing, simplicity in appearance. In truth, the children of the Princess of Wales are not reared more luxuriously than are the children of the better sort of middle class families in England.

"One is irresistibly reminded by all these things of the contrast in the case of the great Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt. That boy prince once gazed from the windows of the royal palace into the street where some miserably clad boys were throwing stones into a puddle and making the water splash. The prince begged that he might join in this sport. But his suite promptly told him that such diversions were not for the heir to the most exalted throne in Europe."

The personal characteristics of the princess are said in the Paris Figaro to be shyness and reserve. She is so averse to "the pomp of power" that the number of state ceremonies involving her appearance in royal garb has been materially reduced. The fact that she must don costumes in India for the sole purpose of inspiring awe in native princes is said to have elicited so strong a protest from her



THE PRINCESS OF WALES

For state reasons she must become "the most gorgeously clad of beings" on her present tour in India

that some concession was made at the last moment. The princess had heard that "loud and derisive laughter" was occasioned by one state costume at the Delhi durbar, and she did not wish to run any risks of that sort. However, the dresses she has consented to wear make her easily, thinks the French daily, "the most gorgeously clad of beings." The millinery is "exquisite in form and coloring" and "especially made of the lightest possible weight" owing to the nature of the Indian climate. Her highness has with her no least than ninety-six different hats, designed to match special toilets, all repeating the lace, velvet and other fabrics comprising the respective dresses to be worn with them. The predilection of the royal lady for "close fitting toques" is exemplified in all this millinery, which in most instances is equipped with brims. The last detail has its origin in the dislike of her Royal Highness to carrying a parasol and the necessity, nevertheless, -\*

shielding her eyes from the Indian sun. But a white robe ablaze with paillette embroideries and a day robe of ivory net decorated with Limerick and Carrickmacross lace are thought by London fashion prints to be the most striking of all the creations packed away in the sixty-one large trunks containing the ward-robe taken by her Royal Highness to the great dependency of which her husband is destined—if he lives—to become emperor.

# THE "SON OF HEAVEN" AND HIS AUGUST AUNT

Kwang-Hsu, "Son of Heaven," Chinese Emperor, is without charm and has the least possible share of personal magnetism, thinks Miss Katharine A. Carl, the American artist who painted the now celebrated portrait of the Empress Dowager in the National Museum at Washington. The figure of the Chinese Emperor, we are told by Miss Carl, is slight and elegant and his height is five feet four. These details and those that follow are taken from the remarkable first-hand study of the Empress Dowager and her imperial circle which Miss Carl has published as a means of correcting many misapprehensions as to her experiences as a guest in the imperial palace at Peking.\* So intimately acquainted did Miss Carl become with the Empress Dowager and with the Empress Dowager's "set" that the evidential value of the following description of the personal appearance of "the son of heaven" is beyond dispute:

"He has a well-shaped head, with the intelligent qualities well developed, a high brow, with large brown eyes and rather drooping lids, not at all Chinese in form and setting. His nose is high and, like most members of the imperial family, is of the so-called 'noble' type. A rather large mouth with thin lips, the upper short with a proud curve, the lower slightly protruding, a clear-cut, thin jaw, a strong chin a little beyond the line of the forehead, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on the whole face, give him an ascetic air and, in spite of his rather delicate physique, an appearance of great reserve of strength. His complexion is not so white and clear as that of the other members of the im-perial family, for the Manchus have whiter skins than the Chinese; but this seems more the result of delicacy than natural with the Emperor. His luxuriant, very long hair, a characteristic of the Manchus, is beautifully silky and glossy and always arranged with the greatest care.

"It is said he much dislikes being shaved, but tradition, immutable in China, does not allow a man under forty, even if he be the 'son of heaven,' to wear a mustache or whiskers. Like all well-bred Chinese, he has small feet and hands, the latter long and thin and most expressive. The Emperor dresses with extreme neatness and great

\*WITH THE EMPRESS [DOWAGER. By Katharine Carl. The Century Company.

simplicity, wearing few ornaments and no jewels except on state occasions. His face is kindly in expression, but the glance from his rather heavy-lidded eyes is shrewd and intelligent. His manner is shy and retiring, but this does not seem to be so much from a lack of confidence in himself as from the absence of that magnetic quality which gives one an appearance of assurance."

Altogether, he seemed to Miss Carl, viewing him from her coign of vantage as a guest in the palace, to be "the ideal of what one would imagine an Oriental potentate to be whose title is the 'son of heaven.' "The quality of his smile seemed to her to be "Sphinx-like." The other aspects of his countenance are striking enough:

"In his eyes one sees the calm, half-contemptuous outlook upon the world of the fatalist. There is an abstractness in the subtility of his regard, an abstractness that embodies one's idea of the 'spirit of the Orient.' At first it is difficult to tell whether this comes from a sense of power or from a knowledge of the lack of it, but that firm and fleshless jaw, that ascetic face and keen eye, show there must be reserve strength, that there can be no lack of power, should he wish to exert it. Over his whole face there is a look of self-repression which has almost reached a state of passivity.

"The look of eternal patience in the half-veiled regard of those large eyes seems to show that he will yet try to accomplish China's salvation—that he is but awaiting his opportunity."

There is no evidence that he feels animosity against the Empress Dowager, observes Miss Carl, in contradiction of a widespread impression. There exist "rigidly formal relations" between the imperial aunt and the imperial nephew, but those relations, nevertheless, "seem to be most friendly." He seems now to give but little advice. He holds audiences, however, and sees many of the officials alone. He issues edicts independently of her Majesty; but on all grave affairs, and at the meeting of the grand council, she is always present and the decisions are the results of their two opinions.

The palace occupied by the "son of heaven" is as magnificently appointed as that of the "son of heaven's" aunt. He has his own eunuchs

and attendants, and leads his own life, quite independently of Dowager and the ladies in their the ladies. He pays his respects to his 'august aunt and adopted mother' every morning before the audience and they go together to transact affairs of state, after which he returns to his own palace and follows his own pursuits. On festivals, when the theater is going, he comes into the imperial lodge during the representations and on these days joins the Empress walks around the gardens or in boating on the lake. He also dines with Her Majesty on these occasions, but he does not seem to care as much for the theater as she does.

Moreover, he is literally and intellectually inclined:

"He occupies himself daily with his studies, among which is English. He is a great reader. There is a special official at the palare who buys His Majesty's books and they say this is no stremme as he does not device himself only to Chinese literature and the classiful but devicers translations of foreign works and is on start yearing for new ones. They say he sides attending to he toler times sides attending to he times times.

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Courtesy of The Century Co. Copyright 1905.

AN UNFLATTERING PORTRAIT OF CHINA'S EMPRESS DOWAGER

This was painted by Miss Katharine Carl, who tells the world in her new book that the Empress Dowager insisted upon being portrayed true to life, with no idealizing touches.

her person. She designs her own dresses, directs the setting of her jewels, and has excellent taste in the choice of colors. "I never saw her with an unbecoming color on," says Miss Carl, "except the imperial yellow." This she wore because she was obliged to, but she would sometimes have such heavy embroidery that the original color became hardly visible.

She is an epicure and often designs new and dainty dishes. She is a lover also of dainty perfumes and has these made under her own supervision. She seems to love all animals and to possess an almost magical power over them; but she rarely caresses one of them, and when she does so, has a cloth wrung out of hot water brought to her at once to wipe her fingers.

What could be more winsome than the following picture:

"On one of our promenades in the park I saw a curious instance of her wonderful personal magnetism and her power over animals. A bird had escaped from its cage, and some eunuchs were making efforts to catch it, when her Majesty and suite came into that part of the grounds. The eunuchs had found it impossible to entice the bird back into its cage; nor would it come upon a long stick, with a perch attached, which they held up near the tree where it rested. The eunuchs scattered at the approach of her Majesty, and she inquired why they were there. The chief eu-nuch explained what they were doing, and the Empress Dowager said, I will call it down. I thought this was a vain boast, and in my heart I pitied her. She was so accustomed to have the whole world bowed to her that she fancied even a bird in the grounds would obey her mandate, and I watched to see how she would take her defeat. She had a long, wand-like stick, which had been cut from a sapling and freshly stripped of its bark. She loved the faint forest odor of those freshly cut sticks, and in the spring often carried one when she went out. They were long and slender, with a crook at the top. I used to think she looked like the pictures of fairies when she walked with these long, white wands. She would use them for pointing out a flower she wished the eunuchs

to gather, or for tracing designs on the gravel when she sat down. To-day she held the wand she carried aloft and made a low, bird-like sound with her lips, never taking her eyes off the bird. She had the most musical of voices, and its flute-like sound seemed like a magnet to the bird. It fluttered and began to descend from bough to bough until it lighted upon the crook of her wand, when she gently moved her other hand up nearer and nearer until it finally rested on her faiger. I had been watch-

ing with breathless attention, and so tense and absorbed had I become that the sudden cessation when the bird finally came upon her finger caused me a throb of almost pain. No one else, how-

ever, of her entourage seemed to think this anything extraordinary. After a few moments she handed the bird to one of the eunuchs, and we continued our promenade."

# THE STORY OF JOSEPH W. FOLK

The seventh son of a seventh son is supposed to be endowed with remarkable qualities. But if William Allen White is to be entirely credited, Mr. Joseph W. Folk, governor of Missouri at the age of thirty-six, and "one of the half-dozen real leaders of civic honesty in America," is a seventh son of a seventh son and yet is "a most ordinary young man equipped with the usual physical and mental There is nothing mystical accouterment." about him or his success. The only difference between him and many another young gentleman in Vanity Fair, says Mr. White, is that Folk "has sense enough to be honest and to make it pay." Mr. White tells the story of Folk's career in his usual vivid style in McClure's for December. It is a stimulating and reassuring story.

After he succeeded in getting born, in Brownsville, Tennessee (his ancestors on both sides having fought in the American Revolution), young Joseph got the usual education of an American boy in an American country town and finished off at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, graduating with the law class of 1890. After practising law a short time in Brownsville, he went to St. Louis, and achieved his first prominence as attorney for some striking street-car employees. As a result of this prominence, he became the Democratic nominee for circuit attorney in St. Louis, and was elected. Then he began to surprise people. He had told all his friends that he would enforce the laws; but all candidates said that and they supposed Folk was like the rest. He surprised them by meaning it. The orator who nominated him in the convention laid the usual stress, for oratorical purposes, upon Folk's pledge to enforce the laws. When Folk afterward put him in jail for "boodling," a great many people saw the joke, but the orator did not see it. "Ed" Butler, who was the organizer of "the election thugs" for the Democratic machine in St. Louis, and who dictated most of the nominations, tells his little tale of woe as follows, according to Mr. White:

"It was like this: I was going to nominate a

man named Clark-good fellow, and all right, 's far 's I know, when in comes Harry Hawes to my office one day an' says, 'Colonel, how bad do you want that man Clark?' An' I says, 'well—I want that man Clark?' An' I says, 'well—I dunno; I 've promised it to him.' 'Well,' Harry says, 'I got a young feller name Folk I want to have it.' That was Harry's way. He wanted to be a leader. An' he knew he could n't beat me fair; so he done it the other way. I says, 'well, I 'll see Clark and see what he says.' And I seen him and he says he did n't need the office particularly, and I says, 'well, if you don't, Harry Hawes 's got a young feller name Folk that 's been attorney for the Union Labor fellers and settled up their strike for 'em, and Harry kind o' wants to name him,' and so the next time I seen Harry I says, bring your little man around, and he done it and I looked him over, and there did n't seem to be anything the matter of him, so I says all right and he was nominated. An' look what he done-spent four years tryin' to put me in the penitentiary—that 's the kind of a man Harry Hawes is. He 's a leader now, and I 'm out. An' that 's how he done it.

Mr. Folk began operations by securing the indictments of a number of election thieves, most of whom had worked for his own election. Then he started in on boodling councilmen. "Within three years, Folk uncovered in St. Louis more corruption than had ever been uncovered at one time and place in the civilized world." Prior to that, not an indictment had ever been secured in Missouri against a public official for "boodling." Folk, in four years' time, brought forty cases, convicted twenty of the accused, and though the State Supreme Court ordered the release of twelve of them on technicalities, the remaining eight are now serving time in the penitentiary. All sorts of efforts to stop him and to entrap him were made. Courtesans were set upon him. He was threatened with assassination. It was said by the corruptionists that as soon as his term of office was ended they would make it impossible for him to live in Missouri. This last threat was so often repeated that he concluded that his only chance of safety lay in completing the work he had begun and totally destroying the power of the corrupt forces. And so he became a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination. He made a whirlwind

campaign of the State. Every member of the State Central Committee of his party—the Democratic—was against him. So was the State administration and all the politicians of note. And "an unlimited campaign fund" was subscribed to defeat him. With no social prestige, no special oratorical ability, no peculiar talent for political organization, no per-

made upon him for that issue, cast him as the hero, and Americans never fail to applaud the hero and hiss the villain." Although on election day all the other Democratic candidates on the State ticket were defeated by about 15,000 plurality, Folk was elected by 30,000 plurality, running 5,000 ahead of Roosevelt.

As governor, Folk, we are assured, is "not



THE MOTHER OF GOVERNOR FOLK

sonal magnetism, no campaign fund to speak of, he closed his canvass with a unanimous nomination in the convention. It was a most signal triumph for simple, straightforward honesty and unquestioned courage. Says Mr. White: "A great moral issue was moving among the people. That issue concerned the enforcement or the annulment of law, and Folk dramatized it. His career, and the fight

letting down." In spite of great legal difficulties, he has effectually put a stop to racetrack gambling in St. Louis. He has enforced the laws against selling liquor on Sunday, so that "the hotel bars and all drinking places are closed on Sunday in the first-class cities of Missouri for the first time in the history of the State." He has secured any number of sadly needed laws relating to railroads, while vetoing bills that were manifestly unjust to the roads and designed as "strikes." And as a result of it all, the value of land in Missouri since Folk began operations has increased twenty per cent., the annual immigration has increased twenty-five per cent., the Sunday business of the local street-cars has

increased twenty-five per cent., the Monday deposits in the savings banks "have increased remarkably," and the number of arrests in the three cities where statistics are available has decreased twenty per cent., and the Sunday arrests have diminished forty per cent.

So much for what Folk has done. As for



GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SIX

Joseph W. Polk is accounted "one of the half-dozen real leaders of civic honesty in America."

the man himself, Mr. White gives us this description:

"He is a smallish man in stature, being a trifle less than five feet seven in height, and some day he will be stout. He is of the sack-coat size and build and temperament—as Roosevelt is—but finding himself a public man, he dresses the part in what we of the West call a Prince Albert coat, a garment which seems to give citizens confidence in their public officials. And this leads one in to the core of the man's character-caution. If the word 'foxy' could be knighted into polite diction, it might be applied to Joseph W. Folk. For, though intrigue is foreign to his nature, and though he never walks on his toes, and has no stomach for shams and pretenses, every step he takes is taken with direction; every word he says is weighed carefully—though hardly painfully as a stupid man's words are doled out to cover his ignorance; and every act, public or private, which may have the least significance upon those who witness it, is measured by some wise rule. Hence the Prince Albert coat; hence his abstinence; hence his unruffled front; hence the conventionality of his daily walk. Nor is this veneer. It comes from his heart. Fearing the effect on young men who might see him smoking, Folk has given up his cigar and pipe. He is as modest as a girl, and yet he is worldly-wise enough to know the force of the example of a public man, and he willingly sacrifices his comfort that he may not violate this trivial obligation to the people. His language is as clean as a woman's, and it comes from a carefully weeded heart. Add to the picture of a frock-coated, smooth-faced, cleareyed, shy-mannered, self-deprecating young man, a black soft hat and a boyish smile playing elusively over a countenance regular and oval, and it needs but few touches to make it live.'

He is, furthermore, "deeply pious, without being in the least sanctimonious and without any cant." He is "rigid in his observance of conventionalities," though not in the least punctilious about formalities. He is goodnatured and genial, but never humorous, sarcastic or flippant. His dominant passion is public service, but he "seems to have no confidants, no advisers, no board of strategy." His honesty seems to Mr. White the result of a deliberate conviction, of faith or creed, that honesty is the best policy. Intellectually he is not yet as big as he is morally; but he is growing. He is not a person of broad and catholic culture. The effort to make him a presidential candidate is deprecated by Mr. White, who asserts that not Folk's best friends but his most unswerving enemies are those who talk the loudest about him as a candidate for President in 1908. "To many of those who know him best and admire him most he does not yet seem to be of size or of strength for presidential timber; or better, perhaps, it may be said that he does not seem to be of such size and strength as he will be after ten years more in the school of life, and that the kind of a president he might likely make three years from now is so much inferior to the president that they hope and believe he would make ten or a dozen years from now, that they dislike to see him wasted on an earlier opportunity."

# THE NEW DIRECTOR OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

When Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke (or Sir Purdon, as he is generally called in England) reached this country on November 4 last, to take up his work as Director of the Metropolitan Museum, the first thing he did, before leaving the White Star Line pier, was to declare his intention of becoming a naturalized American citizen. The next thing he did was to prove himself well qualified to become an American: he began to hustle! Before going to his hotel or to any other place, he took a cab from the pier to the Museum, where he spent his first day until four o'clock in the afternoon. Evidently he feels the need of haste. He is sixty years old, and it will take him, he says, twenty years to bring the Metropolitan up to the standard of the South Kensington Museum of London. So he has no time to lose. And he is losing none.

When Sir Purdon yielded to the solicitations

of Mr. Pierrepont Morgan and agreed to resign the directorship of the London museum and accept that of the New York museum, the announcement was received in England "with something approaching to consternation," according to a writer—W. G. Paulson Town-send—in The Critic. One explanation of his acceptance may be that he wants to follow the world's art treasures. When asked if America is as artistic as England, he replied in the affirmative, and added: "America ought to be, for all the art objects come to The greatest mistake and discouragement over here is the heavy duty that is imposed on art objects. . . . It is better for Europe that America does put a duty on, for if it did not there would be nothing left in Europe. When a good thing turns up it is always America that is notified. I have often gone after an article and found that it was held for Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan has made good investments, and the things he bought, say six years ago, can now be sold at an advance. It is hard to catch Americans."

Sir Purdon Clarke is an all-around expert. "He appears to be chemist, scientist, artist, craftsman, antiquary, archeologist and alchemist combined," says John Lane, of *The International Studio*. Mr. Lane says further:

"In England his departure can only be regarded as a national loss. Mr. Morgan has annexed many men and things in Europe, but the removal of Sir Purdon is the one irreparable loss that British lovers of the arts will not soon forgive. Mr. Morgan must be congratulated, too, on obtaining such distinguished services for fifteen thousand dollars per annum. Just think of the number of 'buyers' there are at the various stores on Broadway and Fifth Avenue who draw annually twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars. It is evident that Sir Purdon has not been induced to accept the position from pecuniary motives. Indeed, I believe that he at once recognized the unexampled opportunity of impressing his personality and enthusiasms on the art of eighty millions of the most alert people in the world."

Sir Purdon, we are told, is an Englishman whose native land is Ireland. That is to say, he comes of a West of England family which settled in Ireland, and he was born in County Dublin in 1846. He was educated, in France and elsewhere, for an architect, and his first distinction was achieved as student in the Art Training Schools of the South Kensington, when the national medal for architectural design was awarded to him. Later he became a member of the museum's staff, and his travels in various parts of the world served to equip him fully in the knowledge of the world's best art. He was sent, first, to Italy to superintend the reproduction of mosaics in Venice and Rome, "where he completely mastered the technicalities of that ancient and glorious art." Then he went to Egypt. Two years later he was living in Teheran, Persia. Still later he was traveling in Turkey. Then he began his work as organizer. He took charge of various exhibitions in London and elsewhere. In 1880 he went to India for two Of his sojourns in the East, Mr. Townsend writes:

"There is no secret of Eastern craft, however cunning it may be, that is not known to Sir Purdon. He has the rare gift of instilling into the minds of Eastern men a feeling of trust and of good-fellowship that has unlocked to him the portal of many a guarded secret in art work. This was his protection in India and Persia when searching for treasures of art in the bazars of almost unknown towns. To the ordinary agent

such an undertaking has a strong element of danger in it, especially when the objects have a place in the religion of either Hindoos or Mohammedans. Some of the treasures acquired by Sir Purdon in his Eastern expeditions are priceless now, and are the envy of all the nations,—notably pieces of jewelry, rare enamels, and fabrics. Above all is the ceramic collection a valuable one, representing nearly all the varieties of the art of the Eastern potter."

In 1892, Sir Purdon became Chief Keeper of the South Kensington Museum, and in 1896 the Director. One of the most marked changes developed by him was in the expansion of the circulation department, a sort of university extension idea, in accordance with which an enormous collection of art objects are circulated freely throughout the British provinces. and the treasures of the museum are thus made widely accessible. He not only believes in the democracy of art, but, according to John Lane, is himself accessible to all men. He is "a born organizer" and an expert in detecting spurious antiques, so much so, in fact, that if he were taken through the Metropolitan Museum blindfolded he would, in some cases, "know spurious objects from their odor." Mr. Lane tells us further:

"Sir Purdon Clarke will tell you not to neglect the appreciation of your native talent in behalf of the foreigner who spends a few months with you each season and exchanges his daubs for your dollars. Without any pretensions to be a prophet, I feel convinced that your new director will be disappointed not to find a section devoted to the beautiful work of the North American Indians. Their dyes, pottery, colours, shapes, carvings and metal work will be very suggestive to his practical mind and he will doubtless give the formation of this department his early attention. Above all things, Sir Purdon will make your museum a great educational power. He will demonstrate by models how to chasten your national tendency of over-decoration; even your architecture, beautiful as it frequently is, being sometimes over loaded by incongruous ornament.'

He is described further as a man of great personal charm, and there is nothing of the art bigot about him. "He is fond of every style of art, and one of his characteristics is that he is a staunch upholder of the claims of England as an art-producing country in the Middle Ages."

At the reception given to Sir Purdon at the Metropolitan Museum November 15, six thousand persons were present to shake his hand and offer him good wishes. So great was the attendance that the carriage lines extended two blocks on each side of the museum on Fifth Avenue and through the cross streets beyond Madison Avenue.

# Recent Poetry

William Watson's poetry, as it appears in a complete collection just published in two volumes (John Lane), places him in the very front rank of minor poets. He is not one of the great bards. He has not executed any masterpieces. He has not shaped the thought of his age to any considerable degree, nor startled the imagination nor appreciably increased the treasury of familiar quotations. But there is no poet living, not even Swinburne, who less often mars his verse with careless and slovenly work. His themes are high and worthy, and the treatment always has a certain nobility, both of form and of content. If one may not call him a great poet one wishes to do so again and again. The last ten stanzas of his poem "The Father of the Forest" are in the same class with Grey's Elegy, and his "The First Skylark of Spring" is within hailing distance of Shelley's immortal poem. We reproduce a part of the first and all of the second poem:

#### THE FATHER OF THE FOREST

#### By WILLIAM WATSON

Old emperor Yew, fantastic sire, Girt with thy guard of dotard kings,— What ages hast thou seen retire Into the dusk of alien things? What mighty news hath stormed thy shade, Of armies perished, realms unmade?

Was it the wind befooling me With ancient echoes, as I lay? Was it the antic fantasy Whose elvish mockeries cheat the day? Surely a hollow murmur stole From wizard bough and ghostly bole:

"Who prates to me of arms and kings, Here in these courts of old repose? Thy babble is of transient things, Broils, and the dust of foolish blows. Thy sounding annals are at best The witness of a world's unrest

"Goodly the loud ostents to thee,
And pomps of time: to me more sweet
The vigils of Eternity,
And Silence patient at my feet;
And dreams beyond the deadening range
And dull monotonies of Change.

"Often an air comes idly by
With news of cities and of men.
I hear a multitudinous sigh,
And lapse into my soul again.
Shall her great noons and sunsets be
Blurred with thine infelicity?

"Now from these veins the strength of old, The warmth and lust of life depart; Full of mortality, behold
The cavern that was once my heart!
Me, with blind arm, in season due,
Let the aërial woodman hew.

"For not though mightiest mortals fall,
The starry chariot hangs delayed.
His axle is uncooled, nor shall
The thunder of His wheels be stayed.
A changeless pace His coursers keep,
And halt not at the wells of sleep.

"The South shall bless, the East shall blight,
The red rose of the Dawn shall blow;
The million-lilied stream of Night
Wide in ethereal meadows flow;
And Autumn mourn; and everything
Dance to the wild pipe of the Spring.

"With oceans heedless round her feet,
And the indifferent heavens above.
Earth shall the ancient tale repeat
Of wars and tears, and death and love;
And, wise from all the foolish Past,
Shall peradventure hail at last

"The advent of that morn divine
When nations may as forests grow,
Wherein the oak hates not the pine,
Nor beeches wish the cedars woe,
But all, in their unlikeness, blend
Confederate to one golden end—

"Beauty: the Vision whereunto,
In joy, with pantings, from afar,
Through sound and odour, form and hue,
And mind and clay, and worm and star—
Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
Toils the indomitable world."

#### THE FIRST SKYLARK OF SPRING

#### By WILLIAM WATSON

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet,—
The virginal untroubled sky,
And this vext region at my feet.—
Alas, but one have I!

To all my songs there clings the shade, The dulling shade, of mundane care. They amid mortal mists are made,— Thine, in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears; My song comes fluttering, and is gone. O high above the home of tears, Eternal Joy, sing on!

Not loftiest bard, of mightiest mind, Shall ever chant a note so pure, Till he can cast this earth behind And breathe in heaven secure. We sing of Life, with stormy breath
That shakes the lute's distempered string:
We sing of Love, and loveless Death
Takes up the song we sing.

And born in toils of Fate's control,
Insurgent from the womb, we strive
With proud unmanumitted soul
To burst the golden gyve.

Thy spirit knows nor bounds nor bars; On thee no shreds of thraldom hang; Not more enlarged, the morning stars Their great Te Deum sang.

But I am fettered to the sod,
And but forget my bonds an hour;
In amplitude of dreams a god,
A slave in dearth of power.

And fruitless knowledge clouds my soul,
And fretful ignorance irks it more.
Thou sing'st as if thou knew'st the whole,
And lightly held'st thy lore!

Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing, In porches of the lucent morn, Ere he had felt his lack of wing, Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,
The sweet sky seemed not far above,
And young and lovesome came the note;
Ah, thine is Youth and Love!

Thou sing'st of what he knew of old, And dreamlike from afar recalls; In flashes of forgotten gold An orient glory falls.

And as he listens, one by one
Life's utmost splendours blaze more nigh;
Less inaccessible the sun,
Less alien grows the sky.

For thou art native to the spheres, And of the courts of heaven art free, And carriest to his temporal ears News from eternity;

And lead'st him to the dizzy verge, And lur'st him o'er the dazzling line, Where mortal and immortal merge, And human dies divine.

One may pass readily from William Watson to Edwin Markham. Their best poetry is of much the same quality, but the American poet appeals with more success to those who are not academicians. Here is a beautiful little lyric, which we take from Success:

#### WIND AND LYRE

## By Edwin Markham

Thou art the wind and I the lyre:
Strike, O Wind, on the sleeping strings—
Strike till the dead heart stirs and sings!
I am the altar and thou the fire:
Burn, O Fire, to a whitened flame—
Burn me clean of the mortal blame!

I am the night and thou the dream:
Touch me softly and thrill me deep,
When all is white on the hills of sleep.
Thou art the moon and I the stream:
Shine to the trembling heart of me,
Light my soul to the mother-sea.

"There is an etherial touch to Mr. Cawein's poetry of nature," says Ernest McGaffey, in the St. Louis Mirror, "which has all the subtle elusiveness of the seasons themselves." In illustration of this, he quotes from Mr. Cawein's latest volume, "The Vale of Tempe" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the following poem:

#### REVEALMENT

#### By Madison Cawein

A sense of sadness in the golden air, A pensiveness, that has no part in care, As if the Season, by some woodland pool, Braiding the early blossoms in her hair, Seeing her loveliness reflected there, Had sighed to find herself so beautiful.

A breathlessness, a feeling as of fear, Holy and dim as of a mystery near, As if the World, about us listening went With lifted finger, and hand-hollowed ear, Hearkening a music that we cannot hear, Haunting the quickening earth and firmament.

A prescience of the soul that has no name, Expectancy that is both wild and tame, As if the earth, from out its azure ring Of heavens, looked to see, as white as flame,—As Perseus once to chained Andromeda came,—The swift, divine revealment of the Spring.

Miss Florence Wilkinson comes honestly by her poetic gifts. Her father, Dr. William Cleaver Wilkinson, Professor of Poetry and Criticism in Chicago University, is himself not only an acute critic but the author of some ambitious epics ("The Epic of Saul" and "The Epic of Paul") that have found a small but very appreciative audience. Miss Wilkinson's verse is freer of theological gyves than is her father's and she is not so given as he to overrefinement. She rarely fails, however, to achieve the note of distinction. Here is a late poem of hers from McClure's:

#### THE CLOUD AND THE MOUNTAIN

#### By FLORENCE WILKINSON

The cloud spake to the Mountain and it said: "Lo! I am still as thou and lift a hoary head, Men marvel at my height and are adread.

My promontory rides the blue, a gallant prow; My valleys they are deep, the sunset smites my brow.

I draw men's eyes with distance, even as thou."

The ancient Mountain spake: "Ephemeral and vain,
This evening thou shalt vanish never to come

again,
A shape, a fleet similitude, built out of rain.

No flocks of sheep or goats follow thy phantom

There are no folk inhabiting thy misty vales; Thy insubstantial headland, lo, it faints and fails.

Thou art a dream, a shadow and a lure, A ghostly mountain and a haunted moor Where thin thoughts move, but nothing can endure."

The Cloud spake to the Mountain: "Even so: It is with thee and thy perpetual snow; Thou art a dream that insect generations know.

Ages before thou wast conceived, I AM: Before the earth took shape or harbored man, When the chained stars like molten rivers ran.

The men that build their cities upon thee Are dimmer than the shapes that people me, Figments of flesh and soon no more to be.

For as I am a fable in thy sight, Art thou and all things, save the still small light Of candled souls that journey home by night."

In another department of this magazine appears an article on José-Maria de Heredia, the Cuban who achieved a first place among contemporary French men of letters, and whose reputation rests upon his one thin volume of sonnets (one hundred and eighteen in number) entitled "Les Trophées." Three of these sonnets, translated for Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature, we take the liberty of reproducing:

#### ON PIERRE RONSARD'S BOOK OF LOVE

## By José-Maria de Heredia

In Bourgueil's pleasance many a lover's hand Wrote many a name in letters big and bold On bark of shady tree; beneath the gold Of Louvre's ceiling, love by smiles was fanned. What matters it? Gone all the maddened band! Four planks of wood their bodies did enfold; None now disputes their love, or longs to hold Their dried-up dust,—part of the grassy land. All dead. Marie, Hélène, Cassandra proud, Your bodies would be nothing in their shroud,—Lilies and roses were not made to last,—If Ronsard, on the yellow Loire or Seine, Had not upon your brows his garlands cast Of myrtle and of laurel not in vain

#### THE CONQUERORS

### By José-Maria de Heredia

Falcons fierce they are from charnel nest,
Weary of flight and burdens of their woe;
From Palos of Moguer they spell-bound go,
Heroic dreams and coarse their minds invest.
Far in deep mines the precious gold-veins rest

Waiting for them; and as the trade-winds blow Filling their sails, they drive them all too slow To that mysterious shore,—world of the West. The phosphorescent blue of tropic seas Colored their dreams when in the languid breeze

They slept each eve in hope of morrows bright,—

Of enic morrows: or in unknown skies

Of epic morrows; or in unknown skies, Leaning entranced, they saw from carvels white From out the ocean, strange new stars arise.

#### THE SAMURI

## By José-Maria de Heredia

"It was a man with two swords."

The biva in her hand claims thought no more; Some sounds she thrums, as, through the lattice light

Of twist' bamboo, she sees, where all is bright On the flat plain, her love and conqueror. Swords at his side comes he,—her eyes adore,—His fan held high, red girdle: splendid sight! Deep scarlet on dark armor; and unite Great blazons on his shoulder, feared in war. Like huge crustacean, shining black and red, Lacquer and silk and bronze from feet to head, Plated and brilliant is this loved one.

He sees her,—smiles beneath his bearded masque; And as he hastens, glitter in the sun The gold antennæ trembling on his casque.

There is originality in the subject and in the treatment of the following poem, which we quote from the Atlantic:

#### SHAKSPERE TO HIS LIIRROR

### By RICHARD BURTON

Within thy crystal depths I see
A figure semblable of me,
But no more me than I am one
With the brute rock I rest upon;
For how may brow or eye reveal
The infinites wherewith I deal?

Nay, I will break thee, mirror mine!
The unseen inward is divine,
The outward body but a bowl
That covers in the mounting soul.
If any one would truly know
What manner of man I come and go,
Not flesh alone, but blood and breath,
Lo, Lear, Lord Hamlet and Macbeth!

Poor mummer, I must shatter thee, Since thou dost bear false tales of me! This brings us to the numerous tributes in verse called into existence by the shattering of that other mirror of Shakespeare—Henry Irving. One of these tributes, that by Arthur Stringer, we quoted last month. Here are several more that are worth while. The first is from the London Times, the second from The Canadian Magasine, the third from Punch:

#### HENRY IRVING

#### By JAMES RHOADES

So farewell, Irving! Punctual to the last Great call that summoned him rehearse on high, Who knows in what majestic drama cast He turned from counterfeit of death to die?

Mighty magician, master of the spells
That move to grief or pity, love or scorn!
"The rest is silence"; but the silence tells
Of art ennobled and a stage forlorn.

#### SIR HENRY IRVING

#### BY VIRNA SHEARD

"Thou trumpet made for Shakespeare's lips to blow!"

No more for thee the music and the lights,
Thy magic may no more win smile nor frown;
For thee, Oh dear interpreter of dreams,
The curtain hath rung down.

No more the sea of faces, turned to thine, Swayed by impassioned word and breathless pause;

No more the triumph of thine art,—no more The thunder of appiause.

No more for thee the maddening, mystic bells, The haunting horror—and the falling snow; No more of Shylock's fury, and no more The Prince of Denmark's wee.

Not once again the fret of heart and well.

The loneliness and passion of King Lean;
No more bewilderment and broken words.

Of wild despair and fear.

And never with those conjure from the park.
The dread and inter-field of Warrent,
Thy trembling hands will never your again.
Its roses or its rose.

Thou art no longer player to the Court,
No longer red-tikes Carolina on King
To-day thou art the finde one English Bereft of crown and mag.

Thy feet have found the past to a locate grave found,

Life's lonely exit of each far emove.

For thee, Oh dear interpreter of treates,

The curtain hath rung soors.

#### HENRY IRVING

Ring down the curtain, for the play is done.

Let the brief lights die out, and darkness fall.

Yonder to that real life he has his call;

And the loved face beholds the Eternal Sun.

Everybody who has ever read it remembers Kipling's "Last Chantey" and its jolly, jolly mariners who "plucked unhandily" at their "golden fiddles" and beseeched the Lord of All to give them back their sea. The theme, if not the style, of the two poems below (the first taken from The Outlook) reminds one of that:

# THE FORMER THINGS

#### By PRISCILLA LEONAND

"There shall be no more night and no more sea"
—Yet to have known the tranquil twilight hour
And seen the slow sweep of the silver stars
Across the cold depths of the winter sky,
Or waited in the hush before the dawn;
To have been driven on the mighty wave
And dwelt within the curtains of the storm,
Or seen the tempest batter on the cliffs
Till it is broken to a murmuring peace
And all its surges softened into bram,—
Shall not the sons of men remember these,
Rejoicing they have known them, in the day
When sundering oceans and the patient dark
Have passed away, and never can return.

"There shall be no more tears and no more gas."

—Yet to have known the patient long of trut,
And seen the stars of faith and longe at se.
Out of the blackness of a midning and greef.
Or grasped the roke of God mind, we dark
To have been swept far from selfs sale aid
course.
Into the heart of all the homan worm
Of worrow, and have lastled through the score
Bringing some is presented through the score
Or learned the secret of accepted gas.
The follow hip of selfering and more
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If death be but a gate that leads to this, 'Twere better that we dig our mortal graves So deep we shall not hear the judgment trump. Out of the cradled vale of puling babes We have climbed up the hill unto the crest Through dusty days of study and of thought. We have fed fat our minds with many books, Have read the record of the circling worlds, Have weighed far planets, caught slim asteroids, And found the secret of the stalwart earth Amid convenient atoms. But with this Have we encompassed knowledge? Are we wise? Thou knowest. We are but the silly sport Of Time, that either blinds our futile eyes With gazing at the glory of the sun Or lights us with a glimpse between the stars. Here stand we shut within our pristine shells, The mind a kernel that has not yet burst Into a branching plant to drink the air. It does not tremble with the universe, Nor grow a part of all, a sentient ray, Vibrating to its core in synchrony With the great waves that bear through space The silent heart-throbs of infinity. Within this fleshly prison we are held, A subtle essence in a sealed globe; Break but the seal and we shall float across The earth, the seas, the bright, perennial stars, In immaterial perfume. We are souls, Yea, souls imprisoned, souls the serfs of Time, Set free alone by the decree of Death. Then preach me not of everlasting rest, A heaven of harps and oratorio.

If that be heaven, then let me stay without, A homeless spirit, winging in the void An endless flight beyond the utmost worlds. For there at last I shall be wholly free To seek the full and perfectest rewards Of truth, to walk in glory through that land Which we but dream of and of which till now I have but seen the beacon fires afar Upon the shores of you cerulean sea.

One looks for something perfunctory in a poem on Thanksgiving, and rarely looks in vain. But Miss Coates strikes a new note and a high one in the following stanzas, which are also taken from Scribner's:

#### THANKSGIVING

#### By Florence Earle Coates

Now gracious plenty rules the board, And in the purse is gold; By multitudes, in glad accord, Thy giving is extolled. Ah, suffer me to thank Thee, Lord, For what Thou dost withhold!

I thank Thee that howe'er we climb
There yet is something higher;
That though through all our reach of time
We to the stars aspire,
Still, still, beyond us burns sublime
The pure sidereal fire!

I thank Thee for the unexplained, The hope that lies before, The victory that is not gained— O Father, more and more I thank Thee for the unattained— The good we hunger for!

I thank Thee for the voice that sings To inner depths of being;
For all the upward spread of wings,
From earthly bondage freeing;
For mystery—the dream of things
Beyond our power of seeing!

Is there anything new to be said in a Christmas poem? Quite likely there is, but blessed is he that does not look for it for he shall not be disappointed. And why should we want anything strictly new? The time-honored Christmas messages are certainly worth retelling at least once a year. Mr. Markham puts into new form the old gospel that we really find God in serving man, and that aspiration without service is a barren thing. Here is his poem which we reprint from advance sheets of the December Woman's Home Companion:

#### CHRIST WITH US

#### By Edwin Markham

'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto Me."

I cried aloud, "There is no Christ
In all this world unparadised!
No Christ to go to in my need—
No Christ to comfort me and feed!
He passed in glory out of sight,
The angels drew him into light:
Now in the lonesome earth and air
I can not find him anywhere.
Would God that Heaven were not so far
And I were where the White Ones are!"

Then from the grey stones of a street Where goes an ocean drift of feet, I heard a child's cry tremble up, And turned to share my scanty cup. When lo, the Christ I thought was dead W as in the little one I fed! At this I drew my aching eyes From the far-watching of the skies; And now whichever way I turn I see my Lord's white halo burn!

Wherever now a sorrow stands, 'Tis mine to heal His nail-torn hands; In every lonely lane and street, 'Tis mine to wash His wounded feet—'Tis mine to roll away the Stone And warm His heart against my own. Here, here, on Earth I find it all—The young archangels white and tall, The Golden Citv and the doors, And all the shining of the floors!

# Recent Fiction and the Critics

The most notable book of fiction just now before the American public is undoubtedly Mrs. Wharton's latest work.\* It is characterized by

the New York Evening Post as The House a "sermon-story," the text of of Mirth. which is found in Ecclesiastes vii. 4 ("The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth"). The particular house of mirth touched up by Mrs. Wharton is the one in which New York society, or that portion of it chiefly bent on self-amusement, disports itself. Various critics compare the story with Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." "As a description of the 'Vanity Fair' that is growing up in America," says the Evening Post critic, "it is skilful, trenchant and brilliant." As a story, however, this reviewer does not find it convincing. "The blunt truth is that Mrs. Wharton lacked the courage to work out the drama as she evidently conceived it." Her conception was that of Omar Khayyam's-of a Great Jester looking on cynically at the "magic shadow shapes" of mortal figures; but the Great Jester's tone is not preserved, as Thackeray preserved it, to the last. The "moral ending" caught Mrs. Wharton in its toils, and "the result is that her sermon is less effective and her story is not convincing." But the same critic admits that the characters are vital and real, "rounded, memorable figures in the drama staged in this quivering house."

The Times (New York) speaks much more enthusiastically. Mrs. Wharton, we are told, has here set forth the relentlessness of Fate as vividly as ever it was set forth by Aeschylus or Shakespeare. The essential elements of the story are "as simple as those of the Greek tragedy." But while it will be acclaimed chiefly for its ethical side, the æsthetic rather than the homiletic sense has governed in its construction, and "as a finished and beautiful example of the modern novelist's art it makes its strongest appeal." The Boston Herald also refers to the novel as "a notable example of literary craftsmanship," which is "penetrating and pitiless in its perfection." This is the general verdict. "The novel is of admirable workmanship throughout," says Robert Bridges, writing in Collier's Weekly; "done with that good taste which comes from a knowledge of the best in life and letters, and with the restraint only a master of craftsmanship can give."

Mrs. Wharton's characterizations are brilliant and often epigrammatic. There is one lady—Mrs. Peniston—who is "one of the episodical persons who form the padding of life." Another—Carrie Fisher—is "a professional sponge, who was simply a mental habit corresponding to the physical titillations of the cigarette or the cocktail." Alice Wetherall is "an animated visiting list, whose most fervid convictions turn on the wording of invitations and the engraving of dinner cards." Miss Osburgh is "a large girl with flat surfaces and no high lights." As for the heroine—Lily Bart—she elicits many superlatives. Mr. Bridges, for instance, says of her:

"There is a depth and sincerity in this relentless dissection of a modern American girl that the author has never before equalled. The thing has been done cynically a dozen times—the surface of the character is so easily sketched. But in chapters such as the last interview with Selden and the visit to Nettie Struther's humble tenement, Mrs. Wharton gets at the very root of the tragedy in Lily Bart. There is not a touch of cynicism nor one stroke too much in the inherent pathos of the situation!

The Argonaut's reviewer says of the same character:

"The women whom Lily Bart suggests are the heroines of great books—Tess, for example, and, emphatically, Becky. In her making, Mrs. Wharton has done a consistent, convincing, and admirable piece of work. Beside it, even the delicious descriptions of 'society' in New York, Tuxedo, Newport, and the various country places of the several people concerned, pale into inconsequence. The woman's the thing; we do not tire of her, even through the more than five hundred pages that the book contains."

One who loves contrasts in literature may find a striking one between Mrs. Wharton's tale of smart society and Octave Thanet's latest novel.\*

The Man of hardly needs to say, is not in the Hour. the literary quality, for Mrs.

French is an artist as well as Mrs. Wharton; it lies in the quality of the characters and the material used in the construction of the two stories. In place of a society heroine, we have in Mrs. French's story a hero compounded of idealism and stern business sense. In place of New York's smart society, we get glimpses into labor circles in Illinois. And in place of a picture of the moral strabismus among

<sup>\*</sup>THE HOUSE OF MIRTH. By Elith Wharton, Charles Scribner's Sons,

<sup>\*</sup>THE MAN OF THE HOUR. By Octave Thanet. Bobbs, Merrill & Company.

the rich leisure class we get pictures of the crookedness of labor leaders and the pros and cons of the contest between labor and capital. The World To-day, which considers "The Man of the Hour" "far and away the best, as it is the most serious, piece of work she [the author] has yet produced," outlines the scheme of the book as follows:

"The 'man of the hour' is a young American. whose father is an Illinois plow manufacturer and whose mother is a Russian princess of the nihilistic stamp. The son inherits the practical sagacity of his father and the radical idealism of his mother. The story centers about his efforts to make the American in him yield to his Russian idealism. Swept off his feet by a generous devotion to the poor, he gives away his fortune, his social position and, temporarily at least, the woman he loves, to become one of the wage-earning class. His growing convictions that the people of his adoption were unworthy of his sacrifice, and the final triumph of his inherited Americanism, make a story of really more than ordinary power. The author has, however, done more than make a social study; she has given us a dramatic story full of sentiment and action."

The verdict of The Outlook is that the story is "fine in spirit and thoroughly readable also as a story of character and incident. . . . The author has in some way obtained a true inside view of labor disputes, and shows us with equal fairness the dishonest labor agitator, the honest unionist, the employer who has both firmness and sympathy." The Philadelphia Ledger regards the novel as a "notable" one, rich in quiet, spontaneous humor: but it does not think that the author shows in this, her first novel, that mastery which she has always exhibited in short fiction: "In spite of the timeliness of its theme and the power of its working out, as a whole, the book drags at times. Here and there the author seems to be putting off a climax which, in the more familiar field of the short story, would have come naturally, easily and without delay." The Bookman speaks of "the artificiality of the plot," which has been "moulded to fit a preconceived thesis." The novel, however, it finds to be "not lacking in strength nor in that fine character-drawing that the writer's previous work has associated with her name."

The word "thrilling," applied to a novel nowadays, means usually an historical romance. It is a word that does its usual amount of duty in the

The Reckoning.

critiques of Mr. Chambers's new novel of the American Revolution.\* "It would be but an unresponsive American that would not thrill to such relations," says the New York Tribune. "A thrilling and engrossing tale," says The Sun (New York). "A romance of the thrilling sort," says the St. Louis Republic. The one word is by itself almost a complete classification of a novel. But there are other things to be said of "The Reckoning." The London Academy calls it "emphatically the best work yet done by that very promising author." But for "one fatal blot." it thinks the book "might almost be counted a masterpiece." That blot is the choice of a spy for a hero. "We cannot away with the feeling that such work is not for the heroic." The Philadelphia Press makes the same criticism of the hero, but praises the heroine, Elsin Grey, as "a charming heroine, charming alike in her movements of spirited humor and anger."

The story treats of the last fierce fighting in northern New York between the revolutionaries and the Tories, and is designed to be the fourth in a series of which "Cardigan" and "The Maid at Arms" are two, the third of the series not yet having been published. If a story can be said to have "temperament," this story, the St. Louis Republic thinks, has it. From its exceptionally well-written review, we quote further:

"Chambers's bullets whistle almost audibly in the pages; when a twig snaps, as twigs do perforce in these chronicles, you can almost feel the presence of the savage buck who snaps it; and you can see the blood fly, and well-nigh smell it, when a tomahawk splits its way home; then there are situations of force and effect everywhere through the pages, an intensity of action, a certain naturalness of dialogue and 'human nature' in the incidents. But over all is the glamor of the Chambers' fancy, the gauzy woof of an artist's imagination which glories in tints, in poesies, in the little whims of the brush and pencil, so that you have just a pleasant reminder of unreality and a glimpse of the author himself here and there to vary the interest and dispel any possible tedium which the historical and narrative phase of the romance founded on fact and chronology might otherwise impart."

"This conclusion of an imaginative tragedy" is the phrase that H. Rider Haggard, not content with such a simple term as sequel, uses in describing

his new novel.\* After twenty years, She - Who - Must - Be - Obeyed comes back to live again in these pages. Naturally, the

chief interest in the book lies in comparing it with "She." Opinion seems to be pretty evenly divided as to whether the power and charm are as great in the sequel as in its lurid predecessor. "Taken on its merits, 'Ayesha' is probably

<sup>\*</sup>THE RECKONING. By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Company.

Avesha. By H. Rider Haggard. Doubleday, Page & Company.

a book stronger and better than its original," thinks The Critic. The Tribune (New York) thinks there is a subtle something, a certain freshness, lacking; yet "Holly and Leo are as indomitable as ever; the perils they have to overcome are still calculated to make us shudder, and Ayesha is as weirdly fascinating now as when she first dawned upon the horizon." The London Athenaeum thinks that the sequel shows no falling off. It says:

"Mr. Haggard's sense of adventure is alive throughout, as it was in 'She.' Once more we are introduced to catastrophic convulsions of Nature, to Titanic phenomena; once more primitive passions ride through his pages; and once more mysterious and remote cities are discovered to us. In fine, he uses his old imagination in just the old way. Honestly, his invention is as large and ingenious as before; and honestly his writing is more discreet and quite as picturesque. Yet 'Ayesha' fails to exercise the fascination of 'She'; and the reason must, perhaps, be sought, not in Mr. Haggard, but in ourselves. 'Ayesha' deserves indeed a vogue only second to that of her previous incarnation."

The London Academy, on the other hand, thinks that in the sequel Ayesha has become "a weak and whimsical woman with few or none of the supernatural attributes that belonged to her before, and the adventures with which her tale is blazoned appear to us absolutely incredible." It adds: "Not all the wishes that we could form of submitting our imagination to that of the author result in a moment of illusion; we see where the springs are, and even behold the very rope, as plainly as we did when Mr. Stephen Phillips tried to represent her in a theatre; and laughter comes too readily where the writer meant to produce awe."

For Mr. Frederic Taber Cooper, writing in *The Bookman* (New York), 'Ayesha' has spoiled the memory of 'She.'"

Twenty-five years ago, when Mr. George Bernard Shaw was twenty-four years of age, he wrote a story which Mrs. Annie Besant published

as a serial in a propagandist

The Irrational Knot.

magazine. He tried to get a publisher for it afterward in book form, but failed. Recently garbled versions have been published, and to forestall these Mr. Shaw publishes the novel,\* and in a preface of thirty-six pages disclaims any present responsibility for his juvenile attempt. He says:

"At present, of course, I am not the author of 'The Irrational Knot.' Physiologists inform us that the substance of our bodies (and consequently of our souls) is shed and renewed at "THE IRRATIONAL KNOT. By G. Bernard Shaw. Brentano's.

such a rate that no part of us lasts longer than eight years. I am therefore not now in any atom of me the person who wrote 'The Irrational Knot.' The last of that author perished in 1888; and two of his successors have since joined the majority. Fourth of his line I cannot be expected to take any very lively interest in the novels of my literary great-grandfather."

The novel, however, will, in the judgment of the Boston Herald, "arouse the acrimony of the censorious opponent and inflame the ardor of the ecstatic admirer of this brilliant Irishman."

The "irrational knot," of course, is the marriage tie, a fact showing that the youthful Shaw and the mature Shaw have been tilting at the same foe for a quarter of a century. The novel does nothing, in the opinion of the London Times Literary Supplement, to prove that the "knot" is "irrational." "What it does show is its author's opinion that society does not play the game by the institution. Society supports marriage when it can be used for the benefit of society; it is quite willing to ignore or to violate it when it tends to its detriment."

The Athenaeum finds less sparkling epigram than in Shaw's later writings, but from one point of view thinks the novel is as good as anything the author has done since. It says:

"The man who stands highest among living speakers of our tongue for the combination of distinction and fastidious taste could pick no hole in 'Man and Superman,' except that 'Hell is too long.' To such a one much of the dialogue in the book before us must seem unreadable vulgarity, and some critics might be inclined to admit that the publishers who, according to the author, refused it with unanimity, may have been right. On the other hand, if the adherence of the youthful writer to what he thought the conventional form of conversation required in a novel is set aside by the reader, the book is as good as anything Mr. Bernard Shaw has done."

The London Academy thinks that the characters in the novel "might be cast-iron for anythink they show of the flexibility and mutability of human life," and the author would have been well advised had he left it to its fate. Of Shaw's literary abilities to-day it says:

"It would be unfair to deny his title as a man of letters, since he has wit, scholarship, energy, accomplishments of many and diverse kinds: indeed, an exceptionally good outfit for literary work. But unfortunately for us as well as for himself he lacks those finer qualities which, if he but knew it, are essential to any one who claims to work according to the example of men of the first rank. For, after all, the fundamental requisite in an imaginative artist is that he should be an interpreter, and no interpreter would talk of 'readwmade' morality, or assert, as though it were writer, that his morality is

# Christmas Phantoms.—Maksim Gorky

My Christmas story was concluded. I flung down my pen, rose from the desk, and began to pace up and down the room.

It was night, and outside the snow-storm whirled through the air. Strange sounds reached my ears as of soft whispers, or of sighs, that penetrated from the street through the walls of my little chamber, three-fourths of which were engulfed in dark shadows. It was the snow driven by the wind that came crunching against the walls and lashed the window-panes. A light, white, indefinite object scurried past my window and disappeared, leaving a cold shiver within my soul.

I approached the window, looked out upon the street, and leaned my head, heated with the strained effort of imagination, upon the cold frame. The street lay in deserted silence. Now and then the wind ripped up little transparent clouds of snow from the pavement and sent them flying through the air like shreds of a delicate white fabric. A lamp burned opposite my window. Its flame trembled and quivered in fierce struggle with the wind. The flaring streak of light projected like a broadsword into the air, and the snow that was drifted from the roof of the house into this streak of light became aglow for a moment like a scintillating robe of sparks. My heart grew sad and chill as I watched this play of the wind. I quickly undressed myself, put out the lamp and lay down to sleep.

When the light was extinguished and darkness filled my room the sounds grew more audible and the window stared at me like a great white spot. The ceaseless ticking of the clock marked the passing of the seconds. At times their swift onward rush was drowned in the wheezing and crunching of the snow, but soon I heard again the low beat of the seconds as they dropped into eternity. Occasionally their sound was as distinct and precise as if the clock stood in my own skull.

I lay in my bed and thought of the story that I had just completed, wondering whether it had come out a success.

In this story I told of two beggars, a blind old man and his wife, who in silent, timid retirement trod the path of life that offered them nothing but fear and humiliation. They had left their village on the morning before Christmas to collect alms in the neighboring settlements that they might on the day thereafter celebrate the birth of Christ in holiday fashion.

They expected to visit the nearest villages and

to be back home for the early morning service, with their bags filled with all kinds of crumbs doled out to them for the sake of Christ.

Their hopes (thus I proceeded in my narration) were naturally disappointed. The gifts they received were scanty, and it was very late when the pair, worn out with the day's tramp, finally decided to return to their cold, desolate clay hut. With light burdens on their shoulders and with heavy grief in their hearts, they slowly trudged along over the snow-covered plain, the old woman walking in front and the old man holding fast to her belt and following behind. The night was dark, clouds covered the sky, and for two old people the way to the village was still very long. Their feet sank into the snow and the wind whirled it up and drove it into their faces. Silently and trembling with cold they plodded on and on. Weary and blinded by the snow, the old woman had strayed from the path, and they were now wandering aimlessly across the valley out on the open field.

"Are we going to be home soon? Take care that we do not miss the early mass!" mumbled the blind man behind his wife's shoulders.

She said that they would soon be home, and a new shiver of cold passed through her body. She knew that she had lost the way, but she dared not tell her husband. At times it seemed to her as if the wind carried the sound of the barking dogs to her ears, and she turned in the direction whence those sounds came; but soon she heard the barking from the other side.

At length her powers gave way and she said to the old man:

"Forgive me, father, forgive me for the sake of Christ. I have strayed from the road and I cannot go further. I must sit down."

"You will freeze to death," he answered.

"Let me rest only for a little while. And even if we do freeze to death, what matters it? Surely our life on this earth is not sweet."

The old man heaved a heavy sigh and consented.

They sat down on the snow with their backs against each other and looked like two bundles of rags—the sport of the wind. It drifted clouds of snow against them, covered them up with sharp, pointed crystals, and the old woman, who was more lightly dressed than her husband, soon felt herself in the embrace of a rare, delicious warmth.

"Mother," called the blind man, who shivered with violent cold, "stand up, we must be going!"

But she had dozed off and muttered but halfintelligible words through her sleep. He endeavored to raise her but he could not for want of adequate strength.

"You will freeze!" he shouted, and then he called aloud for help into the wide open field.

But she felt so warm, so comfortable! After some vain endeavor the blind man sat down again on the snow in dumb desperation. He was now firmly convinced that all that happened to him was by the express will of God and that there was no escape for him and his aged wife. The wind whirled and danced around them in wanton frolic, playfully bestrewed them with snow and had a merry, roguish sport with the tattered garments that covered their old limbs, weary with a long life of pinching destitution. The old man also was now overcome with a feeling of delicious comfort and warmth.

Suddenly the wind wafted the sweet, solemn, melodious sounds of a bell to his ears.

"Mother!" he cried, starting back, "they are ringing for matins. Quick, let us go!"

But she had already gone whence there is no return.

"Do you hear? They are ringing, I say. Get up! Oh, we will be too late!"

He tried to rise, but he found that he could not move. Then he understood that his end was near and he began to pray silently:

"Lord, be gracious unto the souls of your servants! We were sinners, both. Forgive us, oh, Lord! Have mercy upon us!"

Then it seemed to him that from across the field, enveloped in a bright, sparkling snow cloud, a radiant temple of God was floating toward him—a rare, wondrous temple. It was all made of flaming hearts of men and itself had the likeness of a heart, and in the midst of it, upon an elevated pedestal, stood Christ in his own person. At this vision the old man arose and fell upon his knees on the threshold of the temple. He regained his sight again and he looked at the Saviour and Redeemer. And from his elevated position Christ spoke in a sweet, melodious voice:

"Hearts aglow with pity are the foundation of my temple. Enter thou into my temple, thou who in thy life hast thirsted for pity, thou who hast suffered misfortune and humiliation, go to thy Eternal Peace!"

"O, Lord!" spoke the old man, restored to sight, weeping with rapturous joy, "is it Thou in truth. O Lord!"

And Christ smiled benignly upon the old man and his life companion, who was awakened to life again by the smile of the Saviour.

And thus both the beggars froze to death out in the open, snow-covered field.

I brought back to my mind the various incidents of the story, and wondered whether it had come out smooth and touching enough to arouse the reader's pity. It seemed to me that I could answer the question in the affirmative, that it could not possibly fail to produce the effect at which I had aimed.

With this thought I fell asleep, well satisfied with myself. The clock continued to tick, and I heard in my sleep the chasing and roaring of the snowstorm, that grew more and more violent. The lantern was blown out. The storm outside produced ever new sounds. The window shutters clattered. The branches of the trees near the door knocked against the metal plate of the roof. There was a sighing, groaning, howling, roaring and whistling, and all this was now united into a woful melody that filled the heart with sadness, now into a soft, low strain like a cradle song. It had the effect of a fantastic tale that held the soul as if under a spell.

But suddenly-what was this? The faint spot of the window flamed up into a bluish, phosphorescent light, and the window grew larger and larger until it finally assumed the proportions of the wall. In the blue light which filled the room there appeared of a sudden a thick, white cloud in which bright sparks glowed as with countless eyes. As if whirled about by the wind, the cloud turned and twisted, began to dissolve, became more and more transparent, broke into tiny pieces. and breathed a frosty chill into my body that filled me with anxiety. Something like a dissatisfied. angry mumble proceeded from the shreds of cloud, that gained more and more definite shape and assumed forms familiar to my eye. Yonder in the corner were a swarm of children, or rather the shades of children, and behind them emerged a gray-bearded old man by the side of several female forms.

"Whence do these shades come? What do they wish?" were the questions that passed through my mind as I gazed affrighted at this strange apparition.

"Whence come we and whence are we?" was the solemn retort of a serious, stern voice. "Do you not know us? Think a little!"

I shook my head in silence. I did not know them. They kept floating through the air in rhythmic motion as if they led a solemn dance to the tune of the storm. Half transparent, scarcely discernible in their outlines, they wavered lightly and noiselessly around me, and suddenly I distinguished in their midst the blind old man who held on fast to the belt of his old wife. Deeply bent they limped past me, their eyes fixed upon me with a reproachful look.

"Do you recognize them now?" asked the same solemn voice. I did not know whether it was the voice of the storm or the voice of my conscience, but there was in it a tone of command that brooked no contradiction.

"Yes, this is who they are," continued the Voice, "the sad heroes of your successful story. And all the others are also heroes of your Christmas stories—children, men and women whom you made to freeze to death in order to amuse the public. See how many there are and how pitiful they look, the offspring of your fancy!"

A movement passed through the wavering forms and two children, a boy and a girl, appeared in the foreground. They looked like two flowers of snow or of the sheen of the moon.

"These children," spoke the Voice, "you have caused to freeze under the window of that rich house in which beamed the brilliant Christmas tree. They were looking at the tree—do you recollect?—and they froze."

Noiselessly my poor little heroes floated past me and disappeared. They seemed to dissolve in the blue, nebulous glare of light. In their place appeared a woman with a sorrowful, emaciated countenance.

"This is that poor woman who was hurrying to her village home on Christmas Eve to bring her children some cheap Christmas gifts. You have let her freeze to death also."

I gazed full of shame and fear at the shade of the woman. She also vanished, and new forms appeared in their turn. They were all sad, silent phantoms with an expression of unspeakable woe in their somber gaze.

And again I heard the solemn Voice speak in sustained, impassive accents:

"Why have you written these stories? Is there not enough of real, tangible and visible misery in the world that you must needs invent more misery and sorrow, and strain your imagination in order to paint pictures of thrilling, realistic effects? Why do you do this? What is your object? Do you wish to deprive man of all joy in life, do you wish to take from him the last drop of faith in the good, by painting for him only the evil? Why is it that in your Christmas stories year after year you cause to freeze to death now children, now grown-up people? Why? What is your aim?"

I was staggered by this strange indictment. Everybody writes Christmas stories according to the same formula. You take a poor boy or a poor girl, or something of that sort, and let them freeze somewhere under a window, behind which there is usually a Christmas tree that throws its radiant splendor upon them. This has become the fashion, and I was following the fashion.

I answered accordingly.

"If I let these people freeze," I said, "I do it with the best object in the world. By painting their death struggle I stir up humane feelings in the public for these unfortunates. I want to move the heart of my reader, that is all."

A strange agitation passed through the throng of phantoms, as if they wished to raise a mocking protest against my words.

"Do you see how they are laughing?" said the mysterious Voice.

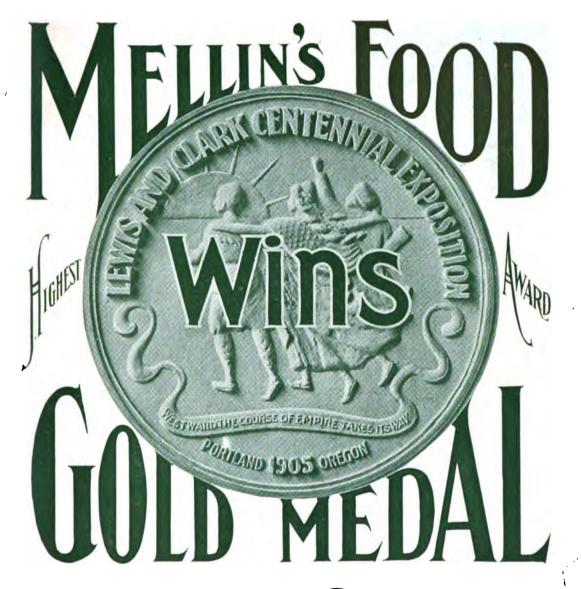
"Why are they laughing?" I asked in a scarcely audible tone.

"Because you speak so foolishly. You wish to arouse noble feelings in the hearts of men by your pictures of imagined misery, when real misery and suffering are nothing to them but a daily spectacle. Consider for how long a time people have endeavored to stir up noble feelings in the hearts of men, think of how many men before you have applied their genius to that end, and then cast a look into real life! Fool that you are! If the reality does not move them, and if their feelings are not offended by its cruel, ruthless misery, and by the fathomless abyss of actual wretchedness, then how can you hope that the fictions of your imagination will make them better? Do you really think that you can move the heart of a human being by telling him about a frozen child? The sea of misery breaks against the dam of heartlessness, it rages and surges against it, and you want to appease it by throwing a few peas into it!"

The phantoms accompanied these words with their silent laughter, and the storm laughed a shrill, cynical laugh; but the Voice continued to speak unceasingly. Each word that it spoke was like a nail driven into my brain. It became intolerable, and I could no longer hold out.

"It is all a lie, a lie!" I cried in a paroxysm of rage, and jumping from my bed I fell headlong into the dark, and sank more and more quickly, more and more deeply, into the gaping abyss that suddenly opened before me. The whistling, howling, roaring and laughing followed me downward and the phantoms chased me through the dark, grinned in my face and mocked at me.

I awoke in the morning with a violent headache and in a very bad humor. The first thing I did was to read over my story of the blind beggar and his wife once more, and then I tore the manuscript into pieces.



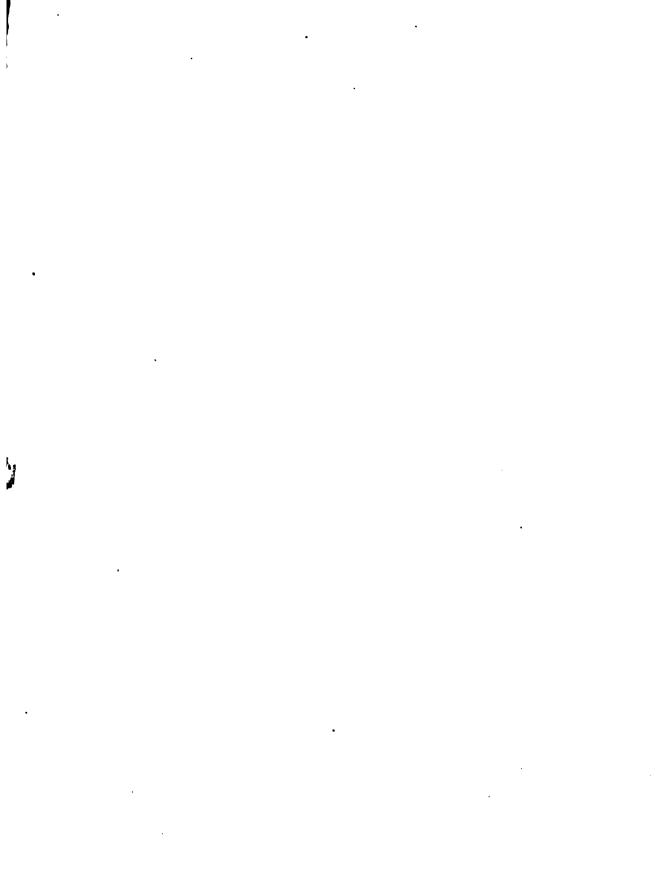
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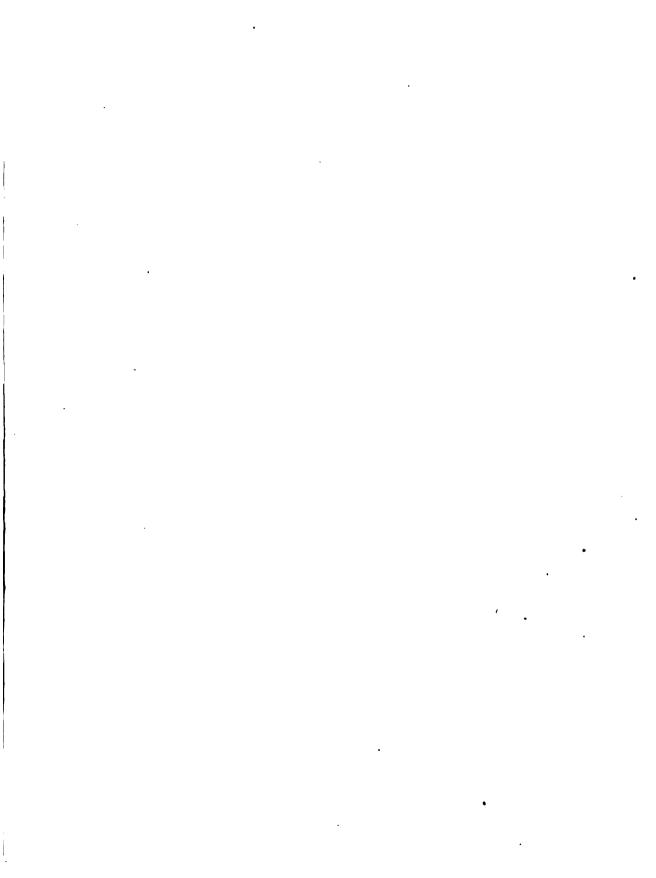
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